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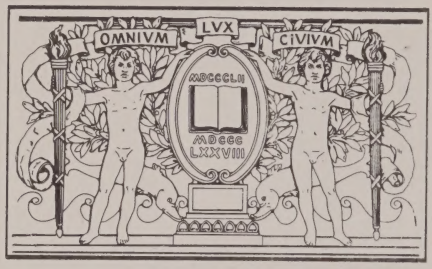

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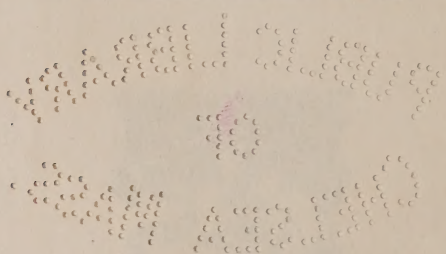

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1909

THE NEW LITERATURE

If there is any virtue in the Toastmaster's performance of the duties of his office, it lies chiefly in the promptness with which he introduces to the waiting audience the men and women who have something interesting to say. This annual permission to wish the *Atlantic's* readers a Happy New Year, and to welcome them into an agreeable company, ought not to be turned by the Toastmaster into an opportunity for preliminary sermonizing of his own. And yet to that very treachery he now finds himself inclined.

It is all the fault of a stimulating book. Mr. Henry M. Alden, the veteran editor of *Harper's Magazine*, has recently printed a volume entitled *Magazine Writing and the New Literature*. Unwearied by forty years of editorial labor, in which he has won the affectionate regard of two generations of writing men and women, Mr. Alden has now expressed with beaming enthusiasm his views concerning the literature of our own period. He discovers, as his title indicates, that it is a New Literature. It began, he tells us, a little later than the middle of the nineteenth century, with the emergence, in the natural course of evolution, of a distinctively modern psychical era. In our contemporaries there is a new type of imaginative faculty and sensibility. The result is a "new realism." The break with the traditions of the Victorian era is complete, — save for two writers, Hardy and Meredith, who, although flourishing in the Victorian age, are properly to be regarded as prophets of our own time.

Human nature, in short, is swiftly changing. A revolution in thought and feeling, a new sensibility, have demanded a radical readjustment of all the arts. Metaphysic is doomed. Those writers from whom the immediately preceding generation derived its most potent inspirations — Coleridge, Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, De Quincey, Emerson — "are to us," says Mr. Alden, "for the most part unconvincing. We respond to a new kind of interpretation in Pater, Symonds, Maeterlinck, William James."

Our new imaginative literature, Mr. Alden continues, is to be studied most clearly in our fiction. Here is the true modernity of the modern. Psychical charm has displaced physical beauty; faultfulness seems more real and interesting than goodness; we have become "unprecedented fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends, as well as husbands and wives." Or, in another sentence which deserves quotation, "Our present culture means above all things submission without reserve to the mastery of life — of life as it is, and not as we loosely think it ought to be, or as we would in the dry air of reason have arbitrarily devised and fashioned it." The novelist must therefore beware of study, since it contracts the spirit; of diagram and decalogue, lest they prove too logical for the demands of life. Precedent and convention throw no light, apparently, upon the conduct and the motives of these unprecedented magazine wives!

If we ask for examples of this new imaginative literature which has displaced the old, and which expresses the transcendently interesting novelties and surprises of the new humanity, Mr. Alden has his answer ready. In fact, the answer, in the shape of certain gifted authors upon

the Harpers' list, may be said to have been standing in the wings, all this time, waiting to be called before the curtain. The Toastmaster confesses that their appearance brings a certain relief. It is startling to be assured by so competent an observer as Mr. Alden that "within the memory of men who have reached the age of fifty the human spirit has found its true centre of active development and of interpretation — its real modernity." But one is less ashamed of his Rip Van Winkle ignorance of contemporary progress when he learns the names of the new prophets. Here they are, announced without a flicker of irony upon the kindly face of their endorser: "We think that the extensive appreciation of new novelists like Mrs. Humphry Ward and Maurice Hewlett is a very satisfactory test of the intellectuality of our period."

One breathes more easily. The dreaded customs officials — the spiritual inspectors of the new epoch — are going to open only our hand luggage after all! Here are two novelists to whom we are indebted for many a pleasant hour; one of them a very conscientious observer, and the other a very clever craftsman; both of whom would have been fortunate, in the generation of Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot, to have been reckoned vaguely as "among those present." Their immense advantage is, according to Mr. Alden, that they are alive to-day; gifted with the new psychical sense of this new world. He declares specifically, and with an urbanity which is beyond praise, "Mrs. Ward is probably not a greater genius than Fielding;" the difference being that there are meanings of life which were hidden from the earlier and disclosed to the later novelist. It is these new significances with which Mr. Conrad, Mr. Hichens, Mrs. Deland in her later stories, and Mr. Henry James in his post-Victorian manner, concern themselves. It is such men and women, Mr. Alden assures us, who are now interpreting our real world and our new humanity, expressing the psychical phenomena of the evanescent moment, communicating to us the "supreme excitement, play, humor, and enchantment."

Such, in substance, is the doctrine of Mr. Alden's book. He has spent a lifetime in watching the currents of contemporary thought and the dominant modes of expression. His frankness is charming. There is something springlike in this recurrent discovery that all things have become new and that they must be described in a new dialect. Emerson was sure of it in the forties, and Victor Hugo in the thirties, and Coleridge and Wordsworth as they walked the Quantock Hills in 1797, and Herder as he talked to the young Goethe in Strassburg in 1770, and Diderot as he planned the great French Encyclopædia in the "illuminated" seventeen-fifties. That the spring has come a great many times already does not lessen one's pleasure in the harbingers of one spring more. Readers of Mr. Alden's earlier books do not need to be reminded of his range of philosophic interest, and his flexible curiosity of mind. He is at once a Greek and a Yankee, — this pupil of Mark Hopkins who has grown gray and wise in his hospitable little corner of the great publishing house on Franklin Square.

Gray and wise and delightful, — and yet bound in this latest book, the Toastmaster fears, to give some degree of aid and comfort to the Enemy. For the New Literature has apologists enough already, partisans who are quick to discern every stream of tendency that makes for acceptability; protagonists whose pockets are touched by any dissent from the worship of the idols of the market-place. No one must identify Mr. Alden with such combatants as these. He takes pains to say distinctly, "We confess frankly that in literature the book and not the magazine is the supreme thing." But the difference lies, he thinks, in theme and scope rather than in quality; so that, as a general rule, it is periodical literature, and particularly its imaginative prose, which is truly

representative of the intellectual characteristics of our time. It is in magazine-writing that our break with the past is most complete.

Precisely, one may rejoin; and it is for this reason that the New Literature conveys such an impression of fragmentariness, of evanescence. This is one of the most startling of its defects. The stream of continuity, so rich in manifold associations of racial and national experience, has been deflected, wasted. A hybrid cosmopolitanism has entertained us with novel refinements of sensation. Mr. Henry James, an artist whose amazing talent has made him the natural choice of Mr. Alden as one of the embodiments of the new spirit, is in nothing more representative of his colleagues than in his indifference to the culture of the past. Like Balzac in an earlier generation, and Tolstoi in our own, he is without the historic sense. This lack of background has been pointed out by Mr. Brownell as the conspicuous defect of Mr. James's contribution to literature. "It is so altogether of the present time, of the moment, that it seems almost an analogue of the current instantaneous photography. Behind it one feels the writer interested, not in Molière, but in Daudet; not in Fielding, but in Trollope; not in Dante, but in Théophile Gautier. He writes about *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, not about *Don Quixote;* about the 'Comédie Humaine,' not about the world of Shakespeare. . . . A writer interested in the *Antigone* and imbued with the spirit of its succession, would naturally and instinctively be less absorbed in *What Maisie Knew*." [1]

But Mr. James is by no means the only striking example of this sacrifice of ancestral estates, this indifference to an accumulated intellectual heritage, this prodigal determination to throw one's self gayly upon the resources of the new territory. It would be difficult for the Toastmaster to express too strongly the obligation of our own world of letters to Mr. Howells, — to his sure sense of form, his delicacy of taste, his quick interest in the contemporary literature of Italy and Spain, of France and Germany and Russia. His kindliness of spirit has made him invent and inhabit an "Altruria." His sense of social justice has often put his writing colleagues to shame. Yet, if it were Santa Claus time instead of New Year's, and one could add one more quality to that rare endowment, would it not be this: a more intimate sense of the enduring value of, not merely Sophocles and Virgil, but the great spirits of our own race, of Wordsworth, Burke, Milton, of the poets, philosophers, and historians who have wrought themselves into the very fabric of the English mind?

Many of those Victorian authors whom Mr. Alden now finds unconvincing have at least this power of making us feel our indissoluble kinship with the past. When we read Carlyle on Samuel Johnson or Voltaire or Frederick, we recognize that all this is somehow our concern: the story is about us. But the historians, in our day, are so often failing to make history vital. They write monographs, and edit documents, and collaborate like faithful spindles in a cotton mill; but, with a few notable exceptions, they not only distrust the penetrative imagination, but lack it; not only decry good writing, but are incapable of it. The result is that they are solemnly and officially putting the seventh seal upon a volume which it is their privilege to open. Few of them succeed in making the past seem real. But to the most talented fiction writers of the day the past is practically non-existent. Science has woven her web around them all; to them it is the present hour only which is fair, — the present, or, at most, the future. Like children playing with a new toy, they grow oblivious of their elders. The New Literature, in its preoccupation with the marvelous physical and psychological revelations of the twentieth century, sees the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries as pictures only, not as an integral

[1] The *Atlantic*, April, 1905.

portion of its own slowly developed life.

One result of this intellectual isolation is the temporary bankruptcy of literary criticism. Why refer an artistic product to standards of criticism which the new psychology pronounces obsolete? In fact, the newest philosophy very cleverly eliminates this whole question of standards. If a thing works, — it works. The publisher with a leaning to pragmatism decides that if a book sells, it sells. Why trouble one's self about what Aristotle or Boileau or Brunetière would have said of it? These fault-finding gentlemen are dead, and their rules have perished with them. An *Atlantic* essayist, not long ago, deplored the lack of Honest Literary Criticism.[1] But it is hard to see that the progress of the New Literature allows for any criticism at all. Its imaginative prose either turns a new flash-light upon our sensations, or it does not. If it does not, why abuse the faulty mechanism? And if it does, why stop to analyze a successful mechanism? Does not the American public want "results"?

In vain, for the time being, do admirers of French criticism, like Mr. Thompson, deplore the lack of intellectual candor in American criticism, its "perfunctory and insincere" laudations; the universal habit of our publishers of "sending out as 'literary' notes thinly disguised advertisements and irrelevant personalities." In a few newspaper offices, a book is tolerably sure to receive honest even if hasty and superficial criticism, but we have not yet developed a general magazine-reading public to which severe and competent literary criticism appeals. Magazine writing about current books is for the most part bland, complaisant, pulpy. And yet Mr. Alden assures us that the magazines contain "just what cultivated readers want." The terror of becoming Doctrinaires has infected our generation. The "pole-star of the ancients" has dipped below the horizon; the literary chart is held to be out of fashion; and it is suspected that the decalogue no longer applies to all the facts. The writers of the New Literature are distrustful of the schools. "Study contracts the spirit." The pedagogue no longer gets a chance at the gifted young rascal who needs, first and foremost, a premonitory whipping; the youthful genius simply stays away from school and carries his unwhipped talents into the market-place. Yet, to be perilously frank for a moment, would not a more severe discipline have been helpful even to the maturer authors whose contemporary work delights us? Who can doubt that the facile and ductile style of Henry van Dyke — so rich in human sympathy, so eloquent, often so noble — would, had it been held remorselessly to more austere standards by a critical public, have gained in firmness of texture in dignity and reserve?

It is to be expected that the New Literature, breaking thus boldly with the past and with recognized canons of criticism, will exhibit defects of taste. But taste is not one of the cardinal virtues. The Elizabethans and the great Romanticists, and the pioneers generally, have had to sacrifice it. That so much of our magazine writing lacks restraint, that in spite of its brilliancy it is deficient in charm, in serenity of beauty, is the inevitable penalty which it pays for being contemporaneous. The mental and physical restlessness which impresses the observer of Sargent's portraits of the men and women of our time, the eager keenness, the total eclipse of contemplation, is typical of our magazine prose. We force the note. "If I don't exaggerate," — says a scientist whose laboratory is justly renowned, but whose popular magazine articles give alarm to his friends, — " if I don't exaggerate, the public will pay no attention to me." So say the child and the chorus-girl, and all lovers of the lime-light and the megaphone.

Exaggeration, however, may easily be condoned if accompanied by genuine imaginative force. No doubt artists like Mr.

[1] Charles Miner Thompson, in the *Atlantic* for August, 1908.

Sargent over-accentuate; and the men of the Mermaid Tavern were certainly extravagant; and if Mr. Kipling had really "winked at 'Omer down the road," Homer, if not too blind, would surely have winked back again. But the vice of the contemporary literary market-place is exuberance without true imaginative life, vivacity of manner coupled with spiritual barrenness. The wares displayed upon the news-stands have never been so sparkling, so varied, so clever, as they are to-day. Nevertheless, test the New Literature in the field where it is supposed to be the strongest, that of the short story. Here is a form suited to the restless activity of our generation, to its incapacity for sustained attention, to its love for concentrated emotional effects. Ask whether our gifted and highly paid story-writers have made in the last decade any such real contribution to the imaginative literature of the world as was made long ago by Poe in his poverty and Hawthorne in his obscurity. To ask such a question is to answer it. We have, no doubt, as Browning said, —

> Distinguished names! — but 't is, somehow
> As if they played at being names
> Still more distinguished, like the games
> Of children.

There is a still higher test of the imaginative life of an epoch, namely, its poetry. We are living just now in a mood of quickened national feeling. We are at once proud of the America which is before our eyes, and dissatisfied with it. We believe that we can make it better. Is this faith voiced as it should be by our writers? Let us choose the field of poetry; because, the world over, it is the poets who have usually registered most quickly and most permanently the high tides of national emotion.

The body of tolerably acceptable contemporary verse is enormous. It shows a wide range of thought, and a commendable technique. In one department, at least, it has manifested a notable progress during the past five years; namely, in the poetic drama. Hundreds of men and women are now writing plays in verse. They are giving a new vitality, new imaginative possibilities, to the American stage. Our lyric poets are beyond counting. Mr. Stedman gathered the work of six hundred of them into his anthology, many years ago. But this number does not represent a tithe of the persons who habitually or intermittently produce verse.

Yet how rarely, in the mass of lyric verse, does one catch the national note! More sonnets are written about John Keats than about the United States of America. It is no wonder that the National Institute of Arts and Letters is considering the wisdom of offering a prize for the words and music of a national anthem to take the place of the "Star-Spangled Banner." This so-called national song is a production whose sincerity of feeling demands respect, but which very inadequately expresses those ideals in which this nation was established and by virtue of which it has been maintained. It is true that the adequate expression of national character and purpose by means of any of the arts is no light task. It is not often accomplished by trying to do it. A nation's unconscious spokesmen are usually the most eloquent and sincere. The Institute may some day cut from the poet's corner of a newspaper a better anthem than it will secure by offering a prize. Our poets may surely be counted upon, from time to time, to endow with beauty some symbol of the nation's life, like the flag in Francis Key's "Star-Spangled Banner," the worn battleship in "Old Ironsides," the dead hero in Whitman's "My Captain." Seers and idealists like Emerson and Lowell have in hours of national trial asserted, and by their assertion renewed, a faith in the undying ideals of the Republic. The stock of seers and idealists will never die out. Our writers of patriotic verse may have to hesitate now and then between the moods of patriotism and humanitarianism. They may be tempted, as Mr. Kipling has occasionally been tempted, by the mere violent and resonant phrases of political

declamation; they may forget that in enduring poetry the interests of the one race must be identified with the larger interests of man. But national verse of some kind — however defective in universal values — will certainly be written here.

The poet does not create these national convictions and desires. He rests back upon them, he is borne up and onward by them, as a swimmer yields himself to the surf. So Sophocles wrote in the glorious hour of Greek freedom and faith, so wrote in flame and music the believing Florentine; so wrote the great Elizabethans, and the Frenchmen of the court of Louis the Fourteenth; in the strength of a new hope for our old humanity, so wrote the young Wordsworth and Coleridge before the Revolution, and the forever young Byron and Shelley after it; so wrote Emerson in the serene optimism of the Concord Hymn, and Lowell in the poignant sorrow, the passionate exaltation of the Commemoration Ode. Poetry like this cannot be written by wanting to write it. It is the spontaneous overflow of national vitality.

But when doubt enters, and confusion of standards, with searching analysis and painful reconstruction of the foundations of governmental theory and of social order, the poetry changes too. We may have under such conditions very true poetry, very subtle and musical and personal poetry, yet never the full national note. There are many tasks for the human spirit, no doubt, which are more essential to its welfare and advance than the composition of verse. It is better to do away with some of the causes of poverty than to compose "The Song of the Shirt;" to oversee and control or abolish the sweat-shop than to sentimentalize over it; better to secure civic decency and honesty and order than to chant a national hymn in long or short metre. And yet poetry, in age after age, has been the natural expression of those moments of wide joyous vision when a nation pauses an instant in its upward progress to breathe free and to look far.

Have we yet reached such a moment in the United States? In Europe the great optimisms of the middle of last century seem to have exhausted themselves. The hopes expressed in Tennyson's first "Locksley Hall" were confessed in the second "Locksley Hall" to be failures. Critics assure us that the general European outlook is not favorable to the development of any widespread high emotion, born of strenuous faith. But this intellectual and spiritual depression, if it be such, has not reached us here. In spite of every temporary blunder or disaster, we Americans go triumphantly, humorously ahead. Yet if we ask ourselves whether there is a fund of emotional energy directed toward a common end, and overflowing into great verse, we must answer in the negative. There is no lack of patriotism, but the specific issues of the hour seem unrelated to one another, or at least do not easily lend themselves to poetry. In the national campaign just closed, there was hardly a song that rose above the doggerel "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" of 1840. "Prosperity" is an excellent watchword, but the Muses have seldom been inspired by the full dinner-pail and the rising market. The sources of great poetry are in the greater emotions. The temper of mere commercialism is a secret foe to patriotic feeling. The admiration for material forces — for heavier battleships and deeper subways and swifter transportation — has resulted in no noble verse. Even the moral issues of the day, though sung here and there by some local poet, have failed thus far to give us such stirring verse as was inspired by the Corn Law agitation in England.

That our citizens are awake to these moral issues is unquestionable. They have been utilized effectively in the short story and the political novel. But the hour for that unification of feeling essential to the life of national poetry has apparently not yet come. The New Literature is not yet representative of the best thinking and feeling of the country. The magazines

are more immediately representative, no doubt, than books; but they are less truly representative than the newspapers. The daily press gives a more adequate and upon the whole a more reassuring indication of the trend of contemporary affairs than do the magazines. But back of even the press are the people, unadvertised, unrepresented, or misrepresented, in prose and verse, and yet working out day by day our national destiny. The real laboring man is very different from the brawny fellow with a baker's paper cap and a blacksmith's hammer who does duty for Labor in the political cartoons. The farmer who really farms does not wear the goat's beard and the striped trousers of the caricatures. The American young man is travestied by those firm-chinned, tailor-made creatures who clutch their hair thoughtfully in the magazines; and if the real American girl were like her pictures, we should despair of the Republic.

It is this unadvertised majority, this unheralded multitude, that walks quietly to the polls and renders a common-sense verdict, which holds the key to the literary as well as to the political future. Politicians misunderstand it; they prophesy the defeat of a man like Governor Hughes because they have not the imagination to see which way the people are marching. The New Literature, likewise, has not yet proved itself sufficiently ample for its task of national interpretation. In fact, the profession of literature has never enlisted, and is not now enlisting, the Americans of foremost power. Imagination is playing all around us like heat lightning, — imagination in business, imagination in science and in social reconstruction. But, with a few rare exceptions like Mark Twain, literature has not attracted men broad-minded enough to understand the full spirit of American democracy.

Here is an immense country, made up of men and women from many stocks, many traditions, many beliefs. And yet in times of national crisis these various sections, these divergent modes of thinking and feeling, have been swiftly subordinated to American modes of feeling, Lincoln, the product of the rude frontier civilization of Kentucky and Illinois, has become our "first American." The touching canonization of his personality is one of the most striking evidences of our latent capacity for unified feeling. The centenary of his birth, soon to be celebrated, will draw our people into still closer bonds. Everybody now sees, as some could not see in Lincoln's lifetime, that here was a man saturated in American principles, with the most intense faith in American character, penetrating with almost preternatural insight into the conditions of our American problem.

The remembrance of Lincoln gives a hint of the laws which must govern the expression of our national life through literature. We must find men broad enough to understand the American spirit, and with the gift of expressing it, as Lincoln did, in simple terms. We must wait, perhaps, for a still deeper community of feeling, for the growth of a more distinct conception of American national ideals, and of the relation of these ideals to civilization.

To this linking of our democracy with civilization any discussion of American national literature must inevitably lead. There is no better definition of civilization than that once given by the late Lord Russell of Killowen before the American Bar Association in Saratoga: "Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion; the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice."

And one may put beside those words of a brilliant Irishman the following words, addressed to a company of New Englanders united in an unpopular cause. The

speaker was William James, whom Mr. Alden selects as a type of the New Literature, but who surely employs, in these sentences, the clear accent of the Old: "The great international and cosmopolitan liberal party, the party of conscience and intelligence the world over, has absorbed us; and we are only its American section, carrying on the war against the powers of darkness here, playing our part in the long, long campaign for truth and fair dealing which must go on in all the countries of the world until the end of time. Let us cheerfully settle into our interminable task. Everywhere it is the same struggle under various names — light against darkness, right against might, love against hate. The Lord of Life is with us, and we cannot permanently fail."

Those are definitions of human progress as given by a jurist and a psychologist. Each individual, each magazine that aspires to be a true Journal of Civilization, must rewrite those definitions in the terms of its own opportunity. The proof of national greatness does not lie primarily in verse or prose; it is rather in the cheerful acceptance of every national responsibility, the undertaking of any task demanded by twentieth-century civilization. If American ideals remain noble, if American life grows increasingly rich and joyous for all, we shall not care very much whether we have national poetry; but it is out of that divine carelessness, that serene consciousness of victorious energy, that poetry is born.

B. P.

MILTON

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

Human beings are born in obscurity. Even the children of famous men, after the bells have rung in their advent and the public note of an hour, sink back into the universal indistinguishableness in which our life begins. Shakespeare has indeed said, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em;" but we must add that to be born great means nothing more than a high capacity for distinction, and if it remain a mere capacity it falls away into the heap of unfulfilled promises, like the blossom that never becomes fruit, whose remembrance is a pang of regret. Those who have greatness thrust upon them are the children of mere fortune; they are dressed in borrowed robes; time swiftly wears away the thin external polish, exposing the base metal, and leaves them at last in their character of common men, misunderstood, misplaced, praised and blamed alike beyond their deserts. The greatness that is achieved alone endures. Time is not a conquered enemy, but a spontaneous friend, of this type of greatness; time sides with it, reveals its worth, and with trumpet tongue fills the world with its renown, draws it apart from the throng of perishable things, and sets it on high as deathless and beyond price.

Upon this sacred function of time wise men rely. Time alone can winnow the chaff from the wheat; it alone declares who in any generation are to be mere bonfires whose light is for an hour or an evening, and who are to be like the stars that burn and shine forever. The confusion of the bonfire on the hillside with the planet shining on the same level is, for the moment, a natural mistake; as the hours wear on, it is an impossible mistake. The bonfire is soon spent and its light gone

out, while its peerless companion burns with an intenser fire, draws apart, and climbs to the heights in solitary and settled glory.

Such a human being was John Milton. To his countrymen at first indistinguishable among the educated youth of his generation, never at any time while he lived recognized in his true character, during the closing decade of his existence in this world despised, rejected, and crushed into a man of sorrows, contemptuously disregarded for a century after his death, confounded with ephemeral lights, time has come to his rescue. John Milton has at length come to his kingdom, and of that kingdom there shall be no end. Again it is now seen that one anointed of the Most High has lived and spoken and sung among his people.

Great men are roughly divisible into two classes — those who prevail at once, who do their work amid the general acclaim of their contemporaries or with their substantial assent, or with such a measure of sympathy from the more enlightened of them as enables them to crush opposition; and those of whom their time is unworthy, who do their work under limitation and distress, who support their cause with their back against the wall, and who die in temporary defeat but in the sure faith of ultimate victory. In both divisions there are very great men.

In the first division, as rulers and soldiers, we find Moses, David, Pericles, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Frederick the Great, and Washington, — men who carried their respective peoples with them in the service of their causes. Here too we must rank theologians like Athanasius, Augustine, and Calvin; reformers like Wickliffe, Luther, and Knox; artists such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian; an army of comic writers and humorists represented by Aristophanes, Lucian, Swift, and Voltaire; another host of poets recalled in the greater names of their number — Sophocles, Virgil, Petrarch, Goethe, Tennyson, and our American choir of singers. The world went with these men. Their work met at once reasonable and permanent recognition. They met the tide in the affairs of men; they took it at the flood and it led them to power and fame. Such careers are in many instances occasion for thanksgiving; they reveal the power of timeliness in the appearance and work of genius; they are a noble tribute to the essential soundness of our humanity. Again and again the prophet meets with honor among his own people, and the pioneer thinker and doer finds awaiting him a sympathetic world.

We must not forget, however, that there is another and a greater order of men whose message and spirit their age is unable to understand, who work against protest and infamy, and who die in apparent defeat. Socrates seemed a huge and a finally intolerable joke to the majority of the Athenians; Plato's idealism appeared high fiction, a transfigured mist, to his time; Marcus Aurelius found no response in his great empire to the vaster and better part of his life; seven cities claimed the birth of Homer dead, through which the living Homer begged his bread; Lucretius lived in protest against both the miserable religion and the life of his people, and died unregarded; Dante is a monumental example of the same thing: outwardly his career was defeat and sorrow, inwardly it was victory, peace, and the sure promise of an everlasting kingdom. Among these shining ones, we read the names of Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Savonarola, Huss, the noble army of martyrs, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the glorious company of the apostles, and, above all, the name that for Christians is above every name.

In the presence of the disregard meted out to these high souls and their enduring victory, what is called success, the applause of the unthinking, the approval of the incompetent, is poor indeed. We must not forget that there are three tribunals before which every man appears,

— his own time, his own soul, the world and the ages. Cleverness, tact, a diplomatic instinct, will often win renown from the majority of one's contemporaries. Something of truth there must be in one's vision of society, and something of worth in one's spirit and achievement, before one can win the favorable judgment and the strong support of an enlightened conscience. When one's career is carried to the supreme tribunal, that of the world and the ages, — carried there to be dismissed if wholly insignificant, to be justly rated if of sufficient magnitude, — the merit required to stand this test well must be transcendent. To win or lose one's case in the first court is largely a matter of fortune; to win or lose in the second — the personal conscience — is indeed serious; the ultimate test, however, is the Grand Assize. What an apostle calls the judgment-seat of Christ is but the purified judgment of the world and the ages; and the great question is, how will it go with a man and his work there?

There is nothing quite so great in human history as the spectacle of transcendent genius and goodness spending themselves in the purest and most essential service, not only unrecognized, but conceived to be an evil power and influence, and in consequence covered with contempt. It is this principle that endues the Antigone of Sophocles and the Cordelia of Shakespeare with surpassing loveliness, that makes the spirit and bearing of the hero in the book of Job so great, that in the historic example of the reformer and martyr becomes so sublime. If men ever come to see the essential and solitary greatness of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures at their best, it will be on this principle. Here were writers who wrote of enduring ideals, whose speech preserved fittingly the image of divine lives, conceived to be evil and treated as such, in this mad world; whose books were the worthy record of the vision and the character that were despised and rejected, who fashioned memorials of eternal worth in which there was no beauty for a sensual generation. Here were men from whom the gay and prosperous hid their faces as in shame, who put into great words their conviction that suffering worth is the vicarious and redemptive soul of the world.

The high portions of these Scriptures stand by themselves in a sanctity which nothing in the memorials of mankind can approach, because they worthily record the life that lived for God when its own generation conceived it to be of the devil, gave it the decoration of a crown of thorns, and the distinction of a cross. The moral grandeur of the wisest and best of men, whose wisdom and goodness were rewarded with contempt and death, preserved in great words, is the secret of the unapproachable character of these Scriptures. They were lived before they were written; they were lived and written, not in diplomatic accommodation to the spirit of the time, nor for the precious but fluctuating moral sense of the writer himself, but for the judgment of the world and the ages, for the eye and conscience of God. If you would find John Milton you must look for him here. Here he lived his epic existence; here he set at naught the falsehood of his generation; here he accepted neglect, sorrow, infamy; here he did his work "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

II

When Milton first saw the light on December 9, 1608, in Bread Street, Cheapside, London had less than half the population of Boston, and where the mighty metropolis now spreads, the unbroken beauty of nature held sway. Milton belongs to his nation and to his race, yet is he one of the special glories of London. Excepting his university days at Cambridge, the five happy years at Horton, about fifteen miles from the city, and the year and three months spent in continental travel, Milton lived his life in London. As his father's son, as educator, as Latin secretary to Cromwell, and as epic poet,

London was his home. Bread Street, Cheapside, where he was born; St. Paul's, where he attended school; St. Bride's Churchyard, and later Aldersgate and Barbican, where he taught boys; Whitehall and Petty France, where he served the Commonwealth; Bunhill Fields, where he wrote his immortal epics and *Samson Agonistes;* St. Giles, Cripplegate, where he lies buried; Westminster Abbey, where his bust bears witness to his conquest of prejudice, — all speak of Milton. The idealism of his great spirit still hallows the ceaseless tides of trade, still excites the hope that in some unnoticed child of to-day there may lie, too deep for human eyes to see it, the promise of another Milton.

When Milton was born, Chaucer, the father of English poetry, had been in his grave 208 years; and about 270 years measure the distance from the birth of Chaucer to that of Milton. Milton thus stands about midway in the astonishing poetic development of the English race. Spenser had closed his life of suffering and splendor nine years before Milton's began; Queen Elizabeth had been dead five years, and for an equal period James I, the learned fool, had reigned in her stead; Oliver Cromwell was a boy of nine; Shakespeare had eight years more of life before him, Sir Walter Raleigh ten, and Bacon eighteen. The greatness of that generation is brought home to us by the number of names that have survived to our own time, many of them names of wide moment. Strafford was born in 1593, and was executed for his iniquities in 1641; Laud was born in 1573, and paid with his life the penalty of his tyranny and fanaticism in 1645; Dr. Thomas Browne, author of the *Religio Medici*, was born in 1605; Samuel Butler, who left the sorrow of a lifetime transfigured in the wit and humor of the immortal *Hudibras*, in 1612; Richard Baxter, among the noblest of Puritans, in 1615; John Bunyan in 1628; John Dryden in 1631; John Locke in 1632, and Sir Isaac Newton in 1642. On the Continent there were at least three older contemporaries of Milton, of enduring fame: Grotius the jurist, Galileo the scientist, both of whom Milton had met, and Descartes, the illustrious philosopher.

Milton was born in an age opening into new vistas of freedom, discovery, and progress. As the year 1608 was closing when he arrived, so the old epoch of absolutism in the monarch, of tyranny in the church, and of unsifted tradition in the intellectual world, was passing away; as Milton was the forerunner of a new year, so was he prophetic of a new era. Bacon had appeared as the imposing literary expression of the awakening visions and hopes of natural science; Shakespeare had placed upon the stage, with unrivaled dramatic genius, our modern humanity; Charles I and Strafford and Laud were fighting to maintain the absolutism of the throne and the sovereignty of the national church; John Locke was calling the higher interests of man into the court of reason; and in far-away Plymouth, on the wild New England shore, a new world was rolling out of the night in the fires of a great prophetic morning.

Such were a few of the great contemporaries, older and younger, of John Milton; such were some of the tasks and hopes of his age. In this environment of men and movements the drama of his life falls into three acts: first, he is the student, scholar, educator, and contemplative singer; second, he becomes the sharer in the vast civil and religious struggles of his time; third, he stands forth the epic poet, in loneliness and grandeur.

It is sometimes said that Milton is the scholars' poet, that there is little in him to interest the average intelligent person. There is a grain of truth in this remark; but the remark, in so far as it is true, holds against all the higher possessions of man. They are not for the light-minded, the superficial, the reader without seriousness. They offer themselves slowly to the devout student; they uncover their mysteries only to the persistently faithful; they give themselves at last, in all

their wealth and glory, to the mind and existence which they have helped to enlarge and exalt. The love of the best will at length fit any mind to enter, in some measure, into the joyous possession of the greatest things that man has done. Witness the Romans of to-day as they visit the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican; the Florentines as they crowd the Pitti Palace; the people on the Continent of Europe generally, as they rise to the appreciation of great buildings, great paintings, and great music. The power of the best to arrest the mind is incomparable; and while the mind thus arrested is often puzzled, still the fascination endures, and in a miraculous manner the best, where it has a fair chance, wins its way to sovereign appreciation and praise. Emerson tells us that when the half-gods go, the gods arrive. The going of the half-gods is greatly accelerated by the arrival of the gods. The permanent exhibition of the best, the presentation, under favoring circumstances, of the truly great, would bless society with a long farewell to the mean achievements by which its heart has been harried and its reason degraded.

Fact is here, as everywhere else, more potent than general ideas. My introduction to Milton was of a kind that is open to all. When a boy at school, I heard from the lips of a revered teacher his name mentioned with a sort of awe. That way of alluding to Milton fixed in me reverence for him, and an inward resolve some day to dare to look into his epic. Over Burns's "Address to the Deil" there stood two lines from *Paradise Lost*, as evidence of the contrasted manner of the two poets in dealing with his Satanic majesty: —

> O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers,
> That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war;

and again curiosity and courage were stirred to open the great book. In the city of Boston, on Boston Common, at the age of nineteen, during the long summer days, when recovering from a severe illness, I made my first acquaintance with Milton, with a copy of his poems taken from the Public Library. There were in *Paradise Lost* a hundred things that I did not understand; but familiarity with the Old Testament and the shorter catechism — a document for which I note that once in my life I gave thanks — helped me to understand a few things, and these were fundamental. Then came the appeal of the great monumental work. I looked upon its greatness with awe and love, as one might upon the Great Pyramid — its magnitude, its symmetry, its enduring structure, its silence and loneliness, its atmosphere of seriousness and tenderness, its antiquity as holding within itself vanished ages, its solemn humanity and universal moment. Here on Boston Common, as yonder on the sands of Egypt, stood a superlative wonder, and here the beholder and lover began to learn, understand, and enjoy, under the patient guidance of one of the master spirits of the race, the poet himself. All that Milton asks of any reader is a learner's mind, a lover's heart, and the patience of a will that would follow the highest.

III

Milton is a supreme artist; at the same time his art is always in the service of ideas. More than any other poet in our language, substance counts with Milton. His poetry, like all genuine poetry, comes from the heart, but it comes through the vision of a vast intellect. Alike when he expresses himself in prose and in poetry, Milton is the prophet, and the burden of the Lord rests upon him. It is worth while, therefore, to consider for a moment the substance of Milton's prophetic message.

More than any other Englishman who has recorded his ideas, Milton stood for freedom. When Wordsworth sang of him,

> Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,

he touched only the incomparable loftiness and splendor of his mind; he left untouched Milton's continuous immersion in the great struggles of his age. Milton's

cry for freedom was the cry of a practical man; it was a demand for his nation and in behalf of all its greater interests. He was sent to the University of Cambridge that he might fit himself for service as a minister of the Anglican church. He saw that, as a freeman, he could become a preacher neither in that communion nor in any other then in existence. He has impaled, in his *Lycidas*, the abject and hireling preachers of his day. In that noble poem, St. Peter appears lamenting the untimely death of Lycidas whose heart was set on the prophetic office: —

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks and stern bespake:
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

Milton remained outside organized Christianity, and there he exercised his prophetic gift, lamenting the fact that in the church

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,

waiting for the Christian world to grow till it could count him among its prophets. He has not waited in vain; for of the ministers of religion of his own generation, and the generation preceding his own, although Richard Hooker and Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter are among the number, there is in the general estimate of competent men none like him, none near him, as a witness for the Eternal.

Because of his sense of the value of freedom, Milton called in question the educational custom of his time. A better definition of education than Milton's has never been given: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." That definition was prophetic of the revolution in education that, within a generation, has changed the face of the academic world. It is easy to say that Milton's scheme of education is fanciful and that it has been without influence. The tractate on education is full of illuminating thoughts; Milton's judgments are given freely on a subject in which he was a master. That Milton could consider for years any human interest, and state his conclusions upon it without benefit to that interest, is hard to believe. He puts a new spirit into education, and if his views have been without influence it is surely not his fault. But have they been without influence? Milton has been the inspirer and constant friend of more than one great educator in our own land and time.

Milton's battle for religious freedom against the bishops springs from the spirit of an awakened nation. The Reformation in England had been superficial, — not much more than the substitution of the supremacy of the sovereign for that of the pope. The passion for religious freedom awakened by the Reformation was deep and imperious. This is the force that finds vent in Milton. In England the institution of religion did not answer in any adequate measure to the passionate desire for freedom in religion. Unless we bear this in mind we cannot understand Milton's five great pamphlets, *Of Reformation*, *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, *The Reason of Church Government*, *Animadversions*, and *The Apology*. Milton is looking with sorrow upon the national church arrested in the process of reformation; and behind his vision there beats the heart of a religious freeman. In his fight for religious liberty Milton met the most learned bishops of his time, Hall and Usher. They doubtless knew more about the Fathers than Milton; he knew the free manhood of England better than they, and the rights of freemen in the Christian faith. Milton could not succeed without converting Episcopacy into Congregationalism. That was impossible then, it is impossible now; but his great contention, that all power in the church is derived from the assembly of believers, has won the day in all the churches. Ulti-

mately the people rule; and at heart this is the principle for which Milton stood. His contest with the prelates of the national church is grim and wild; yet the cause of the people as religious beings, as against the pretensions of the servants of the people in this great interest, burns in every sentence that Milton wrote, and his terrible polemics are the sword of the God of freedom.

In his attack upon canon law in relation to marriage and divorce, Milton called custom into the court of moral reason. Custom is sacred so far as it is the just expression of inalienable rights, so far as it is the best attainable servant of domestic well-being. Milton's claim that there should be provision for divorce on the ground of moral incompatibility is at least worthy of serious attention. Only good can come to human homes when one of the purest and loftiest of men calls to account the marriage custom of Christendom. If that custom is just, its justice will thus be more clearly seen. It is part of the greater significance of Milton's career that custom nowhere overawed him, that he recognized as the living force behind all institutions the moral reason of enlightened men. For him the institutional life of his race was nowhere what it should be. There was, for him, in the higher spirits of his people, a reserve of justice and nobility capable of expression in vastly higher institutional forms; and here again Milton is among the leaders of the advancing world.

In his fight for freedom, Milton was no respecter of persons. When the Presbyterians became enemies to freedom they became enemies to him. He could have adapted to his own use the words of the Hebrew psalm, —

Do I not hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?
And am I not grieved with those that rise up against thee?
I hate them with perfect hatred:
They are become mine enemies.

Milton was born an Anglican, but an Anglican he could not remain. He became a Presbyterian, but again he was compelled to move. He is thinking of the animus of ascendant Presbyterians when he writes his famous line, —

New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

The closing lines in his sonnet to Cromwell are directed against the same foes: —

New foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

Parliament, too, when it turns careless of freedom, is met by the noblest of all Milton's apostolic appeals. The *Areopagitica* should be taken from the class of electives; it should be among the prescribed studies of every youth and every citizen in this free community. Freedom has been gained here, as in every other state where it has been gained, at great cost. Freemen are apt to forget the rock whence they were hewn and the pit whence they were digged. The veneration of the supreme captains in this costly struggle, and the periodic recurrence to their wise and brave words, will do much to keep alive in a free community the sense of the treasure inherited from the past, the obligation of the present to increase and transmit that treasure to a still happier future.

Milton's last and greatest stand for freedom was against the King. No man to-day can easily measure Milton's importance and courage here. His grand contention "that Kings of England should be judged by the laws of England" seems to us a commonplace. In the seventeenth century it was audacious thus to speak. The repeated and accumulated mendacities of Charles I were met by the monstrous apology, "the King can do no wrong." Cromwell and his army set that falsehood at nought; it remained for Milton to impale it with piercing political wisdom and with every kind of scorn. His work has done great things. It went all over Europe, sustaining the people of the various nations in their passion for freedom. It was loathed in England and at the same time honored; it fed the re-

pressed manhood of the nation and nourished it into strength for the struggle of 1688. The twenty years that Milton took from poetry and gave to patriotism had their just issue and reward in the expulsion of James II. Nor did the influence of these twenty years end there. The Puritan in America was proud of the great Puritan in England. His example was of force here both in church and in state; it had the immeasurable force which always comes from an exemplar held in highest honor and admiration.

Milton's prose is the imperial witness to his free soul. Much has been said in criticism of the scorn and abuse in it, and judged by severe taste, it must be admitted that much in these wonderful productions is beneath the dignity of Milton. After all, these faults are but the spots on the sun. The times were times of storm and stress; Milton was engaged in no mere academic contest; he was fighting for the life of the English people. In an age of tyrants in the church, of despots and liars in the state, and multitudes base enough to accept slavery without protest, and almost with thanks, it is regrettable, but not strange, that, when assailed by abject apologists for regal and ecclesiastical oppression, Milton's free soul should have gone forth, now and then, in a hurricane of rage and scorn.

It has been said that Milton might have written in behalf of freedom in a weightier and more conclusive manner. Doubtless. He might have written after years of exact reflection, and embodied his thoughts in a treatise of scientific order. In that case he could not have written for the vast struggle in which he lived. It may be said that he might have made a better use of the literary method of expression which he adopted, and imposed upon himself that classic restraint which is one of the shining distinctions of his epics. Again this is doubtless true. But on the other side, it should be said, that perhaps Milton did as well as could be expected, considering the hot haste in which he was compelled to write, and the crying needs of his time. He might have done better where no man did so well; he might have done better where all others did nothing; he might have done better, wearing as he does to-day immortal honors as the champion of freedom, when his adversaries are chiefly remembered because they fought against him.

Milton's prose has two merits of the highest order: it is the witness to his comprehensive and burning love of freedom; it is also a record of precious thoughts in a style which, for strength and majesty, remains unsurpassed in our literature. And here it must be said that it is not to the credit of English scholars and men of letters that they have done so little to present Milton's prose worthily to the world. The churchman still remains too small for this service; the royalist whose monarchy has been transformed from a hateful to a beneficent thing, chiefly through the labors of Cromwell and Milton and the forces which they set free, still lacks the magnanimity for the task.

Milton has suffered for his opinions more than any writer in our tongue. Addison did much to call attention to his poetry. Macaulay spoke noble words for the grandeur of Milton's career; and many men of less note have raised their voice against the public neglect of Milton as an apostle of freedom. On the other hand, Dr. Johnson, the literary authority of the eighteenth century, under cover of veneration for Milton, canonized the national antipathy to Milton the freeman. Dr. Johnson could not help saying some good things in his study of this great Englishman, and after pages of captious remark, elaborate trifling, and veiled enmity, there are here and there sun-bursts of insight and appreciation. The fundamental defect of Dr. Johnson is his unwillingness or inability to measure the full magnitude of Milton, both as writer and as human being. His criticism is from the outside; it is generally petty, wanting in sympathy, destitute of the ideal critic's passion to discover and declare the secret of his author. Dr. Johnson seems to be

entertained with his own cleverness in finding flaws in Milton and his work, and here he has been the fountain of an evil tradition.

When the critical consciousness becomes superior to high creative values, it has ceased to be important, because it has ceased to be the single-minded servant of truth and beauty. Dr. Johnson's critical incompetence is conspicuous in his sneer at Milton's diction, a sneer which he expresses through Samuel Butler's famous phrase, "Babylonish dialect." How far we have come from such a travesty of literary justice, may be seen by putting Matthew Arnold's estimate of Milton's diction against that of Johnson: "That Milton, of all our English race, is by his diction and rhythm the one artist of the highest rank in the great style whom we have; this I take as requiring no discussion, this I take as certain." Dr. Johnson's criticism is of course chiefly of historical interest; it should be added that it is of autobiographical interest, as the frank expression of a powerful and often perverse personality. We find so much to love in this critic, so much to honor in his grim battle with time, that we are ready to grant him absolution for his errors. They are many; they are grievous; but they are the brood of irritability and inveterate prejudices. In the presence of Milton, Dr. Johnson looks like a lumbering stage-coach beside a chariot of state. His adverse judgments about Milton, and some things more discreditable to him than adverse judgments, have fallen to dust; but for more than two generations they delayed full national recognition of Milton. Even the life of Milton by Mark Pattison, notwithstanding its learning and literary appreciation, is on the whole a poor performance. A writer who could think of the twenty years in which Milton served the state, as the prostitution of his genius, is not the man to open the mind of his countrymen to the world-wide meaning of Milton's career.

It is pathetic to reflect that Cromwell, the greatest man that ever ruled the English people, and one of the greatest men in history, had to wait for the Scotsman Carlyle to present him worthily to mankind; that in our modern times Milton, the greatest apostle of freedom, itself the greatest achievement of the English race, had to wait for the Scotsman Masson to set him before the world in his true character. Because Milton called to just account the tyranny of king, bishop, presbyter, Parliament, and canon law, his prose in which he did this vast service has been subjected to slight and neglect; still, this attitude has never been universal, and his countrymen, in whom the love of liberty and courage is so great, will do him justice in the end. Meanwhile Americans will continue to honor John Milton as an illustrious forerunner of the men who won and established constitutional freedom on this continent. They will read with a thrill of delight the title of his great Latin essay: *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano.* They will find the germ of their own theory of government in these words: "Our king made us not, but we him. The people is not for the king, but the king for the people." They will see little irreverence in the superb profanity with which Milton scorns foreign interference in the affairs of Englishmen: "What the devil is it to you, what the English do among themselves?"

Freedom was not, with Milton, an end, but a means, an atmosphere indispensable for vision and for life, a condition essential to the discovery and the service of truth. The crest of the Milton family was the sign of the eagle, and one of the most famous passages in Milton's prose is inspired by this sign, "the noble and puissant nation," like "an eagle mewing her mighty youth," and "kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday heaven." In this metaphor we find, according to Milton, the value of freedom. It lies in this, that freedom is the only path to the heights where undazzled eyes may kindle themselves at the ever-blazing torch of truth. Milton believed that

God's will is immanent in man and in human society. He saw that, to compass a larger vision of that will, men must be free to think and speak and act. Contentment with mere subjectivity, rest in the fleeting moods of a variable, inconstant mind, devotion to the psychic storm and stress that mean nothing universal and abiding, would have met from Milton unmeasured scorn. He knew himself as a substantial, accountable soul; his life was a moral life, among moral persons in a moral world. He was conscious that his being was set in an eternal moral order; and the deep passion of his heart was to know more and more of this order. He beheld this order working within his mind, he saw it working in the minds of his contemporaries; he found its operation reflected in the classic literature of Greece and Rome; he discerned in the Bible the divine image of its incessant action. To this order, the veritable presence of God in the world, Milton dedicated himself. This truth in the life of men he would know, and that he might know, he must be free.

For Milton, the tyranny of custom meant eyes averted from substance and fixed upon empty symbols. For Milton, custom must be servant and not master; convention must never be unalterably fixed, but fluent, ever subject to new forms. Idolatry, the confusion of image and reality, sign and substance, social arrangements and social laws, he abhorred. He saw that in the homage to king, bishop, and presbyter, convention had given to his countrymen a counterfeit intellect; that insensibility to the Eternal in their own being made vision, progress, strength and victory impossible. Milton defines the purpose of his life when he replies to those who said he exulted over fallen majesty, "I only preferred Queen Truth to King Charles." And in writing against the execrable invention known as *Eikon Basilike*, a defense of Charles I, unworthy of an Englishman with a spark of manhood in him, yet of which forty-seven editions were quickly sold, Milton writes in words that express his constant attitude, "And tho' it be an irksome labor to write with industry and judicious pains that which neither weighed nor well read shall be judged without industry or the pains of well-judging, by fiction and the easy literature of custom and opinion, it shall be ventured yet, and the truth not smothered but sent abroad in the native confidence of her simple self to earn how she can her entertainment in the world, and to find out her own readers: few perhaps, but those few of such value and substantial worth, as truth and wisdom, not respecting numbers and big names, have ever been wont in all ages to be contented with."

And again, in these great sentences from the *Areopagitica*, we hear the same strain: "Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on: but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then arose a wicked race of deceivers, who as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till the Master's second coming: he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitors to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint."

Truth, however, is not the final end. For Milton truth becomes duty; the vision of his free intellect lays upon his will a moral obligation that binds him to

his kind and to the conscience of God. And here we come upon an elevation loftier still in this heroic man. I know of no sublimer passage in any autobiography than these words from his *Second Defence of the People of England.* In reply to the contemptible charge that his blindness was a visitation from God for his sins, he writes, —

"And with respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct, and scrutinized my soul, I call thee O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious either in the more early, or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity, which might have deservedly marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation. But since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness, that I never, at any time, wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. . . . Thus when I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the *Defence of the Royal Cause,* when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced, that if I did engage in the work it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight or the desertion of my duty. . . . I am not depressed by any sense of the divine displeasure; on the contrary, I have had full experience of the divine favor and protection; and in the solace and strength which have been infused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God. . . . O that I may be perfected by feebleness and irradiated by obscurity! And, indeed, in my blindness, I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion as I am unable to behold anything but himself."

IV

The analysis of Milton's distinctive gifts is not a difficult task. His powers are obvious, their manifestation is uniform; the bounds of his faculties are also clear, — they are as definite and magnificent as the bounds of the sea. In Milton there are no concealments, no pretensions, no sudden surprises, but one continuous amazement over sustained power. As he writes with pathetic fidelity to his own character, in his blind eyes alone, which appeared as if their vision was perfect, was he a dissembler, and that against his will. What we find in Milton are vast knowledge vitalized by an imagination unsurpassed for compass and originality in human history, pathos deep as life, an ear for harmony faultless and sure, strength in every energy of mind, and grandeur in every instinct of his being. There is in Milton no humor, no pervasive sympathy with light-heartedness and laughter, no happy setting of our human pilgrimage in the sweet heart of nature as in Chaucer, no union of legend and dreamy, mystic spirituality as in Spenser, no divine variety such as we find in Shakespeare, no palpitating, irrepressible lyric humanity as in Burns. In Milton we meet, as in no other poet in our tongue, the stately march of vast powers, the noble vision of the ideal side of existence, rapt regard for moral and eternal issues, prophetic insight and prophetic fire, oracles of splendor in music like that of the spheres, an organ voice, as Tennyson says, with an anthem sublime, moving in its mighty monotone, a monotone admitting every variety of color and shade, weaving into its majestic fabric the weariness, the sorrow, the despair, and the victory of great spirits, its warp and woof the light and darkness of the world.

Like all the productions of genius, there is in Milton's best work a fading element.

Nothing produced by man remains precious for all time as a whole. The man of supreme genius has his limitation in knowledge and in belief, and the all-revealing light of time sets this limitation in unmistakable relief. Like every great epic, like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the book of Job and the *Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost* has two sides, — the temporal and the eternal. There is the side that for us is no longer true, that in the progress of the human mind has become incredible. There is the imaginative use of what is believed to be historic truth; when this historic truth so-called ceases to be credible, it becomes mythology, still amenable to poetic genius as symbol.

In the book of Job the modern reader makes this distinction between history and mythology; he makes the further distinction between fact and probability. The Satan of the book of Job, his swift transit from the earthly to the heavenly world, the visible appearance of the Infinite and his speeches, the modern reader thinks should be taken, not as literally, but as spiritually true. If once upon a time all this was believed to be history, it is regarded as historic fact no longer. It is seen to be the imaginative setting of the great spiritual epic. The feasting of the sons and daughters, close as this is to life, the hurricane from the wilderness, the fatal issues of storm and wreck, the speeches of the several messengers, the despair of Job's wife, the sublime resignation of Job himself, the sad faces and the sadder comfort of his friends, illustrate the distinction between fact and probability.

All this might be history; but it is far likelier to belong simply to the imaginative structure of the poem. This structure contains, as I have hinted, two elements: things that might very well happen, and things that are presented as if they did take place, but which modern men consider impossible. Any combination of purely natural events is probable; as such it is the acceptable servant of art. The supernatural becomes the servant of art in two ways: it is intrinsically the servant of art to those who believe in the supernatural; it continues to serve poetic truth in the way of symbol when men no longer believe in it as fact. When the impossible is pressed into the service of poetry we usually call it mythology.

To this mythological element in Homer, Virgil, and Dante, we have long since adjusted ourselves. Homer's theology is mythology; his anthropology is set in the heart of a mythological world. History and science are not in his universe, and we do not look for them in his work; we look for the special features of the Greek race, which he saw as no other writer ever saw them, and for some of the universal characteristics of mankind, for vision and love and sorrow, for life and beauty and death, for valor and victorious strength and wisdom, for the epic of a great people in the early morning of historic time. The universe of Homer's epics remains the fascinating symbol of an enduring order.

In Dante, all this is seen with still greater ease. The *Divine Comedy* is read by all sorts of educated persons — Catholic, Protestant, believer, unbeliever, humanist, agnostic. The structure of the poem, whatever may have been the attitude of Dante's mind toward it, is now seen to be purely the work of imagination; its Hell and Purgatory and Paradise are temporal and spatial forms for the eternal thought of the poet; we do not think of testing this form by science or by history. The structure of the poem is a symbol, the creation of the poetic imagination; and through that symbol we look for the message of a great prophetic soul. To tell us that there are no such places as the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso, is to repeat what all educated men know. The form of the *Divine Comedy* is of time, its content and spirit are of the eternal; its structure is the baseless fabric of a vision; but through that baseless fabric there looms the great tragic world of man.

Milton has suffered at this point. His

Augustinian, Calvinistic scheme of the fall, sin, woe, and salvation, while essentially akin to that of Dante, has been reasoned into a vast order of thought by a long line of modern theologians; and, till within a generation, by the majority of Christians regarded as the true version of the spiritual history of mankind. To Milton the benefits of mythology have not been conceded in anything like the degree that they have been conceded to his great predecessors. He has been regarded as a teacher of theology, here and there, to be sure, somewhat unorthodox, but on the whole sound. The truth of his poem has been sought in its form and not in its spirit, in its Puritan theology and not in its essential, spiritual humanity. The time has come to disengage these two elements in Milton, to acknowledge at once the Miltonic mythology, and through that mythology to read the eternal truth concerning man and the God to whom his accountable soul answers, the truth about man and his ideal of righteousness, his enswathement in flesh, his temptation rising out of his dual nature, his sin, woe, and hope, his moral struggle and victory, his Paradise Lost and his Paradise Regained. Spiritually understood, there should be no trouble with the Fall. It is the symbol of the universal infidelity of man to his highest ideals. There need be no trouble with the Miltonic hell, because human beings have been there, and any day multitudes may be seen in that horror.

> The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.

There need be no difficulty over Milton's devil. The poet is here our prophet, and has gathered for us the total prevailing untoward force of the world, the fierce, victorious hostilities that lead men to ruin, the black contradictions of our human universe, and fixed them in a personality whose strength and malice and woe are fearful. In that stupendous portent behold personified the dark and awful contradiction of human good; in that terrible picture of malice and woe behold the depth to which the free spirit of man may sink.

Taken in this large and free way, taken as a poetic symbol of eternal truth, *Paradise Lost* will be found equal to the greatest epic achievement of man. Its vast design and structure, its wealth of characterization, its richness in moral insight and wisdom, its feeling for nature and for man in nature, its majestic recitative of the elemental passions and interests of our human race, its mighty canvas with the spiritual history of our Western world painted there in forms and colors that nothing in any literature can surpass, will subdue, purify, exalt, and console the serious position of mankind to the end of time.

The vitality of *Paradise Lost* comes from the soul of Milton the English patriot. It is, first of all, the generalized form of his own history. He was born when the king and the people were to meet in tragic conflict, when the national church was to face the national conscience, when organized religion was to join in battle the nobler ideals and character of a community inspired by the spirit of freedom. At length came Oliver Cromwell, his battles, his victories, his commonwealth; and Milton saw in all this the realization and the prophetic servant of his dreams. English freedom, English manhood, and English progress were assured.

Then came the tragic reverse. Oliver Cromwell died in September, 1658, and in 1660 the son of Charles I was crowned King of England. The restoration of the Stuart dynasty meant disaster to Milton's national hope. Again the tyrant was on the throne, again the bishop was coöppressor with the king; again display, corruption, infamy, were in the court, setting fashions for the wealth and youth of the land; again freemen were driven to the wall. Milton's personal fortunes were wrecked, and he lived in a community in which he was regarded almost with loathing. But it was not personal disaster that made Milton go as with a sword in his bones, but the disaster to freedom. In the

consciousness of a tremendous personal and national calamity, he faced the spiritual tragedy of mankind as told in the epic of the Fall. Personal contradiction and sorrow, national disaster and woe, were taken up into the universal tragedy and misery of the race. *Paradise Lost* is the epic of the race, but the racial epic is fed from the tragic issues of personal and national history. The great poem burns from its first line to its last with this tremendous contemporaneous fire. The bitter disappointment of the nation's fall is in these great words, —

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heav'nly Muse.

The sorrow of a nation of fallen freemen is in the pathos of the final words about Adam and Eve. Led out of Eden, abandoned by their angelic guide, —

They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Milton the human being is always in Milton the artist. The gift of primal self-identification with others, of pervasive, comprehending, self-oblivious sympathy, did not belong to Milton. The epic movement of nations and races was not his original interest; nor was it in him to rehearse the love and woe and hope of a people, as Homer did, and leave, in the far-shining edifice of his art, not a single trace of his own fortune. Indeed, in the plays of Shakespeare alone is there a modern parallel to this mysterious and utter self-effacement. And it is curious to note that the personality both of Homer and of Shakespeare has been denied; so foreign to man is this supreme grace of self-concealment. It was foreign to Milton, for he, like Dante, was a mighty individual, and from his own individuality he could not escape. Like Dante again, his personal fortunes, in the noble sense of course, are his original concern, and through them he advances to the comprehension of the fortunes of the race.

As indicating the limitation and the strength of Milton, some have said that his genius was not dramatic but lyric. This characterization of Milton's genius does not seem to me of much account. To the lyric poet it does not occur to transcend himself; he is possessed with a note of joy or sorrow to which he must give utterance. His song is himself, pure and simple; the philosopher comes and finds it the song of the universal human heart. Milton does not belong here; he begins with himself, as Shakespeare might conceivably have found the key to the comedy and the tragedy of the world in his own heart; he moves from the personal to the national and racial, carrying with him the great and precious burden of his soul; and when he has thus universalized the meaning of his individual existence he becomes epic poet. Still, it is to be noted that to the end Milton utters, through his art, his personal fortunes in this world; these fortunes are, as I have said, universalized, but they continue his. The joy of the youth Milton, like the sweet breath of a summer morning when the quiet earth is awakening under the touch of the first beams of daybreak, is the pulse of *L'Allegro;* its accumulated images of clean mirth lay open a soul full of honor and delight. His *Il Penseroso* brings to us the pensiveness of his contemplative and sensitive spirit before the real struggle began. The purity and chivalry that were ever Milton's flow in the noble verse of *Comus;* also his early-born and steadfast optimism: —

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd
. . . If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble.

His first great sorrow finds a voice in *Lycidas;* the sonnets, whose sound is like the sea, speak for the poet as the representative of suffering freedom and heroism; *Paradise Lost* becomes the organ requiem of personal and national and racial disaster; *Paradise Regained* is bloodless because there is so little of Milton in it; in *Samson Agonistes* there is the final surge in this mighty representative life. Here again the national and racial tragedy are set in the defeat and victory of his own soul. Hear this cry from the depths, like the wail of the winds in the caverns of a dead planet, and note in it the universal woe: —

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all,"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?

And, once more, the chastened personal victory has become the channel of the eternal triumph: —

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Here we find the reason of Milton's unique appeal to the imagination of the modern man. Milton stood before a contemptuous world the apostle and champion of the highest things — freedom, truth, manhood, faith. He met with sore contradiction. In the midst of his great studies he was struck blind, and no words in English poetry are more moving than these: —

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

To this personal limitation and distress must be added the defeat of his public cause. All that he had gloried in as a free Englishman, and fought for with the last light of his eyes and for years in his blindness, was lost, overwhelmed by the abject and shameless mind of his countrymen. In this wild waste of sorrow, note his fortitude: he still sings with voice

Unchanged
To hoarse or mute, tho' fall'n on evil days,
On evil days tho' fall'n and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east.

As the final act in the drama of his suffering heroism note his achievement: *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes;* a monumental achievement, done in blindness, in public scorn and contempt, and from his fiftieth to his sixty-second year, by the strength and splendor of his genius and the breath of the Eternal in his heart. These are a few of the things that give to Milton his extraordinary power over the imagination of enlightened and noble men.

Comparison of Milton with the great epic poets of the world, while not altogether profitable, is nevertheless inevitable. Immeasurably greater than Homer in maturity, in strength, and in insight into the heart of human society, Milton is wanting in the variety, sweetness, swiftness, surprise, humor, and unique pathos that we find in the *Odyssey*. There are lines in Milton to whose moral grandeur there is no approach in Homer; there are pictures in Homer, like the episodes of the Cyclops and the meeting of Odysseus and his mother in Hades, the humor of the one and the pathos of the other, that are unequaled by anything in Milton. Plato censures Homer as an artist because he makes the gods subject to fits of uncontrollable laughter. Perhaps Plato is here only half in the right; the gods would be less than divine if they were not responsive to the comedy of the world. Still, their laughter should be divine laughter; and here Homer's art is at fault because his character as a Greek

was at fault. His style here was the mood of his spirit upon divine things; as such it fell beneath his subject. No such criticism could be made upon the art of Milton; and here the Englishman is surely greater than the Greek. On the whole, the honors of the two poets are different, but equal; and justice, while pointing to limitations in both, leaves them standing together, each with the wreath of laurel upon his brow, on the same serene height.

Lucretius is the greatest of the Roman poets, and, like Milton, his concern is for the peace and victory of his fellow men. In Milton there is no such passion of sorrow and despair as we find in Lucretius; in Lucretius there is wanting the wisdom, the moral restraint, the faith, and character that we find in Milton. The deepest note in Milton is hope; the deepest in Lucretius is despair. The poets are as unlike as are the prophets of eternal life and eternal death. Milton's vision is vaster far than that of Lucretius, and the Roman poet as an artist is not in Milton's class.

Dante is the poet with whom Milton is oftenest put in comparison. Dante and Milton are alike in the religious character of their genius, in the further trait that they move toward the racial epic on the lines of personal fortune. The *Divine Comedy* is primarily the symbol of the three worlds in which Dante's existence had been passed. The egoism of his poem is sublime: on reflection, he found that he represented his age and fashioned his symbol for his time and race. So far no two men could be more alike than Milton and Dante. There are, of course, many contrasts in them. Milton has no such hold upon the mind of his devotees as Dante has gained over his. The reasons for this fact would form an interesting discussion, which, however, cannot be pursued here. Inferior to Dante in the high romance of love, in the passionate intensity of his nature, in the vast and precious mysticism of his spirit, Milton is superior to Dante in moral health, in adamantine manhood, in majesty of genius; nobler far in his rage, since he builds his hell for devils and not for men, and seeks no consolation from the vision of the torture of his enemies in the regions of eternal woe. The mythological element is much larger in Dante than in Milton, and the symbolic worth of the Puritan epic, taking it as a whole, is not inferior to that of the mediæval. As an artist in human speech, Milton is the peer of Dante, or of any poet that ever breathed. Let the vogue of Dante continue and never grow less; but let men of English speech ponder the high symbolic presentation of human existence in the epic of John Milton.

The art of Milton recalls by turns the distinctive excellence of building, sculpture, painting, and music. The plan of Milton's work, the premeditation, the labor, and the monumental character, recall now the Greek temple and again the Gothic cathedral; the austere reserve of it, the union of completeness and infinite suggestion, the disdain and the immortal triumph, recall the gods and goddesses of Greece done in marble; the vast background, the subdued light, the rich color, the canvas crowded with shapes of many hues, the bold outlines and the vague immensities into which they melt, the combination of truth and beauty and joy all in an atmosphere luminous and yet dim, serene and yet weird, happy and yet portentous, recall the hall whose walls are hung with the select masterpieces of the world; and in this hall music is heard, organ music, such as is heard nowhere else among men. Such seems to me the art of Milton. I cannot think of any artistic excellence richer or more perfect than his.

There is in Milton one thing greater than his art, and that is his character. From earliest years he led a dedicated life. He was the pride of his father, and yet that parental pride in no way injured his spirit. He was, in his youth, of extraordinary beauty, yet that beauty was never desecrated or turned into an instrument of dishonor. He went through the

fiery trial of young manhood and came forth without even the smell of fire upon his soul. He was never the betrayer, he was ever the defender, of woman, carrying the high vow of chivalry in his soul, with passionate longing for purity in his own being that he might inspire and champion purity in others. He was the ornament of his university, yet his wise head was in no way undone by that distinction. He lived the life of a country gentleman, with eye and ear and heart open to the beauty and wonder of nature, and his spirit erect before God and man. He traveled in Europe for fifteen months, the object of attention and admiration from famous men and gifted women, such as would have brought moral disaster to a nature less noble and sure of its high ends. Counseled in his Italian travels to keep his lips closed upon the subject of religion, in Rome itself, when the matter was forced upon him, he scorned evasion, and spoke his thoughts with a fearless force that would have done honor to Luther.

When he was but half-way in the realization of his plan of travel, when Greece and Palestine were unvisited, he surrendered his dream of pleasure because his country was in distress, and hastened to England to bear his share in the struggle and hope of the wise and brave. For twenty years he abandoned poetry that he might in prose serve as an apostle of Freedom, thus reversing at the call of duty the mighty tide of his genius. When told he must become totally blind if he persisted in writing his *Second Defense of the People of England*, he did not desist: he did his duty, and for his reward accepted blindness. When the cause for which he had fought with all his might for twenty years went to wreck, at the age of fifty, he retired into the freedom of the city of God in his own soul, and lifted the disappointment and sorrow of his life, and the life of his afflicted and foolish nation, into one of the noblest epics ever written by the hand of man.

Solitary, defamed, an object of lies and bitter hatred, with his great friends in the grave, with few to wait upon him and cheer him in his disaster, he abated not one jot of heart or hope, but with a high and an uncomplaining fortitude almost without a parallel in our history, did his work and sang his epic notes for the ages to come. When an old man, blind, forsaken, in dark trials of many kinds, he repeated in his own soul the spiritual tragedy of the race and came forth a conqueror. There is little wonder, therefore, that Milton wrote more lines worthy to be placed beside the best in the Hebrew Scriptures than any other poet in the English tongue. Indeed, in one instance, Milton has done what no Hebrew psalmist was able to do, he has written an imprecatory sonnet or psalm acceptable to the conscience of every person who cares for justice and humanity. Religion has become a divine rage, an imprecation of the highest in man, in the great sonnet whose first line will renew the memory of its matchless words, —

> Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints.

We commemorate one of the kings of the race, whose character as a human being alone transcends the achievement of his genius, and we find in the picture of his seraph Abdiel the portrait of our poet, upon which men will look with admiration and reverence as long as they care for the loftiest things in the spiritual history of the world: —

> So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he;
> Among innumerable false unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
> Nor number, nor example with him wrought
> To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
> Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd
> Long way thro hostile scorn, which he sustained
> Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
> And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
> On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

After such words the best that one can

say must seem profane. After Milton has sketched his own character who shall dare touch the canvas? Silence would seem to be the fittest tribute; indeed, it would appear to be a religious duty. Yet one cannot be altogether silent in the presence of this beneficent wonder. Milton is a man full of the modern spirit; he has been an apostle of freedom for the three centuries in which his race has been winning freedom for itself, and setting before other races the example of freedom. Milton's poetry receives to-day highest praise from all who discern and feel the character of great poetry. His poetic achievement has been added to the precious store of the intrinsically great and imperishable possessions of mankind. The career of Milton the patriot, the message of Milton the apostle of freedom, still waits adequate recognition. Here is a life of the utmost moment to men and nations, an epic existence to which lovers of freedom will delight to bring their tribute in all time to come. They will not be satisfied with the great words in which others have praised their hero; they will strive to behold him with their own eyes and speak in their own tongue the veneration that swells in their hearts. In sympathy with this mood, I venture these final words: —

Milton! on thy strong Saxon shoulders wide,
The mighty burden of the coming time
Thou bear'st, Prophet of liberty sublime.
The abject world is borne on God's deep tide
To freedom's flood. Thy cause must ever ride
Triumphant. Thy high fame is in thy rhyme
And in thy lofty manhood's endless prime.
Thy work and worth shall evermore abide.
The conscience of our race forever pleads
In thy majestic tongue, the nobler law;
The fear of king, priest, mob, all broken reeds,
Dies in the presence of that vaster awe
Which God inspires; thro' flaming gift and word
As thro' the stars, looks thy Eternal Lord.

IN THE COOL OF THE DAY

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Enid looked guiltily up from the bed of violets she was resetting, as her sister's tall young figure came down the path. Philippa came quickly, like all approaching dooms, and Enid noted that she was hatted, gloved, and carrying a trim little bag indicative of business; the very energy of her step made Enid sigh. Cool and fresh in her immaculate linen suit, Philippa bore down upon her. Then she spoke.

"It is half-past three, Enid; the meeting is at four."

"The — meeting?" repeated Enid vaguely, pushing back her garden hat with one earth-stained hand, the better to survey her sister.

"The meeting," reiterated Philippa with some emphasis, "to discuss the tenement question and the new factory bill; surely you have n't forgotten."

A deep flush covered Enid's face; her glance at her sister was mutely apologetic.

"I — I 'm afraid I had."

Philippa consulted a businesslike watch at her girdle.

"I can wait just ten minutes while you dress; if we take the tram we can just make it."

Enid cast a helpless glance from the violets on the ground to her sister.

"Would it matter very much if I did n't? These will all die if I leave them now, — and I 'm tired."

Philippa's silent glance was eloquent.

"No, — I dare say not," she said, turning abruptly away.

"I 'm so sorry, Phil!" — Enid called after her; but Philippa did not reply; her straight figure, whose very back expressed condemnation, with its air of being driven by compressed energy, disappeared behind the oleanders, and presently the gate clicked.

Enid's head, on its slender neck, drooped like one of her own flowers as she resolutely bent again over the violets, separating roots, planting, and delicately disentangling leaves, with a touch which caressed. When the plants were all in the ground, she made several trips with a watering-pot, and last of all tidily cleaned up the litter of earth, put the gardening tools into the basket, drew off her gloves, and then stood up and looked about her, flushed but momentarily content. The garden, vast in its cool suggestion of fragrance and soft silence, was all about her, shutting out the glare of dusty road beyond. One corner was all white and green, a stretch of shade restful to the eye; its shadowy spaces, retreating delicately, hinted (what was not the case) a background of acres losing themselves in final forests; but toward the road, visible through the fostering and shielding shrubs, were masses of color and bloom. That was for the sake of the passers-by.

Enid went toward the seat in the green corner and sat down. Her eyes flew like birds from one tall tree to another, and hovered like butterflies on every blossoming shrub, embracing even the tiniest flower beneath; there was not a leaf or bud which was stranger to her. The summer charm was on the garden, and six months ago she would have been happy in it. But now —

"Oh, how tired I am!" thought Enid, closing her eyes a moment to hold back the tears.

She was thankful Philippa was not there to tell her it was the gardening; but the gardening — it was a guilty thought to have — had never tired her before Philippa came home.

Dear Philippa! — so brave, so strong and unselfish, putting all her beautiful youth into social service; she had been so glad to have her come home. Enid opened her eyes and looked again at the tall trees and green depths about her.

"And at this hour," she thought, "little children are working in stifling factories! Philippa is right; oh, I must be a beast!"

Her lips quivered a little; the sting of Philippa's contempt was never easy to bear, even when she vaguely reacted against it with an undefined sense of injustice; but to-day her conscience was with Philippa. And yet she had imagined Philippa was going to enjoy the garden; she had made it partly for her and partly from an inward necessity. All those years while their father was fighting consumption in the arid little western town of exile, rich only in climate and futures, and Philippa was away at college and working in settlements, she herself would have withered like the desert about her, but for the garden. She had planted the eucalyptus first, — for swift shade, — and all the rest had followed year by year. Philippa had exclaimed at its beauty when she first came home; it was not until she discovered that it did not grow of itself, a fact which appeared not to have occurred to Philippa, that she began to disapprove. Now she had turned it all into a reproach. From the first days when she encountered Enid coming in from the garden early, or watering it in the cool of the day, she had seemed surprised.

"Have you any idea how much time you spend over that garden, Enid?" she had asked, in the very first week of her return.

And Enid had been even then guiltily aware, in sudden self-examination, that she was spending more time than ever since Philippa came back; that she was forming a habit of using it as a refuge, slipping away to it after breakfasts and lunches, or when Philippa's fellow workers came up to discuss with her various social problems. For the town with a climate had grown as such towns do:

already it had a "tenement question" and factory troubles; already the climate itself had been "cornered" away from a large section of the very people it had brought there. Philippa, her generous blood still boiling with city wrongs, had come home steeped in theories and filled with facts; to let these out was in great measure a matter of self-preservation, and she did let them out — on Enid.

From the sick faintness bred of vivisection at breakfast, through the long-drawn horror of tenement industries with their attendant diseases, served like entrées at lunch, to the final turn of the screw — criminal statistics — during a dinner which faded on her palate like dried leaves, Enid was aware of herself as serving constantly, like a frail and ineffective vessel, for Philippa's overflow of race-tenderness. Philippa's own purpose however was deeper; she always hoped to rouse her sister to an eventual sense of human suffering and race-duty which would not leave her content with merely signing cheques; for which method of meeting moral demands upon her Enid was developing a deplorable facility.

Philippa could not follow a mental process by virtue of which some peculiarly harrowing carving of the living hound should eventuate in more white oleanders; or a tenement disease of superior energy (precious to Philippa as a fine new blade to knight's hand) result in an extra two-hours watering of the parched earth; or the anguished shapes of little children shut out from sun and flower lead to a multiplication of bright verbena and petunia beds near the front hedge. That her sister's tenderness to the vegetable was an expression of her suffering for the animal, or that when she stood lifting in patient, tired arms the heavy hose, hours together, she was really pouring out for all the world; and that the passionate heaping of color on color in royal masses was really her atonement to that defrauded world — these were conceptions for which Philippa had neither understanding nor patience, for they were not racial, but individual. She sometimes wondered if Enid really had sensibilities; and of late Enid had often questioned it herself. She was conscious of a growing torpidity of emotion, and wondered dully in her turn why she had been so much more in sympathy with Philippa's work before she had heard so much about it.

"I suppose — I must be a person of very shallow sympathies," she thought, and did not particularly mind thinking so.

It filled Philippa with a weary and impatient scorn to find Enid filling the hands of children over the fence with bright flowers, or dealing out little bags of seeds or cuttings. So the world had always stood, doling out to the worker.

"Why not *ask them in?*" She spoke with bitter significance.

"Certainly," acquiesced Enid, "if they'll care to come."

Philippa had followed this up by a suggestion that they might try to do some good with the garden, and proposed inviting the Working Girls' Club to walk therein on Sundays.

Four came the first Sunday, two the second. It struck Enid as faintly strange that she should know the names and families and histories of the girls who came, as she knew those of most of the people, old and young, who passed before her garden fence, — she had handed flowers to them over it so often, — but that Philippa knew none of them. To her they were the Girls' Club. On the third Sunday no one came. Philippa made no comment at first, but Enid knew that now her garden stood condemned in her sister's eyes as not being even "a public want."

"It is because it is *yours*, not *theirs*," said Philippa abruptly at last. "If it could be a public park —"

"Their first act would be to cut down every tree in it," protested Enid. "You know what their idea of a park is. You've seen it; a graveled rectangle with seats, four palms, and an aloe."

"Then," said Philippa uncompromisingly, "since nobody cares for trees but you, all this —" she swept her hand about — "is just for your own benefit. How you can think it right —" She broke off, checking a rising indignation; she must be patient — even with Enid.

Enid sighed.

"I think they do like it a little, Phil; otherwise they would n't stop to look over so much, — every day."

"Lazarus and Dives," said Philippa dryly. "Oh, I know your idea of social service, Enid, — flowers to the hospital, — and no matter how the people came there; flowers in the tenement-windows — and no matter about the wretched rooms behind them."

Enid continued to look at her sister, with a lip that quivered slightly.

"Does n't anything that 's just beautiful mean anything to you, Phil?"

"Of course it does," returned Philippa impatiently. "It means so much that I want every one to have it; it is n't beautiful to me if they can't. *This* is beautiful, I suppose," — again she swept a hasty hand about, — "but I can't see its beauty, Enid, while I know that women and children — little children — are stifling in tenements and shut up in mines and factories."

A curious look came into Enid's eyes.

"I see," she said briefly, "to you it 's just a vice, like drink."

In spite of herself Philippa smiled; then she frowned.

"Don't be absurd, Enid; but yes, something like that, — a self-indulgence."

And then Enid had made a last subtle appeal.

"I thought, dear, you would enjoy it so much, and like to have it pretty — when your friend comes; I've been coaxing it all I knew."

"I should like to have the *town* pretty," replied Philippa, without the faintest change in the rich color of her cheek, "and the hospital, — and the tenements. Those are the things he will care for, — not how you and I live. He feels as I do about these things. Enid, don't *you* feel about them at all, — not at all?"

"Yes, I feel about them," said Enid. She said no more, and presently, pushing back her chair, wandered off into the garden absently, followed by Philippa's despairing glance.

Since then it had been worse and worse; she could not so much as sprinkle a rose-bush without the guilty consciousness of Phil's condemning eye, and it was in stealth and in secrecy, as she might have stolen forth to a dram-shop, that she stole forth when Philippa's back was turned, to note whether the "Gloire de Lyon" had blossomed, and whether the "La France" still held up its head. As for weeding and pruning, they had become criminal acts to be accomplished furtively, and all traces of the crime well hidden, in Philippa's absences. But she had honestly not meant to forget the meeting to-day; she had been conscientiously trying to live up to Philippa of late.

This afternoon, almost for the first time, she suddenly reflected upon the advantages that community of feeling between Philippa and Philippa's doctor (so she coolly assigned him) might have for her; it would let her, naturally, out of a good many meetings and gatherings to which she had dragged leaden feet heretofore. The two of course would want to be together, the most racially-minded of lovers must still cling to so much individual thread, — and without scruple Enid assigned them to that class. Why else should the doctor be coming to so obscure and remote a place? True, there was the pretext of the new tuberculosis sanatorium and hospital, but that could so easily be read "Philippa" by any one who knew how she had studied in his classes and worked by his side in the city plague-spots. Besides, Philippa was made for any doctor to fall in love with, — handsome, young, generous Philippa, with such excellent traits to transmit; with none *but* excellent traits, even if she should perform the unscientific feat of transmitting acquired ones. Enid smiled

to think how far rather would Philippa part with every acquirement than be guilty of such *lèse-science*. Poor dear Phil! How much she had had to bear from her Enid! Enid stopped smiling to sigh again at memory of all those meetings she had dragged reluctant feet to, and then dragged home after, — to steal lightly out for a surreptitious refreshment of both the flowers and herself, only to be met on her shamefaced return to the house by Philippa's invariable —

"Enid! — dragging that hose about when you said you were so tired! Do sit down and rest; and just listen to this, will you?" — When would follow a whole batch of new, opportunely mail-brought statistics or pamphleted horrors, successfully destroying the last vestige of one's appetite for dinner. For Philippa's zeal never abated. Enid wondered it should never occur *even* to Philippa that a change of conversational diet would occasionally be a refreshment. She herself would not have expected to talk garden all the time, even if Philippa had been in sympathy with the subject. The garden was a thing to dream about and love, not to be cheapened by over-much talk. Yes, decidedly, Philippa's doctor, due now any time, could not come too soon.

So thinking, she looked up and saw him coming. At least, a stranger, a male stranger, a distinguished-looking stranger, albeit male; it could be only Philippa's doctor. Enid rose hastily. This came of loafing in gardens in Philippa's absence!

The visitor glanced at her, and though cursory, Enid had the sensation of a rapid and complete process, surgically thorough; then he took off his hat and smiled.

"You are — you must be Philippa's sister. I am Doctor Scott. I arrived last night and have just come from the hospital."

Enid smiled faintly. Of course: first the hospital and afterwards Philippa; Philippa would like that thoroughly.

Meanwhile the doctor, his hat off, was exclaiming as he looked appreciatively about him, "What a miracle of a place!" He threw back his head to let his eye climb to the top of the tallest of the tall eucalypti; and Enid, seizing the chance, looked at him and found him pleasant to look at. He had the distinction of his profession — that profession which, above all others, produces distinguished men; he was young enough, but not, thought Enid fastidiously, tiresomely, and *too* young; he had an air of compact strength like Philippa, of the same race of strenuous souls. All at once it occurred to Enid that Philippa's reward was going to be great. Unawares, she was still looking at him intently when the doctor, exclaiming again, "What a miracle of a place!" turned and encountered the look. He too looked suddenly and keenly for the second time.

"Do you know — we have n't shaken hands yet," he said coolly, holding out his own with so definite a command that Enid laid hers reluctantly for an instant upon it.

"H-m," was the doctor's mental comment, "thought as much."

"Philippa," said Enid, hastily withdrawing her fingers, "will be here very soon. Shall we go into the house?"

"Go into a house — when we can stay in a garden!" The doctor motioned her, still with that peremptoriness, to the seat, and threw himself down on the ground facing her. "Grass! *Turf!*" he exclaimed, fingering it delightedly. "Think of feeling grass under one, after all those miles of prairie! How ever have you done it? I 'd heard of it already, you know, — this garden, — but I did n't believe it." He smiled.

Oh, no doubt he had heard, thought Enid bitterly.

"The man who drove me up was the first; he admitted the road was a trifle dusty, but said that to see what could be done with water I 'd orter see Miss Enid's garden."

"Joe Clancy — he 's an old friend." Enid smiled faintly.

"And at the hospital they told me with pride that the grounds — now a promis-

ing sand-heap — would shortly be a smiling oasis; and they mentioned yours for proof. Then on the way here I was told I could n't miss the house — 'the one with the garden,' — not *a* garden, but *the* garden. That makes three times." He laughed like a boy. "How ever did you do it?"

"Oh, it was easy," replied Enid. "I began with the eucalyptus. A little shade, and the rest was easy."

"*You* planted those great trees?" the doctor's tone was skeptical, and he looked critically at the slender hands, of which Enid held up a too transparent finger.

"They were so big when I did it," she said almost gayly; then dropping her hand, added with a shudder, "The place was hideous; I had to do something."

"I see;" and he looked as if he really did. "How does Philippa stand it, — she who throve in slums?"

"Oh, there are slums here too; and Philippa does n't mind how ugly anything is, so long as there are miserable people to help." (She spoke almost as though these were a boon to Philippa, especially provided for that purpose.) "Philippa is so strong and brave and unselfish," concluded Philippa's sister in a curiously dreary voice.

"I see," — and again he looked as if he did. "What a wonderful effect those massed azaleas make against all that green. I might as well warn you right now, Miss Enid, — unless turned out, I shall become a nuisance; I shall haunt this place. But I'll offer bribes — I 'll hew and dig — I 'll help irrigate the oasis."

"*You!*" exclaimed Enid, with disproportionate amaze. "Oh, no. Ah, here is Philippa!"

Philippa, dusty, warm, tired, a reproach to all idlers in gardens, was in fact advancing upon them, and the doctor, springing up, went forward with both hands out. Enid did her best delicately not to see the meeting hands or study the faces, as she turned unobviously to gather up the basket and gloves, though for the first time she was a prey to a deep curiosity concerning Philippa's real feeling. When they came toward her, her smiling flight was already prepared.

"Caught red-handed, Phil, as you see! Now you 've come, I 'll go and shed this dust."

Philippa, even now, looked her usual reproach.

"Enid! She was too tired to go to a meeting," she appealed to the doctor. "This is how she rests, digging and dragging hoses in this heat!"

Enid laughed as she strolled away, but in her heart she was more irritated than she had ever been. Now Philippa was going to begin! As she languidly brushed her hair and donned a fresh gown, she could not help now and then glancing out of her window at the two heads so near together in the far end of the garden. For once, thought Enid wistfully, Philippa might forgive her the garden. Happy Philippa!

Meanwhile the doctor, studying with pleasure the fresh human document before him (handsomer than ever, healthy, happy, healthily tired, perhaps a trifle too intense, but — Philippa was all right!) was asking, —

"Is your sister always so frail?"

"Oh, Enid is n't exactly frail," replied Philippa. "She 's never ill; it 's just that she wears herself out over this garden; it 's a mania. I wish you could influence her."

"I don't remember whether she is interested in your line of work?" — The doctor's tone was casual.

Philippa smiled and sighed.

"Enid is a dear, — full of sympathy, as sweet and good as it is possible to be; if she could make a paradise and fill it full of angels, she would; but her idea of social service is giving flowers to people. She would like to make gardens for everybody, quite irrespective of whether they had bread."

"Well — it 's written somewhere — 'Not by bread alone' — is n't it?" the doctor said teasingly. It had always been

fun to stir up Philippa; she rose now to the bait.

"Bread first," she said firmly, "geraniums after."

"There 's something in that," conceded the doctor. "And your sister —"

"Oh, Enid would take the geraniums every time, bread or no bread. You don't think there 's really anything the matter with her, do you? " — For the first time Philippa's voice had a tone of anxiety. "She does seem tired all the time."

The doctor gave her a straight professional answer.

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"Yes; I 'm afraid there is. I don't like her appearance, and she has a fever — of degrees — now. Whatever it is, it must have been coming on some time."

"It 's this wretched garden," exclaimed Philippa angrily. "She has been slaving in it all summer."

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"She must have slaved in it a good many previous ones, however," remarked the doctor somewhat dryly, "which she survived. I would n't worry her about it. And for the present," he added, smiling, "I 'll help her with it."

"You! " exclaimed Philippa, as Enid had done. "With all your important work! — you must n't, — you can't."

"It will be my chance to study your sister," returned the doctor, with a quiet significance which struck Philippa dumb.

Enid ill! really ill! — with perhaps — who knew? — the seeds of their father's disease? It now occurred to Philippa how horribly white and thin Enid had been looking. Evidently she had been slowly breaking down; her mind, suddenly focussed upon the past months, recalled a hundred indications. But break down *for nothing!* Philippa had seen plenty of good workers break down; she could have borne it stoically, if it had been the necessary price of great work done. But what had Enid ever done, — except to drag a hose incessantly over a wretched patch of ground, and potter with a few miserable trees, bushes, and flower-beds?

In the weeks that followed, Philippa, though with this question unanswered, filled with dismay and faithful to the doctor's injunction, forbore to put it even to herself. It had been astonishingly easy to persuade Enid to give up other exertions; she had seized upon the first hint with an almost shameful alacrity, and she had never even remarked upon the sudden cessation of Philippa's statistics and pamphlets, nor apparently even noticed how adroitly Philippa kept all her fellow workers in the background. It was probable that Philippa also reserved all discussion of world-topics for the doctor; Enid at least heard nothing of them. Possibly she considered all these changes the natural corollary of the doctor's presence. With him, her absence would naturally not be felt; the two would, as naturally, enjoy their walks and communion together, and it was even more natural that the doctor should fall into the habit of dropping in, in the cool of the day, and staying on to dinner afterwards, — most natural, *under the circumstances.* The circumstances of course were Philippa. He had fallen also into the way of taking from her — Enid's — hand the watering-pot or hose or trowel, and what was *un*natural about this was that it too seemed so perfectly natural. It even came to seem in the nature of things that he should order her movements, telling her when to lie down or to sit up, have a couch constructed for her under her favorite eucalyptus clump, and spend more and more time beside it, reading aloud, or talking to Philippa while she sat working near, — dear Philippa, who never worried one any more and who was going to be so happy.

Enid spent hours in the contemplation of her sister's future happiness, while she lay listening more to the tones than the words of the physician's voice, a voice developed to sensitiveness in the ministry of sick-rooms, and which produced the happy illusion of having a special tone for whomever he spoke to; or in watching through half-closed lids the little movements of hands and head and body which she had come to recog-

nize as welcomely characteristic. Oh yes: Philippa would certainly be happy; he and she would talk by the hour, while she — the third — listened idly; there would be no dearth of common interests in the household of these two. But if Philippa were called away on any of her countless missions, then how quickly the conversation fell into silence, broken perhaps only by a glance or smile, or brief little phrases, mainly about the garden, in a new tone of voice, a tone kept for sick and feeble folk like herself presumably.

For with all everybody's goodness, Enid was not gaining, and not even the doctor could account for it, now that he had removed tactfully a strain he had divined. The weights were gone, — but the creature seemed unable to rise; she had conceivably been crushed a little too flat. There were days indeed when all Enid wished was to be crushed still flatter; when she only wanted to be left in peace; when the cry of dust to dust seemed the only comforting one on earth; when she passionately wished the doctor and Philippa would make an end, marry each other, and be off to that strenuous world they both delighted in, leaving her — Enid — with a few final flowers in hands which would gather no more, to go down alone to that plain and simple Hell prepared for shirkers with no interest on earth beyond making it beautiful, a Hell which yet seemed, in comparison, what the doctor called the garden — "an oasis."

She wished it particularly one evening when they left her to take a nap on the vine-covered porch, and strolled into the garden, not to disturb her with their voices. Enid, consumed with a curious heat, watched them go. What a handsome pair! She was glad continually that she had made the garden for them, even though Philippa did not care. *He* cared. Then she gave a start of horror. Philippa's voice, clear and carrying, with its training of public assemblies, came distinctly to her.

"But if no acquired traits ever are transmitted —" she was saying earnestly; and the doctor's low and earnest tones replied. Enid listened aghast, then she laughed weakly. What very funny lovers, — to go into a moonlit garden and talk like that, when the peppers were making fern-traceries all over the paths and the eucalyptus was shining like wet silver! Suppose — just suppose for a single moment one were Philippa, and suppose — just for a single moment — one loved the doctor, and were walking in the moonlight with him, — would one talk like that? Would one? But nobody cared for gardens any more, except her, Enid, and even she did not care so very much. Philippa was right (Philippa was always right), it was quite too hard work making gardens for other people to walk in by moonlight; to-morrow she would hire a boy to water it; she could n't let the poor things go unwatered; they were as hot as she perhaps, and never in her life had she been so hot, — such a queer, dizzy, aching heat too.

"God walks in gardens!" was the astonishing statement with which she confronted the two an hour later, when Philippa — first gently, and then wildly — had shaken her from the strange stupor in the hammock.

"The Bible says so," she asserted, fixing her burning eyes on the doctor, "'in the cool of the evening.' When will it be the cool of the evening?"

Philippa, touching her sister's hand, drew back her own, exclaiming. The doctor's slipped quietly into its place.

"It will be the cool of the evening as soon as we get you upstairs," he said quietly. "Open that door, Philippa." Without further words he lifted Enid in his arms. But she made not the slightest remonstrance; she lay there contentedly, resting her head upon his shoulder, with her bright, wide eyes on his.

"The first lovers too," she said as they reached the stair-top, "walked in gardens."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and the last lovers will." He laid her gently on the bed. "Now," he turned to Philippa,

"get off her things with the least possible fuss. You have a telephone? Good; I'll go and telephone the hospital. No trained nurse of course within two hundred miles?"

"You forget me," said Philippa.

"True," replied he, "I did." He scrutinized her. "You can do it, I think; but — I warn you we are in for it."

"What are we in for?"

The doctor looked at her a little grimly.

"For whatever comes of trying to grow thistles from roses."

"That wretched garden!" Philippa spoke fiercely, under her breath.

"God walks in gardens!" came with startling clearness from the bed. "So does Philippa, and" — with an exquisite softening — "*he!*" Then after a pause, "But he walks with Philippa; why? *I* made the garden."

"Delirious," said the doctor in a matter-of-fact tone. "We shall want ice. Go down, Philippa, and see that my orders are attended to; I'll stay here. She will be quieter soon."

But to Philippa, doing a hundred necessary things with judgment and composure, but with cheeks as hot as Enid's, it seemed an eternity that Enid's voice went on upstairs, talking steadily, broken now and then by a soothing murmur of the doctor's. As she passed and repassed the open front door, outside the moonlight lay in great patches over Enid's garden, where the eucalyptus shone like silver and the peppers made fern-traceries on the paths. And from upstairs came again and insistently, —

"But he walks in it with Philippa, — why?"

In the days following, the doctor, looking often across the bed to the silent figure sitting on the other side, came to pity it almost more than the patient.

For day after day, and hour after hour, Enid, in her delirious wanderings, with a terrible fidelity meted again to her sister the measure which had been meted to her. The dreadful accuracy of her facts was only heightened by the fantastic figures in which she piled them; plying them with infernal statistics of an inhumanly human inferno, through which she dragged them, vivisecting and racking them with an abnormal elaboration of torture. The doctor, listening with forehead bowed on his hand, dared not at times look at Philippa at all. Philippa, however, at exactly the due moment, rose each time to renew the iced cloth, to bring the draught, or to get the fan with which she fanned impassively hour after hour, like a creature with wrist of steel. Once or twice only the doctor caught a glance of piteous appeal, when across the drift of horrors Enid began suddenly to babble of the garden. At such times he invented pretexts to send Philippa from the room. It was in one of these moments, on the third day of Enid's illness, that Philippa, taking refuge in the dusty garden from the sound of that voice, heard another calling her in subdued accents, and looking up, saw Joe Clancy leaning on the fence.

"I was noticing," he said, speaking low, as near a house of death, "that them holy-anders are droppin' some already. It don't take a garden a week to run down in this forsaken climate" (steadily maintained by Joe as the only possible one, at other times). "Me and some of the boys have been talkin' it over, and we 'll come round evenin's, in the cool of the day, and do some waterin'. We all think a heap of your sister — and your sister's garden."

"Oh, thank you," said Philippa, surprised and touched, "I — it shall be watered. We have been so anxious about her, I did n't think, — but it shall be attended to."

"I know," said Joe sympathetically, "but it 'd be a disappointment for her to find it all run down, when she gits about; she 's put a right smart o' her life into that garden. Some of the work-hands spoke to me, — said they 'd be glad to come round after hours and help —"

"Oh, I could n't let them!" exclaimed

Philippa. "But — thank you, Joe, — thank them all."

"Why *not* let them?" asked the doctor quickly, when Philippa told him, on her return to the house. "It is the very thing she would like."

"Those tired-out men!" repeated Philippa, "after their long day's work — how could I?"

But in the end she sent for Joe Clancy. Thereafter for days she watched the strange spectacle of men and boys tending Enid's garden, stepping softly and speaking low, working with an anxious pride. It came to her suddenly one evening as she stood and watched, that now *they were inside*, as she had so often wished to see them; and as she watched, other things came to her, and she wrestled with a growing perplexity. It was a relief from other wrestlings, and yet in some way it was a part of those too.

Their father's friend — he happened to be the minister, but it was not as the minister that Philippa thought of him — came upon her so wrestling, on one of his never-missed daily visits of inquiry, and she poured her heart out suddenly, unexpectedly.

"I cannot understand," she said, "I cannot understand. They have never seemed to care, they have never shown that they cared, they have never seemed to wish to come in; and now everybody cares, — cares so much."

The minister was an old man, and he smiled rather sadly.

"Well, is n't that the way with us all? the human way? Do we ever seem to care — until it is too late?"

"It is as if I had never known my own sister," Philippa went on with low-toned intensity.

"Well, that would be human too." He tried to speak cheerfully, for it suddenly struck him that the girl beside him was suffering. "But *we* know Enid," he went on still cheerfully, "we have always known her. As you say, we have n't seemed to care, we have n't seemed to wish to come in, — we 've only looked over the fence; but we 've always known it was all here, and when we 've wanted to make our little boast of what the place *might* be, we 've brought our visitors by — casually. Little by little we 've begun to imitate it. You 've seen all the little gardens springing up roundabouts, — virtually every one of them has come out of Enid's. Oh, we could n't have done without Enid at all; she is the born garden-maker; wherever she goes she will make a garden, — she can't help it."

"Because she loves to," said Philippa hardly, "just because she loves to."

"Well, is n't that enough?" The minister smiled at her half-whimsically, wholly tenderly, but with a sudden wonder at his heart. "You don't despise gardens, I hope? You would n't if you had always lived on prairies. Why, child, have you forgotten," he turned his face wholly on her, "*who* walked in a garden, 'in the cool of the day'? Why, Philippa! My dear child! What is it?"

For Philippa had suddenly put both hands over her ears.

"Oh — don't!" she gasped between sobs, — Philippa who never gave way to emotion, — "oh, — *don't!*" — And she fled up the path to the house.

But it was a perfectly collected and strong Philippa who went up the stairs a little later. The doctor met her at the head. If she was pale, he was paler. "About the ninth day," he had said, and this was the ninth. He shook his head in answer to Philippa's glance.

"No change — as yet; but it may be — any hour."

They stood a moment looking together out upon the fading twilight, silently nerving for the coming strain.

"How beautiful Enid's garden is to-night," said Philippa suddenly and deliberately.

The doctor assented mutely.

It lay, in fact, before them, a mass of golden shadows and soft light, in the long afterglow.

"Dr. Halworthy said just now," Philippa continued, still deliberately, "that

wherever Enid went she would make a garden; he called her 'the born garden-maker.'" She did not look at her companion, but watched instead impassively the quick tightening of his hands upon the window-ledge. Then she heard him speaking just as usual.

"It very well describes your sister. Now I think we would better go back to her."

Philippa, following him into the sick-room, took the fan from the watching maid's hand without even interrupting its rhythmic movement; over against her the doctor seated himself, intently observant of the motionless figure between them, and the hush of the night watch fell upon the room. Hours, half-hours, even moments counted heavily now. "About the ninth day," he had said, — and it was just before midnight that Enid, rousing from the stupor, suddenly opened her eyes, bright and burning as on that first night, and fixed them on the doctor.

"God walks in gardens!" she said.

A groan that was almost a moan escaped the doctor, but he leaned forward and put a cool, quiet hand on Enid's wrist.

"God walks in gardens!" repeated Enid, "and *he!* But he walks with Philippa. Why?"

The eyes of the two watchers met at last; in the one a kind of despairing question, in the other a steady glow.

"Answer her," said Philippa gently.

Enid moved more restlessly.

"Why with Philippa? Why not with me?"

"Answer her," Philippa urged. "Oh, answer her! Why keep her waiting?"

"Why with Philippa? Why not with me?" came the voice again, more insistently.

"Oh, you *shall* answer!" exclaimed Philippa. With a passionate movement she bent above her sister. "He does — he *will* walk with you, Enid; with you, dear, — always with you."

The doctor bowed his head silently on the hand which was beginning to burn within his own and kissed it; then he bent his forehead upon it.

She stared at them both for a few moments with fixed, bright eyes, then gave a long sigh, and fell into a contented silence. Neither daring to move scarcely to breathe, they remained thus, hearing the fitful breaths drawn more and more evenly, until with another long sigh they fell into a steady respiration, the eyes closed, and the hand in the doctor's grew faintly moist. Then once more Philippa and he looked at each other, and Philippa smiled. She stole softly from the room and house.

Enid's garden was all alive with little wings of things. In the intense western night, the moon, which had been young when they carried Enid upstairs and was now old and gibbous, cast weird shadows on the paths, where the pepper-fingers still made their sharp traceries. High up on a eucalyptus bough a mocker was pouring out song like wine. In the soft tangle of gloom beneath, all was still. Philippa looked back at the house. In the one lighted window she could see, silhouetted against the curtain, a profile, clear, distinguished, raised as if attentive to something. She could not know that, sitting with watchful fingers on the wrist of the girl he loved, the doctor was at that moment out in the garden with Philippa, and that he too heard the mockingbird. Not knowing, and so walking solitary in the moonlight and silence, Philippa for the first time in her life was meeting face to face all Those that walk in gardens.

ADVERTISEMENT

BY EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

An old-fashioned man, who lives, for his health's sake, somewhat apart from the strong currents of contemporary life, complains in a letter of the methods used by an aspirant for a vacant office in his state to disclose his candidacy to the voters. Instead of sitting receptively at home, or going about his ordinary business, and letting the sense of his pre-eminent merits penetrate by its own energy the minds of his fellow-citizens, the aspirant had been filling the state with placards and pamphlets, setting forth his picture, his pedigree, the quality of his talents, the scope of his virtues, the distinction of his political career, and his particular eagerness to oblige every person in every part of the state who wanted anything that the tenant of the office he aspired to might get for him. The letter-writer is a good deal disgusted at this businesslike method of reaching for public place. It seems to him immodest and undignified. It rubs him the wrong way to have the office-seeker advertise himself, and do it directly, in printer's ink, and not indirectly as custom once required, through the good offices of his friends, and of the newspapers, or by public discourse on the concerns of politics. For old-fashioned people still make a distinction between advertisement of goods or chattels, and of personal or moral qualities. They think a man may advertise his skill or competence in the trades, but hardly in the professions. They are willing to become acquainted with his kind of breakfast food if he invites them to, but distrust him if he advertises to cure their gout or cut their legs off while they wait. They are willing to receive his own assurance that he can make shoes or watches, but would rather have somebody else's word for it that he is a spiritually-minded preacher or fit to make laws.

But these are old-fashioned distinctions, maintained by the few, and the advertiser does not much concern himself about them. It is not the few that he is after, but the many; the many who will not know that he is alive and in the world unless he tells them; who will not know what bargains he offers unless he forces them upon their attention, or how useful he, or his advice or services, can be to them unless they see his affidavit of his qualities. Verily it is the advertising age, and with abundant reason advertisement has come to be looked upon as the golden key that unlocks the door that leads, not only to fortune, but considerably to fame.

It is a natural development of democracy and of primary education. Everybody (almost) can read; everybody (almost) can vote, and everybody can buy. The voter must be reached somehow by anybody who wants his vote, just as the buyer must be reached by any one who wants his trade. The advertisement is an appeal to the people by the most feasible and effective means, and when we examine the electioneering methods of the office-seeker in the light of daily experience, it is doubtful if any more serious fault can reasonably be found with them than that they are what the advertisers call "up-to-date." "To him that asks shall be given" is a truth with a great following in these days. To be is not enough. If one would forge ahead it is necessary not only to be, but to be known, and the way to be known is, in some fashion or other, to advertise.

It is more the means than the end that jars the sensibilities of those on whom it does jar. The uses of fame have always been understood. The miracles of a

great religious teacher are in a way an advertisement of the validity of his vocation and his doctrines. Preaching is advertisement; publication of writings is advertisement. The aim in all is the same — to reach the people. The enormous diffusion of newspapers and periodicals, a consequence of the spread of education, cheap postage, increased population, and the cheapening of printing and paper, has done no more than provide a new means to accomplish an end the value of which has always been recognized.

Advertisement is like greatness, in that some men are born to it, some achieve it, and it is forced upon others. Of persons born to it, King Edward VII and the Siamese Twins seem good and familiar examples. The Twins, with or without the pictures on the outside of the tent, must always have excited remark. They had only to be seen to be appreciated, and the King had no need even of that. He has been advertised from the cradle, irrespective of his personal traits, interesting and admirable as they happen to have been.

Of those who have achieved advertisement the names, and many of the faces, rise, a great multitude, in the reminiscent mind. A Barnum is slowly fading out of living memory as a new generation begins to arise that never enjoyed his personal hospitalities in the circus tent, and has seen his face not at all, or only in reduced proportions in the circus poster. But his achievement was momentous in his day. Another master, a New England manufacturer, having made his visage as familiar as ever Barnum's was, interested himself in giving it new associations. Standing at first purely for merchandise, it came by an edifying process of development to stand for government and certain definite political ideas. Out of New England too — conservative, civilized New England — has risen up the most astonishing advertiser of the time, the formidable projector of sensations, who bought a flower and advertised with that; who built a boat, and advertised with that; who brought a moribund magazine to life and vigor by making it his mouthpiece; who made such a use of hired space in newspapers as never was made before. Whatever else he achieved, and we leave it to some coming historian to say whether or not he achieved anything else, he did achieve advertisement. There are few but know his name, few but know his face, few but have some notion of the ideas he sought to diffuse. Wherever goes the queer mixture of information and misinformation which we call general knowledge, that advertiser's ideas penetrated; as to whether they were true or false, did good or harm, brought him money or lost him money, and why he put them out, men still dispute when they have leisure; but his achievement as an advertiser, his achievement of publicity, is undisputed. He showed what could be done if one had the means and the inclination to do it; with how vast a voice the existing sound-conductors can enable a solvent and disburseful man to roar!

Most interesting of all is the case of those persons upon whom advertising is forced, — the great notabilities and notorieties and their families, and the excessively rich. It is a thing that has grown enormously within even so short a time as twenty years; grown with the vast multiplication and diffusion of printed pages, the invention of the kodak, and the cheapening of the processes of pictorial reproduction. Any one in whom, with reason or without it, the great public is interested or can be induced to be interested, has his likeness published, his movements recorded, the story of his daily life chronicled almost from day to day. If he travels abroad, the cable tells us where he is and how employed, what hotel he stops at, whom he meets at dinner, and what kind of an automobile he uses to get away in. If it is an especially notable person who is the object of these attentions, the attentions are extended to all the members of his family, — his wife,

sons, daughters, and contiguous relatives. When our President's children travel, for example, even when they play in the back yard of the National Dwelling, such incidents of their daily careers as are at all out of the common are gathered up by attentive observers, and appear, the same day or the next, in the telegraphic news of the papers. Sons and daughters of very rich or otherwise conspicuous men, in school or college, are subjected to the same sort of intermittent observation and reporting. Most of us can remember the beginning of this advertisement of the young, and the shock it brought to the sense of propriety of discriminating people who were not used to it. It still shocks them, and for good reasons, but not so much. Use makes almost everything tolerable, and to this phenomenon we are coming to be very well accustomed.

The most novel detail of all these novel processes has been the elevation by advertisement of the richest American families into a sort of public life. It has come with the prodigious industrial development, which in certain cases has extended what was merely riches into fortunes of such a magnitude as to promise to lift their possessors, and the descendants of their possessors for as many generations as any one cares to foresee, out of the mass of folk who are concerned about providing themselves with the means of subsistence. People in general being very much interested in money, and especially in large collections of it, are interested in persons who have the use of such collections, and like, apparently, to be kept informed of the manner of life of such persons, and where they go and what they do. Recognizing and stimulating this interest, the American newspapers have fed it abundantly, yes, superabundantly, and so it has come about that whereas a reasonable measure of occasional obscurity is one of the things that persons who can afford to satisfy their inclinations might naturally prize and try to obtain, it is one of the things that very, very rich people find it particularly hard, if not impossible, to command in this land. Affably but pertinaciously the reporter says to them, "Your place, ladies and gentlemen, and children also, is not in those nice seats where you can see the passing show at ease, but up there, please, on the stage and near the footlights, where our large and appreciative American audiences can find their pleasure in observing you. For you will remember, please, that the audience has paid to come in, and that you, fair sirs and dames, draw exceedingly liberal maintenance out of the funds gathered in at the box-office."

Modest merit has its charm. We all like it, and to certain kinds of merit modesty is essential. But merit, however modest it may be, need not be shy. It may flourish in the sight of men, and lose nothing that is valuable of its quality. Indeed, if it is to be greatly effectual, it must in most cases flourish in the sight of men and be recognized for what it is. To be able to live, and live handsomely, in the public sight is a test of qualities. So to feel toward one's fellows — so to love mankind — as not only to take a penetrating interest in their affairs, but to endure that they should take a penetrating interest in ours, is no slight endowment.

Advertisement is expensive. The first thing an advertiser needs to make sure of is that the wares he offers are worth the cost of offering them. Sometimes they are not, and still the advertisement may be profitable because of the vast supply of folks in the world who are ready to be persuaded and do not know when they are fooled. It is a reasonable presumption, however, that commodities that are advertised impressively and long are worth advertising, because shrewd adventurers in trade are loath to spend good money in recommending bad goods. This presumption, unfortunately, does not extend to the persons upon whom advertising is forced. They may be superlatively worthy of attention or quite unworthy of it. Their examples

may be directly profitable as examples to follow, indirectly as examples to avoid, or unprofitable because they possess a garish attraction which misleads the foolish. It is all one to their advertisers, whose only aim is to find a profit in satisfying public curiosity, and who are as ready to do it by exposing the folly of the foolish as by expounding the wisdom of the wise. The best that can be said of advertisement of this sort is that publicity, like sunshine, is a great germicide, and that some of the most pernicious social germs are blighted by it.

One American, who had inherited along with immensely valuable estates a sensitive nature, quit his country altogether and became a foreign subject, chiefly because the pressure of publicity upon him and his family was so great in this land as to make him feel that he could not order his life here to suit his preferences. Another enormously rich American, who owed his fortune to his own endeavors, avoided the inquisitive public eye for many years as much as he could without too great inconvenience. But finding the newspapers and magazines, and the public too, more copiously inquisitive and communicative about him than ever — did he run away? No, he took the other, and much wiser, course, and began to develop his social side, and to go more among men and talk to the newspapers. Advertisement did him good, and in many cases it does do good, however unwelcome and disenchanting it may seem. It is strong medicine, and bitter in some mouths, but it is a form of publicity, and publicity is the great panacea of the age, and not without due grounds of favorable expectation, since it is cousin to Truth, and Truth shall prevail.

MODERN CHEMISTRY AND MEDICINE[1]

BY THEODORE WILLIAM RICHARDS

In these days science no longer needs justification as a subject worthy of man's earnest devotion. The gain in exact knowledge of the forces and materials of the universe is recognized on all sides as bringing with it promise of incalculable benefit to humanity. The full importance of this new light, in its bearing upon the amelioration of the human lot, is only just beginning to be realized.

In keeping with the increasing appreciation of the value of scientific research to humanity, there exists to-day among scientific men the effort to relate each particular science to every other, and to associate all together in a coherent whole, without losing sight of the need of accuracy in each part. The existence of such composite branches of study as physical chemistry, biochemistry, physiological botany, and so forth, are one indication of the broader outlook; and some of the greatest modern scientific advances are being made along the border lines between the different sciences. Nature is, after all, a unit, and our classifications of her closely related phenomena into special topics are partly arbitrary.

This effort to relate the various sciences to one another is not only helpful to science as a whole, it is likewise beneficial to the individual worker. A man's mental outlook must be broadened by an attempt to trace the relation of his special task to the manifold other activities and needs of humanity.

The particular branch of science called

[1] An address delivered at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Haverford College.

chemistry has many relations to human life, as well as to other sciences. It forms an essential part of any philosophy of nature; it serves as an admirable means of intellectual discipline; it guides the manufacturer and the merchant toward efficiency in production and purity of product; but, perhaps most important of all, it holds the key which alone can unlock the gate to really fundamental knowledge of the hidden causes of health and disease. This is one of the most precious and vital ways in which any branch of science can serve humanity in the years to come.

Ten centuries ago, in the time of the alchemists, chemistry was called "the handmaid of medicine;" to-day this relationship is not weaker, but rather much stronger. The object of the present article is to call attention very briefly to some of the ways in which modern chemistry may be able to help the theory and practice of medicine.

That a close relationship between chemistry and medicine exists is clear to every one. Our bodies are wholly built up of chemical substances, and all the manifold functions of the living organism depend, at least in part, upon chemical reactions. Chemical processes enable us to digest our food, keep us warm, supply us with muscular energy. It is highly probable that even the impressions of our senses, and the thoughts of our brains, as well as the mode of conveying these through the nerves, are all concerned more or less intimately with chemical reactions. In short, the human body is a wonderfully intricate chemical machine; and its health and illness, its life and death, are essentially connected with the coördination of a variety of complex chemical changes.

This intricacy of the living body demands clear sight and profound knowledge for its full understanding; and the chemistry of former days was much too simple and superficial to be a very useful guide in the puzzling labyrinth of many converging and crossing paths. Now, circumstances have wholly changed. Chemistry is fast approaching physics in accuracy, and is expanding beyond physics in scope. As chemical understanding has increased, the gap between the simpler phenomena of the chemical laboratory and the more complicated changes underlying organic life has become smaller and smaller. The intelligent physician is perceiving this, and welcomes the help which the rapidly advancing science of chemistry can give him. An eminent pathologist recently said that in the study of the cell and its growth, normal as well as abnormal, the investigating medical scientist has come to the place where he must fall back upon chemical knowledge, because he perceives that the action of the cell depends upon the nature and quantity of the various chemical substances of which it is made. As the cell is the basis of all life, and as our bodies consist simply of aggregations of a great variety of cells, each of which is governed by chemical laws, it is clear that chemistry must underlie all the vital functions.

Chemistry may be of use to medicine in at least three quite different ways. One of these is concerned with discovering the components of things. This kind of chemistry is called analytical chemistry. Another way in which chemistry can help medicine depends upon the ability of the modern chemist, not only to find out what the things are made of, but also to discover how the parts are put together. This branch of chemistry is called structural chemistry, because it has to do not only with the materials, but also with the way in which these materials are arranged. Yet another method of helpfulness comes from a still more recent development of chemistry, commonly called physical chemistry, which deals with the phenomena lying on the border line between physics and chemistry — especially that part of the border line concerning the relation of energy to material. The physical chemist must know, not only what things are made of and how these elements are put together, but also what

energy is concerned in putting them together, and what energy is set free when they are decomposed.

Each of these three kinds of chemistry can greatly aid the science and art of medicine — and no philosopher is needed to proclaim how much more effective their assistance may be than the old method of observing merely the outward appearance of fluid and tissue.

Let us now briefly glance in detail at the various aspects of these three modes of helpfulness, taking them in the order in which they have just been mentioned. First comes the field of the analytical chemist. As has been said, the human body is a chemical machine. It is composed entirely of chemicals, and is actuated exclusively by chemical energy. The analytical chemist is able to tell us the composition of each one of the manifold substances that compose this intricate machine. He is able not only to discover the various elements which are present, but also to estimate with considerable precision their exact amounts. He can analyze food, as well as the various parts and secretions of the body, and can determine the relation between the composition of the food which is eaten and the resulting bodily substance. This is all obviously of great value, for it shows us at once in a general way what elements ought to enter into the food; and moreover, in cases of disease it gives us excellent clues to the manner in which the various functions of the body depart from the normal, and thus confers important aid in diagnosis and the suggestion of suitable treatment. But this is an old and obvious story, hence I will not dwell further upon the analytical side of the application of chemistry to medicine, important as it is.

Let us now turn to the second aspect of the subject: namely, the relation of structural chemistry to medicine. So recent is the development of the subject that the very idea of structural chemistry is not yet a part of the average liberally educated man's equipment.

Structural chemistry had its origin in the discovery that two substances might be made up of exactly the same percentage amount of exactly the same elements, and yet be entirely different from each other. This fact, that two things may be exactly alike as to their constituents, but very different in their properties, implies that there must be difference of arrangement of some kind or other. We can obtain the clearest conception of this idea with the help of the atomic hypothesis. If the smallest particles of any given compound substance are built up of still smaller atoms of the various elements concerned, it is clear that we can conceive of different arrangements of these atoms, and it is reasonable to suppose that the particular arrangements might make considerable difference in the nature of the resulting compounds. Everywhere in life arrangement is significant. In the case of numbers the combination 191 is very different from 911, although each contains the same individual signs. Why may not arrangement be significant in the case of atoms?

It is not possible in this brief review to explain exactly how chemists obtain a notion of the arrangement of atoms which build up the particles (or molecules) of each substance. We depend upon two methods of working: one, the splitting-up of the compound and finding into what groups it decomposes; the other, the attempt to build up from these or similar groups the original compound. Just as among the fragments of a collapsed building you will find bits enough to show whether it was a dwelling, a stable, or a machine-shop, so among the fragments of a broken-down substance you will find bits of its structure still remaining together, enough to indicate something of the original grouping. Each different chemical structure will leave a different kind of chemical débris. If from similar fragments the original substance can be constructed by suitable means, the evidence is strong that some knowledge of the structure has been gained.

As regards the usefulness of structural chemistry to medicine, we cannot but see at once its vast importance. If the binding together of infinitesimal atoms in different ways modifies the properties of the resulting substances differently, it is obvious that the particular mode of binding together every one of the complicated compounds constituting our bodies is of vital importance to us. Moreover, in the case of our food, the arrangement alone of the atoms may make all the difference between nourishment and poison.

It is easy to see why these different structures should have different effect in the body. Living, in the case of animals, is a continual process of breaking down more complicated structures into simpler ones; and it is clear that this breaking down will happen in different ways with different groupings, and thus produce different results.

The knowledge of the atomic arrangement of the various substances composing the body is not only bound to furnish an invaluable guide in the study of physiology, pathology, and hygiene, but has already led to the logical discovery of entirely new medicines, built up artificially in the laboratory to fit the especial needs of particular ailments, and to the rational use of foods. In the years to come, these gains are bound to multiply.

Thus in the future the physician may do his work, not with a serum or virus of doubtful composition and value, but rather with pure substances built up in the chemical laboratory, — substances with their groups of atoms so arranged by subtle science as to accomplish the reconstruction of worn-out organs or the destruction of malignant germs without working harm of any kind. We may thus dream of the attainment of an artificial immunity from smallpox, for example, as much superior to vaccination as this is superior to the old inoculation.

Beneficent substances of this kind will not often be discovered by accident; the number of possible arrangements is far too great. In order to know all there is to be known about the matter, the structure of each intricate substance existing in the body must be found, and the arrangement of the atoms in each particle of our complex organism. Until this shall be done, we cannot be in a position to predict with any reasonable certainty what is going to happen to these substances in the round of their daily functions, or how they are likely to be influenced by disease. This is a problem so vitally important that it would be hard to exaggerate its significance to posterity.

As I have said, modern knowledge now demands of the chemist that he should know, not only the elements composing all things and how these elements are put together, but also how great an output of energy is involved in every change to which they may be subjected.

Now, there is no doubt that energy is the immediate cause of every action in the known universe. Without any kind of energy, the whole universe would be quiescent, dark, piercingly cold, asleep. A world imbued with physical energies, but without chemical energy, might revolve and have light and warmth; but it could possess no organic life, for life is based upon the action of chemical energy. Thus the study of chemical energy is another very important human problem.

Physical chemistry has to do with the relation of each of the various kinds of energy to chemical change. It deals with the acting, driving forces which make life possible, and in each of its many aspects it brings new intelligence to bear upon the working of the living mechanism.

Physical chemistry treats among other topics the chemical relations of the changes from solid to liquid, and from liquid to gas, and discusses the nature of solutions and mixtures of all kinds. As the living body is composed of solids and liquids, and depends upon the gases of the atmosphere for promotion of the chemical changes animating it, and as solutions and mixtures are present in

every cell, the laws and theories of physical chemistry are intertwined with every fact of physiology.

Again, physical chemistry deals with the relation of heat to chemical change. The output of energy in the form of heat in every chemical reaction is worthy of study, but especially ought man to investigate the steps by which is evolved all animal heat — and this is exclusively due to chemical reaction. Moreover, physical chemistry studies the effect of changing temperature upon the speed and tendency of chemical action, — a matter of importance in the study of fevers and other abnormal conditions, as well as in the tracing of the marvelous hidden mechanism by which the body is kept at almost constant temperature.

This dynamic chemistry of the future does not stop here, however. Within its province lie also the recently found relations of chemistry and electricity, bearing perhaps upon some of the mysteries of nervous action, and furnishing much intelligence concerning the nature of solutions in general. More important, perhaps, than all this is the branch of the subject called photochemistry, the chemistry of light, which promises to give great assistance in the interpretation of the changes occurring in the leaves of plants under the influence of sunlight. Through the agency of light alone, nature is able to build up the intricate compounds needed to provide all animals with food; and, until we understand the growth of the vegetable, we cannot hope to understand that of the animal.

A moment's thought will show that this chemistry of substances in action — that is, the chemistry of energy — brings with it a promise of helpfulness to future generations, which perhaps exceeds that of any other science. For the study of the inert substance from which life has departed, no matter how accurate this study may be, cannot give us a true knowledge of its real office, any more than we can predict from the appearance of a stuffed bird in a museum its complete habit of life. In order to understand the process of living, one must see the substances in action and study their behavior under the influence of the manifold forces which play around them; and this is the aim of physical chemistry.

I have outlined very briefly a few of the ways in which science holds out great promise of help to suffering humanity in the future. To some the point of view may have seemed materialistic; we must remember, however, that science does not attempt to fathom the ultimate mystery, but deals with the facts of nature only. The greatest mysteries of life seem almost as far from solution as ever. Just what relations exist, for example, between chemical change and thought, what permanent alterations of chemical structure cause memory, we know not. Life we have never been able to produce from dead material alone. Personality and heredity defy the chemist, as they do the physiologist and the psychologist. But let us not be impatient. Though it is impossible to predict how far we shall be enabled by means of our limited minds to penetrate into the mysteries of a universe immeasurably vast and wonderful, we may nevertheless comfort ourselves with the thought that each step gained brings new blessing to humanity and new inspiration to greater endeavor.

IRELAND'S VEILS

BY ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

The rustle of Atlantic gales
The reach of Ireland fills,
A floating film of silver trails
O'er Ireland's vales and hills.
Her winds and waters never cease
To hold melodious tryst, —
She glimmers green beneath her fleece
Of mist.

The memory of the Past assails —
Old centuries unclose —
The flesh grows weak, the spirit fails
For woe of Ireland's woes,
Her dusky flame of battle days,
Her fevered famine years, —
She glimmers rose beneath a haze
Of tears.

With magic light the faery rings
Illumine Ireland's sods,
Across the mist of sorrow springs
The rainbow of the gods, —
The print is left on hills and dales
Of steps that are divine,
And Ireland glimmers 'neath her veils,
A shrine.

CHAPTERS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER

I

A KENTUCKY BOYHOOD

[The first pages of the late Professor Shaler's autobiography — further portions of which will appear in the *Atlantic*, in the issue for February — are concerned with his ancestors and parentage. On his father's side, Professor Shaler was descended from New England stock. His mother was of Virginian ancestry. The father, after graduating from the Harvard Medical School, settled in Newport, Kentucky, where Nathaniel Southgate Shaler was born, on February 20, 1841. — THE EDITORS.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

I TURN now to the story of my own life, my own motives, and the environment of nature and men that shaped them. I foresee that the account will have to be somewhat jumbled and confused, for the reason that every life is a compound of what is within and what is without, of the personal quality, and of the surroundings which shaped impulses and gave them chance of action.

Although my ancestors were wholesome in body and mind, I was at birth and through my youth rather weakly. The trouble seems to have been with the nervous system, leading to imperfect digestion, so that in childhood I was what is called delicate. The pictures of me and the descriptions from my elders show up to twelve years of age a slender, retarded shape, with a pale face and rather frightened look. After that came a rapid growth, which led to a fair measure of bodily strength and reactive forces. The main point is that in the years that mould the man I was, because of innate weakness, left almost without schooling and with no other education than what came from contact with my surroundings. Up to that age I could barely read and write. In a dame school, kept by an ancient spinster, . . . to which I was sent from time to time when I was well enough, I learned nothing and was regarded as a dunce. The fact seems to have been that in the bad air of the crowded little room my life wilted at once. Various tokens, especially the rough talk of the slaves of the household, led me to understand that I was not expected to live beyond childhood. I recall that this impression was not at all painful to me, for my weakness and the consequent isolation from other children made me a rather intense pessimist for one of my small size.

My first memories are of a negro woman who was my nurse; the image of her is clear, though I could not have been more than three years old when it was formed; for I remember being much carried about in her strong arms. She was a large, well-shaped negress; something of her good face and dear soul are now before me. There are three other black faces which were printed on my memory before I find that of my mother. It is probably on this account that the African face has always been dear to me. It still seems, as it surely is, the more normal human face, that of our own kind appearing in a way exceptional. My father's face, though it was very striking, does not appear in my recollections until later, — until the time when I was five years old, — and none others seen before I was seven or eight abide with me.

Because I came just after the first-born

died, and because I was frail, I was very tenderly cared for. Until I was five or six years old I had no playmates whom I remember. It is evident that I was for a time somewhat coddled, but there was probably need of unusual care to bring me through a troubled childhood. What scraps of memory I have of that time curiously do not relate to the house in which we dwelt, but to the open country whereto I went often on horseback with my father, to the Ohio River, a dear mystery, fearful yet enchanting, and to the government post a few hundred feet from my father's door, where with my nurse I spent the most of my days. The first recollection I have except of the few persons mentioned, is of the parade ground and the soldiers, above all of the music and the bugle-calls. Those notes are so embedded in me that they seem a part of my substance and strangely move me to this far-off day. The earliest trace of any kind of activity that I recall is an adventure with the musician who beat the great drum of the barracks band. It was my delight to see the band march around the parade ground, and my cherished ambition to have a whack at the drum. So, craftily, stick in hand, I hid behind a boxed tree and managed to get in a stroke, only to be bowled over by the irate drummer. I could not have been more than four years old at the time, yet the delight of that deed stays by me.

When I was about five, the musterings for the Mexican War were going on, and the barracks were over-filled, so that considerable hordes of troops were encamped in the open fields which adjoined it. On those fields, then pastures, one of the horse-batteries, I believe Ringold's, was for some time drilled. I was then exempt from the care of a nurse, and could run about afoot or on a pony. The movements of this command filled my little soul with wonder; there I gained my first sense of the power of men in action, that primitive might of war which impresses the primitive child and childish man as nothing else does. I well remember my longing for the unapproachable splendor of the commander of that battery, who seemed to me a supernatural being. Oddly enough, fifteen years thereafter I was in his place drilling a horse-battery on the same field, to find it tedious drudgery, with moments of high life when by chance the work went well.

The newspaper reports of the battles in Mexico, read aloud by my mother to the household, made a great and enlarging impression on me. Though I could not read, I had the ability to understand a map, and I made a poor stagger at a description of the country over which the troops passed on their way to Mexico and of their movements in that country. As I had seen many of the officers and sundry of the commands on their way to the front, I had food for imagination, and of it I built a host of pictures of imaginary events. For two or three years about all the thoughts of my waking hours and all my dreams were of war or fighting of some kind. The interest was aroused at an even earlier time, for I remember my eagerness on court days to see from nearby the brutal contests between the tipsy countrymen in the court-house yard. So too, I recall when about five years old being in the midst of a riot on a race-track half a mile from my home — people in the judge's stand shooting down at a mob which was assailing them. While in the delight of the situation, for my dream of war was realized, I was caught up on the shoulders of a sturdy slave and carried home. This treatment remains the humiliation of my life.

As I had no playmates who satisfied my fancy of what a playmate should be, my time was passed in playing alone. As war was in my heart, it expressed itself in endlessly building fortifications of clay and arming them with guns laboriously made of keys, the wheels cut from spools, and the rest of the carriages whittled as best I could do. The old-fashioned large hollow key, with the hole a third of an inch in diameter, properly managed with a file, can be concocted into a miniature

cannon which will "go off." My ambition not satisfied with these small affairs, I filched a pair of horse-pistols from my father's office, *razied* them with the file, and with no end of well-concealed labor done in my hiding-place in a barn, converted them into rather pretty diminutive field-pieces which were able to do real damage. My father, who had a fancy for developing new varieties of melons, had a new patch with sundry fine specimens nearly ripe. On these I turned my guns with such effect that they were all shattered.

Although I had no constant playmates in these years of imaginary war, I did not feel the need of them because my imaginary companions were numerous, and much more to my taste than the lads with whom I might have associated. They were all much older than myself, all for a time soldiers, great heroes who admitted me most graciously to share their mighty deeds, with the implicit understanding that I should not tell any one about it all. To have an ordinary, commonplace boy, even if he were years older than myself, imposed on this heroic society was revolting. So I played in company with an unseen host, as many children do, and got thereby much enjoyment.

It must not be supposed that because I lived in imaginary war I was naturally a brave lad; far from it. Up to my twelfth year I was absurdly timid. Alongside of this dream of war there dwelt a world of fear of the dark, of all beyond the field of view of men and beasts, even of lads no bigger than myself. I doubt if a child ever suffered from immediate senseless fear as I did, while my whole soul was given to warlike projects. What I have seen in later life leads me to believe that this is a common human condition, and that the grown men who glory in the images of war are led thereto by their sense of their own timidity. This seems the likelier from an incident which ended my youthful dreams of battle. It has a certain psychologic interest, and it is the first distinct turning-point in my mental state. So, though in itself a trifle, it must needs be told.

Until I was about twelve years old, I was so far possessed by fear that I was much put upon by the lads of my own age. This cowardice seems to have related only to contacts with people, for as a tree-climber I was daring and successful. I remember the pleasure it gave me to scale a lofty beech and allow myself to fall through the boughs, trusting to make good my hold before I came to the ground. This I was accustomed to do alone, so that there was no vaunting in the performance. The sense of this childish pleasure was so fixed in memory that to this day I never see a tree well-shaped for the hazard without desiring to try it once again. Whatever was the basis of the state of mind, it possessed me sorely until a crisis came. A negro servant, a mulatto belonging to a kinsman who dwelt near my home, amused himself by bullying me in a brutal manner so that my life became unsupportable. So with a newly awakened spirit I determined to end with him, fully expecting to be killed; be it said that my fear was not of death, a fear from which I have never suffered. I lay in wait for the fellow on the street on a moonlight night. When the bully, who was a sturdy fellow of twice my size and about twenty years old, tried to seize me, I managed with a quick unexpected rush to bring him down and to beat him on the head with a stone, so that he had to be carried off and was for some time in a bad state. It was thought that he would die, but he fortunately recovered. In this combat, for the first and only time in my life I felt that strange blood-thirstiness, that demoniac fury, which is in all men. I had afterwards, in my boyhood and later, a number of fights, but in no other instance has the slaying motive been aroused; so far as I can discern, the situations have provoked a rather intense sense of merriment, and the desire to do the antagonist no unnecessary harm. Another effect of this crisis was to make an end of all my fear of men and beasts. When in danger of assault

there has always been a keen reckoning of the situation, with a singular assurance that my wits would see me through.

My preposterous contest with "Bill Button" appears to have made an end of my fancy for war. As above noted, I am inclined to believe that this devotion of some years' duration was a natural device to support my spirit in its fears, an ideal of brave doing set over against the mastering sense of cowardice. In place of the old fear of external enemies there came to me a new terror lest the newly discovered fury should break out again. This secondary fear made no permanent impression, though its moral value to a growing lad was considerable. I am inclined to think that this trifling incident marks my passage from childhood to the youth in which the mind begins to feel the wider realm. So far as I can see, I thereafter began to look upon the world with a man's eyes, though it was with scanty intelligence. This seems therefore a fit place to set forth the conditions of the place and people where I was to take something like adult shape.

The village of Newport, Kentucky, at the time when I was born, was a place of perhaps a thousand inhabitants. To a casual observer it would have seemed as a mere outskirt of the large and prosperous town of Cincinnati on the northern side of the Ohio River, with which it was connected by a ferry. Its only title to distinction was that it was the seat of a government military post, which occupied a few acres at the angle where the Licking River enters the larger stream. Although the measurable distance between the two places is not more than a third of a mile, they were in the old days much more widely separated in all the essentials of society than New York and New Orleans now are. There are sundry places in the world where bounds of no more geographic value separate people somewhat diverse in speech and tradition, but none known to me where neighboring folk are so absolutely parted as were these people during the first six decades of the last century. They had nothing in common but their joint share in the English blood and speech, and a certain theoretical likeness of religion. Institutionally, they were widely parted. The one represented the motives of the nineteenth century, the other of the sixteenth. For there is essentially all that difference between the motives of free communities, where in the one all are of equal rights before the law, and in the other slavery holds.

The separation of the two communities on either side of the Ohio was intensified by certain accidents of the settlement of this part of the country, in the eighteenth century. The northern section had been mainly sold by the United States to settlers coming from a wide range of country, mostly from the northeastern states. Although in some part owned by the government of Virginia and sold to settlers in its patent system, most of the territory had been laid out, in the usual manner, into townships, so that there were no large connected holdings; while in Kentucky the Virginia system of land-grants or patents, without the preliminary sectionizing process, was adopted, except for the small district to the west of the Tennessee River known as the Jackson purchase, which was secured after the colony acquired its character and never had any influence on its social system.

The result of this difference in the way in which the territory passed into private ownership was, that while in the district north of the Ohio River there were few holdings exceeding a square mile, or 640 acres, and the normal size of farms was much less, being more commonly a half or a quarter of that amount, in Kentucky the larger part of the field had been distributed in tracts averaging several thousand acres. Under this patent system there grew up a form of proprietorship where the land was held by relatively few men, who let it to tenants. Even when the poorer class of original settlers acquired land, it was likely to pass to the richer holders by purchase or

through law-suits based upon the claims of older patents. Boone became landless and emigrated to Missouri, complaining that at the end of his adventures he had no place in which to be buried. Kentucky inherited from Virginia the mediæval theory of a landed aristocracy resting upon a tenantry. North of the river, though there were here and there landowners, the conception of the relation of the people to the land was that of the free man working acres which he owned.

Another influence which tended to establish the Virginia method of proprietorship in Kentucky, and thus to fasten the feudal system, was the peculiar division in the quality of the settlers. These colonists were from the three very distinct classes into which the people of Virginia had from the beginning of its history been divided, namely: the upper class of proprietors, their slaves, and the group of poor whites who were well accustomed to the station of tenants. They accepted the lot of the landless, and were content to get what they could out of their station without striving for a higher. So it came about that in the first half of the nineteenth century relatively few of the landowners labored with their hands: they either let their holdings to their tenants, or, where they were themselves engaged in the business of farming, the labor was done by the slaves. If the holding was large these slaves were generally controlled by an overseer; if so small that only a few negroes were employed, the owner would do the overseeing himself. Thus, while manual labor was not considered as in itself degrading, — for so far as I have seen, any landowner of that time would, without thought of his station, take hold with his slaves in any farming work, — there grew up, or rather was perpetuated, the tradition of the three distinct estates, the proprietor, the tenant, and the slave.

In the county of Campbell, where I was born, by far the greater part of the land came by patents or by purchases from smaller holders into the possession of two families of common blood who migrated together from Virginia in the colonization period. These families, bearing the names of Southgate and Taylor, were, from the first, considerable slaveholders; they both aspired to form landed families. Unto them, as soon as they were established, there came, as usual, numbers of their poor kindred, those swarms of the unsuccessful — the landless of the Virginia families, who were ever fighting to save themselves from falling to the level of the "poor white trash," whom the slaves of the rich accounted as beneath their own station. These tenant whites came not to any extent in the first movement into Kentucky; that was made up of men of a higher social grade, and of the frontier class, generally shiftless people who had the habits of the frontier, living by hunting and trapping. They drifted out in search of new land to rent, or were imported by the large proprietors, so that their farms might be rented. In my boyhood, I knew this group of small farmers well. There were perhaps a hundred families of the class on the lands of my kindred. They were then mostly of the second generation, though many of the elder were born in Virginia or North Carolina — an excellent folk, curiously resembling the English cotter of the better class as I came to know him in my walks in central England in the years 1867 to 1873. Vigorous, honest, kindly, with good farming instincts, sexually wholesome, with no other vice than drunkenness, which was rarely continuous, but took the form of sprees on the quarterly pay-days or other festive occasions. They were, it is true, addicted to fighting and were nursers of feuds, but never murdered for money. Their feuds then, as now in the less advanced eastern section of the state, seem to have been due to the large share of the class motive among them. In this regard they did not differ from the higher placed group of great land-owners.

The most conspicuous feature of the cotter class, as I knew them, was their

shiftlessness; it was not mere indolence, though they were characteristically lazy; but rather an entire lack of all traditions as to the relation of labor to life. Thus they usually dwelt in commonplace small log cabins, when fifty days of labor would have given them good dwellings of the same easy construction. They put up with "stick chimneys," built of small round timbers daubed with clay, which were always taking fire or tumbling down, when a trifle of labor would build them of stone which could be had by lifting it from the gullies of the worn fields. In many cases they were too shiftless to clear the dung from the log horse-stables; they would let it lie until it was no longer possible to get the animals out of the doors, then pull the logs apart and build the stable elsewhere. In my youth, I never knew of manure being put upon the land. When, about 1855, my father began the use of it, he was much laughed at. The plan was to till a field until it was worn out, and then let it go to grass or bushes of a kindly nature, helped by chance sowing; commonly the soil washed away until the lava rock was exposed. The crops were mainly tobacco and grains, and as there was no system of rotation, the fields rapidly became exhausted. The more careful landlords required that their tenants should plant tobacco, a most exhausting crop, only for three or four years, and then set the land in grass; but generally there was no adequate enforcement of the rules, so that the cleared land rapidly became worthless. In the first sixty years of this atrocious process nearly one-half of the arable soil of the northern counties of Kentucky, where most of the surface steeply inclined, became unremunerative to plough-tillage.

My grandfather did what he could to contend against the evils of bad tillage; he knew of the *métayer* system and copied it, taking his rents *in kind*, that is, in a share of the crops. I well remember the times when the payments were made, including not only tobacco and grains, but bags of wool, feathers, and even beeswax. To dispose of these goods, he had a store where other things were sold as well, the place giving occupation to the ever-present "poor kin."

The body of the people with whom I came into contact were the poor whites. The slaves were not numerous, and were owned by not more than a score of families in the county. They were mostly house-servants; probably not as many as two hundred were regular field-hands. Probably not five hundred in all were owned in the county, partly for the reason that the table-land of the region, being all near the Ohio and the Licking rivers, was so deeply indented by the drainage channels that it was not suited for large plantations; but mainly for the reason that slaves readily escaped to the free country. What negroes there were belonged to a good class. The greater number of them were from families which had been owned by the ancestors of their masters in Virginia. In my grandfather's household and those of his children, who were grouped about him, there were some two dozen of these blacks, mostly pretty decent and fairly industrious people. They were well cared for; none of them were ever sold, though there was the common threat, "If you don't behave, you will be sold south." One of the commonest bits of instruction my grandfather gave me was to remember "that my people had in a century never bought or sold a slave except to keep families together." By that he meant that a gentleman of his station should not run any risk of appearing as a "negro trader," the last word of opprobrium to be slung at a man. So far as I can remember, this rule was well kept, and social ostracism was likely to be visited on any one who was fairly suspected of buying or selling slaves for profit. This state of opinion was, I believe, very general among the better class of slave-owners in Kentucky. When negroes were sold, it was because they were vicious and intractable. Yet there were exceptions to this high-minded humor.

There is a common opinion that the

slaves of the Southern households were subjected in various ways to brutal treatment. Such, in my experience, was not the case. Though the custom of using the whip on white children was common enough, I never saw a negro deliberately punished in that way until 1862, when, in military service, I stayed a night at the house of a friend. This old man, long a widower, had recently married a woman from the state of Maine, who had been the governess of his children. In the early morning, I heard a tumult in the back-yard, and on looking out saw a negro man, his arms tied up to a limb of a tree, while the vigorous matron was administering on his back with a cowhide whip. At breakfast I learned that the man had well deserved the flogging, but it struck me as curious that in the only instance of the kind I had known, the punishment was from the hands of a Northern woman.

In the households where I was intimate the slaves were on about the same social footing as the other members of the family; they were subjected to sudden explosions of the master's temper, much as were his children. I well remember a frequent scene in my grandfather's house, whereto it was the custom that I should go every Sunday afternoon for counsel and instruction. These were at first somewhat fearsome occasions for a little lad thus to be alone with an aged and stately grandfather. I soon won his interest in some measure by my fears, and came greatly to enjoy the intercourse, for he knew how to talk to a boy, and we became, in a way, boys together in our sense of the funny side of things. It was the custom, too, for him to divide the session of three or four hours with a brief nap taken in his chair. Meanwhile I had a picture-book, or — after I was about ten years old, when I could read — some work he deemed profitable; very often verses to commit, most commonly from Pope, while he slept.

As his rooms were near the negro quarter, he would make ready for his siesta by sending forth the servant-man who waited on him, bidding him tell the people that they were to keep quiet during the performance. I can see him now with his pig-tail hanging down behind the back of the easy-chair and a handkerchief over his face, as he courted slumber. For a minute or two it would be still, then the hidden varlets would be as noisy as before. Then the pig-tail would begin to twitch, and he would mutter, "Jim, tell those people they *must* be still." Again a minute of quiet, and once more the jabbering and shouting. Now, with a leap he would clutch his long walking-staff and charge the crowd in the quarter, laying about him with amazing nimbleness, until all the offenders were run to their holes. Back he would come from his excursion and settle himself again to sleep. I could see that his rage was merely on the surface and that he used it for a corrective, for he evidently took care not to hurt any one.

There was one man in the community at the time, of some fortune, who had an evil reputation on account of his cruelty to his slaves. One of them, it was said with horror which evidently moved his neighbors greatly, owed his lamed state to his master's rage. With this slave-holder the others had little to do. They evidently regarded him as an outcast, and told stories of how he had been a "negro trader."

Among the negroes whom I remember there were sundry who were very old, who lived together in a building in the quarter and were well cared for. They were troublesome, because one of them, named Bristoe, had an ineradicable fancy for harboring low-down whites, who would be found from time to time hidden away in his quarters, where they shared food with the blacks. Among these unhappy dependents was a certain aged drunken vagabond bearing the aristocratic name of Lee Sutherland. He was an ancient Virginian, with a gentleman's face and manner still showing through his debauched misery. He had no known kindred, and many efforts to keep him

above utter degradation had failed. In that day there were no retreats where such folk could be stored away. Each time Sutherland turned up under Bristoe's bed there was a hubbub in the household. Bristoe was soundly rated, but he was too old for punishment or for the threat of "selling south" to have any effect on him. He enjoyed the situation, especially the peculiar dignity that came to him from protecting a man of quality. On one occasion when his quarters were watched, he harbored the man in the ice-house, where the wretch, in striving to crawl beneath the straw, had got over near the ice and was found nearly frozen to death, but recovered and lived to vex decent folk for long afterwards.

My grandfather's defense against the recurrent shame of having Sutherland among his negroes was ingenious. Each time he was found, after being cleaned up a bit he was put into a wagon and hauled away for a day or two of driving, then left with a little money in his pocket. The creature would slowly work his way back, to be found again hidden under Bristoe's bed or in some nearby barn, where the old black cared for him. At length, after a distant deportation, he did not return, and no one knew whether he had died on his way back or had gone to fresh fields and pastures new.

The vagabond element in the life of the place was far more important than in a town of modern days. The idiots and the insane, as well as the ne'er-do-wells of all classes and both sexes, played their part in the comedy of life. The open market-house was the resort of all this loose life. There the houseless were wont to sleep until disturbed by the holders of the stalls. As a boy I liked to rummage among the lot with an inquiring interest in the odds and ends of folk. I remember one morning cottoning to an old man I had awakened, to get his story. It seemed that he was a revolutionary soldier who had been wounded in the battle of Cowpens ("Cuppens" as he called it); he had come in from the up-country to draw his pension and had spent it on a spree. There was criticism when I brought the ancient home for breakfast, but when he was cleaned up and verified he had a welcome.

Of all the folk who were about me, the survivors of the Indian wars were the most interesting. There were several of these old clapper-clawed fellows still living, with their more or less apocryphal tales of adventures they had heard of or shared. There was current a tradition — I have seen it in print — that there had been a fight between the Indians and whites where the government barracks stood, and that the wounded whites had been left upon the ground, where they were not found by the savages. One of these had both arms broken, the other was similarly disabled as to his legs. It was told that they managed to subsist by combining their limited resources. The man with sound legs drove game up within range of the other cripple's gun, and as the turkeys or rabbits fell, he kicked them within reach of his hands, and in like manner provided him with sticks for their fire. This legend, much elaborated in the telling, gave me, I believe at about my eighth year, my first sense of a historic past, and it led to much in the way of fanciful invention of like tales.

Among those men who in their youth, and even their boyhood, had been in tussles with the savages in the wars with the Illinois Indians, was a certain ancient of the name of Harris, who kept a small hardware shop which, because of his stories, I much inhabited. His exploits, more or less true, were summed up in certain rules as to how to "manage an Injun," which he used to exemplify, to my grinning delight, on my little body. Much as in the preparation for rabbit pie, you were first to catch your "Injun." The clutch was well prescribed with preliminary dissertation on the folly of "standing off and monkeying with him." Then he was to be laid face to the ground; your knees were to be planted in the small of his back; with the left hand you were to

seize his scalp-lock and pull up his head, and with the right holding the knife, taken from its sheath in your belt, you cut his throat. You were not to scalp him, as some uncultivated persons were wont to do,—Harris considered that to be bad form, "real Injun manners,"—but proceed smartly to the next. I have never had occasion to "manage an Injun," but if such had come to me I am quite sure that I should instinctively have essayed the task in the manner presented by my veteran instructor.

I recall that several of these old fighters, who had worked at the theory of battle with their savage enemies, held to the notion that any white man could "lay down" in the manner above described any Indian he could manage to clutch. I have found the same notion among the frontiersmen of the Far West in later days. It seems likely that there is truth in it; for such men are in the position of teachers, the handers-on of traditions of life and death, and do not speak as boasters. May it not be that in the white man, as a part of the predominance of his more highly organized nervous system, there is a greater capacity for yielding in a few seconds a larger amount of energy for use in the muscles? It may be that it all depends upon the intensity of the more highly trained will of the white.

When I was ten years old, and began to be attentive to the deeds and stories of men, there was still the chance to see many who had taken part in the War of 1812–15. It was less remote than the Civil War is from our time. St. Clair's defeat was only a little over half a century in the past, sundry fights with Indians were less remote, and just at hand were the tales from Mexico told by the returning troops, so that I breathed an air of combat, and of it moulded my day-dreams of valor.

The people with whom I first shaped my notions of life were, by their history and inevitably somewhat bloodthirsty. Their ancestors came, largely from folk who had fought in England and Scotland, to fight Indians in Virginia and North Carolina; then the British in the Revolution; then more Indians and more British in the Mississippi Valley. As they had never been at peace for a generation, their ideal was naturally the warrior and his battles. This led to the feeling that combat was the fittest occupation of a man.

Among the poor whites, the fighting in that day was commonly without the use of fire-arms and usually of a good-natured brutality. At the county fairs, or the barbecues, a chap with the devil in him would throw up his cap and shout out that he was the best man on the ground. His nearest neighbor would dissent from that proposition; whereupon there would be a rough-and-tumble struggle even more unlimited in its conditions than a dog-fight. Sometimes the kinsmen or clansmen of the combatants would join in, but the ideal was that the two should be left to settle it in a ring of watching bystanders. To my father's office the wounded in these battles were often brought for treatment, and as even in childhood I often acted as his helper, it sometimes fell to me when he was absent to do what I could to mend their hurts. This gave me a sense of what to do in the way of surgical aid which afterwards served me well. It also brought me near to human nature in the rough. Many of the incidents of this experience stay by me. Especially lasting are the memories showing the endurance and rude good-nature of these primitive men. At the moment, I recall a certain Sam McLaughlin, who was frequently brought for repairs; finally, he was lugged in on a shutter, with a knife-slash across his abdomen which effectively disemboweled him. My father being away, I was washing his protruding entrails, which fortunately were not wounded, and returning them to the cavity, while he with his head propped up was scrutinizing the work. I said to him, "Sam, you ought to quit fighting—you ar'n't good at it." "My boy," said he, "I am the best fighter in

this here county, but I ain't good at judging men."

With the people of the better class, fist fights were not uncommon; they were looked upon as amusing though perhaps somewhat undignified. These fist fights left no rancor: they seemed to be mere modes of expression. I remember one between an old kinsman, a man over seventy years of age, and his steward of like age, both of them needing spectacles to see at all. The rounds were ended on one side or the other with the cry, "Stop, I 've lost my spectacles! " whereupon the man still provided with sight would help right neighborly to find and restore the glasses, and then they would battle again.

Serious matters between those who esteemed themselves gentlemen were supposed in all cases to be settled by the duel. For this social need much preparation was made in the way of training with arms and careful introduction into the laws and regulations of honor. My father, who thoroughly disbelieved in the business and privately ridiculed it, held, as I found, that it was inevitable that a man should accept a challenge in order to keep his station. He had me very carefully trained, saying that if you were a well-known expert with the pistol, rifle, and sword, ordinary decent behavior would keep you out of such trouble. I cannot remember when I began to shoot, but I recall when not more than seven years old, a weekly exercise of some hours, partly because the light rifle used by its recoil made my shoulder very sore. By the time I was fifteen I was an expert rifle-shot, including the varieties of "snap shooting" at bottles thrown in the air, flying birds, and the like. There were many who could beat me at the ancient tests of "candle-snuffing," "nail-driving," or other deliberate work, but I led in all such exercises when quickness was needed.

Fencing was not a common exercise among the youths of that time and place, but my father had me begin in Cincinnati with a fencing-master by the name of Scherer, a Frenchman, when I was about twelve years of age. Scherer, who claimed to be an exiled officer, but was most likely of the drill-master grade, was a great master; and, having much aptitude for the work, I was in five years reckoned very good in small- and broadsword, sword and dagger, and French cane exercises, and I became passionately fond of them. The master claimed that I was the best amateur rapier fencer in this country, and could hold my own with any one in France or Italy. I kept up this training assiduously until I went to Harvard; somewhat later indeed, until the Civil War completed my distaste for arms and all that related thereto.

To keep together the story of Scherer, a character who deserves record, because he was most noteworthy of his kind, I shall here tell more of my relations with him, which were in a way intimate until my eighteenth year and continued until the beginning of the Civil War. He was a small man of the most intense Gallic quality, the human equivalent of a game-cock even to his tread. His eager little soul had but one idea, that of combat, an idea which shone from his livid face which had a beautiful animal quality. All his talk was of fighting. His only treasures were half-a-dozen dueling swords with bloodstains on them, and of each he had the most precise traditions as to the place of entry, the nature of the stroke, and the result. These he showed to those only whom he esteemed as successful pupils; they were to him sacred relics not to be looked at by unworshipful eyes. He was, indeed, the most perfect man of a trade I have ever known, in that he was absolutely nothing else.

To Scherer's *salle d'armes* came a good many well-bred lovers of fencing, including Milton Sayles, afterwards known as a politician and jurist, a young man of much quality and of a large nature. Among them there were some reprobates, including a dissolute Britisher with the preposterous appellation of Captain Mars, who was a good hand with the

broadsword. It was the custom of the well-trained habitués of the place sometimes to fence with naked broadswords, marking the strokes, as the phrase is, not sending them home. One day, while I thus engaged with that son of Mars, he was attacked with a sudden visitation of mania and began a real assault on me. One of his strokes was effective enough to sting me so that it became a real duel, though my purpose was limited to disabling his sword-arm, which was not easy, because his madness made him insensible to the nips he received. Scherer, at the time in another room, quickly detected by the sound of the steel that there was business needing his attention, looked in quickly, grasped the situation, and with a leap pinioned the wight and flung him on the floor. As a bit of stout daring of a little man dealing with one twice his size, I have never seen the like.

While I was in Cambridge I saw Scherer only from time to time. When I returned home in vacation in the winter of 1860–61, I found him awaiting me with trouble upon him. It seemed that a rival had set up a competing school of fencing and had challenged him to a trial, which should include a contest between pupils selected and trained by each teacher. The contest was to take place in a hall or theatre in the part of Cincinnati known as "over the Rhine." Scherer insisted that I should be his pupil; this I at first refused to do, but his tearful woe and imprecations led me in the end to overcome my reluctance to take part in such performances. There was a throng of spectators; for some reason the contest had aroused attention. Scherer's bout with his antagonist was only slightly to his advantage, for he was then about seventy years of age and no longer at his best.

When it came my turn, I found myself opposed by another six-footer, most elegantly clad in white buckskin jacket with an embroidered red heart covering the place where his own was supposed to lie. After the ancient grand salute, we set about it. My plan was always to take the *defensive* and hold it with no returns until the quality of the antagonist was clear, his tactics evident, and his guard dropped — as it almost inevitably will drop, if there is no occasion to parry; then to take the offensive swiftly and with determination. I managed to protect myself for perhaps thirty passes, and had as I felt nearly used up my limit of retreat. I recall the white teeth of my *vis-à-vis* as he smiled in his amusement at a fencer who could only parry, however well he might do that part of his task.

At length, his guard was low enough and I "stopped true" on him, that is, lunged out the instant he did, for the embroidered heart. To my horror, the blade entered to the hilt, and the fellow fell forward and sideways to the floor, pulling the foil out of my hand as he came down, and lay as if dead. Happily, it turned out when his clothes were cut open that the button on the foil had not broken off, but bent sideways; it had then ripped through the leather, padding, and inner clothes, then torn the skin, and passed out beneath the arm. The hard blow had for the moment stopped the action of the heart. In a few moments the man was himself again. It is an ugly thing even in mere appearance to slay a fellow against whom you have no ill-will, so I had a very bad minute or so before the situation was evident; but the real horror of it was the demoniacal screech of joy and triumph from that old sinner Scherer as the wight went down. It had in it a bit of hell. I managed to get away without a word with him. From that day I have never held a foil or seen a fencing bout, except some of the preposterous things on the stage.

In 1865, after the Civil War was over, I met Scherer on the street. He had been an officer in a cavalry regiment, and the trials of service had brought him to the decrepitude of old age. To my greetings and inquiries as to his service, he said, "O Shaler, that was a *coup!* — that was a *coup!*" All that had happened since

seemed to have passed from his crapulous mind. I could not bring him back to his deeds as a soldier; the triumph of his pupil pursued him altogether. He was a real master.

From my curiously elaborate training in arms I had certain advantages, in that it exempted me, as my father judged it would, from being put upon or bothered with challenges. I was but once thus troubled, and then most unreasonably. It happened that the person who supposed he was offended chose a sensible fellow for his second, who, as he explained to me, soon convinced his principal that he was playing the fool. On two occasions, before I was twenty years old, — boys took men's parts in those days, — I served as second to friends, and in both instances easily adjusted the troubles without much parley.

The first occasion was when a silly cousin of mine, with too much wine in him, challenged a well-known duelist, James Jackson, who, as a general, fell at Perryville. Fortunately, I knew Jackson as well as a boy of eighteen may know a man of twice his years. I made my plea to him to give my kinsman an easy way out. At first he was obdurate, saying that he would have his life, — he had, indeed, reason to be vexed, — but in the end he told his second to "fix it up" with me. My good, I may say indeed affectionate, relations with Jackson had begun a year before, in a like absurd business in a ball-room in Frankfort. I had accidentally stepped into the mess made on the floor by the breaking of a bottle of champagne, which he as manager was trying to have cleaned up. With a sharp word, he pushed me aside; my new-found manly dignity was offended; so therefore, as usual in such cases, I asked him for his card. His answer was, "I beg pardon, my dear sir, I took you for a boy." We both saw the fun of the situation and became friends. He was one of the glories of this world; he lifted my sense of what it was to be a man — the ancient type of gentleman.

The other instance when I had to compose trouble between men was more serious. In 1859 I went with a party of young people to the Mammoth Cave. With me went Courtland Prentice, son of the once well-known George D. Prentice, editor of a Louisville paper, who, though some years my senior, was then my nearest friend. As the railway was not completed, we journeyed in stage-coaches privately hired. At a relay place a gentleman, a stranger to us all, mounted the stage and sat beside my friend, who was in an excited state and resented the intrusion in an improper manner. It quickly came to the point where he had to challenge the stranger, which he did on the spot. There being no one more fit, I had to serve Prentice as second. Fortunately, as the other principal knew no one in the throng at the Mammoth Cave, I had to help him to find a second, and so had a very reasonable person to deal with. The stranger, who turned out to be a well-known duelist from Mississippi, accepted the invitation to battle, choosing as weapons shotguns with buckshot at twenty paces distant — which meant certain death to a novice. But once again the difficulty was easily arranged; in fact, they were with rare exceptions mere fooling.

The only good side of the system was certain features of the code which required that the antagonists should not dispute with one another, and that as soon as there was a grievance it should be put into the hands of disinterested people; and the further theory that the seconds, with an arbiter if need were, should try to compose the matter, their decision being quite beyond appeal. One of the maxims — one often impressed on me by my grandfather and other elders — was that gentlemen sometimes fought, but they never quarreled in the manner of the vulgar. There was an interesting old fellow in my town who instructed the younger generation in the code. This Major H. had been an officer in the regular army, and was then crippled as to his

right leg. He had received his wound because of his strict adherence to one of the many peculiar rules which determined the process of dueling. Being second to a man who did not promptly meet his engagement, he took his principal's place at the appointed moment, and the bullet lamed him for life. This, to our modern sense, is something at once for laughter and for tears, but in that vanished time it was otherwise. The incident dignified the man, and made him an authority in an important side of life.

I am glad to say that, even as a youth, the absurdity of the duel was plain enough to my mind; but it was an institution like slavery: when born in it, whatever your views of the matter, it is not easy to get out without being disclassed.

The religious people of Kentucky, there, as elsewhere among our folk, the controlling element, shaped laws to make an end of dueling. All who took part in such affairs were disfranchised, unable to hold office, and liable to punishment, as if they were engaged in a conspiracy to commit murder. The result of this drastic legislation was to make an end of dueling and to bring in its place the more serious evil of "street fights," which were far more brutal than the ancient practice of regulated battles, when the friends of the disputants could almost always avoid serious results. In the time of my youth I recall but two deaths in duels; but since that custom was abolished more than thirty of my kindred and friends have been slain in these brutal encounters. It is all miserable business, but as a choice of evils, so long as men are bloodthirsty animals, the duel was the least.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

BY FRANK W. LEWIS

About seventy years ago, within a period of five or six years, there were three events in the domain of jurisprudence of signal importance to the industrial world. Viewed retrospectively with reference to their bearing upon the welfare of men, they have a distinct dramatic interest. In the year 1837 the decision was rendered in the Priestly case in England; in 1838 Prussia enacted a memorable law relating to the responsibility for accidents on railroads; these were followed in 1842 by the fateful Farwell case in Massachusetts.

The Prussian law, afterwards incorporated in the imperial code of 1871, apprehending with rare prescience something of the new questions which were to arise in the industrial world, may be deemed to have prefigured the present insurance code of Germany, the most striking and far-reaching social legislation of the century. The two legal decisions opened a Pandora's box of woes of appalling magnitude. There were thus marked out two distinctly divergent conceptions of the obligation of the state toward workmen.

If a general on the battlefield commits a grave strategical blunder which costs thousands of lives, the world is thrilled with horror; but a judge may so misapprehend a critical situation as to bring sorrow and suffering to unnumbered homes for generations, and we dumbly acquiesce, as if viewing a visitation from Heaven. That such a result was entailed by these decisions will be the enlightened judgment of mankind. They have inflicted unjust and grievous burdens upon more than two generations of English-speaking workmen; they have brought desolation to thousands of homes; they

have aggravated beyond estimate the friction between employer and employed.

That the decision in each case constituted judge-made law is strikingly manifest from the language of both Lord Abinger and Chief Justice Shaw. They deemed the cases of novel impression, to be decided with due regard to the consequences, general convenience, and considerations of public policy. The enlightened legislator considers the economic and ethical as well as the purely legal aspects of proposed legislation. The judge who makes law should take the same attitude, but, weighed by the standards of to-day, these decisions would seem to have had far more regard for mere legal formalism than for ethics.

Thus was firmly established the common-employment or fellow-servant doctrine, the principle that the workman, by his contract of service, assumes the risks of employment, including those that may come through the act or neglect of his fellow servant. The doctrine has had phenomenal development, and usually in the direction of giving larger immunity to employers. The dicta in the Priestly case did not justify the judgment in the Farwell case, nor did that (in view of the expressed caution against any hasty conclusion as to the application of the rule) lay a sufficient foundation for the vast brood of cases which trace their parentage to it. Such a doctrine had not existed in any country of Europe, and it is even questioned whether it was not bad law as well as bad policy.

These cases were of such transcendent importance, they so powerfully affected industrial relations and conditions, and they reared so formidable an obstacle to rational reform in the direction of justice to workmen, that any consideration of accident insurance compels an examination of the basis upon which they rest.

It was the opinion of Chief Justice Shaw, with its elaborate exposition of what constitutes common employment, rather than that of Lord Abinger, that established the law in England as well as in America, and influenced the House of Lords in the decision of a case in which the unwelcome doctrine was forced upon the reluctant courts of Scotland.

The facts in the Farwell case were very simple. The plaintiff, an engineer in the service of the defendant railroad company, loses his right hand in the course of his employment, through the negligence of a switchman, a fellow employee. Should the railroad company be deemed liable? The opinion, as befitted the importance of the principle to be established, was an elaborate one; it has been greatly admired and pronounced a classic. The judgment might have been very brief; a Latin maxim of two words would have been consistent with law and would have fully satisfied justice.

The decision was based largely upon three assumed facts: that hazardous employments command higher wages, and the acceptance of higher wages indicates an assumption of the greater risk; that each servant is an observer of his fellow, and therefore knows the risk that he assumes; and that the servant may leave the service. These facts were not ascertained by a jury, nor did the court seek for any expert testimony bearing upon them. They seemed so manifest that the court might take judicial cognizance of them.

The first question was one for the sociologist or the political economist, and not for the jurist. Generally speaking, hazardous employments do not command higher wages. But, viewed broadly and from the social standpoint, it would be very unwise for the state to encourage or permit the workman to gamble upon his chance of exemption from accident. He has not the data or the capacity for making an intelligent estimate of the amount or the value of the risk; and besides, he is virtually in the position of one who bets without the means of paying in the event of loss. It would be against public policy, upon which this decision is partly based, to permit him to play a game in which he may be the gainer and the state may be the loser.

Nor is it true, at least under modern conditions to which this doctrine with greatly increased rigors has been extended, that servants necessarily have any adequate means of observing their fellow workmen engaged perhaps in a distinct branch of service. How much this engineer, running a passenger train between Boston and Worcester and passing this switchman four times a day, knew of his fitness, habits, or reliability, we are left to conjecture. He had nothing to do with his selection, discipline, or retention in the service. It would be infinitely absurd to claim that there is any such knowledge in the large and complicated relations of to-day.

Nor is it true in any practical sense that the workman may leave the service. It is evident enough from the standpoint of one writing a treatise on the freedom of the will. But it is well understood in the industrial world that there is no place for the workman who, in the estimate of his employer, is captious or hypercritical, or for one who should assume to advise as to the competency of a fellow servant even in matters especially concerning his own safety. To leave one's employment in protest is a heinous offense, and must carry with it an inconvenient stigma. For the workman who is odiously officious about his master's business there must be a vista of idleness, of privation, and suffering.

There was added the questionable fiction of an implied contract under which the plaintiff assumed the risk that his fellow servant might be incompetent or grossly negligent.

Upon this frail and insecure foundation was based a decision fraught with momentous consequences, — a decision as mischievous and baneful as ever fell from any bench. For many decades thousands of laboring men, maimed and incapacitated, suffering without any color of justice from accidents on railroad and in factory, and dependents of the injured, and widows and orphans of the slain, were to hear the refrain of this doom, sentencing them to lives of penury and dependence. Meanwhile legislatures, royal commissions and parliaments, were to seek vainly to overcome the effects of this decision.

To the great Chief Justice, considering public policy and general convenience, it seemed unjust that this corporation should suffer for an accident which perhaps its foresight could not have prevented. It was certainly unjust that this engineer should be incapacitated for life through the fault of an agent over whom he had no control, and for whose negligence he was not remotely responsible. According to modern conceptions the solution of the problem would not have seemed difficult. Here was an industry comparatively new, with its own hazards. The corporation must replace the engine, wrecked in the same accident, negligence or no negligence; that was one of the risks of the business. Why should it not, for the same reason and out of the same resources, pay for its wrecked engineer? Why should not both losses have been deemed a part of the cost of transportation? How else, with any regard to the rudimentary principles of justice, could the loss be met?

At the time of this decision the world was slowly awakening to the fact of great industrial changes. The Factory Age had come; great inventions and the application of steam to machinery were transforming the industrial world. It was gradually dawning upon the minds of thoughtful men that these great changes had made imperative new standards of law as related to workmen. The problem was dimly apprehended, as indicated by the Prussian law referred to, as well as by the factory legislation which had engaged the attention of England from the beginning of the century. Possibly these judges were of those who were patronizingly characterizing the law of Prussia as the benign paternalism of a despotic power. But if Prussia reached a point in 1838 which Great Britain attains with much difficulty in 1880, and Massachusetts in 1887, — at which point she still remains; if that conception of the obligation of the

state to the laboring classes, in its gradual but logical development in the German empire of to-day, has challenged the attention and the admiration of the world, we ought to discern in it something of the grasp and prescience of true statesmanship.

But in connection with the remedies which have been sought to mitigate the common-employment doctrine, the law of contributory negligence must be considered. This law has always borne with unjust severity upon workmen. It has existed from time immemorial, but the reasoning by which it has been supported savors more of the refinements of mediæval logic than of modern modes of thought. Contributory negligence is the slightest want of ordinary care contributing proximately to the injury. If there has been a lack of such care the injured workman cannot recover damages. If he contributes one per cent of the elements which go to make up an accident, and his employer ninety-nine per cent, he cannot recover. Moreover, if there is no fault, if an accident is an incident of the business simply, or attributable to superior force, he is deemed to have assumed such risks. Even further, if there is gross fault on the part of the employer, if certain precautions or safeguards have been neglected by him, if stringent provisions of law have been flagrantly violated, still, if the workman knew of these acts, omissions, or violations of law, he is presumed to have waived any remedy. The very severity of treatment in many employments, overwork, excessive hours, unsanitary surroundings, working at too great speed, assenting to labor under circumstances of obvious danger because required to do so, the necessity of satisfying the importunate demands of overseer or master as bearing upon retention or promotion, all of the elements, in a word, which make care difficult or impossible, have been charged up to the workman. The standard of the court room has been too high for him; he has been found wanting in due care, and remediless. Under these circumstances there was not a strong inducement for the employer to exercise care in construction, in adjustment of machinery, or in safeguarding workmen. It was cheaper to let him take his chances; to replace the killed and wounded by new recruits; to treat the human material as negligible when compared with the cost of expensive safeguards.

Data have been collected, from varied and widely distributed industries, which indicate the sources of accidents and the responsibility for them. These show that about one-half are incidental to the business, three-tenths due to the fault of the workman, and most of the remainder to the fault of the employer. In America and Great Britain, before there were any modifications of the law, the employer's share would have been much greater. Still, it is estimated that not more than fifteen per cent of the injured have ever recovered damages. When we consider not only the expense of litigation but the bad feeling and consequent loss of employment resulting from it, we must conclude that conditions would not have been very much worse if there had been an absolute denial of any legal remedy.

Great Britain partially awakened to the gross injustice resulting from these conditions about forty years ago. The evils began to seem intolerable. In every great industrial centre there were concrete and ever-recurring illustrations of the wrongs inflicted. But it took ten years of agitation and discussion to effect the passage of the law of 1880. This measure, so mild and ineffectual as to be soon discarded as an ill-fitting garment, was strongly opposed by all the great mining, manufacturing, and railroad interests. Dire disaster was predicted if it should become a law; capitalists would not put money into mines; capital would be driven from the kingdom; they were making a plunge into socialism. But this law, as a measure of social equity, proved utterly inadequate. Chamberlain characterized it as a half-hearted compromise,

and suggested that, in view of the resulting-litigation, it should have been called the Lawyers' Employment Bill. Asquith declared that it was an elaborate series of traps and pitfalls for the unwary litigant, barren of result, and a reproach to the legislature. Under the law, the liability of the employer was almost insusceptible of proof, and the defense of common employment was nearly sufficient to nonsuit.

In the study of this question we find an instructive illustration of the extremely slow awakening of the public consciousness — not to say conscience — in England and America, where the righting of a great social or industrial wrong is involved. Nearly forty years after the Priestly and Farwell decisions, a parliamentary commission charged with the consideration of employers' liability legislation came to the conclusion that the common law had been entirely altered by judicial decision; that the fellow-servant doctrine owed its origin to the ingenuity of a judge in suggesting analogies, and consisted largely of the invention and enforcement of a contract which never existed. Twenty years later, Asquith complained that the law had been a legitimate grievance to the working classes, and had established fantastic distinctions between workmen and third parties. Birrell, present secretary for Ireland, expressed himself with greater emphasis: "The doctrine was invented in 1837; Lord Abinger planted it; Baron Alderson watered it; and the devil gave it increase."

The social consciousness and unrest, of which these discussions were the index, made legislation imperative. A very radical measure brought in by Asquith, in 1893, was lost through the opposition of the House of Lords to what was termed the "contracting out" clause; and it remained for a Tory government, with Chamberlain leading the House of Commons, to secure the enactment, in 1897, of the most radical and far-reaching social legislation in English parliamentary history. The very name of the bill, the Workmen's Compensation Act, revealed a new conception of the problem involved. There was to be no longer a nice balancing of the relative liability of workman and employer, of waiver and of assumption of risk. There was a recognition, not of the employers' liability, but of the industry's liability. It was tersely expressed in the apothegm attributed to Asquith: "The blood of the workman is a part of the cost of production."

England thus put herself in the ranks, although by no means in the front rank, of civilized nations in this kind of industrial legislation. During the twenty years succeeding Germany's legislation for the compulsory insurance of workmen, her contagious example had reached almost every nation of continental Europe, and had led either to laws in the nature of compulsory insurance of workmen, or to workmen's compensation acts.

The English law of 1897 applied only to the so-called dangerous trades, and extended to less than one-half of the workmen of the kingdom, but later amendments materially increased that number. These proved to be merely steps toward broader legislation. A disposition arose to attach less importance to the element of special danger, and another parliamentary commission thoroughly and exhaustively examined the whole subject anew. On the basis of its report, the law of 1906 was passed. This retained the provisions of the earlier laws, but extended their application to substantially all of the laboring men of the kingdom. Even with this rapid progress in public sentiment it is doubtful if the end has been reached. The opinion was expressed by a member of the commission, and is frequently reëchoed elsewhere, that there can be no stopping-place short of compulsory insurance of workmen on the German plan.

This law of 1906 practically abolished the common-employment and contributory-negligence defenses. No degree of negligence disqualifies the injured workman from recovering, unless it amounts

to serious or willful misconduct; nor even then, if death or permanent disablement result. It extends to all employments, and to all, except casual, employees whose compensation is less than about twelve hundred dollars a year. It applies to all injuries through accidents arising out of the workmen's employment, which cause death or disablement. It provides that death or disablement from certain scheduled diseases, such as anthrax, lead or phosphorus poisoning, shall be deemed accidents within the meaning of the law. It furnishes minute schedules of compensation for cases both of disablement and of death. In case the injury is caused by the personal negligence or willful act of the employer or his agent, the injured workman may bring suit independently of the act, and if he fails in his suit may still have his compensation fixed under the act. The entire cost of the compensation falls upon the employer, but under certain restrictions he may substitute a different scheme of compensation or insurance.

This brief sketch of a very elaborate and carefully perfected law, and the history of progress toward its enactment, are instructive in illustrating the incalculable gain to thirteen million English workmen as compared with their condition under the decision of Lord Abinger. In the tardy movement of events we are reminded how vastly more difficult it is to modify or repeal judge-made law than statute law.

We naturally inquire what has been done in the United States meanwhile. We must answer, practically nothing. It is quite within limits to say that, in spite of much patchwork and piecemeal legislation, we have, as yet, hardly reached the level of the English law of 1880, a law which statesmen of to-day unite in deeming practically worthless; or to say that, in this regard, we are far behind every civilized country of Europe, incomparably behind Germany.

The United States stands alone among the civilized nations of the world in adhering to the law of negligence as a solution of the problem of industrial accidents, while the governments of Europe and Australia have made the financial burden of injuries to workmen a charge upon the particular industry.

It is perhaps natural that this country, and especially that state which furnished the judge who pronounced the fateful sentence upon English-speaking laboring men the world over, should have clung to that odious common-employment doctrine, although there have been many attempts from the beginning to mitigate its severity. More than fifty years ago Georgia, by a few lines of legislation, annulled the common-employment doctrine as to railroads, and has legislated against both that and the law of contributory negligence since. Other states took similar but less decisive steps. There have been legislative as well as judicial protests in great variety: sometimes to negative what seemed to be unwarranted severity in judicial interpretation; to discriminate between the liability for the negligence of a vice-principal and other common employee; to introduce a rule of comparative negligence, analogous to that in maritime law, in place of the severe rule of contributory negligence.

In Massachusetts, where the fellow-servant doctrine developed far beyond the intention of its great author, the subject attracted much attention twenty-five years ago, stimulated by the discussion in and out of Parliament in Great Britain, and the resulting legislation. The legislature directed the Bureau of Labor to investigate the question and report its conclusions. There was a thorough investigation, and an admirable report in which the matter was discussed in all its bearings. It was recommended that a law be passed, either like the Gladstone act, or, preferably, a brief and simple statute abolishing the defense of common employment and materially modifying the law of contributory negligence. Four years later, the law of 1887, based upon the Gladstone act, was passed, and still

remains in force. It has not been materially modified. More recently the subject was again up for discussion, and a select committee was instructed to consider this among other labor questions. Its report, rendered to the legislature of 1904, reads like a convincing document, but apparently received scant attention. It recommended legislation based upon the then recent Workmen's Compensation Act of England. Still later, a recess committee struggled with the subject, but the majority report opposed any substantial legislation looking to the compensation of workmen for industrial accidents or to an increase in the liability of employers. A minority report renewed the recommendations of earlier committees.

In this country we are still dominated by the dogmas pronounced by Judge Shaw two generations ago. He was profoundly impressed, as his admirers have been ever since, by a sense of the great injustice that the employer would suffer if held liable for an accident which he could not have prevented. To-day we see that there are three parties interested in industrial accidents: the victim, the employer, and the public. We cannot judge justly if we fix our minds too intently upon any one of these parties, to the neglect of the others. We should follow the injunction in the Priestly case, and "look at the consequences of a decision," the possible bearing upon each of these three parties. All serious industrial accidents involve hardship and impose a burden which must fall somewhere. We can conceive of a case of new impression so nicely balanced that either one of two decisions may be legally defensible, but economic and ethical aspects must not be ignored. The court cannot determine the real incidence of the burden of an industrial accident. If it is imposed upon the workman who is propertyless, whose working capacity, now impaired or ruined, is his only asset, he must turn it over to society upon which he becomes dependent with his family. If imposed upon the employer, it may either result in a diminution of profits or be added to the cost of the product or service, thus reaching the public by another route. Still, it is of great economic consequence by which route the burden reaches society. Meanwhile, we cannot ignore as negligible any industries which yield large profits and yet insist that it is not socially inequitable for the profit-sharer to use this human material recklessly or improvidently, and throw the wrecks upon society.

The employer tells us that the cost of industrial accidents cannot be added to the charge for the traffic or the product, as it would make that cost too high; which is nearly equivalent to saying that, while the public is not willing to pay this enhanced price as such, it will submit if it is disguised in the form of poor rates. He tells us, too, that the state or government which puts such a burden upon industry will be at a great economic disadvantage as compared with other states; which is practically a claim that such an industry is not self-supporting, but essentially parasitic.

These arguments are not new. They were urged a hundred years ago against factory legislation in Great Britain. They have done service there in every discussion of employers' liability legislation during the past forty years. Mines would close, industry would be paralyzed, capital would disappear. The same appeal was made against the compulsory insurance laws of Germany. But that nation has had a phenomenal period of development and industrial prosperity, such as no nation ever surpassed. And on the highest authority, this material progress and the well-being of her industrial classes has even been attributed to the beneficence of these very laws.

Such arguments do not take into account the immense value of measures which contribute to social peace; the importance of impressing upon employers the economic profit of saving life and limb; the wastefulness of litigation and contention resulting from mischievous legal and industrial systems; the fact

that rational legislation is contagious, and that other states are compelled to follow an inspiring example, as all of the nations of Europe have followed Germany.

Clearly, it would seem, the workman should be compensated for injuries that befall him through the fault of his employer; through the inevitable risks of the industry; through superior force; through the act or negligence of a fellow workman. But there are accidents that befall him through his own negligence, perhaps three-tenths of all. Why, in any view of the case, should he be compensated for these? Ordinary care, as measured by juries under the instructions of courts, really comes to mean a degree of care as high as the average man would exercise, probably higher. The juror in the serene atmosphere of the court room undoubtedly very much overestimates the presence of mind that he could command in an emergency, the occasion when accidents most frequently occur. If we have an industry employing a thousand workmen, presumably more than five hundred of them would fall below the standard of ordinary care by which they must be tested. They have been selected for their working capacity, and not with reference to the alertness of mind by which they might avoid danger. But these five hundred must work, and any impairment of the individual's efficiency or ability to work on account of injuries received, even if through lack of that care of which he is not quite capable, must be, in the nature of things, a part of the cost of that industry. To what other account can it be charged? It cannot be charged to the individual, because by that very injury he may have become hopelessly bankrupt. If the industry cannot bear the burden, it is simply not self-sustaining. Society, for its own sake, and for the sake of the victim, must so regard it. No other solution of the problem satisfies intelligent conceptions of social obligations.

There is but one logical conclusion: there must be compensation to the workman for all injuries received in the course of his employment, and such compensation must be deemed an essential part of his wages.

It is amazing that the world should have been so slow in perceiving how grievous and unjust the law has been which attempted to impose this burden of industrial accidents upon workmen; slow to realize how impotent the attempt has been; slow to profit by the instructive example which a great nation has exhibited to us for twenty-five years.

We have been indulging in illusions. We have looked on complacently, persuading ourselves that we have compelled the laboring man to assume risks and to provide for future emergencies, ignoring the manifest fact that the burden of such risks has really fallen upon society. The report of the recess committee in Massachusetts referred to above rehearses arguments, long since threadbare and discredited, about industrial disadvantage, and speaks of munificent and beneficent ideas; but the workman who suffers wrongfully from bad industrial conditions is not seeking the dole of charity, but simple justice.

In legislating toward the reforms indicated, two important facts should be kept in mind. If the workman were really to assume the risks of his employment he has not the data for estimating their value. In Germany, under an elaborate tariff of risks, he might be advised of the wide difference in this respect in the various forms of employment: he might learn that the risk of the most dangerous trades was three hundred and fifty times as great as in the least dangerous. He could not act intelligently upon the disconnected facts coming within the range of his own observation. Secondly, there is no necessary industrial equality between the two parties to the labor contract. Even in the immobility of labor of which political economists write instructively, there is frequently an enormous handicap. Such disparity it should be the aim of ethical legislation to neutralize.

The appalling colliery disasters in

Great Britain during the sixties aroused that nation from her indifference. Her philanthropists, statesmen, and legislators began to inquire whether the price of coal covered the real cost, and whether the employers' exemption from liability as to these disasters might not, in some degree, account for their frequency. Employers' liability acts were advocated, not only for the purpose of securing compensation to the victims of accidents, but with the confident expectation of diminishing their number and severity. The cry of the workmen themselves was, "We want immunity, not indemnity." It was the claim of Salisbury that a suitable law would prove to be a life-saving mechanism. We may well give serious attention to this aspect of the question in this country, where industries are carried on with less regard for human life and safety than in most others.

Viewed in its merely commercial aspects, a nation cannot afford unnecessary waste of life or limb. It has been estimated that it costs fifteen hundred dollars to rear the boy and youth until he reaches the age for work. He becomes too costly a piece of mechanism to be exposed to needless hazards or to wasteful methods in industry. In a material as well as in an ethical sense, the life, health, and well-being of her workmen are proper subjects of the state's solicitude. Considerations of economy and of philanthropy concur in demanding, not only that industrial accidents shall be guarded against, but that their consequences unjust to the victim shall, so far as practicable, be averted.

THE MASTER-WEAVER

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

I

THIS is the story of a woman whose imagination said yes, when her heart meant no, and who paid for her sin with twenty-five dead years; and of a man who took defeat as if it were victory, and in the end won his fee of happiness.

There is a little village in Ireland that lies one-third of the way between Dublin and Belfast. Its people have all the industry of the North Irish, and all the poetry of the Southern; and this is well, for they can ply their trade as weavers of linen, and at the same time embroider with dreams lives that would be, otherwise, too work-ridden for joy. From daylight till dark, and often well on into candle-light, can be heard the hum of the looms, and can be seen the gleam of white bare feet on the treadles, and dark heads bowed over the smooth threads. There are those who say that no other linen in all the world is as fair and strong as the linen of the weavers of Ballycloonagh; and there are a few mystics who even say that a board spread with such linen never lacks plenty, nor do those who sit about it lack happiness.

The Irish must either lead or follow, and so, always, the village of Ballycloonagh had a master-weaver, one who not only wove fastest and best, but who arranged for the sale of his work and his fellows'. As far back as the memory of the oldest inhabitant could reach, a McSweeney had held the honor, by merit and by tacit election. It was the pride of the family to deserve their distinction; and so when Michael McSweeney, at twenty, took his father's place as master-weaver, there was none to deny his right.

He was an industrious young fellow,

and so quick-fingered at the loom that he could well afford the twilight walks he often took with Aileen Dwyer. A pretty pair, the old women, sitting at the cottage doors, called them as they strolled down the little main street of the village to the road that for generations had lured the feet of lovers, and that pointed them with part of its white length to the mountains, and with the other part to the sea; that led them by the raths, where the children sat till nightfall waiting for the Good Little People to appear; and that, perhaps, had won a life of its own from all the heart-riches which had passed over it, — for here had been all the joys and sharp griefs of youth, and, at times, the memories of the old.

But Michael McSweeney thought little enough of where they walked, on the one night that he always said took all of the dreariness out of the days that came after, and made up for the emptiness of those that went before; for Michael was of the company of those aristocrats of the soul who are spiritually frugal, and know how to make joy fertile in the arid places of life. He had just shown Aileen, somehow, blunderingly, what was in his heart, and she had told him that she loved him, too. They were in that most precious of moments to lovers, when realization is so fresh that it seems that time can never dull the lyrical sense of belonging to each other.

Michael had pushed her a little away from him, and was towering above her, his great hands touching her shoulders gently.

"Is it sure you are, 't is you?" he asked in an awed tone; "and 't is not dreaming I am?"

She looked up at him, glad of his strength, his great frame, his irregular shock of hair, and the wide gray eyes that always had a smile in them. She was more of a dreamer than himself. As they stood there, she thought that he might be one of the old heroes come back — King Ivor, or Finn of the Mighty Arm, or Conn of the hundred battles, whom none could conquer in war, and who drooped to the knee of St. Patrick at last, when the pagan days ended for Ireland.

"You, that are always talkin' to me of Grainne, and the enchanted forest, and Queen Mave and Diarmid," he said, "tell me, is it back in the ould days we are, or will I wake up to-morrow and find myself at my loom, and no Aileen in my life at all?"

"I am in your life forever and ever," she said.

She was a slender little thing, dark and soft and loving, but very timid, for she lived with a shrewish aunt, who twitted her with her helplessness and poverty; and it was to make herself brave, by ignoring facts, that she wove her visions and saw herself a lady of the old days, with all the hills of Ireland her own, and now Michael to be her knight.

"Aye," Michael said, "nothing can take you away from me, remember that now. If one of your pishogues should spring up now and whiff you away to India, sure 't is my love would draw you back some day. I'd work on my linen and I'd weave in spells, and some day the spells would tangle themselves about you, and back you'd come."

"I often dream of other lands," she murmured. "Is it true that you and me will be always together, Michael, always in Ballycloonagh?"

"Where else? Maybe a trip to Dublin every five years. You never hope to see London, I'm thinkin'?"

"Just your face for always," she said. "But what good is there in me for a weaver?"

"Little dear rose of my heart, I can work for two," he said. "You'll never touch a loom again."

"I won't then," she sighed gratefully.

They walked on, hand in hand, stopping now and then to ask each other, breathlessly, if it were true; if love had really given them to each other, forgetting that there were in the world such forces as faithlessness or parting, absence or poverty or sorrow.

When Michael at last left her on her doorstep, Aileen was too deeply moved to sleep. The little cottage of her aunt would have closed in on her and smothered her like the folds of one of her own green dragons. She was trembling — afraid of the future. Suddenly, the village that she had known all her life became an alien place; Michael, her lover, was a dream; the realities — she did not know what they were, because she could feel nothing but the throbbing of her heart. As if to run away from all that beset her, she hurried along the south road that led to the sea, thinking that when she was tired her little world would come back. Her eyes raced into the dark lanes of trees; she threw back her head and let her gaze speed, unseeing, over the sky and the land and the stars.

Her heart throbbed louder than ever, — no, that sound was not her heart; it was the faint beat of a horse's hoofs growing clearer and clearer. She drew closer to the side of the ditch, and waited. A rider galloped out of the shadows and, checking his horse beside her, leaped from his saddle, with a short laugh.

"Ha, little Aileen Dwyer," he said, "it is almost as if you were waiting for me, my girl."

She dropped a courtesy, for it was young Philip Carew of the Manse. The Manse was the one great house of the village, where a father and mother, two sons and several daughters, proud of their ancestry, starved bitterly together. This night, the second son, Philip, had wrung from his father his patrimony of sixty pounds, had taken his one possession, his horse, and was riding away from his old home forever. He was a handsome, ardent young man; reckless, but shrewd; kind, in a careless fashion, and prone now and then to a wild impulse, which he always treated afterwards as if it had been a staid calculation.

"So you were not waiting for me, little Aileen?" he asked.

"I — I don't know, sir," she stammered confusedly, and courtesied again. As she straightened, her lovely dark face lifted, her lips soft and wondering, her eyes as deep as the woods behind her, Philip Carew caught her in his arms and, setting her on his horse, leaped up behind her. He gave rein, and they galloped along the road to the sea.

"We're going to America," said young Philip Carew, in his deep voice. "What does it matter over there that you were born in a weaver's cabin? We'll be rich, and when you are my wife I'll give you everything out of the coffers of all the world. You'll go? What good is there in you for a weaver?"

The sentence beat over and over again in Aileen's brain. Her own words. She had said them to Michael, "What good is there in me for a weaver?"

"These little hands will never work again, for we shall be rich," said Philip Carew. "Shall I put you down, Aileen? Will you go back to the village and weave cloths till your little fingers look like the gnarled bark on the trees here? Shall I put you down, Aileen?"

Nothing was real any more to Aileen. Perhaps it was the old time; perhaps he was a knight carrying her away, his proper spoil because he had swept her upon his horse; perhaps this had all happened before. Perhaps she was Macol borne away by the black King of Leinster, leaving woe behind her. Perhaps she was dreaming and would wake up in a moment and find herself on the doorstep of her aunt's cottage.

"Will you come with me, Aileen?" Carew whispered.

And something that was not herself, forever and ever she knew it was not herself, told him "yes."

And with that word she wove her fate and Michael's as surely as he, at that moment, wove his fair white linen, and thrilled with the thought that she was his.

II

Though he walked with the aristocrats of the soul, Michael had his full meed of

suffering in the long loss of Aileen; but he believed that his suffering did not matter; that it had nothing to do with the joys and sorrows of other people, or the swing of the seasons and the years. His pain was more subtle and many-sided than might be believed, none the less so that he was incapable of analyzing the forces against and with him. There was the pity of his friends, which he shrank from, and the jeers of a few jealous and low-souled folk, which he must ignore; worst of all, there was the bewildering and crushing sorrow of Aileen's treachery. He could not understand it. To accept it meant disloyalty to himself and to her. To save them both — to give them to each other again — he forced himself not to believe in it. Something had happened, no one knew what, to part them for a time. He shut his eyes to the fact that she had gone away with Philip Carew. They had been parted, yet some day, in some other world, perhaps, they would meet. Meantime that one sacred night had made them each other's forever.

But because a man cannot wait with folded hands, he bowed himself to his work. Such a master-weaver the country had never known before. At first his energy displayed itself in a management which gave more bread to his fellow workers. But after a time, a few of the most feeling of them, the truest Celts, began to know that there was something in the linen that came from under Michael's hands which made it different from any other linen. Many of the weavers departed, here and there, from the stock patterns, as their fancy led; that was one reason why the Ballycloonagh linens were prized by connoisseurs. But when those that had the gift of the eye gazed for long on Michael's weaving, they felt that there was something in the delicate lines and curves and tendrils of the shamrocks not to be seen otherwhere; else why should one begin to think of dreamy forests, and tender ancient tales; of old loves that were dead, and still not lost, and of sacrifices that added a deeper note to the songs of the choir invisible? Michael's soul was slipping through his fingers into his fair white linen. All he felt for himself and Aileen, as he wove, somehow put a life into the threads — the sorrows he would fain have taken from her and kept all to himself; the loneliness of each; the life they might have lived together in the quiet Irish village, and the wonder if they were not repeating an old grief lived long ago in the lands between the hills and the sea, when Ireland was young and, though pagan, ready for the sword-sharp voice of God.

He had no thought of sending a message to Aileen, and she none of receiving one; and yet, in a vague way, one came to her. She used to say to herself that she died the moment that something, not herself, said yes to Philip Carew, as he galloped along the road to the sea that was to take her from all that she loved. Strange to say, it was never the separation from her kin that took the heart out of her and made her a shadow of her old self; she missed no one but Michael. The worst was her knowledge that, somehow, she was separated from her own soul. That, perhaps, was her purgatory, she thought, to be in one world with her body, while her soul lay dead or asleep in another.

She was silent, withdrawn into her dreams, not at all in Philip Carew's world. Had she loved him, she could have risen to his every want, for, indeed, she was teachable enough. From the very first he had teachers for her, and she learned French, and knew how to manage a house, and, as time wore on, was able, with perfect self-possession, to take her place among conspicuous people.

"But, confound it all," grumbled Philip Carew, "where's the spirit and dash all gone to? I did n't know I was marrying a painted picture for a wife."

Her one child might have brought her back to Philip's world, but he was his father's son — so markedly so that Philip began to ignore the fact that Aileen Dwyer was his mother. This little Philip Carew would inherit great wealth —

great enough to more than preserve the traditions of the old race from whence he came. The father meant that the world should forget the poverty in which his house had dwelt for three generations. Some day he should go back, and then — Meanwhile a passive, nerveless woman was no guide, even for a babe in arms. Philip did not admit, even to himself, that he did not want his son shadowed with the influence of peasant blood. In effect he took the child almost entirely from his mother, and Aileen made no protest. She loved the boy, indeed, but she knew from the beginning that in all the realities of life he did not need her, any more than her husband needed her. A shadow wife, a shadow mother, — that was enough for them. They were fond of her in an indulgent way, proud that she always looked well and never blundered, and irritated that their interests could not stir her, — that she was so spiritless, so remote.

Yet her world of fancies, her real world, was a vivid place enough. In the days when she was alive, the days of the village life in Ballycloonagh, all culminating in that night of nights when she promised herself to Michael McSweeney, and then foreswore them both, — in those days her dreams were all of the old heroes and lovers of Ireland, of the time when the country was young and the cities were hamlets, while the site of the present-day hamlets were wide swaying forests; when the voices of birds and waters were higher than the voices of shop and street, and when poetry was in the hearts of men instead of in books.

Yet now that she no longer had Michael, to whom she used to tell her dreams; now that she listened no longer to his attempts, not always skillful, to draw parallels between those old loves and their own; now that she was alone with a dead soul, her thoughts took a very different trend. She wove into the web of her dreams the lives that she and Michael might have lived. Without any thought of disloyalty to Philip Carew, at the end of the first year of marriage with him she had built a series of incidents that would have marked the stages of the first year she should have lived with Michael. In the stead of little Philip, there were, as the years passed, dream-children, with Michael's hair and eyes. In Michael's cottage she stepped across the earthen floor, stooping to the open hearth; and this, many a time, when she was listening to music by great artists, or even dining with men and women whose names spelled power to several millions of less noted Americans.

What helped to make her dreams concrete were various stores of wonderful linens, which she began to hoard after her first year in America. If Michael's fellow workers ate white bread and wore warmer cloth, their ease was due to Aileen's gold. It was the one external transaction of her life not open to Philip Carew. Her allowance was nearly all spent for the work of those side by side with whom she used to weave. She could close her eyes and see the dark heads bending over the looms, and the white feet twinkling over the treadles.

Michael's work she kept apart, in oaken chests carved by cunning hands with old Celtic figures; and many an hour she sat tracing, with soft forefinger, Michael's skillful weaving; but she did not respond to the dreams, her old dreams, which Michael had woven therein. She only held more firmly to that thread of a shadowy mutual life she had made for the two of them. And as the years went on, her mind leaped ahead and she saw for them an old age together, when all the children would be gone and the weaving done, and two, whom time had forgotten, might sit in peace together. For if Michael, once no dreamer, now saw a vision of life with Aileen in another world, Aileen, the former dreamer, now saw only a life in this world. It was lips and hands of flesh and blood which called her.

It might seem that the two, who, out of love for each other, had each tried to live

in the other's groove, were at cross-purposes; but love is greater than any terms in which it can express itself, and so, as the years passed, they drew closer. The linen that Michael wove, and that Aileen pressed against her wistful face, was a message to her, and though she could send none to him, her heart spoke, and his, somehow, received its comfort. With the years his inspiration grew; his hands flew faster and faster; the wonderful patterns he wove grew deeper in meaning to the few who had the vision to see, and carried a stronger hope to the one woman who had forgotten her visions, but never her love.

And then on a day the oaken chests were locked. Women fitted black stuffs about Aileen's shrinking form, and her son sobbed in a room next a darkened chamber. For Philip Carew was dead, and the dreams that had made Aileen's own life had, somehow, died, too. In all the world there was only nothingness, and she was full of fear.

III

Young Philip Carew and his wife looked furtively at the face of the woman who sat between them on the back seat of the motor-car. Again and again their own glances crossed, and dropped. They were pleasant young people, practical and rather conventional, and they did not understand the transformation that had taken place in Aileen Carew since she had left the boat at Queenstown and begun the journey northward along the road that led from the sea.

Before the elder Philip Carew had died he had told his son the dream of his life, and charged him to fulfill it. He was to go home and build up again the house of Carew. In his earliest childhood Philip had drawn in the love of Ireland from his father's lips. It takes fully two generations to kill the Irish love for the green land that is the cradle of the race that gives the world romance. Young Philip loved the hills and sea and waving woods of Ballycloonagh as if he had always lived among them. He knew every room in the old house in which his father had been born.

During the elder Philip's last illness his brother died, childless, and, too late, he was heir to the barren Irish acres that meant more to him than all his wealth. Fearful that young Philip might not carry out his wishes fully, he guarded carefully the chances for the success of his dearest dream. He had charged his son to wait at least a year before going to the old home, and, if possible, to let the journey be his honeymoon. Then surely, with the sorrow of his father's death softened, with the joy of the bridegroom to glorify all that his eyes saw, the home of his people would mean to him something of what it had meant to others of his race.

Philip and his mother helped each other as best they could through the first months of their loss; but they had never understood each other. Aileen seemed to her son strangely broken and helpless; her one vital wish was that he should marry his Cora soon and be as happy as he could. When he told her that, in obedience to his father's plan, he and Cora were going to Ireland for their honeymoon, she said she would go too. Philip hesitated; he knew that his mother's associations had been humble, and yet, surely, she must have grown away from her old companions; surely she would feel herself a part of her husband's people. He felt ashamed of his hesitation; he and Cora were beginning a happy life from which they must give generous largess to her.

And so Philip's mother had come to Ireland, and they were stealing wondering glances at her, feeling thoroughly embarrassed. Was this the pale, remote lady whose maid had dressed her and helped her on deck only two hours before? With the first glance at her green, green land, an old light had come back to her eyes. Now, as the motor-car slipped northwards, the spirit of Aileen Dwyer came back into her face. Little curls

were stealing from her carefully dressed hair and dancing on her forehead and neck; her cheeks were pink; her lips parted. She laughed, a laugh that Michael used to say reminded him of the talking of the water in St. Patrick's spring where the first pagans were baptized, — water that had gone mad since over the joy of all those souls.

She had forgotten her son and daughter, and all of her old life; her youth was coming back, and all the shadowy life between had fled her mind. The real things of the world were beginning, and the sign-posts to them were the still waters of the River Slaney, the blue hill of Oulard, the road that led to Glendalough, and Bray Head lifting stark above the sea. She begrudged the hour they stopped in Dublin to lunch. She wanted to drive on and on, the while the old life rushed back to meet her.

They halted at last at a town three miles from Ballycloonagh, and there Philip decided they had better remain till the morning. He was disturbed about his mother; he wondered if Cora had noticed the burr that had come back to his mother's speech. But not afternoon tea, not the deference of the inn-keeper and his servants, not her maid's ministrations, could bring back the Aileen of half a dozen hours before. Her soul had come back to her, and was stamping its possession on her body.

She was urged to lie down, and, under Cora's supervision, her maid darkened her room. After they had gone, Aileen lay and laughed at them for a few moments. Then she rose, slipped along the passage, down the back-stairs, and out of the back-door to the path that skirted the road lying between the mountains and the sea.

Oh, that road, that road, that road! How it seemed to leap to her feet; that road along which lovers had walked before ever there was a city or church in all the land. Why, she used to think, that was the tree under which Miurne stood as she waited for Cumnhal. All the old stories came back — thoughts of the heroes and lovers like Michael, and the women like herself, whom a man could love so much that, though the road to her was death, it was a path of joy.

The miles fell swiftly under her feet; the sun had long dropped; the twilight was coming and the villagers were at supper when she passed along the single crooked street of Ballycloonagh. No one spoke to her, though some heads peered curiously out of windows as she passed. There was Michael's cottage; there was no light within; perhaps he was eating supper in the dark.

She went inside; he was not there, nor were there signs that he had supped. She laughed softly; of course, it was the first Thursday in the month, the day he always took his linen into the town to ship it to England or America. He had woven till tea-time, of course, and then he had walked to town.

She felt for the matches, lit a candle, and drew the curtains. She looked, with a doubtful smile, at her gown, and then, hesitatingly, went into the bedroom that adjoined the living-room. In a few moments she came back wearing a dress which had belonged to Michael's mother — a shabby scarlet dress that Michael had liked; he had said that some day Aileen should wear scarlet.

Singing an old song, she knelt at the hearth and made a fire. She stepped back and forth to the cupboard and laid the table. When the kettle was singing and the tea ready to be made, she went to Michael's loom. She slipped off her shoes and stockings, and felt for the treadles; with unaccustomed fingers she caught at the threads. Always she had been clumsy at the loom, and now she was spoiling one of Michael's loveliest patterns.

For the first time a little fear struck her heart. It had never come to her that Michael might be married — he was hers, hers! It had never come to her that he would not want her back after all the years; but now as she faltered at the loom she wondered if long disuse had made her

forget the little homely ways that Michael loved.

Then he came, and at first he thought he was simply dreaming a little more vividly than usual; but when he saw her welcoming face change into doubt at his still look, then he knew that love had shown him her face again, not once, but forever. They said no word for a long time; they held hands and looked into each other's eyes, and did not see the messages time had printed on each face. And so, softly, they bridged their lost years.

Then, still in silence, he led her through the crooked street of the village to a certain stretch on the road, that they might find again that hour they had lost so many years ago. And they were looking at each other's faces with infinite understanding, and Aileen's heart was beating louder and louder — And again, it was not her heart, but the beating of a horse's hoofs. A rider galloped out of the shadows and checked his horse beside her.

"Mother!" cried Philip Carew, "how dare you, — I mean, how could you?"

He leaped from his saddle and would have lifted her upon the horse, but she drew back.

"Something's wrong with the car, and I thought it best not to get a carriage," he said. "What dress is that you are in?"

Aileen looked from her lover to her son. In a flash, she saw what her new life might mean to Philip. Humiliation — the thwarting of his father's hopes and his own. She hesitated, and for a moment she dropped Michael's hand. Then she lifted it again and pressed it passionately to her breast.

"Philip," she said, "you're my child, but I was Michael's before you were born. I'm in his debt for twenty-five years of sorrow, for 't is him that has suffered, while I was dead, since the night I was traitor to him."

They had no need of speech, she and Michael. He felt what she wanted of him, and so he spoke to Philip: —

"You're young. You'll make your life, as others do, in spite of shame and a bit of thwarting. We'll do what we can for you, Aileen and I. There's many a spot in Ireland we can find, so we find it together; linens and cottages enough, and while we have each other we have all the world."

They looked into each other's eyes, and they forgot Philip Carew. He was practical and conventional, rich and impatient of peasants, but he was a Celt, too; he had a touch of that imagination that is the crown of his race, and he knew that he was in the presence of a love that was greater than his will, or his mother's, or Michael's. There they stood, those two, one who had known all that wealth could give for more than half her life, and one who had never been served by others; one who was trained in all the usages of the sophisticated world, and one who had never been fifty miles from his little hamlet; but love had made them equals. As they stood hand in hand, looking into each other's eyes, time and sorrow were as nothing to them; and perhaps they were somehow an atonement to the spirits of other lovers who had suffered and lost, and died unsatisfied.

Young Philip Carew turned away, sobbing as he had sobbed when his father died; but the lovers did not hear. Michael was thinking of an old Celtic song, the refrain of which ran, —

Death to us all, and his own life to each!

Aileen was thinking of the wonder of their deliverance to each other. She held close to her lover, lest her dream should escape her. And together they turned back along the road that leads from the sea to the mountains.

TWO PLAYS BY CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

In discussing drama that is put into book form for library enjoyment, and literature that is created with the stage in view, the critic of books is somewhat at a disadvantage. The great plays that form an essential and almost a fundamental part of our literature unquestionably are more impressive on the stage than in the study, and their authors unquestionably wrote them with the stage, and not the study, in mind, as their proper setting. A critic, therefore, is bound by common sense to regard a drama as literature of a certain special kind, as much addressed to the eye as a painter's picture, and as much addressed to the ear as the score of an opera. When a drama succeeds in appealing to both sight and hearing without sacrificing its importance for the reflective mind, we must recognize in it a work of true dramatic art.

The two dramas recently written by Charles Rann Kennedy, *The Servant in the House* and *The Winter Feast*, come clearly within this definition, and manage also to convey a moral message without sacrificing to this the other interests. Briefly, they are constructed as integral products of a morality, an intelligence, and an artistic perception that play into each other with unusual flexibility. In the first of the dramas to be produced, — I believe it was the second in actual order of writing, — there is an extraordinary amount of concentrated moral teaching, made palatable to the general audience (who are not, indeed, inclined to find a moral lesson as unpalatable as the more specialized audiences find it) by the rapid movement of the interest, the interspersal of deep sentiment with lively humor, and the familiarity of the human types represented; also by the supreme authority of the dominating figure in the play. To the casual observer this dominating figure seems to represent the moral element more or less detached, at least embodied in a separate entity, as in the Scriptures the figure of Christ is seen to move, act, and live as an individual personality; a close consideration of the drama shows, however, that he is not so much the symbol of a detached morality as the burning-glass by which the existing morality in human beings is drawn to an effective concentration.

The outline of the plot is almost classically simple. An oriental servant arrives in the household of a vicar, where troubled conditions reveal themselves. These conditions are neither mysterious nor difficult to understand. The drains of the church and of the vicarage are wrong, and the Vicar's congregation in consequence is falling off. He is unable to obtain money to repair the church building, and his spirits are much depressed. It is presently made clear that his social position is somewhat exceptional. He began life as a workingman's son and was given an education through the efforts of his two brothers, one of whom later went to India and became a bishop there, while the other remained in England and followed his trade as a mender of drains and sewers. The latter (his own wife being dead) has given his little girl to his brother, the Vicar, to educate and care for. At the opening of the drama the Vicar, who has heard nothing of his two brothers for many years, receives word from each that he will visit the vicarage that day. The brother of the Vicar's wife, the hypocritical and scheming Bishop of Lancashire, also arrives to complicate a situation already complicated by the dislike of the Vicar's wife for the workingman whose daughter she has had kept in ignorance

of her parentage. The child, Mary, and Rogers, a page, complete the number of characters represented.

The foci of the moral situation are the reciprocal relation of the child and her father, and the relation of the Vicar to his sacred responsibilities as a follower of Christ. The problems are these, stated in their crudest form: Shall the child be enlightened as to her father's person and occupation? shall the Vicar continue to deny his brother by act, if not by word? shall the church receive financial relief through the ungodly practices suggested by the Bishop of Lancashire? Or, further condensed into one broad statement: Shall the world and the devil prevail against the religion of Christ?

From these elements it would be quite possible to construct a play as melodramatic in its spiritual effects as the dramas of fire and flood still popular with the people. The impact of a classic taste upon modern material has driven *The Servant in the House*, on the contrary, along paths of marked restraint and seriousness. The impression made by its workmanship upon any mind familiar with various forms of art must be analogous to the impression made by certain early Renaissance paintings in which the austerity of the past has not fully relaxed its hold, but is reproduced under a glowing general tone, learned in the practice of new methods.

There is a diffused radiance of goodness in the play which is at once its greatest moral attribute and its most important technical achievement, and this radiance is at its utmost intensity in the person of Manson, the Eastern servant, whose influence is exercised upon all the others. From the beginning one feels in every character this potential moral force, with the single exception of the Bishop of Lancashire, who serves very well as a modern version of his Satanic Majesty. Using symbol for the most part with vitality of effect, there are moments when, his audience obviously in his mind, the author betrays a tendency toward its excessive use. No doubt the natural impulse of the dramatist who writes consciously for the requirements of the stage is to insure the holding of attention in all parts of the house, and this necessitates a certain amount of emphasis that might very well be lessened were only those nearest the footlights taken into consideration. In the same way he perhaps insists upon an amount of enlightening symbol for the benefit of a more or less withdrawn mental vision that otherwise might miss his points, and this would be unnecessary with one keen to note the finer shades of expression.

A considerable number of Mr. Kennedy's readers — perhaps fewer of those who constitute his audience in the theatre — do not require Manson's flowing Eastern robes or his scriptural allusions to recognize in him the embodiment of the Christian spirit, or, to put it plainly, the Christ with us. To the few in the front seats, Manson would, metaphorically speaking, appear even a more impressive figure than he is, if divested of the slight but insistent claims upon recognition that give to his character an historical importance which seems superficially to compete with its moral importance, thus slightly confusing what we may call the values of the dramatic picture. This probably is particularly obvious to a contemporary who finds it difficult entirely to separate the text of the drama from the first impersonation on the stage, an impersonation of the utmost dignity and sweetness, but one that through accidents of resemblance brings out with especial clearness the likeness of Manson to the Christ of history and art. There is an almost mocking recognition of this resemblance as a necessity in the early dialogue between the Servant and Rogers.

Rogers. What d' you wear them togs for? This ain't India.

Manson. People don't always recognize me in anything else.

Rogers. Ga'rn, Mr. Manson, that's a

bit orf! Clothes don't make all that difference, come now!

Manson. They are the only things the people of this world see.

The important point is the real resemblance in the effect of the central figure upon his environment to the effect of the Christian religion upon those who came close to its founder. Without any of the expedients common to the uninspired proselytizer, Manson draws out in the people of the household he has entered a self-questioning habit. Under his influence, indirectly exercised, they interrogate right and wrong, and their attitude toward their fellows. Their minds are lifted unconsciously to a higher level, and they begin to consider the proportionate place of permanent standards and ideals in the world. Especially they begin to look with the eyes of sympathy upon the souls of men, and to recognize strivings toward spiritual betterment that formerly had been concealed beneath prejudices and dislikes.

To create a character recognizable by its effect upon other characters requires a remarkably certain and delicate insight into human nature. Mr. Kennedy's Manson, rising as he does above the moral level of his surroundings, without worldly ambitions or emotions, would easily be confused with those vast images of stone and wood that suggest only idolatrous worship, did he not possess the power of acting through others. It is of the essence of his life that it should be vicarious, that his spirit should join with that of all mankind to purify and energize it, and this is made manifest in the action of the play without the awkward machinery of explanation. Much of his talk is question, and his hearers by their responses are revealed to themselves. It is the art of Socrates, and as difficult to use successfully as in the days of Athenian scholarship. In the case of Manson it is maintained consistently until it is abandoned for the plain speaking of the fourth act — an act which, in its interior drama, resembles that of the cleansing of the Temple in the Biblical narrative.

The action throughout takes place in the region of the conscience and the mind, and in a singularly pure atmosphere of sincere and passionate, yet gentle feeling. The plot is without the conventional "love" interest, yet two kinds of love — that of a child and father, and that of a wife and husband — are analyzed with amazing penetration. The workingman who has given up his child enters her presence after his interview with Manson, with his heart stirred to a sense of that self-sacrifice which almost inevitably is a part of the paternal relation. Mary, ignorant of his identity, enters into talk with him concerning his lost child and her own father that becomes poignantly significant to the initiated hearer. Presently the child asks concerning his daughter, "Where is she now?" and the following dialogue takes place: —

Robert. Never you mind. She's bein' looked arfter.

Mary. By whom?

Robert. By people as I've allus hated like poison!

Mary. Why, are n't they kind to her?

Robert. Yus: they've made 'er summat as I could n't 'a' done.

Mary. Then why do you hate them?

Robert. I don't any longer. I 'ates myself, I 'ates the world I live in, I 'ates the bloomin' muck 'ole I've landed into!

This is a characteristic passage. Throughout the play we continually note such gradual transference of hatred from individuals to conditions, the gradual shifting of the responsibility for conditions from the shoulders of others to the shoulders of the individual who has been ready to blame them. It is a temper of mind that is emphasized tenfold in the later scene between Mary and the Vicar, when the latter assumes the responsibility for his brother's downfall, and it is a mark of the elevation of the author's conception that we become interested in this

struggle between the lower and the higher nature, not because of our interest in the individual strugglers, but as a symbol of the eternal conflict of the forces of good and evil working through mankind. Our personal sympathies are awakened for the father robbed of his child, for the child robbed of her father, and for the Vicar tossed hither and yon by the storm in his soul; but we are stirred to a depth beyond the reaches of personal sympathy by the appeal to the spirit of righteousness within us, by the response of that spirit to the command of the moral law.

The interweaving of this ancient religion of brotherhood and fatherhood with the simple and warm sentiment that is aroused in every natural human heart by the thought of such relationships, is performed not merely deftly, but with a kind of inspired delicacy. Whether we have been bad sons or good sons, cruel brothers or kind, there is the immemorial quickening of the breath and surging of the blood in the veins at the vision of a father despised or a brother denied; and to this feeling, incorporated with our life from the beginning, all the external incidents of the plot are addressed. Nothing could be more touching or more true to the idealism of an imaginative child than Mary's effort to build a picture of her father that shall satisfy her instinct of hero-worship. Nor could anything be more moving than the dawn of the consciousness in the father's mind of his inferiority to that idea, and of the dread of his child's awakening to the fact of his relation to her.

These, however, are comparatively superficial emotions; the deep reality of the emotional situation lies in the meeting of all these diverse minds and temperaments on the ground of sane renunciation. The strained and forced renunciation of the ascetic and mystic has no part in the drama. Nothing is asked of these sound-bodied human beings but the free giving up of their acquired habits in favor of a sturdier morality. Their fears and prejudices, their angers and revolts, are banished by the simple and commonly unpopular religion of work; and they are led to choose their own paths. In the worship of his "job," his "lovely bit of work," the Drain Man forgets that it means horror and possibly death. He has discovered that the church is built upon a vault in which the dead are buried, and that this is the source of the Vicar's troubles, and he offers himself as the man to set things right. The strength of his inheritance from the laboring class, and the genuine though hitherto slumbering force of his character, impel the Vicar to join with his brother and renounce his life of words and doctrines for the labor that lies at hand. The subtlest passage in the drama is introduced at this point with great simplicity. The Vicar is striving to persuade his brother not to undertake the dreadful task. Martha, his wife, is listening to their combat of arguments and protestations. She has been the idolatrous wife whose love for and absorption in her husband's physical and worldly comfort have choked the higher aspirations of his nature and kept him in bondage to her love. In one violent moment of plain speaking the Vicar has thus defined her class: —

"What else but idolatry is this precious husband-worship you have set up in your heart — you and all the women of your kind? You barter away your own souls in the service of it, you build up your idols in the fashion of your own respectable desires. You struggle silently amongst yourselves, one against another, to push your own god foremost in the miserable little pantheon of prigs and hypocrites you have created."

In this character she has fought against the acknowledgment of the brother who has fallen to the lowest social level, against the keeping of the church pure from the schemes of the worldly bishop, and against all hindrances to her husband's material advancement. But in her mind also the leaven of Christian humility has been working, and when her husband is vainly endeavoring to take from Robert the glory of his dedication to the "job"

he knows how to perform, it is she who exclaims, "There is yet one other way!" Pricked by the spur of this suggestion, the Vicar completes his emancipation from the very fetters she has fastened upon him. With characteristic violence, and unable even at this moment to do his own deed without recourse to the eloquence in which he has been trained, he cries to his brother, —

"Then by God and all the powers of grace you shall not go alone! Off with these lies and make-believes! Off with these prisoner's shackles! They cramp, they stifle me! Freedom! Freedom! This is no priest's work — it calls for a man."

And upon these furious utterances fall the quiet words of his wife: —

"God's might go with you, William! Accept him, Christ."

Thus at the end the most stubborn nature in the group is the one to yield most.

The energy of the drama lies in these close readings of heart and mind as much as in the emphatic phraseology and the artfully constructed rise of the plot from lower to higher levels of interest; the fact that it is impossible to describe it as a whole or in part without a loss of its dignity and pathos is sufficient proof of its real subtlety of workmanship under its appearance of rapid ease and spontaneity.

In *The Winter Feast* we enter at once a different atmosphere. The scene is cast in the eleventh century, some twenty-five years or more after the discovery of America by the Norsemen. The names of the characters, Thorkel, Biorn, Olaf, and the rest, are those of history and saga, but the plot is imaginary. It is simpler in its main lines than even that of *The Servant in the House*, but there is a perpetual by-play of allusions, a twisting of motives, a complication of misunderstandings that play about the fundamental structure of the plot as the angled and twining ornament of a Gothic cathedral plays about the pillars and arches. To suggest the idea of ornament may, however, be more or less misleading, so clear and rapid and unadorned is the language of the play, and so strictly are the classic unities preserved. Again, the drama is one of moral significance. The quotation that stands as its corner-stone is this: —

"The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place, and your covenant with death shall be disannulled and your agreement with hell shall not stand."

The interplay of character and destiny is woven about a lie which brings catastrophe in its wake, with the inevitableness of Æschylean tragedy. The characters number eight. They are Thorkel, an old viking; Valbrand and Biorn, Thorkel's son and foster-son; Olaf, son to Biorn; Ufeig, a priest; Odd, a thrall; Herdisa, Valbrand's wife; and Swanhild, their daughter. The time is between the hours of seven and ten on the evening of Winter's Night Feast, October 14, 1020 A.D. The place is the homestead of Thorkel in Iceland. At the opening of the first act, Valbrand's character is indicated by the fact that his sword is being wound with hemp about the handle by Odd the thrall, in order that its master shall find the grip easier to the hand. Thorkel comments scornfully that in his own day "men were more fain to grip cold iron than hemp." And he makes the further comment that Valbrand has not sung since his marriage with Herdisa. Valbrand is thus seen at once as the typical man of letters, the skald or singer of songs, whose taste is more for lovely words than for the feeling of cold iron.

Presently, Ufeig, the priest, enters. Immediately before his coming the warning has been heard: a cry, half-human, of wind and storm cleft by thunder, which, heard on Winter Feast, is a boding of ill luck. The evil character of Ufeig is soon revealed, and we come direct to the great issue of the drama, the lie that has to fulfill its mission in the human lives involved. Ufeig and Thorkel are left alone, shortly to be joined by Valbrand, and from their conversation the story of the past is learned. Twenty years before, Herdisa

had scorned Valbrand and had bestowed her love unasked upon his foster-brother Biorn, who is no skald, but a valiant fighter. Biorn sailed with Thorkel to Vineland, but did not return with him. Thorkel brought back from him a scorning message to Herdisa, and she in anger was wedded to Valbrand. Ufeig, discovering that the message was a lying one, threatens to disclose the fact to Herdisa, and although Thorkel and Valbrand both hold him in hatred, both finally "hansel peace" with him to ensure his silence. Ufeig reports the coming of a ship with a stranger, who sends Thorkel a message which discloses his identity. He is Biorn, and at the end of the first act he enters the room where all finally have assembled, to be greeted by them according to their individual knowledge or ignorance of the secret.

In this act we are in the presence of strong emotions, of craft and guile, of weakness and evil power. Not a glimmer of the cheerful light of sound morality reaches the dark scene. We tell off the characters by their sins in the absence of any known virtues. Thorkel has lied to promote the interests of his son against those of his foster-son. Ufeig, who is the spirit of evil masquerading as virtue, and who has thrice received injuries from Thorkel, uses his knowledge of the lie to promote his own interests, later to be disclosed. Valbrand, discovering that his happiness is founded on a lie, is feeble of will and suffers the deceit to continue. Herdisa has been stung in pride to the point of choosing her mate without love. Swanhild, who runs in to tell her dream of a lover, is the only purely innocent creature in the group by which Biorn is received.

The next act is an impressive piece of close-knit plot, and grim story-telling. Events march rapidly. Angry passions are at white heat, and find voice in fierce action. The spectators must look on at a tornado of conflicting emotions, with a sense of the vast gulf separating such primitive life from our modernity, yet also with that certain response upon which we all may count when the depths of human nature are stirred in any age or any land, however alien to our own. Biorn sitting at table tells of his wanderings, of how he remained at Vineland to try and save the daughter of the Red Folk's king who had risked her life to set the white men free. He had lived with her a twelvemonth, then she had died. He hints at the existence of a son, but does not speak plainly concerning him. He asks Swanhild if she is betrothed, and when she tells him of her dream-lover he promises to find him for her. This is the peace before the storm, but the audience and the reader feel the brooding tempest in the air. It breaks with the entrance of Ufeig, who presumes upon the "peace hanselling" of Thorkel and Valbrand to ask Swanhild's hand for his son Black Helgi. Upon this, Valbrand breaks peace and Thorkel betakes himself with his terrible sword to Ufeig's house. Biorn and Herdisa, left alone together, go over the past with swift short words that pelt like hail upon the ears. The lie is discovered, and, as Valbrand reënters, Biorn casts at him the taunt, "Unloved!" At Herdisa's bidding, Valbrand follows his foster-brother, bearing two swords. Herdisa, left brooding by the fire, murmurs, "Biorn shall pay for that bitter word."

During the act there is a constant cross-play of words and meanings, amazingly true to the habit of the ancient sagas. For example, when Herdisa uses the word "mocking" in her talk with Biorn before the discovery of the lie, she remembers that she was mocked by him, and for a moment they bandy the word back and forth, she feeling its sting and he unconscious of her feeling. The skald idea, also, is harped upon, keeping the difference between skald and warrior continually in the mind of the audience. There are, however, no elaborations that do not play their part in emphasizing the significance of the principal ideas. These are driven into the consciousness of the hearers with sharp reiterated strokes that

play a kind of primitive tune in the mind — a Siegfried anvil-song without Siegfried's joyousness. Up to this point there is no joyousness in the play, but the very ferocity of the characters, the pride of Herdisa, the sharp contempt of Biorn, have a certain tonic effect, a stimulus as of stinging icy winds in the sudden gusts of winter.

The third act carries the story along toward its unsuspected crisis. Herdisa, still sitting by the fire, imagines Biorn to be slain and pictures the horror to her mind. Swanhild enters, and she and her mother talk of the child's likeness to her father, and then of their guest, whose early story she does not know. Thorkel enters to say that he has killed Black Helgi and his brothers, an incident that takes a minor place in the great march of tragic events. A cry is heard without, and Swanhild is sent to her bed, as Odd the thrall comes in bearing a sword. He tells his tale of the battle between the brothers, but one of the mists of the true Scandinavian saga has arisen and he knows not who is killed. He knows only that the sword was given him by the survivor, whose face he could not see, with the message, "Go tell thy mistress he whom she hates is dead."

The sword is examined and the haft is found to be bare, thus indicating that it is Biorn's sword, and that Valbrand, not Biorn, is the one who has been slain. Herdisa, in a revulsion of intense feeling, cries out, "What word is left me? Our house hath lost its tongue. Valbrand the skald is dead!" Then, declaring that she killed him when she killed his singing twenty years before, she exalts the gift of song and calls upon Thorkel to avenge his son's blood. In this compressed and vehement scene it is enough to follow the tumultuous beating of hearts without attempting to analyze Herdisa's upwelling loyalty to her husband with whom she has lived for twenty years. It may be a profound reading of human nature that shows the bonds of kindness and custom strengthened to equal those of early passion; it may be the sense of justice toward the dead, and vengeance for murder, as obligations of the most exacting order which form so large a part of the morality of the sagas; it may be the result of a gradual turning of Herdisa's affections unconsciously toward the gentle virtues and gifts of Valbrand, the skald, — a type as winning, no doubt, in ancient times as in the present; it more probably is the excess of self-abasement following upon a vengeful mood. Whatever the cause, the eloquence of the wife commanding vengeance on her husband's murder has in it the true thrill of tragic drama. There is no pettiness, no weakness, no indecision or reflection. The fierce primitive nature of the Icelandic woman is awake in her, and her feelings, from whatever source they spring, demand instant and violent action, nothing less than the blood-atonement.

Ufeig enters while she is urging Thorkel to vengeance, and tries to tell them news which she will not hear, believing that she knows all. Spurred by her furious emotion, she goes forth to seek means of revenge. Ufeig continues to talk, and Thorkel begins to suspect the truth, that Biorn, not Valbrand, is dead. When Ufeig has left, he calls Swanhild, to question her as to which of the swords Valbrand took with him. She knows nothing, and he follows Herdisa. Swanhild, seated by the fire, ponders the mysteries of the night. Olaf enters, and she recognizes in him the lover of her dream.

Thus the third act, which opened in darkness and horror, closes on this gentle picture of youth and simplicity and trustfulness. The fourth act continues the picture with as sweet a passage of love-making as may be found in all literature. The typical saga tangle of misunderstandings is again introduced, but with tender, blithe merriment and good humor. Olaf, weary from his journeyings, presently is sung to sleep by Swanhild, and while he sleeps Herdisa enters, her thirst for atonement still unsatisfied. Swanhild is sent to her bed, and, Olaf awakening, Herdisa

tells him of Valbrand's death without speaking Biorn's name, and spurs him on to offer the blood-atonement. She asks him to swear on the sword she holds, and as he bends to kiss the sword he sees that it is Biorn's, and dropping it takes back his oath. Herdisa, who has been absorbed in her own passions, now looks at him for the first time, and seeing the likeness to his father, asks who he is. He tells her, and she attempts to hold him to his oath, but cannot. He escapes from her to Swanhild's Bower, where she has spun her day-dreams, and there slays himself.

The character of Olaf and that of Biorn are outlined in this act with an economy of means, and a definiteness and comprehensiveness of portraiture, certainly not easily to be paralleled in modern drama. When Herdisa, after learning Olaf's identity, still tries to claim his help, he says to her quite simply, "How shall I slay my father whom I love?" And as she still presses his oath upon him, he adds, "He would but kiss me whiles I did the deed." In this we have a complete picture of the reciprocal love and understanding that have existed between the father and the son. Their life together in the wild of Vineland; their journey to Biorn's home; the affectionate plotting of the father for the son's happiness; the weakness of an oath in that son's eyes in comparison with the unspoken bond between him and his father; the entire little history of ineffable charm and poignant suggestion, is told in the two brief phrases which turn the tragedy from one of ruthless woe and desolation to one through which the spirit of love penetrates with a power to illumine the darkest shades of human misery.

In the last two acts we have the culmination of all these plans and hopes gone hopelessly awry. At the opening, Valbrand has returned and Swanhild is breaking his heart with her happiness, as yet unconscious of her own misfortune, and joyful that her mother's mourning will be turned to rejoicing by the appearance of Valbrand among the living. Then in a single breath come her finding of Olaf dead in her Bower, Valbrand's sudden madness at this crowning horror of his destiny, the death of Herdisa, and the disintegration of the family that was founded on a lie.

In this drama Herdisa is the controlling character. The waves of emotion beat upon her mighty personality without changing it. In *The Servant in the House* the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ," is exemplified. Until the Vicar and his wife have seen that the mere bringing up of their brother's charming child was the least of the claims made upon them by the spirit of brotherhood, their lives are essentially lawless. When, at the end, all are at last prepared to labor together for the making of a cleaner and kinder world, the law of Christ is established. In *The Winter Feast*, among the clash of contending wills and minds, we may perceive the influence of a superb but destructive individualism. The mesh that has been wound about Herdisa is cut by her vast egoism. To fulfill the necessity of her mood she commands the slaying of one brother by another, of a son by a father, of a father by his son. All issues pale in the light of her concentrated purpose of vindicating her personality. In Olaf and Biorn we see the noble ready power to give themselves and their lives rather than do hurt to kindness and loyalty. In Herdisa, on the contrary, the force of her nature, which, turned toward happiness, would have flooded many lives with joy, turned toward misery, finds no instrument too delicate or too weighty for the accomplishment of her vengeance. She is swept out of herself by a repentance as tremendous as her wrath, and as deadly. The working of her individual will contains a lesson as profound as the lesson of *The Servant*. And it is one of the triumphs of the drama that, with all this concentration of purpose, a natural sweetness and affection gleam through the prison of her passionate brooding upon one idea, realizing for the spectator the beauty of her perverted possibilities.

In both plays it is perfectly apparent that the moral ideal, the moral life, is to the author the most important thing in the world. It is so important that he has called upon his highest abilities to serve it. Unfortunately, many a writer, especially in these later years of multitudinous literature, has made the moral ideal do the work of both morality and art, and in its name has produced works of curious unworthiness. The result is still more painful when a writer, as not uncommonly happens, depends upon the immorality of his point of view to hold the interest of his public, and permits himself to subordinate his æsthetic instinct, and trust to his subject to carry him through. Mr. Kennedy has a different method. It is his "little job" to write dramas, and he puts into the perfection of his execution as much passion as the ancient monks put into the pictures they painted to the glory of God. In consequence, his work hangs together with the integrity of good craftsmanship. There are no empty spaces, no loosely woven connections, no structural points unaccounted for. The whole is tight and true and of the firmest texture. There are contrast and rhythm and balance, especially there is the sense of substance. Even in *The Winter Feast*, where the scene is laid in a distant country and the characters are kept faithfully adherent to ancient types, the feeling that they belong to this ponderable world, and not to the eccentric aerial world of the imagination, is not for a moment lost. This in part is because they care for moral questions, which is the quality that divides real from imaginary characters far more positively than it divides man from the brutes. But it is also in part due to the fact that the author has not only thought but observed, and has sifted his observation of this incredible world untiringly for those elements that will best lend credibility to the spiritual world which he discerns beneath all appearances.

DEMOS TRIUMPHANT

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

PROSPERO touched the lips of Caliban;
And to speech, calling, answered timid thought,
Which made the loutish fingers deft, and taught
The fierce heart patience. Shrewd the master's plan;
But on a day was lifted the long ban
Of fear, — when the wand, broken, no spell wrought,
And Ariel vanished. Then the master sought
Where he had left a slave, and found a man.
And Prospero was afraid, expecting death
From one he thought mad with remembered wrong;
And cursed his broken wand and vagrant elf.
But Caliban said gently: "Of thy breath
Was born the spirit which has made me strong.
Caliban spares thee lest he shame himself."

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

BY BARRETT WENDELL

More than he could ever have dreamed, the passing of Mr. Norton has stirred among those whose lives came within his influence a deep sense of loss in all familiar things. There can be no more tender consecration of a human memory. What he meant for so many of us is shadowed in the fact that, when one tries to write of him, the pen will hardly trace any prefix to his name. Norton, alone, we have always called him among ourselves, partly in admiration, partly in affection. Any intruding word now seems tinged with perfunctory untruth.

Yet the name by itself would be less truthful still, if it should happen to imply any touch of careless familiarity. We younger men never thought of calling him so, face to face. His presence gently compelled such courtesy as it embodied. A college memory, perhaps, will best define how we felt about him. Years ago the then young Harvard *Lampoon*, emboldened by his kindly encouragement, published some amiable caricatures of Harvard worthies — a series brought to abrupt end by the intervention of a faculty not yet free from the self-conscious austerity of olden time. The third of them, before me as I write, represents him in his lecture-room, in the spring of 1877. On the table before him reposes the high hat he used to wear, described in a later number of the *Lampoon* as the "remarkable covering of a head so filled with lines of beauty as to be careless of their external existence in its immediate neighborhood." When the drawing was shown him, he smiled and gave us leave to use it. We were blundering, no doubt; but we were honestly trying to make trenchant comment on the life about us, and we hated sham. So did he. The lines we selected as a motto for his portrait he never saw till they came to him in print. The scholarly defects displayed by their orthography must have seemed desperate, unless — as I hope — they made him smile again. If he felt, the while, a bit of how truly we meant the motto, it may have pleased him, too. Here it is as it stands on that old page, setting forth how he seemed to us, not only then, but steadfastly to the end: —

> He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde
> In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
> He was a verray perfight gentil knight.
> — Chaucer, *Prologue.*

Had that been all, he would have stayed Norton in our hearts — an enduring, gentle memory of college days, when the world was unreal, and we might have given all our better energies to strengthening the ideals which should by and by help us to confront it. There was far more, however, to enforce the sentiment awakened by experience of his presence. It was no mere form of words when I wrote, a little while ago, that his passing, in all the ripeness of his fulfilled years, has meant

> "A loss in all familiar things."

So far as we might count familiar the things not ignoble, we grew to feel that there was none of them, past or present, with which, as we came to know it, we might not confidently believe him already happily and securely familiar. Even in those days, to be sure, they had a fashion of pretending that, compared with erudite colleagues, he was a man rather of culture than of learning. Temperamentally this was true. Mere information he valued at its own insignificant worth. Whatever he knew, throughout the years of his unceasing acquisition, he cared for only when he could perceive its relation

to the system of truth and of wisdom towards which his aspiration stayed courageous. His learning was never a thing apart; it was a part of himself. Yet the better you knew him the more you marveled, not only at its range, but at its accuracy — an accuracy superficially submerged in the ease of his mastery. Thus, whenever we found ourselves in the presence of literature, of fine art, of history or philosophy, of politics, or even of the men and the deeds of each passing year, we grew experienced and secure in faith that Norton knew it all before us — that we might turn to him, at any moment, should opportunity serve, for instant, resolute opinion. This opinion would often differ from your own; it might even excite you to passing resentment; but it could never be ignored. It became, you could hardly tell when or how, a factor in your habitual estimates of life. When such an influence has persisted through five and thirty years, the world can never again seem quite the same without it.

What I mean must linger in the memory of almost all those who were ever among his pupils. His courses in the History of the Fine Arts, by which he was best known at Harvard, were elementary, but never superficial. No instruction could more constantly have aroused students to think for themselves. None, at the same time, could have done so by means more apparently remote from conventional appeal to emotion. His supreme trait as a teacher was exquisite precision — of manner, of speech, of knowledge, and even still more of conviction. Such precision could not help lending itself to kindly parody. At class dinners, accordingly, and at other such reunions of men whom he had taught, we have been apt for years to find some pleasant mimics, ready to enliven the occasion by variably happy imitations of Norton's lectures. Such an imitation would generally begin with a fantastically simple statement of fact, historical, literary, or artistic; it would pass on to some astonishing critical comment, so extravagant for exactitude that only the hesitant gentleness of the mimic's delivery could keep him from seeming explosive; and it would conclude in extensive ethical observations, ranging from political honor to table manners, as remote from the original matter in hand as the Man in the Moon. One laughed happily at these always friendly parodies. He smiled at them himself, when once or twice I heard them given in his presence. They were happily ridiculous; yet hardly anything could more vividly have recalled how he used to make his instruction penetrate natures on which the instruction of so many other men only impinged.

One pretty example of this I happen to remember. In a lecture about some aspects of the fine arts of Greece, he uttered devastating comments on the contrast between Greek articles of personal adornment and the machine-made scarf-pins, or watch-chains with dangling appendages, then observable in any company of American youth. A classmate of mine subsequently reproached him, in private, for lack of sentiment. The boy possessed some golden ornament, in the form of a horseshoe, affectionately given him by his mother; he was proud to wear it, he said, for her sake. Norton's reply, I believe, was gentle but final: an object of piety, he pointed out, is not consequently a thing of beauty. My friend's ardor of resentment took some time to cool. Years afterwards, though, I met him at a Roman goldsmith's, choosing some trifle for his wife. The horseshoe still gleamed not very far from his heart, where it belonged; but, as he showed me two pieces of delicate workmanship between which he was hesitating, he asked me, seriously and simply, which I thought Norton would prefer.

Serene courage of conviction, such as was thus trivially shown, pervaded the whole range of Norton's comprehensive culture. How it expressed itself concerning public matters the whole world

knows. His temper, I should think, could never have relished dispute, for its own sake; when feeling ran high his instinctive preference would probably have been for reticence. If so, he overcame insidious temptation, whenever he believed that duty or occasion called on him to speak. He felt so during the war with Spain in 1898. More than I remember before or since, he was publicly denounced in consequence. What public rejoinder, if any, he made, I do not recall. In private, about that time, I heard him utter one of his very few remarks which might have been taken as self-revealing. It was generalized, impersonal, in no wise confidential; but it was memorable. We of America, he said, believe that our country loves freedom of thought and of speech; yet is it not true that no force was ever more pitiless to either than the public opinion of our democracy? He said this very gently, almost sadly. It flashed itself into unison with something he had let fall elsewhere, and I think long before: the saddest fate in all human history must have been that of a Roman gentleman of culture, faithful to his ideals, in the third or fourth century.

Whether he consciously thought of himself when he made these sayings, one does not even guess. The grace of his personal reticence, counting intrusion beneath the dignity of friendship, stays commanding. When he spoke or wrote, publicly or in private, about friends who had gone before him, he was scrupulous to extenuate nothing nor aught to set down in malice. Above all else, however, he was punctilious in respect for their domesticity. Anecdote he loved; gossip he disdained; scandal he despised; shameless intrusion he so detested that his incessant care was to guard others, perhaps excessively, from the consequences of their own unpremeditated utterance. Not to reverence his example were disloyal. His own example, however, does not quite forbid the thought that, if he had deigned to speak of himself, these comments on the merciless tyranny of our public opinion, and on the tragedy of agonizing antiquity, suggest something of how he might have spoken. His mind was too fine for compromise, his sense of duty was too profound for languor, his courage was too alert for shrinking; and he did not always display flexible sensitiveness to the conditions of momentary environment. At times he thus appeared somewhat deficient in tact. Contradiction inevitably sprang from the ruder lips of others. Sympathy is never so loud. In such circumstance, there must hover in the air, even though unawares, a sense of isolation.

Beyond question, too, there was something occasionally and momentarily repellent about the calm certainty of his conviction. In controversy, he would sometimes appear so sure of himself that you were prone to fancy his vision infirm. His noblest qualities, it sometimes seemed, had enmeshed him in prejudice. When confronted with opposition of principle, or even of taste, he would now and then prove so far from sympathetic that you might well have supposed him to have left out of consideration any view of the question but his own. His sense of isolation, if indeed he felt it, you might thus have supposed the normal penalty of conscientious intolerance.

There could be no greater error. Whoever can recall the elasticity of his step when he was almost seventy-five years old, must wonder at the contrast between this physical vitality and the stooping figure which, even in early middle life, had combined with his quietness of manner to produce, at first glance, an impression of bodily frailty. Something similar was true concerning the range, the activity, the alertness, the severity of his mind. Let the question be of life, or of art, or of conduct, — of politics, of literature or painting, of personal honor, — and you could trust him to tell you just what he thought about it. Very likely you might have thought otherwise, and have based your opinion on facts not apparently in his possession. You mentioned them at

your peril. In all likelihood, he knew them better than you; only, after due consideration, he had concluded them negligible.

Years ago, for example, certain railways were struggling for the possession of a right of way in the Far West. They came to blows, to actual fighting, the newspapers told us, in the depths of a still unpenetrated cañon. For a while there was little law, of God or man, running in those latitudes. To my youthful mind, however, the conflict recalled the splendor of Elizabethan adventure. Of this I said something in his presence. He brushed it quietly aside, condemning the greed and the lawlessness of brute force, which added the horrors of human baseness and barbarity to the native horror of a desert wilderness. Admitting this, I tried to defend my sentimental enthusiasm, aroused by the magnitude of the game and the stake, by the colossal vigor of the players, and by the stoutness of their pawns. He lost no grace of his courtesy; but there was a gleam of triumph in his quiet smile when he gently made me understand, by casual mention of facts and figures, that for one page of my reading about the matter he had read ten, and that for one detail which I remembered he remembered twenty.

He had learned to use his faculty of acquisition with remarkable swiftness and certainty. This least salient phase of his culture was perhaps its most extraordinary. A single example will illustrate it better than generalization. In 1891 a committee of which we both were members authorized me to select, during a short visit to London, a number of books, to be given as prizes to Harvard students. At different times, for a good many days, the matter engaged my punctilious attention. The books, finally chosen, were sent to America. Lists of them, left in my possession, reminded me from time to time of what they were. If any one could carry in mind what that invoice contained, I should have supposed it would have been I. Meanwhile, having agreed with other members of the committee to entrust the purchase to me, he never saw either list or books until we assembled at Harvard, one autumn afternoon, to assign the prizes. The books were spread on a large table. For ten minutes or so, he looked them over; and I like to remember that he said something approving my choice. Then he sat down in some comfortable place from which he could not see the titles. The assignment of prizes began; one book allotted to this student, the next to that, and so on. By the time we had dealt with a half dozen, I could not have told you what was on the table, or what had never been there, — still less what had been assigned to whom, and what not. Norton, meanwhile, not only kept the whole fortuitous collection, of forty or fifty volumes, clearly and firmly in mind. From his distant chair, he reminded us with unfailing accuracy of just how we had disposed of every book already dealt with. To him, I dare say, the incident seemed commonplace, for it was only a casual example of how his mind worked. To me it was like some incredible feat of trained skill on the part of some famous player at chess or at cards.

It is hard thus to recount memories of him without seeming to imply that his distinction of mind and of manner, of nature, of habit and of taste, kept him separate from other men, whose lives touched his. To some slight degree, this may have been the case. Yet the difference involved less separation from others than you will generally find between college students and some worthy young instructor unknown beyond the catalogue, where you must turn to verify his existence. Norton had something like the simplicity of unconscious greatness. Combined with this was his impulsive friendliness to aspiration. I have touched already on one instance of this — his cordial welcome to the Harvard *Lampoon*, in its early days, when its effort to sustain good-humored satire was unabated, and its later taint of comic journalism

was still dormant. It may serve as an example of instances innumerable. He not only encouraged us; he was always willing that we should turn to him for counsel. Of the men who thus youthfully came within range of his influence, all who survive are now older than he was then. None of us, I think, has been very close to him in later life; yet none has ever forgotten him. So far as we have accomplished anything in literature or in art, — and even though our work may mostly have little endurance, we have tried to make it sweeten life and never vulgarize, — a constant element of our strength has sprung from the welcome he gave us when want of welcome might have meant starvation. He never pretended to approve us without reserve; but he understood that we were trying to be real. We can never fail in gratitude for our passing share in the greatness of his friendship.

For that way lay the power most wonderfully his, — not in creation, not in isolation of conscientious standard, not even in unswerving faithfulness to unrelinquished ideals. Apart as his spirit may sometimes have seemed to linger from the inexorable infirmities of earthly circumstance, fantastic or at best fastidious as the æsthetic purity of its aspiration may sometimes have made it appear, its unique force sprang from its faculty of communion. We have touched on lesser and incessant phases of this, shown in his relations with the students who sat under his teaching, or with little groups who knew the inspiration of his encouragement. Had it gone no further, the presence of him on earth would have been justified. And yet, in times to come, every trace of the matters on which we have been dwelling may fade from human memory without menace to the endurance of his fame. We have only to remember the tributes paid him far and wide when they bore him to his grave, a little while ago, in the eighty-first year of his age. Hardly a child in the English-speaking world but has thus been reminded how, throughout his time, he was greatly and equally the friend of men themselves held great.

Inevitably this must sometimes have seemed to imply in him some shade rather of weakness than of strength. Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and Rudyard Kipling have creative individuality, beyond peradventure, each in his peculiar way; so, in our own country, have Emerson, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Howells. Godkin had it, and George William Curtis; Arthur Clough and Leslie Stephen. The names come at random; the list of his friends might lengthen long, and never unworthily. Throughout, it would remind us of their achievements, so various that we may well marvel how he could reconcile such excellent divergences in the happy communion of his friendship. Uncompromising though he were, we can begin to feel him nobly flexible in his generous recognition of aspiration. To the present through which he lived he was at once as severe and as open-hearted as to the past which he had taught himself so comprehensively to understand. In both alike he sought excellence; in both he gave it greeting sure to evoke loyal response, from the admirers of the dead, and from the hearts of the living. No man ever dwelt amid a nobler company. When we repeat their names, and utter his beside them, it is no marvel that theirs sound the more memorable; that his, sweet and pure though the note of it be, sounds in some manner secondary.

So let it stay, if you will; yet there is another side to all this. Of the past, such reflection must forever seem recurrently true. The human generations can never quite lose that piety which makes each believe itself of lesser stature than the fathers. But if we ponder, for never so short a while, on the fifty years of his maturity, we can hardly fail to perceive that throughout them he was unique, at least in England and America. To tell why, we may best turn, perhaps, to the analogy of music. Grant that others than he

struck the higher notes, instantly accosting the ear, vibrating clearest in memory. Liken his part, if you will, to that of one who should sustain pure notes or melodies, themselves almost wavering into thinness, with firm and vibrant undertones. Recognize that enduring spiritual harmonies demand the full strength of such undertones, to uphold the seemingly higher strains, dominant by reason of their distinctness rather than of their volume. Reverently admit that we need both players alike, neither sufficient alone. And then, turning back from the mist of metaphor, remember how many utterances, various in all things but nobility of aspiration, were sustained, all his life long, by the vibrant undertone of his friendship. Seek, and you shall not find a single one, among the seemingly greater about him, ignobly distorted by his companionship; seek, and you shall find almost all happily the stronger for it. If a life like his have not true greatness, of its own gracious kind, then there has never been any approach to greatness in our modern world. For it was given to him to sound, far and wide, the noblest undertones of our ancestral spirit throughout the culminating period of the nineteenth century.

Those three words — our ancestral spirit — bring us home to our New England, where he was born, and lived, and died in his father's house, itself embodying the simplicity and the dignity of the generation ancestral to him. The spirit would not be ours if it were ours alone. There are fibres of it filming from the primal glory of Greece, and from the imperial grandeur of Rome. Intermingled with them are fibres from the cloudy and fiery antiquity of the Hebrews, and from the divine humanity of Christian story. There is barbarian strength and candor in it, as well; and all the mystic aspiration of the Middle Ages, striving towards the unearthly realization of a Holy Roman Empire. Chivalry has part in it, and sainthood; Normans. too, have theirs, and Saxons, and Celts. The Renaissance has thrilled it with culture, wakened from the sleep of a thousand years. The Reformation has stirred its depths, with tremendous faith that human sight may penetrate the veil which enshrouds divinity. Together these forces surged throughout the England of Queen Elizabeth.

And then our New England was planted, rude and solitary in its beginnings, a seed on the coasts of a continent unsubdued to the use of man. And it stayed rooted through generations aspiring towards righteousness with all the concentration of faithfully accepted Puritanism. Theocracy struggled and fell. The Revolution severed us from the Mother Country. Our Federal Republic was born, and grew, and strengthened. New England, still remote and narrow, persevered in righteous purpose; and from the seed of its persistent leaders there had come unperceived into being a race for a little while apart. Then, with the full nineteenth century, came the season of its efflorescence, and, if so must be, of its passing. Theology broke free from ancient shackles. For a season hope ran high that enfranchisement of the spirit should bring enduring enlightenment to all the future. Perhaps it shall: but not so swiftly as men dreamed in those buoyant days, nor yet in such guise as they fancied close at hand. The whole nineteenth century is history now, like the centuries numbered, and numberless, before it. To the world at large, the story of it stretches so vast that our New England, aspiring and fated, may soon fade forgotten. To us, the while, lingering in these parts, and to our children's children, the spirit of New England stays, and shall stay, ancestral — a noble sequel to the phases of the spirit from which its life was drawn, a noble forerunner, like each of them, for the still unrevealed spirit of the days to come. Hereabout the nineteenth century of New England has unique virtue. Even though the men who embodied it may never loom great in the full story of humanity, the loftier among them, bred through generations of aspiring leadership, attained a height

of distinction rare throughout human record. It was not only that in their final ripeness they had gentle distinction of bodily presence. More still, they were graced with the ineffable distinction of spiritual purity. That is what our ancestral spirit means to us of New England. From the heart of it came the vibrant certainty of Norton's marvelous undertone.

That certainty had root in the austere certitudes of Puritan theology, for him outworn. For him, indeed, they say that all theologies had come to seem so. Consecrated by common aspiration towards righteousness, all could afford inspiration, none could assure truth. Truth he found more nearly shadowed in the avowed creations of human imagination, and most of all in the supreme allegory of Dante. Of his actual works, none seem more sure to endure than his teaching and his versions of the *Divine Comedy*. Because of these, perhaps, there gathers about the image of him now a fantasy so vivid that, taking leave of him, I cannot refrain from setting it down. If, by chance, his eyes should open to another world than this, there would come over his features a hesitant look of wonder. If some voice should then call his name, he would rise unfaltering, ready to hear his sentence. And the words that he should hear could be none other than these: "Well done, good and faithful servant." And thereupon, with no downcast eye, he would gently bow his head, in courteous response to what Dante has called the courtesy of God.

PO' JO AND HIS NEIGHBORS

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

WIDE wastes of green or golden-brown, level as the sea and utterly bare of trees, the salt marshes lie silent and imperturbable beneath the fierce summer sun. Fringing the shores of every creek and river, girding the margin of every shallow sound, filling in the broad spaces between the narrow sandy coast-islands and the mainland behind, they cover thousands and thousands of acres — acres of real primeval wilderness that for more than two hundred years has defied the white man's civilization and will probably defy it to the end. Man builds no houses in the marsh. To him it is so much waste land and desert where neither axe nor plough can win him any profit; and so it is that here, in one of the oldest of the old thirteen states, you may travel for miles through lands where houses are to-day no more numerous than they were on that fateful August morning of 1492 when a certain daring mariner sailed out of Palos on that great quest which was to add a new continent to the white man's world.

This, I think, is in large part the secret of the marsh-lands' charm — the fact that they have not changed as the dry lands have changed; that, in spite of the plantation houses along their edges, and the boats that ply their creeks and sounds, they are now, in all essentials, just as they have always been. In a very real sense, they are remnants of the ancient wilderness; and upon their level expanses the tyrannous hand of man rests far less heavily than upon the solid lands. At any season, of course, small boats may thread the innumerable narrow tideways that wind here and there with endless serpentine meanderings; but it is only at comparatively rare intervals, when the full-moon tides spread far and wide over the low-lying flats, that you may invade the broad bosom of the marsh itself. On

most days, if you attempt to land, you sink, at each step, up to your knees in the soft black soil of the marsh, and in a moment you turn and flounder back to the creek where you left the boat. Close by a clapper-rail cackles noisily, as though laughing at your discomfiture; and, as you straddle the bow of the drifting bateau, dangling your feet in the water to rid your shoes of the mud, you reflect that perhaps it is as well, after all, that the marshes are closed to mankind.

For the clapper — marsh-hen, we call him hereabouts — is an example and a most instructive one. When the big tides come and dozens of boats are poled over marsh-lands which previously had been three or four inches above high-water mark, the rails killed in a day are numbered, not in dozens, but in hundreds and thousands; and yet, with each returning spring, the green flats ring as loudly as ever with the laughter of the clapper, and, aside from the little fiddler-crabs and other small backboneless folk, his tribe still outnumbers all the other peoples of the marsh. And now becomes obvious his value as an example — an example of what a strictly observed "close season" will do toward preserving any bird. The rail's close season is granted him, not by human law, but by Nature herself. During most of the year he is safe from man, since man can invade his home only on the comparatively rare days of abnormally high water. Thus he has a fair chance in the fight against his great foeman, and, in consequence, despite occasional days of massacre, he still holds his own in the land. The fish-crow pilfers his eggs, and the marsh-hawk takes toll of his young; but from the arch-enemy of the wild creatures the inaccessibility of his home safeguards him save at certain seasons. And as it is with the clapper, so is it in greater or less degree with those other long-legged marsh-dwellers who are, to my mind, among the most interesting of all the feathered kindred — the herons.

The land where I live is a veritable paradise of herons. To the inlander, the sight of a Great Blue Heron navigating the thin atmosphere high over field and woodland is an event to be remembered, perhaps an omen of approaching good or evil; but here in the land of the salt marshes, "Po' Jo," as the darkies call him, is an ever-present inhabitant. He is the largest and most impressive of all the marsh-inhabiting birds, and there is about him a certain admirable dignity which should have earned him a worthier, more stately name. In the early morning, when the dull crimson of the newly-risen sun is just merging into dazzling gold, he comes sweeping across the level plain of marsh, his wide wings moving with slow, measured beats, his slender neck bent into a snake-like fold, his long legs trailing behind him. He comes at no great speed — for he is never in a hurry; and a little awkwardly, with a craning of his sinuous neck, he alights on the muddy margin of the narrow, slow-flowing creek. There, it may be, he stands for an hour, never moving out of his tracks, yet taking heavy toll of the little finny companies that come swimming past his black toes. His head is drawn far back between his narrow shoulders, his long, spear-like beak rests lightly upon his lean breast, his small round eyes glitter sharply, keen and alert like the eyes of a hawk. Suddenly the snaky neck lengthens, the straight, strong beak shoots forward and downward, cleaving the muddy, marginal water like a javelin — and behold! there is a mullet the less in the world.

When the southern spring comes — stealthily and unobtrusively as is its wont in these latitudes, where winter is seldom really cold and the mockingbirds and white-throated sparrows sing sweetly even in February — the Great Blue wearies of the solitary life which he leads during the greater part of the year. He finds him a mate, as melancholy and dignified as himself; and the nest which is presently built is not a lonely castle in the wilderness, but one of many similar

homes belonging to others of his kind.

Some days ago, I spent a half-hour in a village of Po' Jo's. Some twenty nests there were, perhaps, built in a scattered grove of giant pines rising high above the dense, half-tropical jungle on one of the sandy sea-islands of this island-fringed coast. The hoarse squawking and deep-throated croaking of the villagers guided us to the spot, and we found it an evil-smelling place but well worth visiting. Here and there, from one lofty tree to another, the big birds flapped with a noisy beating of their wide wings, protesting loudly as we wormed our way through the tangled lower growth. The nests were rather bulky affairs of sticks, none of them less than forty feet above the ground: and on each nest, or on the branches near-by, stood either two or three youthful Po' Jo's, about two-thirds grown but still unable to fly. They stood rigid and absolutely motionless, looking not at all like birds, their long necks stretching straight upward and their wings flattened tightly against their lean bodies. So silent were they that, but for the constant flapping and raucous squawking of the parent birds, we might have passed close to the village and never suspected the presence of a score of dwellings high up in the pines. It was, as I have said, an interesting community, and our visit would have been a longer one had we not presently become aware of the fact that we were intruding upon certain other visitors of a different and not altogether friendly race. The deadly cotton-mouth moccasin, the scourge of the jungly sea-island forests, makes many a hearty meal upon the fragments of fish and frogs littering the ground beneath a Po' Jo village; and when one of us narrowly escaped being bitten, and when I glanced casually downward to find two evil-looking reptiles within a yard of my foot, we thought it time to seek fresher and somewhat less perilous woods.

Whatever measure of handsomeness there is about the Great Blue Heron is due to his imposing height and his undeniable dignity. Sometimes there is a certain grace about his movements; but in general he is rather an awkward fellow, too long of neck and leg, though marvelously skillful with his javelin of a beak, and blessed with a vast patience which the human fisherman must needs envy. In point of genuine beauty, he is far surpassed by some of his smaller kinsmen — by one especially which is, I think, in certain respects, the loveliest feathered creature that I have ever looked upon.

Time was when the marshes whose praises I sing knew the Snowy Heron as familiarly as to-day they know the Po' Jo. Armies whitened the mud-flats at low tide, multitudes nested and reared their young, year after year, on little bush-covered islets or "hammocks" scattered here and there on the face of the marsh. Men would have laughed you to scorn had you, in those halcyon days, foretold the imminent passing of the Snowy Heron — a bird so strong in numbers, so marvelously beautiful, and so harmless to mankind, that one could scarce imagine a cause which might lead to its extinction. Yet, in less than a quarter of a century, the Snowy Heron has all but joined the great company of vanished races — blotted out of existence because woman must wear upon her head feathers plucked from the bleeding back of a murdered parent-bird. It is an ugly tale, the massacre of the Snowy Heron — a tale that one does not like to repeat — the story of the almost complete annihilation of the most beautiful of North American water-birds. Even here, in this land of herons, where the Great Blue and the Little Blue, the Louisiana and the Green, the Night Herons and the bitterns still flourish as of old, the "Egret infinitely fair" — to translate somewhat loosely the Snowy's technical name—was, until very recently, considered almost, if not absolutely extinct.

A few weeks ago, on a calm, cloudless morning in May, I learned something

that no one else knew, and saw a sight that will linger long in my memory. For half-an-hour, as our launch sped swiftly down a certain broad marsh-bordered river, which for excellent reasons shall be nameless, we had watched with languid interest a small bush-grown hammock ahead of us, whence every now and then a few herons, some white, some dark, would rise a little way into the air and drift about for a while before settling down again. Our skipper had told us of this hammock, which was situated in the marsh about a hundred and fifty yards from the edge of the river, saying that he had often seen many "cranes" flying about above it; and we had decided to land and explore the place, though I never doubted that the "cranes" were merely Little Blue Herons, an abundant species. So, as we drew near, the launch swung in toward the green edge of the marsh and glided a little way up a narrow creek that brought us nearer to the hammock; and we, serene in the knowledge that our clothes were of the oldest, stepped out upon the soft "pluff mud."

Often, as we ploughed our way across the marsh, we sank almost to our knees; but being lean and long-legged and, for the time, not especially desirous of cleanliness, we pushed steadily though slowly forward until half the distance to the hammock had been covered. And then we saw the sight of which I spoke a moment ago. Up from the dense bushes clothing the island rose cloud after cloud of herons — some white and blue, some spotless white, some brown, some gray and black, some bluish-green. In hundreds, and as if by magic, they came up out of the green thickets, some of them perching on the tops of the bushes and examining us with outstretched necks, most of them rising twenty or thirty feet in the air and wheeling about in aimless intersecting circles. A wonderful sight it was, and one that I would have walked a dozen miles to see; for I knew that we had found something worth the finding. The pure white birds that swept here and there among their darker kinsmen had black legs and yellow feet — the distinguishing marks of the supposedly vanished Snowy Heron!

It was a red-letter day, — the day on which we found this city of Snowies, — and yet I cannot stop now to describe its glories. Somewhat later we found another islet, miles distant from the first, where a still larger colony was established; and during the next two weeks I made several trips to the two hammocks and saw something of the home life of their inhabitants. On each islet five different species of herons were breeding, — the Snowy, Louisiana, Little Blue, Green, and Black-crowned Night Heron, — associating in perfect peace and harmony: while, in addition, hundreds of boat-tailed grackles or "jackdaws," many red-winged blackbirds, a few nonpareils, and at least one pair of Carolina doves, had built their nests among the sparkleberries, yuccas, and palmettos which held the rickety castles of the "cranes." The area of the larger hammock hardly exceeds four acres, while the smaller is scarcely two-thirds as large; yet on one hammock there must have been at least a thousand herons, and on the other between six hundred and seven hundred. The Snowies, needless to say, formed only a comparatively small proportion of the total population. To count them accurately was an utter impossibility. At each island, as we drew near, the birds rose in successive companies of hundreds, — all five species mingling together, — so rapidly that by the time we had counted forty or fifty Snowies among their number, we were obliged invariably to abandon the attempt in despair. Hence our estimate of the number of Snowies — one hundred to one hundred and fifty on the smaller hammock, two hundred on the larger — may be considerably wide of the mark. But, however that may be, there is little doubt that these two colonies are among the strongest in all North America, just as they are,

so far as I am aware, the only colonies of the Snowy Heron known to exist today on the Atlantic Coast.

It would be difficult indeed to imagine a spot more interesting to the student of birds than either of these two heronries during the latter part of May. It mattered little that the sun beat down upon one's head with terrific force, that the grass was full of wicked, long-spined cactus-plants, that the air was heavy with the stench which is an inevitable characteristic of every heron-city. One took no account of these things. The air above was full of herons, herons were perching on the tops of the bushes all around, some of them within twenty feet of where I stood, hundreds of nests were hidden in the thickets within easy reach from the ground; and, with all this to see, of what consequence were a sun that burned like fire and an odor not altogether suggestive of myrrh? The hours flew by like minutes; and whether we stood out in the open, in plain view of the birds, or concealed ourselves in the thickets containing the nests, there was always so much movement, so much animation, so much to see and to hear, that the effect was bewildering.

Of the five different species of herons inhabiting these two islets, the Snowies were, of course, by virtue of their rarity, most interesting. They were, however, much shyer than their more commonplace kinsmen. If we stood in the open, they approached within gunshot range comparatively seldom; and, in fact, on each of our visits, most of them decamped temporarily, some rising hundreds of feet into the air, and flying away out of sight, others congregating in the marsh a quarter of a mile distant, their spotless bodies shining like whitest marble in the sun. The noisy, short-legged Black-crowned Night Herons also were rather shy: but the graceful Louisianas and the familiar Little Greens or "Skeows" were wonderfully tame. On each islet these two species outnumbered all the rest; and probably they were the owners of two-thirds of the hundreds of flimsily built homes in the thickets, from which, had we desired, we could have gathered bushels of eggs. The nests indeed seemed innumerable. Every clump of sparkleberry was full of them, and some were even placed amid the needle-pointed, sword-like blades of the yucca or Spanish bayonet. I counted ten within a radius of six feet, and thirty-five within a radius of twenty-five feet, ten of the latter lot, however, being grackle nests. Of the heron homes, some were empty, many held from one to five pale blue eggs, while most contained young birds in every stage of development, from helpless, flabby lumps covered sparsely with yellowish down, to weird fantastic creatures whose scant covering of feathers only partly concealed their greenish skins. We looked into the bright, twinkling eyes of hundreds of young herons, of five species and of every age and size, on our visits to these islands during the latter half of May, and I might discourse at length upon the varied manners and characteristics of the promising youth of the islands — the rising generation whose members, when spring comes round again, will become the parents of yet another generation. This, however, would be too lengthy a proceeding, and I must take leave of the nestling herons with the somewhat unkindly remark that never have I met with so fantastically hideous a crew, nor one so utterly ignorant of the cardinal laws of good breeding.

The constant clamor, the ceaseless activity of populous breeding strongholds such as these which I have attempted to describe, stand in sharp contrast with the imperturbable calm which broods over the trackless surrounding wastes; and in the marsh itself there is not, of course, so crowded a population as upon the bushy hammocks where the herons and grackles gather to build their nests. Now and again, as your boat slips down the creek with the falling tide, a long-necked Po' Jo rises and flaps heavily away. A

Green Heron flies swiftly over your head, shouting his queer falsetto call; and yonder, on an exposed mud-flat, half-a-dozen graceful Louisianas and three or four Little Blues, most of the latter wearing the white plumage of immaturity, are idling in the sun. Invisible clapper-rails cackle and laugh at one another, drowning momentarily the bubbling songs of scores of tiny marsh-wrens. High up in the blue, an eagle sweeps ceaselessly round and round, his wide wings motionless, his white head and tail shining like silver, his fierce far-sighted eyes fixed intently upon an osprey which, at a lesser altitude, circles above the calm water, searching keenly for the prey of which, it may be, the eagle will presently rob him. These are some of the commoner marsh-land birds — some of the feathered kindred whose homes and hunting-grounds are the pathless, treeless wastes where the foot of the tyrant seldom treads and his hand is not yet all-powerful.[1]

[1] The discovery of the two colonies of the Snowy Heron (*egretta candidissima*) mentioned in this article affords a ray of hope that this beautiful species may yet recover its lost ground. Before the next breeding season opens, steps will be taken to ensure the strict protection of these two colonies.

THE MEANING OF THE ELECTION

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

THE decision of every presidential election naturally arouses discussion and suggests reflection as to the future of the contending parties, both the victor and the vanquished. Opponents have many times predicted, after a great defeat, the dissolution of the Democratic party, and it was not unusual to hear the dissolution of the Republican party seriously discussed after the second election of Mr. Cleveland. But the Democratic party showed the capacity to survive the Civil War, and it is not likely to be dissolved by a fourth successive defeat while it still has a powerful organization in practically every state of the Union. Every country governed by representative institutions requires at least two parties, and there seems no reason to doubt that both the Republican and Democratic parties will continue to exist under their present names, even if they submit to changes in their creeds and membership.

More than seven years ago an article by the present writer was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title: "The Future of Political Parties." It was then pointed out that the future tendency of the parties was likely to be: in the case of the Republican party, along the lines of a resolute national policy, carrying forward, executing, and completing the grave tasks assumed when the United States acquired a footing in the Orient and became a factor in international diplomacy throughout the world; while the Democratic party was likely to drift into the attitude of the state socialist parties of continental Europe.

Although this analysis was made five years before Mr. Bryan made his celebrated utterance in New York in favor of government ownership of railroads, it was pointed out that along the lines of such measures as governmental ownership and old-age pensions would probably run the policies of the Democratic party in the future; but that in this drift towards state socialism, there might be eddies which would for a time turn the party back towards its old ideals. Such a side-current was the nomination of

Judge Parker in 1904. So far as the influences dominant for the moment in the Democratic organization were concerned, the nomination of Judge Parker meant a return to the sane and sober policies of the democracy of Tilden and Cleveland; but when the work of this organization was subjected to the test of the polls, it was found that with its purposes a great body of Democratic voters had no sympathy. Nothing is more eloquent of this than the way in which the vote cast for Mr. Bryan in radical states of the West shrank away when the same voters were asked to vote for Judge Parker and Ex-Senator Davis. Here are the comparative figures for a few states:

State.	*Bryan, 1900.*	*Parker, 1904.*
Iowa	209,265	149,141
Kansas	162,601	84,800
Michigan	211,134	134,151
Minnesota	112,901	55,187
Nebraska	113,513	51,876
Wisconsin	159,163	124,036

A shrinkage like this in the Democratic vote was not due to anything in the personality of Judge Parker except as he represented the elements of the old Democracy, temporarily in control, which were in favor of accepting the gold standard and were opposed to radicalism. It was due only in minor degree even to the great personal popularity of President Roosevelt with the masses, for his vote did not increase in any such proportion as the Democratic vote fell off. In Iowa the McKinley vote of 1900 was 307,808; the Roosevelt vote of 1904 was 307,907. In the other states named, Roosevelt gained over McKinley, but in nothing like the proportion in which Judge Parker lost. The followers of Mr. Bryan simply stayed away from the polls.

Turning to the conservative voters in the Eastern States, it appears that they have not been disposed under any circumstances to give a majority of their votes to Mr. Bryan and the ideas which he represents. New York in 1902 came within 9752 votes of electing a Democratic governor; in 1906 she elected the entire Democratic state ticket except the governor. But when asked whether she desired the adoption on the national stage of the policies of Mr. Bryan, she answered " No," by the emphatic plurality in 1896 of 268,469; in 1900, by 143,606; and in 1908, by 203,000. This result was brought about in large part by the votes of men formerly Democrats, but opposed to Bryanism as a political creed.

Thus, in the test of four elections since Mr. Bryan first captured the Democratic organization, the conservative and radical elements have failed to act together. The defeat of Judge Parker was significant to the friends of Mr. Bryan that no conservative candidate could surpass their idol in popular favor; it was significant also of the fact that the Democratic party had become essentially a radical party, and that it must look to radical elements for its future support.

What may be the personal fortunes of Mr. Bryan, it is not the purpose of this article to inquire. He will probably seek to control future nominations, even though he does not take them for himself, — to become a Warwick if he cannot become a king. Undoubtedly, resentment and revolt within the Democratic ranks will follow his recent defeat; but men of property and conservative temperament have been so persistently driven from places of power in the party organization during the past twelve years that it is hardly possible that their type shall obtain complete control, except possibly in a few states of the Northeast. Even if such control could be obtained, it would probably prove to be temporary in its character, and only another eddy in the current which is sweeping the party toward radicalism.

In these directions, moreover, lies the future of the Democratic party as a virile, consistent, cohesive organization. The weakness of both parties at about the time of Mr. Cleveland's second election was that they had ceased to have definite aims. Mr. Cleveland was, upon many points, a better Republican than

his predecessor. He stood resolutely for sound finance where General Harrison faltered. Mr. Roosevelt has proved that he is nearly as good a Democrat upon many points as Mr. Bryan, and perhaps a better Democrat than the only opponent he has met at the polls — Judge Parker.

No political party can govern long unless it has some vital principle. The Democratic party of Jefferson and Madison had practically achieved its mission before the Civil War. That mission was the reduction to practical legislation of the Declaration of Independence. Equal justice before the law for all men; the severance of the bond between church and state; the abolition of imprisonment for debt; the gradual reduction and final annulment of restrictions upon white manhood suffrage, — these were the mission and the achievements of the Democratic party in the early days of the Republic. Equality of all men before the law had been the arduous mission of the English-speaking race in the Old World during the centuries which began with King John and ended with the Georges. But equality before the law does not in itself mean an equal share in making the law. A share for every man in the government of the state was the achievement of the Democratic party in America, and the Liberal party in England, during the nineteenth century. Along with these achievements in both countries went many measures of social reform.

High hopes were entertained in all civilized countries that equality before the law, and equality in making the law, would bring about the reign of justice and equality of opportunity in all branches of human endeavor. But with the enormous increase of wealth arising from machine production emerged a new problem, only vaguely apprehended during the early conflict for purely political rights. This is the problem of economic equality, — the right of every man to his full share in the increased national resources of the race. This problem has not been solved by the achievement of political equality, but is likely to be the most fiercely contested political problem of the next generation. In so far as the Democratic party is able to present a solution of it which will bear the test of experience, and will increase the ratio of well-being dealt out to the average man, it is likely to find a mission and an opportunity.

On the other side, however, will always be arrayed the interests of those who have against those who have not. In their ranks will eventually be found men of achievement, of foresight, and of constructive power. From them, whatever their views of social questions, will come creative ideas for the development of the economic resources of the nation, for the extension of its political power and its economic opportunities in all quarters of the world. Up to the time of the intervention of the United States in Cuba these international problems had attracted little attention. The economic unrest which ultimately gave birth to the so-called "tariff reform" movement in Great Britain had already driven the British government to the extension of empire over India, Egypt, Australia, and many islands of the sea. The controlling motive behind these extensions of power was essentially economic, the necessity for markets for English goods, which should not be closed by discriminating taxes, or the open hostility of competing powers.

The first to enter on a great scale the field of manufacture, England was for a time not only ahead of her rivals, but almost without rivals; but, within the past generation, France, Germany, Belgium, and other countries have overtaken her in the field of production, and like her they have entered upon the struggle for control of the world's markets. The United States was late in appreciating the necessity for entering upon this contest. Her entrance came indeed almost as if by accident, with the sinking of a few ill-equipped Spanish ships in the

Bay of Manila on the first day of May, 1898. The country awoke, almost by magic, to the necessity of participation in international policies. Within two years Secretary Hay revealed the vital interest of this country in the markets of the Orient, by securing from the Powers the promise of an open door for the trade of all in Manchuria.

By an almost instant alignment, according to individual interest, temperament, or breadth of historic view, the country became divided into two schools — those who believed in the consolidation and extension of national influence, whatever the cost, and those who believed in casting aside such opportunities, in order to remain a self-centred and isolated nation. It was natural that the party in power at the time should accept the new responsibilities, while the party out of power should urge their rejection. This might have been true, even if the party in power at the time of Dewey's victory had been the Democratic party. In England the Liberal party, which is the representative there of opposition to imperialism, has seldom dared to shirk new responsibilities when they were imposed by events. It has indeed been responsible for the occupation of Egypt and many other measures of imperialism, just as the Democratic party in the United States became responsible for the purchase of Louisiana and the acquisition of Texas.

It has been the Republican party, however, which has had imposed upon it by events the duty of construction, of organization, and achievement in the field of domestic affairs, as well as in the extension of national influence in distant seas. In recent years the wavering and lack of visible aim, which marked to a considerable extent the administrations of Presidents Arthur and Harrison, has given place to a fever of constructive energy such as has rarely been equaled in the history of political parties. To go no further back than the inauguration of President McKinley in 1897, the Republican party has not only added to the sphere of influence of the nation the 8,000,000 people of the Philippines and the 2,000,000 people of Cuba and Porto Rico, but it has acquired an important strip of territory on the Darien Isthmus, and is undertaking, in the building of the Panama Canal, one of the most important engineering achievements of modern times. Through the enlightened foresight of Secretary Root, closer relations have been established with Latin America; the United States has coöperated with Mexico in establishing the gold standard, and in maintaining peace in Central America; it has taken charge of the finances of San Domingo; and it was represented at the conference of Algeciras for determining the future of Morocco.

At home the Republican party has not only carried out the measures of President Roosevelt for reducing capital to the rank of a servant rather than a master, — a work which the other party might have undertaken, — but it has established the gold standard, has reorganized the army, has added scores of fighting ships to the navy, has modified in favor of labor the doctrine of common employment, has saved thousands of infant and adult lives by meat inspection and the pure-food law, and has planned to save the forests and to regulate immigration. It is significant also that its newly elected chief magistrate has been chosen for a career of achievement. He owns no allegiance to the theory of the professional politician — that the art of politics is to " pander to public opinion " only so far as will keep the organization together and enable the party to hold the offices. Judge Taft, in the Philippines, had a civil government to construct almost from the foundations. That work he did with a rapidity and skill unrivaled probably in history except by the constructive labors of Augustus and the first Napoleon.

It is not surprising that the party which has achieved so much has drawn into its

ranks most of the men of constructive ideas and important business relations. It was to this element that Judge Taft owed many votes in the Northeast in the late election. Business men as a body, independent of previous political affiliations, felt that if the country was to persevere in a policy of agricultural and manufacturing prosperity and railway extension, it must be under the administration of a party having coherence, cohesiveness, and capacity to achieve results. Mr. Bryan was handicapped by the character of his following, as well as by his own personality. Comparatively few men of large constructive ability and related to important business enterprises were among his supporters. His own record had driven such men from the party, and the reiteration of his policies reacted upon the conditions of the campaign by keeping them out.

Among Mr. Bryan's supporters in 1908 were undoubtedly men of culture and standing who had opposed him in 1896, but who desired to rehabilitate the organization with which they had been associated through life, or which had become endeared to them in the days when the principles of Tilden and Cleveland seemed to point the way to constructive policies. But analyses of these converts or returning prodigals would show that in most cases they were professional men or men desirous of obtaining political preferment, and were not men of business. It was no secret that many of them were ready, even while voting for him, to view with equanimity the third defeat of Mr. Bryan, in the hope that their ideas might have weight in the subsequent reorganization of the party. For them, as for the masses of the Democratic party, however, the true road for coherent aims and a constructive policy in the future, is along the lines of social reform and state intervention in industry. To some men of character and culture these measures will undoubtedly appeal. It is highly desirable that such men should be found in both parties, and should temper with their counsels the radicalism of the doctrinaire and the conscious demagogue; but if these men expect to restore the party to its old ideals, they are likely to be disappointed, for the reason that those ideals have been achieved so far as they were desirable, and the party, without adopting the new policy of state socialism, would be only a party of negation.

Indeed, a party of negation the Democratic party seems likely to prove during most of the lives of men now of mature years. It is not to be expected that the Republican party will have an uninterrupted lease of power. Perhaps in one of the eddies back to conservatism, combined with the natural tendency of a democracy occasionally to change its rulers, with or without cause, a victory for the Democratic party might even be possible at the next general election; but in the long run, so far as human foresight can foresee, the coming generation is likely to witness the almost uninterrupted ascendency of the Republican party, because it has a definite policy of construction and achievement, while the Democratic party is floundering through many counter-currents toward the position of the state-socialist parties of Europe. When it has firmly reached this position, and the conservative element has been substantially eliminated, then the Democratic party may prove again a dangerous competitor for the control of the federal government.

But time is likely to be required for the consummation of this process. It may be doubted if Mr. Bryan himself is suited by temperament and training for leadership in such policies. In spite of his subsequent declaration for government ownership of railways, there is force in the criticism made by the *New York Journal* in 1901, that "Mr. Bryan, able and patriotic as he is, is not really modern. He lives in the past. He has never been able fully to adapt himself to the economic and social revolution that has changed the face of the world."

In indicating that the Democratic party is likely to find its natural and most profitable course in adopting the policies of state socialism, it is not intended to intimate that these policies will be of a violent character, or outside the range of legitimate political discussion. There is enough to be achieved, if socialistic theories are well founded, in such fields as old-age pensions and insurance, government operation of public utilities, restrictions upon corporations, the adoption of the income tax, the redistribution of other taxes, and government ownership and operation of the railways, before any such questions can arise as those of distributing private property or carrying out the tenets of abstract socialism.

In conclusion, I think I can do no better than to reiterate the conclusions of seven years ago, which I believe have been illuminated and confirmed by recent events:

"The democratic idea, therefore, must seek a new manifestation, if the party would survive as a healthy rival of the party of expansion. That democracy has fulfilled its mission in the direction of purely political reforms is the reason for its hesitations, divisions, and defeats on two continents within the last few years. When it has formulated a new and comprehensive programme, — logical and virile from the point of view of a large class of thinkers, — it may be in a position to measure swords again, with courage and enthusiasm, with the party which supports a constructive national policy at home, and a resolute foreign policy abroad. For the moment, the latter party will profit by the divisions and hesitations in the ranks of its opponents, and will receive as recruits from their ranks those who are impatient of any party without a constructive policy, and those who tremble at the signs of the coming of the new order."

THE CENT SCHOOL

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

Eunice Swain, the old woman who kept it, lived alone in a little old house, in which men and women of her blood had lived ever since one of them had built it with long labor and patience and sober pride in its paneling, and mahogany, and cunningly curved brick fireplaces. It had been a fine house then, and a big one; now it was like a little shrunken gentlewoman, who keeps her refinement of speech, and her gentle ways, though frowning fortune denies her daintiness of dress and living. It sheltered adequately its present owner; some day she would die, and be buried, and the old house would be torn down, or made over to suit the fancy of some one who could not bear with its limitations. Eunice Swain remembered when it was full and running over with happy children, her brothers and sisters, dressed in Quaker gray, and speaking the speech of the Friends. Those eager boys and girls were all gone now, along the sea-path, into the world, and whether their journeying had ended in an ocean grave, or a sheltered chimney-corner, at least they had never come back to her again. She too came of generations of seafaring folk; she too had the hunger of the sea in her blood, that will not let people sleep in their beds for thinking of distant skies and strange, untrodden shores; but fate, which holds temperament in an iron hand, had kept her fast to the island, and she had never seen farther into the world than one might see from the tower of the South Church, or the scuttle of her own old house. When

the leaves were off the trees one could see quite a bit of sea from there, and maybe a sail, which might as well as not be bound for the other side of the world, as in the old heroic days of wind and weather and whales.

A Cent School is so called because the children who come to it bring each one a cent, clutched tightly in a little hand, or knotted in the corner of a handkerchief, a daily offering. If the cent is forgotten, or lost on the way, the child goes home for another, that is all, and has a scolding for carelessness into the bargain. The littlest children go to it — used to go, rather, for indeed this should all be in the past tense rather than the present, the Cent School being a thing of the past and, as one might say, a great-aunt of the present kindergarten, an old woman from the country, who is rather plain in her ways. Eunice Swain would have thought a kindergarten foolishness. Her children did not come to school to be amused, but to work. She put them on benches in her big kitchen, because it was warm there, and sat in the dining-room door, and taught them, or chastised them, as the spirit bade her. She taught the three R's, and manners, and truth-telling, and above all, humility, impressing on these infants, daily, that they belonged to a generation, not of vipers exactly, but of weaklings.

"Thee will never be what thy grandfather was, Zenas Macy," cried Eunice Swain to a freckled atom with sea-blue eyes. "He owned his ship, and made seven voyages round the world. And what is thee!"

The atom wriggled uneasily on his bench. What indeed!

"Mary 'Liza Hussey, say nine times. Thee can't! Say seven times. Thee can't! Thy great-aunt, 'Liza Mary, was at the head of the arithmetic class when I went to school."

Mary 'Liza looked at her teacher unabashed, having heard at home that she was a queer old woman. She would have liked to be impertinent but dared not, for fear of consequences, immediate and tangible consequences, that smarted. So she held her tongue and was presently given a sum that had to do with so many barrels of sperm oil on one wharf, and so many on another, to be added together correctly in the space of five minutes. And again she longed to speak her scorn, for any child knew that there were no longer barrels of sperm oil on any wharf, but was afraid and did her sum, or did it not — deponent saith not further.

Eunice Swain had a good many children at her school, because it was cheap, and disposed safely of little children who could not go anywhere else. They came in long straggling procession at half-past eight every morning, up the street, and round the corner to the kitchen door (being forbidden to come any other way, except on snowy or rainy days, when they could come in by the front door, because it was nearer), and were sent along a highway of newspapers to their appointed place. The hall was lined with shelved closets, full of china, into which the children peered fearfully, as they went by. Some of them had heard their parents say that Eunice Swain was selling her old things to Off Islanders to get money enough to live on, and they told the others and discussed it in whispers at recess time; but none of them believed it. They did not see how any one who got all those pennies every morning could need any more money. She used to put them on a table by her side, and the children counted them with sly glances; sometimes there were as many as twenty-five, or twenty-six. If she needed more money than that she must be mean — just mean.

There were other closets in the house of the Cent School: one very deep one in the big chimney, where rusks were kept, rusks being massive buns of a sweet and clinging disposition, like the ideal woman. Some people said they were "filling," but the sobbing little boys and girls who were led to the closet and soothed and fed found no fault with them, save that she never gave them all they wanted, because

she was mean, and kept them to eat herself. She must have missed every morsel of food out of her meagre living, but she gave nevertheless, with an open-handed generosity; it was a family trait, that had never had much honor in its own country even in the old, rich days. The Meeting frowned on lavishness. Those clear-eyed, Spirit-seeking Quakers loved money, and came out of visions of God in his Glory to drive hard bargains with the widow and the orphan; all quite simply and sincerely, believing that they were serving God. They predicted destitution for Captain Swain's children, to the third and fourth generation. If they were let to look down out of heaven, they must have been satisfied with their prophetic gift, seeing the straits of Eunice Swain. She had no rest from care all day, brushing straws of gain together to make her a wisp of livelihood, counting her pennies with an anxious eye, taking down and showing and selling Nankin and Canton and Lowestoft, cup by cup, and plate by plate, ripping and cleaning and piecing old gray gowns, that, being cobbled and worn, made her look like Rumpelstiltskin's wife. Little she cared, defiant, valorous old woman that she was, though mothers of children, looking from the window, said, "Look at Eunice Swain! Is n't she a sight? I don't know as I ought to send the children to an old witch like that."

The children of the Cent School outgrew it in a year or two, generally, and went elsewhere, and other little children came in their places, and straggled up the narrow street, and fidgeted on the old benches, and comported themselves in all ways as their predecessors had done. They were perennially young, but Eunice Swain was older, and smaller, and more bent than ever. With a handkerchief tied around her head because of draughts, she sat in the doorway, with her table and her pennies and a stinging switch, and taught them forcibly, and held them with a strong hand, for she was the remnant of a mighty race. It is not on record that any of the children ever loved her, save one, maybe, but they felt her strength, and bent before that, rather than before a switch held in a shaking old hand, which could not alarm such tough little sea-urchins as they.

Some of the children she had taught were men and women by now, and looked back upon her rule, through a softening mist of years, not unkindly. Zenas the atom, for example, was a right personable young fellow, a carpenter by trade, in spite of his family traditions. Sometimes he brought a bundle of shingles up under his arm, and patched Eunice Swain's old roof for her. She would watch him, standing half out of the scuttle, with an old spy-glass in her hand.

"Take care thee does n't fall, Zenas. It's a steep slope."

"I won't fall, Miss Eunice. I've got the rope fast to your big chimney. See! I've taken mine out. It cost something, but Mary 'Liza was afraid it mought fall, and they're big ugly things anyway; see? I'm doing real well; I could afford it."

"Thee does n't follow the sea, Zenas."

Zenas hammered vigorously. "I made a couple v'yages on the Abel W., and I been to Boston on the William P., but I give it up. Carpenterin''s better business, see, with these Off Islanders buyin' houses and throwin' out porches or bathrooms, or whatever. I like it, see, and I'm doin' real well. Sight anything in the Sound, Miss Eunice?"

Eunice Swain had the spy-glass fixed on the distant streak of sea. "One of those big schooners they build down in Maine — beating south'ards. A six-master, I make her. Has thee ever seen one near by, Zenas? That would be a fine sight."

"Give me a hold of the glass," said Zenas, forgetting that he was a carpenter by trade. "Beatin' south'ards, so she be."

He looked long and earnestly, shut the glass together with a sigh, and handed it back.

"Yes, I've seen 'em to Boston. 'T is a pretty sight — a pretty sight — the ves-

sels in a big town." Zenas looked at his hammer distastefully. "I'm goin' scallopin' some this winter," he said suddenly and quite violently, as if some one had said he should not. "See! How's school gettin' on, Miss Eunice?"

"Not quite as many as there used to be when thee was small, Zenas."

"No," said Zenas, still violently, "there ain't. There ain't as many children in this town as there used to be. People don't have 'em the way they use to, see! Nor they ain't the same kind of children when they do have 'em. If I had a boy like these boys I see round the streets here, I'd kill him." Zenas stopped and blushed, being a New Englander, and a newly married man. He ripped off several shingles and threw them to the yard below. "I'll pick 'em up for you before I go; good kindling," he said gruffly. "If you should ever feel like selling that glass, Miss Eunice, I'd give you as much for it as any one would. It 's a handy thing to have in the house — a good glass."

"I was thinking I'd try to keep the glass, Zenas," said Eunice Swain, quite gently, "but if I cannot — I'll remember that thee wants it — thank thee. Will thee shut the scuttle and make it fast to the steps when thee finishes, Zenas?"

"Sure," said Zenas, beginning to hammer furiously.

Eunice Swain crept down the heavy, clumsy steps into the attic. The added light from the open scuttle made the chalk writings on the beams stand out clearly: "Sailed, Ship Fortune; Sighted, Brig Dinah; Lost, with all hands, the Mary; Never heard from, Schooner Good Will," each with its accompanying date; chronicles that still last, though the hands that wrote them are forgotten dust, and the good ships rot beneath the deep sea. She read them over, slowly, leaning forward, then crept on down two more flights to the little south chamber, where she slept.

Zenas the younger was born some six months after this conversation, a puling infant. Four fleet years made him into a square-headed, square-shouldered little boy, freckled and impudent, through the laws of heredity and by no fault of his own. No questioning pangs of humility troubled his heart; more even than most children was he convinced of the supreme unwisdom of those who had given him being, and who for that most insufficient reason claimed the right to mould his life according to their foolish wills. That he should sit in a Cent School on a sunshiny September day seemed to him no part of the Infinite Purposes, and he had lagged and loitered on the way until it was long past the hour when school begins; yet when at last he sat on the end of a bench, swinging his square legs, he was the first child there. In his hand he held an apple, that his mother had given him to appease him, with an accompanying whisper: "Never mind! I guess she'll let you go home, when she sees how 't is, but your pa says you got to go."

He had despised her for wanting to appease him, but he had taken the apple, nevertheless, and now sat, eating it, with large, resentful bites, as if it had been his father.

"When school takes in, thee must n't eat apples, Zenas," said Eunice Swain kindly.

Zenas nodded, not because he agreed with her, but because speech was abhorrent to him when he was eating.

"Thee 's never been to school before?"

Zenas nodded again.

"The other little children are very late. Thee must never be late to school, Zenas."

Zenas had finished his apple. He spoke — slowly: "They ain't comin'. They ain't nobody comin' but me."

Eunice Swain did not answer him. She sat very still, looking at the empty benches, without seeming to see them.

"I guess I'll go home," said Zenas distinctly.

Eunice Swain's black eyes snapped; she tightened the handkerchief on her

head, as a knight might look to the clasp of his helmet before the battle.

"If thee is the only one, Zenas, then I shall have more time to give thee, which will be good for thee. Stand up, Zenas!"

Something in Zenas's square head told him to stand up.

"Does thee see this letter? This is the letter A. Say A, Zenas."

And Zenas, standing respectfully, said, "A."

WE WILL KEEP OUR DREAMS

BY JAMES B. KENYON

Our dreams — nay, soul, we will not let them go;
What though the braggart world scoff and deny,
And pygmies in the market strive and cry,
As emmet-like they hurry to and fro?
The bright hours lessen, and the shadows grow,
But we will seek the silence, thou and I,
Content, while fame and treasure pass us by,
To rove through quiet coverts that we know.

Yea, we will hearken to the wordless speech
Of opening buds beneath the vernal showers;
To us the morn its dewy lore shall teach,
The evening whisper o'er its sleeping flowers;
And secrets the stars utter, each to each,
Shall breathe of Peace 'mid her immortal bowers.

THE YEAR IN GERMANY

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

During the preparation of this article an event has happened which consigns a large part of my notes to the waste-paper basket. The Kaiser's interview in a London newspaper, printed in the final week of October, has attracted so much attention in the world, and has been received with such intense disapproval in Germany itself, as to make it wholly impossible to ignore it here. Although I am writing at a moment when the country is still tense with excitement over the event, it calls up in such a striking manner the personality of the Kaiser and his relations to his people, that it must perforce be treated here at the outset.

For the benefit of readers who may not have the facts at hand, it must be stated that the event was, briefly, as follows: The Kaiser had conversed with several Englishmen on the relations between England and Germany, narrating his own repeated efforts to gain the good will of the English people, and manifesting a certain aggrieved tone at having been misunderstood. He had, during the South-African war, drawn up a plan of campaign against the Boers, had caused his general staff to revise this, and had sent it to his grandmother, Queen Victoria. Moreover, about that time Russia and France made proposals to Germany for a joint intervention in behalf of the Boers, but Germany had rejected those overtures, and he had forthwith cabled this fact to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward. The Kaiser went on to explain under what difficulties he pursued this friendly policy, since the great majority of his people, and particularly all the lower classes, were hostile to England.

One of these Englishmen, believing the publication of these remarks would improve the relations between his country and Germany, wrote out in the form of an interview what had thus been said to himself and others, sent the matter to the Kaiser, and asked for permission to print it. The Kaiser sent the manuscript to Prince Bülow, with the request that he read it carefully and inform him whether it was suitable for publication; but the Chancellor, not suspecting that the matter was an interview with his Imperial master, passed it on to his subordinates for examination. One of these read it and gave it his approval; and Bülow, without having even looked at it, sent it back to the Kaiser with a favorable answer. Thus an interview was given to the world, with the full approval of the Kaiser and his government, which contained statements calculated gravely to embarrass Germany in her relations with a number of foreign powers, which has increased the distrust of England, and which has aggravated to an unusual degree the uncomfortable feeling of the German people in their relations with the monarch.

For several days after its publication no one knew that it had been submitted to the Chancellor; and the newspapers of all shades of political opinion at once began discussing it under the assumption that the Kaiser had again acted upon his own initiative, ignoring his constitutional advisers in publishing a most important political document. Criticising the interview under this assumption, even the most loyal Conservative newspapers condemned it with expressions of deepest sorrow and humiliation. They felt that the Kaiser had dealt a blow to the Empire's foreign interests which must do permanent harm; they saw that it would intensify the foreign distrust of German policy, aggravate her political isolation, and render it more difficult for her to

maintain satisfactory relations with her neighbors.

It would be difficult to make the reader understand how deeply this interview has wounded the national sensibilities of the German people, the relations between a European monarch and his people being of so much more delicate a nature than that between us and our presidents. We have grown accustomed, indeed, to a rough-and-ready form of speech from our "highest place," as the German expression goes; yet we can ill appreciate what it means to the German people, with the danger of hostile machinations across their borders ever present in their minds, to have their already difficult position endangered through unpremeditated and indiscreet utterances from their ruler. I have lived long in Germany, and I recall many occasions when the Germans dissented from something said by the Kaiser, but none of those occasions can be compared with the present one. It is no exaggeration to say that the people have risen as one man to protest against this interview.

Nothing can better characterize the sharpness of popular dissent than to mention the step taken by the Conservative party. This organization, composed chiefly of the old Prussian aristocracy, the most monarchic section of the German people, considered the case to be so grave as to require a public declaration on its part. A document was accordingly published in all the newspapers, formally signed by these " pillars of throne and altar," pointing out that the words of the Kaiser had frequently brought German foreign policy into difficult situations, and expressing the " reverent wish " that he would exercise greater reserve in making such utterances, so that " the German people and Empire might be preserved from complications and dangers."

This frank disavowal of the monarch by his immediate political body-guard, which has no analogy in German history, was followed by another demonstration equally remarkable. When the Reichstag assembled, several days after the interview was published, the Chancellor was showered with interpellations about measures for preventing the recurrence of such indiscretions on the part of the Kaiser. It was long the tradition of this body that the monarch must never be mentioned in the debates, but it had been growing more and more difficult in recent years to observe this good rule, inasmuch as the Kaiser interfered so frequently and with such disturbing results in foreign and home politics. It was a new thing in German politics, however, that the representatives of the people should pause for two days to scold their ruler. Those two days will long be remembered as a most critical event in the relations between people and sovereign.

The emphasis of the Reichstag's disavowal of the Kaiser left little to be desired, so far as mere words go. Speech followed speech, without one voice being raised in defense of the interview. From Socialist to Conservative there was an unbroken chorus of disapproval, — only pitched in different keys. Even the Chancellor, while dwelling upon such considerations as tended to alleviate the indiscretion of the interview, frankly disavowed its substance by admitting that it had done great harm. He went further, — he openly asserted that, unless the Kaiser exercised more reserve in his private conversations, neither he himself, nor any successor of his, could take the responsibility for the result. One speaker, an uncompromising monarchist, went so far as to say that the confidence of the people in the Kaiser had sunk to the zero point, — words which were received by the House with lively manifestations of approval. The foremost spokesman of the Conservatives described the interview as all the more serious for being the last link in a chain of similar occurrences which had for years caused " an accumulation of cares, of disapprobation, of indignation in circles whose fidelity to Kaiser and Empire had never been doubted."

Bülow had tendered his resignation to the Kaiser several days after the publication, as a means of protecting the monarch from the storm of criticism that had broken over his head. The latter, however, had declined to accept it, and the Chancellor had consented to remain in office. The resignation was apparently handed in, not primarily as an expression of disapproval of the published interview, but merely to assume publicly the responsibility for the blunders committed in handling the manuscript while it was in the Chancellor's hands.

The resignation and the decision of the Chancellor to remain in office took the form of a mere personal arrangement between him and the Kaiser. The representatives of the people had not been consulted, and they had not expressed their wish in the matter. In the debates, however, it was pointed out by Socialist speakers, with great force, that the only means to compel the monarch to observe his constitutional responsibility was to be found in the resignation of his chancellor. Radical speakers insisted that the lesson to be drawn from the incident is that the ministers of the crown must be made responsible to the Reichstag, and it appears that they intend to move the adoption of a law for that purpose.

The tangible results of this heated discussion of the Kaiser and his interview appear at present to be very small indeed, — a voluble current of strong words, but no corresponding action. Numerous speakers demanded substantial guaranties that there be no further personal interference in foreign politics on the part of the monarch; but the only guaranty given was the " firm conviction " won by the Chancellor " in these trying days " that his Majesty " would in future observe, even in his private conversations, that measure of self-restraint which is indispensable alike for a uniform policy and for the authority of the crown."

In these debates it became evident, to a degree never known hitherto, that there is a very wide chasm between the Emperor and his people. He does not understand his own people, he has completely lost touch with them, his courtiers only flatter him and prevent him from learning the truth, — such complaints formed the burden of these speeches in the Reichstag. And there was another serious note in them: the conviction uttered by various speakers that things cannot continue to go on as they have heretofore; that it is absolutely indispensable for the internal repose and the external security of the Empire, that the monarch keep himself more in the background; that there be a return to the Bismarckian dictum, " The monarch dare not show himself publicly except when clothed in ministerial authority." Some hopeful spirits, indeed, have expressed the belief that the Kaiser will restrain himself in future. To expect, however, that a man about to celebrate his fiftieth birthday shall transform his character, is, indeed, a heavy draft upon the faith of the traditionally critical Germans; and it is not to be wondered at that very many of them are quite skeptical as to any improvement in the relations between Kaiser and people. They fear that the " personal régime " which has given the country so much unrest in the past will go on unabated; and many hearts of true monarchists even are filled with gloomy forebodings of future trouble for the Fatherland.

In the home politics of the year the matter of chief interest has been the working out of Prince Bülow's experiment of governing the country through a heterogeneous coalition of Conservatives, Anti-Semites, National Liberals, and Radicals. The Bloc, indeed, did not move forward without considerable friction, as each section frequently suspected that it was to be used to carry out the policies of the other. Although many members of the Bloc thought its enemies justified in predicting that it would speedily break down, the combination did hold together during the past session. It did

more; it passed at least two good laws. It revised the Bourse Law in a manner fairly satisfactory to the financial community, so that swindling speculators will henceforth find it less easy to get the sanction of the courts for repudiating debts incurred in stock operations. Another law regulates for the first time on a national basis the right of assembly and association, which had hitherto been in the hands of the individual states. It is interesting to note that this is another important step in the centralizing tendency in Germany. Centralization denotes in this case, however, a more liberal development; the new law is much more in accord with popular rights than most of the state laws which it supersedes, especially than that of Prussia. The functions of the police — that inscrutable providence of the German people — have been sharply circumscribed in the matter of dissolving public meetings.

It is characteristic of the present anti-Polish policy of the government that the latter insisted upon including in this excellent measure an absolute prohibition of the use of foreign languages in all public meetings. The Radicals, however, refused to accept this reactionary provision, and for some weeks it looked as if the bill would fail altogether. But a compromise was finally agreed upon, according to which foreign languages may be used in public meetings during the next twenty years in districts where sixty per cent of the population has habitually used a foreign tongue; and, during election campaigns, such languages may be used generally in political meetings.

Still another law provided for increasing the size of battleships to be built, and for a more rapid displacement of old vessels with new ones, changes which will involve a total increase of nearly $140,000,000 in the ordinary naval expenditures during the next ten years, to say nothing of the additional cost of building the ships and arming them.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Baron von Stengel, was about ready to lay certain revenue measures before the Reichstag when it assembled, but subsequent difficulties frustrated his plans, and he handed in his resignation. Dr. Sydow, hitherto at the head of the Imperial telegraphs and telephones, was thereupon appointed Secretary of the Treasury. The appointment was received by the country with some misgivings, as he had never been identified with financial measures. He is, however, a man of great energy and capacity for mastering difficult details, and his friends look to him for a thorough-going reform of the Imperial finances. As this reform is now the overshadowing material interest of the German people, considerable attention will be given later on in this article to his financial scheme, which has just been laid before the Reichstag.

In Prussia matters have not gone well for the Bloc. The measure foreshadowed in my last article for the forcible acquisition of Polish estates was duly laid before the Diet. The discussion of the bill brought out intense antagonisms, and the line of cleavage between the parties was not along Bloc lines. The Radicals joined with the " Centrum " in opposing the dispossession of the Poles. As finally passed, the bill gives the Government the right to acquire, under the law of eminent domain, a maximum of 174,000 acres in the provinces of Posen and West Prussia, and to borrow $65,000,000 for this purpose and for further prosecuting settlement work. The final reading of the bill in the House of Lords stirred that usually somnolent body to a remarkable degree. The vote there showed how deeply, and on what uncommon lines, this radical measure had divided the minds of the people. While most of the titled lords of the land, including many intimate friends of the Kaiser, voted against dispossession, the university professors and mayors of liberal municipalities voted mostly for it.

In still another direction Prussian policy failed to satisfy liberal expectations. In January Prince Bülow, as Minister-President of Prussia, made a statement

about suffrage reform which deeply disappointed all friends of that movement. It was therefore expected, when the Diet elections approached in June, that the Prussian people would be awakened by a violent agitation in favor of more liberal election laws. But nothing of the kind happened. The Socialists, indeed, made this their chief issue, and they carried a half-dozen districts, thus securing for the first time a foothold in the Diet; and the Radicals, too, gave out manhood suffrage as their watchword, but pressed it so feebly as to awaken the suspicion that their demand was not seriously meant.

Nevertheless, the King's speech from the throne in October surprised the country by announcing that a reform of the election laws was a fundamental necessity and would be undertaken during the present session. This announcement affected the country-squire element like tapping on a hornet's nest. The Conservative party immediately gave it to be plainly understood that it would brook no tampering with the election laws, the stronghold of its power. According to their official organ, the Conservatives propose to " protect the monarchic principle against the monarch." Their newspapers are also printing threats from influential members of the party to cause the downfall of Bülow if he should persist in attempting to carry through election reform. How the government shall make this reform against the will of its intransigent supporters is one of its hard problems of the near future. The probability is that it will be frightened into further inactivity.

The business activity of the Empire for a twelvemonth has been in the shadow cast by the American financial panic. As soon as the seriousness of the breakdown at New York was understood here, German bankers, manufacturers, and merchants realized at once that it meant a sharp check to the high prosperity that they had been enjoying for several years; and their forebodings were speedily verified. The outward flow of the tide began forthwith, and apparently low-water mark has not yet been touched. Thus we have renewed evidence of the strong influence of the American economic movement over that of Germany, — an influence growing more visible from year to year.

For this reason, and for others, it is expedient to devote some paragraphs of this article to financial matters, — first to the economic movement of the year in its relations to the American panic, and then to the Imperial finances. Most English and French authorities, too ready to apply invidious treatment to German affairs, have for a year been drawing the most gloomy pictures of the business and financial position in Germany; and American opinion, always strongly influenced by the two countries just named, shared to some extent the unfavorable judgment formed at London and Paris. At one great international bank of New York the view was expressed in the midst of the panic that the German financial situation was more precarious than that of America.

Various phenomena were pointed to by English and French observers as grounds for their grave prognostications of German financial weather. Under the influence of the panic at New York, and the consequent American demand for gold, the Reichsbank was forced rapidly to advance its discount rate. Early in November it reached 7½ per cent, the highest figure in its history; and throughout the final months of the year its note issues were of extraordinary volume. This was the direct result of the disturbance in New York, coming at a time when German business was making extraordinary demands for money and was supported by credit to a degree never known before. The President of the Reichsbank stated in the Reichstag in January that the volume of bills circulating in the Empire had undergone an increase of $2,060,000,000 during the preceding five years. The pressure upon the great credit banks had

accordingly grown heavier from year to year. Owing to the depletion of the capital market it had become very difficult for manufacturing and other companies to float new issues of stocks or bonds; many of them had therefore been reduced to the necessity of raising money temporarily at the banks. These institutions, with their credit thus strained, had perforce to interpret the New York events as a warning signal to them to restrict credits. Several minor houses, which had unwisely tied up their resources in business ventures, were forced to suspend; and foreign critics thought that now, surely, the predicted German crash had come.

But the crash has not come, and it will not come. Foreigners who looked for a disaster evidently failed to take into their reckoning some important factors in the situation. In the first place, they assumed that, because the previous great period of prosperity which ended in 1900 was followed by sensational failures of banks and other companies, this more recent "boom" would lead to similar results. But they over-rated the business fatalities of the liquidation of 1900–1902, which amounted, in fact, to a very slight percentage of all German companies. Moreover, they failed to note that German business had been conducted on a much more solid basis in this latest period of activity than in that former one. A wild gamble in stocks continued right up to the turn of the tide in 1900; but in this more recent period the high-water mark in stock values was reached before the end of 1905, or nearly two years before the upward movement in industry and trade culminated. During those two years the speculating part of the community was predominantly on the "bear" side of the market, and there had been a steady scaling down of values in spite of rising dividends. Long before the panic broke out at New York, the aggregate shrinkage of values here had reached enormous proportions. The German exchanges were therefore in shipshape condition to weather the American storm when it did break upon them; hence the further scaling down of home stocks since then has not been very serious, while most bonds are higher than in midsummer, 1907.

But those foreign critics fell into a still graver error, — they underestimated the capital strength of Germany and its rapid growth during recent years. According to the best estimates the wealth of the German people now amounts to $50,000,000,000, and one writer of repute has just published the results of his inquiries showing a much higher figure. According to the recent estimate of M. d'Avenel, the national wealth of France is $47,000,000,000; and according to a late estimate of the wealth of Great Britain, which is undoubtedly too low, Germany is only $12,000,000,000 poorer than that rich country. Moreover, the German people are adding to their wealth about $950,000,000 a year, an amount certainly far greater than the savings of the French, and very likely greater even than those of the English.

Yet Germany cuts a far smaller figure in the world of finance than France. The reasons are obvious. Speaking in the rough, it may be said that the French are lying back on their money-bags and collecting tribute from other countries, while the Germans are using for purposes of further production all the new capital they can create. The Germans are putting their profits back into their business every year and making it still more productive. Moreover, the rapid growth of German population as compared with the French must not be reckoned wholly as an asset. The Fatherland is, indeed, adding above 900,000 to its population every year, but this new army of children is a huge drain upon the wealth of the country for the first twenty years of their lives. The difference is this, — France invests in bonds; Germany in babies.

Germany's foreign capital interests, however, are by no means small. According to an official publication the German people own $3,800,000,000 in

foreign securities, besides having $2,400,000,000 invested in foreign undertakings of all kinds. Even in the midst of the recent period of dear money and heavy capital demands at home, the press had frequently to criticise the great banks for placing foreign securities upon the German market to the damage of home interests.

Still another ground for the exaggerated views held abroad as to Germany's financial weakness remains to be mentioned. The great prosperity of the Empire has for several years found expression in high prices for money. and the high discount rates attracted much French money to Germany. The amount of such lending, however, has apparently been grossly exaggerated by French writers. Thus, a French Socialist newspaper was recently quoted in this magazine as saying that France lends Germany every year 1,600,000,000 francs ($320,000,000). On the contrary, the great bankers of Berlin, whose opinions should be authoritative in the matter, assure me that these lendings never exceed $50,000,000 at any one time. Moreover, at the time of the American panic the amount held was certainly much lower than usual, inasmuch as French bankers — influenced partly by their growing apprehensions as to the soundness of business conditions here, partly by the assistance they were giving to London, and partly, it was believed, by political considerations — had been steadily drawing home their money for some months before that event.

The capacity of the Reichsbank to cope with the critical situation that confronted it a year ago was also manifestly miscalculated by foreign financial authorities. We Americans, in particular, should do well to note how successfully this great institution withstood the immense pressure of that time. Its metal stock, indeed, ran down almost to $161,000,000 at the end of November, as compared with the year's maximum of $234,000,000, registered on May 23; but after the first heavy demands of America had been satisfied, gold began at once to flow back into the Reichsbank, attracted by its high discount rate. This year it has been steadily drawing gold from abroad and from home channels, so that its metal stock was on November 10 about $85,000,000 greater than a year ago. By making a very free use of its note-issuing privilege a year ago it was able to meet the demands for money. At the end of December its circulation touched high-water mark, at the huge total of $449,000,000. For the final week of the year it was expanded by more than $75,000,000. Still more recently, at the end of September, the circulation was increased $104,000,000 in one week, and that in a time of easy money conditions. With these figures before him, the American reader will not wonder at the statement that Germany has never had a money panic in the American sense.

The growth of Germany's economic power has been too substantial and on too vast a scale, it has been too directly the result of her own industry and scientific thoroughness, to give room for twitting her with being dependent upon foreign money markets. German development has not been financed by outsiders, least of all by the traditional enemies of the Fatherland.

A few figures may be given here to illustrate the massive character of that development. The imports of merchandise into Germany in 1907 amounted to $2,080,000,000, having doubled since 1896; while exports, which amounted to $1,630,000,000, have doubled since 1895. Comparing Germany and France during the past fifteen years, it is found that German imports gained 117 and exports 132 per cent, while French imports gained less than 43 and exports about 58 per cent. Germany's coal consumption has almost doubled in twelve years; it reached 208,000,000 tons in 1907. Her pig-iron production in that year was 13,045,000 tons, having almost doubled in ten years. The turnover in the business of the Reichsbank in 1907 registered the huge

aggregate of $71,190,000,000; and it, too, almost doubled in ten years. Deposits held by the saving-banks of the Empire at the end of 1905 amounted to $3,018,000,000. The gain during the previous five years — for the most part a period of sharp business depression — had been not less than $744,000,000. The new listings of home securities on the German exchanges from 1897 to 1906 aggregated $5,590,000,000; and of the $3,260,000,000 foreign securities listed in that time it is estimated that somewhat more than $1,000,000,000 was bought by Germans.

Returning once more to the American panic, one of its first effects here was to advance sharply the rates of foreign exchange. Even after the Reichsbank had raised its discount rate to 7½ per cent, the price of London bills continued to rise. This was the result of the American pull for gold, New York usually getting German gold by way of London. Even after the rate of exchange on London was considerably above the "gold point," — the price, namely, at which it becomes more profitable to send gold abroad than to pay with a bill of exchange, — the great Berlin bankers refused to export it, under the impression that their self-restraint would be gratefully remembered at the Reichsbank. The cry was forthwith raised at London that Germany no longer possessed a free gold market, a conclusion which did much toward intensifying the distrust abroad of the German financial position. The Reichsbank, however, which never imports or exports gold itself, but leaves such transactions to the great private banks, publicly disclaimed all responsibility for preventing the movement of gold.

The outward movement thereupon began, and during the month of November above $28,000,000 was sent to England alone. For the last quarter of the year the total exports reached $43,000,000, most of which found its way to New York. Yet Germany's contribution toward staying the American panic, curiously enough, is treated in most discussions of the subject as a slight matter in comparison with the aid extended by the Bank of France. That aid was given in a more spectacular way, in a single transaction negotiated through the Bank of England; while gold went from Berlin as the result of many different transactions, and the names of the banks concerned were never mentioned. Hence the $16,000,000 from the Bank of France looked bigger, created a bigger sensation, than the $40,000,000 from Germany.

As the atmosphere clears up, after the blowing over of the American storm, it is seen that Germany has come through it comparatively unscathed. Notwithstanding the fact that that disturbance came at a time when Germany's investible capital seemed well-nigh exhausted, the German market has this year surprised experienced financiers of Berlin by the facility with which it has absorbed new issues. Thus the listings of government and other bonds on the Berlin Exchange during the first eight months of 1908 reached the large aggregate of $500,000,000. Almost the whole of this was subscribed and paid for by Germans. It is evident that the capital strength of the country has not been impaired by recent events.

At this moment the Empire is upon the eve of the most important financial event in its history. The Government has just laid before the Reichstag bills for raising annually $120,000,000 of new revenue — probably the largest scheme of taxation ever undertaken by any nation in a time of peace. Nothwithstanding the rapid economic development of Germany since the foundation of the Empire, the national finances have never been in a satisfactory position. Deficits have grown to such an extent of late years, and loans of such large volume have had to be raised to meet them, that the need of radical reform is now evident to everybody. The bad condition of the finances, furthermore, together with the impending fiscal legislation, has been one of the chief causes to create abroad that impression

of Germany's financial weakness to which reference has already been made. All Germans feel this to be so; accordingly one of the most frequent arguments put forth for financial reform is the political necessity to remove that impression, to make the world understand that Germany's armaments by land and water are, and will remain, amply backed up financially.

The financial policy of the government has certainly been the sorriest chapter in the history of the Empire. That policy amounts to an inglorious breakdown of that efficiency which foreigners have learned to admire in many other spheres of German life The newly-born Empire set out upon its career with the French war indemnity of $1,000,000,000 in its coffers; but this was exhausted by 1877. The fateful policy of covering deficits with borrowed money began in that year, and it has continued down to the current year. It will also go on for some years to come.

Since 1877 there has been only one year in which the national debt has not been increased. It now amounts, according to recent official statements, to $1,013,000,000, or a little more than the French indemnity. The debt has been doubled since 1895. For the past eight years, government publications again admit, expenditures have exceeded receipts by $471,000,000, or an average of $53,000,000 a year. The national debt has already cost the country in interest and administrative expenses about $380,000,000; and yet Germany could have kept out of debt altogether, as Prof. Schanz has recently shown, if the revenues had been increased by only about $12,000,000 yearly.

That a country with so much intelligence, character, and efficiency as Germany undoubtedly has, should go on piling up its national debt like this in a time of profound peace, is certainly a most astonishing phenomenon; and some explanation of it seems called for. If we ask a bankrupt why he failed, we shall most likely learn that his income was not big enough; if we ask his friends, they will probably tell us that he spent his money extravagantly. In the case of Germany both explanations would apply, — the Empire has never had adequate and steady sources of revenue; and its expenditures, niggardly enough in many ordinary items, have been lavish in the extreme with the army and navy.

Several causes might be alleged for the insufficiency of the revenues. The bulk of these is collected in the form of customs duties and internal taxes upon various commodities. All these are indirect taxes, subject to varying yields in revenue as the prosperity of the country changes. Moreover, the internal taxes upon spirituous and malt liquors and tobacco are far lower than in most of the other great nations. The individual states have stoutly asserted their right to all forms of direct taxation; and the Empire, which might long ago have been helped out of its financial perplexities by a national property or income tax, has had to cast about for other sources of revenue. If Bismarck's proposal, that the Empire nationalize the railways, had not been frustrated by the refusal of the South German states, the national treasury would now be in an enviable position, the net earnings of the various state-owned railways of the country having amounted in 1907 to $164,000,000.

Looking at the other side of Germany's balance-sheet, it appears evident that her financial embarrassment is due, in the first instance, to the rapid growth in army and navy expenses. During the past five years, ending with 1908, the national expenditures have been increased by $93,000,000, and the army and navy are responsible for not less than $73,000,000 of this amount. No country in Europe has poured out money upon its military equipment so lavishly as Germany. Comparing her with France and Italy, we get the following result: from 1893 to 1906 Germany increased army appropriations by 23, and those for the navy by 260 per

cent, while France in the same time made increases of 10.7 and 25.5, and Italy 14 and 30.7 per cent, respectively. In the midst of her financial embarrassments, however, Germany has provided for a still further enlargement of naval expenses. The naval bill passed by the Reichstag in its last session was calculated by the government to increase the ordinary naval budget to $95,000,000 by 1917, as compared with $55,000,000 for 1907; and this estimate does not include the plans for building and arming new ships.

Under these circumstances a further big increase of the national debt is a certainty. The government, in its report accompanying the finance bills just laid before the Reichstag, says that the new loans and extraordinary appropriations in sight will add another $238,000,000 to the national debt by 1913. Of this amount, $124,000,000 is for carrying out the ship-building programme, in addition to the increase of ordinary expenditures upon the navy mentioned above.

The new taxation is therefore obviously due to military expansion. The government's report, however, ignores this fact and seeks an explanation for the new taxes in other directions — for increasing the salaries and pensions of government officials, for pensions for widows and orphans, for making up the arrearages of the individual states in their contributions toward the support of the general government, for the amortization of the public debt, for making up the losses to be incurred by reducing the sugar tax and abolishing the tax on railway tickets.

The question has been asked with some doubt in the foreign press, whether Germany is able to raise the new revenue required. In answering it, attention must be called to one point at which Germany has an advantage over other countries. It is that the Empire and the states, particularly the latter, draw large revenues from other sources than taxation. While the aggregate cost of the Imperial and state debts is now about $180,000,000 a year, the revenues from railways, forests, mines, and similar sources, amount to not less than $240,000,000. Another point to be remembered is that the Empire has at its disposal certain sources of revenue which have been hitherto rather neglected, as compared with the practice of other countries. Thus Germany collects but 67 cents per head of its population on brandy and alcohol, while England collects $2.77. The Imperial beer tax yields only 20 cents per head, that of England $1.16; the German tobacco taxes only 32 cents, while the English customs tax produces $1.65 per head. England collects about $93,000,000 from the estates of deceased persons; but the German Empire only touched this source of revenue two years ago with a tax on collateral heirs, which yields only a small sum.

On the other hand, it must be pointed out that taxes of other kinds are very high in Germany. The Secretary of the Treasury recently said in a magazine article that state and local income taxes in many Prussian towns and country districts were equivalent to from 12 to 15 per cent of incomes, not to mention other local, state, and Imperial taxes. The former Minister-President of Bavaria recently said that the richest tax-payers in many cities of that kingdom are paying, in all forms of taxation, from 15 to 16 per cent of their incomes. From trustworthy statistical studies it seems probable that many wage-earners, too, are paying out from 8 to 10 per cent of their earnings in taxes. From these facts it is evident that the new taxes will bear with great weight upon the people.

The government's financial scheme provides for raising this revenue in the following manner: from brandy and alcohol $24,000,000, from beer the same amount, from tobacco $18,000,000, from wines $5,000,000, from death-duties $22,000,000, from electricity and gas $12,000,000, from placards, posters, and newspaper advertisements $8,000,000, and the remainder by assessments upon the states.

It is proposed that the government monopolize the wholesale trade in brandy and alcohol, buying the product of the distilleries, refining, and selling it to retailers. This is a radical proposal, inasmuch as there are no industrial monopolies owned by the State in Germany. The estate tax contains one feature hardly less radical. It provides that in the settlement of the intestate estates of deceased persons the State shall become the next of inheritance after the nearer relatives. These latter are defined as being children, parents, grandparents, and brothers and sisters and their descendants. Where such relatives do not exist, the estate lapses to the State. Two years ago the Reichstag passed a law taxing the inheritances of collateral heirs, but the present bill taxes each estate as a whole, before any division is undertaken. Estates worth less than 20,000 marks ($4760) are exempt from the tax. Beginning with estates of that value as the nether limit, the tax is one-half of 1 per cent, and it reaches the maximum of 3 per cent with those worth $238,000. Persons able to do military duty, but who have been excused from it, will pay for this exemption with an additional 1½ per cent tax on any legacies or inheritances falling to them.

Although the death duties just quoted are extremely moderate (the English rates range from 1 to 15 per cent), intense opposition to this bill has been manifested by the landed aristocracy. The Conservatives, the political party of the aristocracy, have declared these death duties to be a shock to their feeling of the unity of the family. Although the bill makes a large concession to their objection by permitting the estate tax upon landed property to be paid in twenty-year installments, it appears probable that the Conservatives will reject the measure. Their publicists are advocating, in lieu of the death-duties, a tax upon the dividends of joint-stock companies; but this proposition encounters the difficulty that the Prussian government is itself just now about to pass a law of that kind.

Other features of the government's scheme have met with sharp opposition. The proposed taxes on electricity and gas, including the incandescent lamps used in burning them, meet with the strongest objections on the part of the industries concerned. The newspapers of all shades of political attachment are naturally united in opposing the tax upon advertisements.

That the German government should propose taxes like the two last mentioned is striking evidence of the embarrassing situation in which the Treasury finds itself. A tax upon electricity is a blow at one of the most vital moving forces of Germany's economic development. It will almost certainly be rejected by the Reichstag. In view of the conflicting interests of classes and parties, of industries and sections, it seems highly probable that others of these taxes will be rejected or much modified. Then substitutes must be found somewhere. But where? — that is the embarrassing question.

From all this it will be evident that Germany is learning that its ambitious, expansive *Welt-politik* is a heavy burden to carry. Many voices have already been demanding that expenses be reduced; yet nobody but the Socialists has suggested that the Empire might curb its naval plans and manage to exist with its present fleet. It was a wholesome sign, however, to hear all parties in the Reichstag protest against the Kaiser's remarkable view that the fleet might be needed for operations in the Pacific Ocean. It can only be hoped that all these tax-bills will lead the German people to examine anew the general political considerations which induced their statesmen to adopt the maxim that the future of the Fatherland lies upon the water. Many Germans, indeed, reject that maxim; but the Germans are politically meek. Also, they disperse their power through numerous petty parties, each, as a rule, representing some narrow special interest. On large, foreign questions it is in the main true that they submit to what the authorities in their wisdom think best to do.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND CORPORATE REFORM

BY ROBERT R. REED

THE so-called corporate evils are the great problem of to-day. We know how great this problem is, how great the evils are, but few realize how far-reaching in effect may be the solution that is now pressing upon us. The corporation has become popularly, if not properly, the embodiment of modern industrial wickedness. To reform it every kind of panacea has been offered, running from the destruction of the corporation itself to the destruction of American individualism and democracy by a form of recognized corporate socialism. The destruction of the corporation is not, however, making much progress; it is not a real danger, nor a real possibility. The destruction of individual freedom and opportunity, of the fundamental principles of American life and government, is both threatened and imminent. How threatened may be read in the reports of any industrial monopoly; how imminent may be seen in the widespread demand for government recognition and regulation of these monopolies. Great as are the corporate evils themselves, they are not so great, nor so imminent, as the spirit of opportunism, of disguised socialism, leading the political leaders of to-day and demanding the abandonment forever of the simple independence of the individual; to increase his industrial dependence and make it political and permanent. This result is to be accomplished and socialism established, if at all, not directly, as a wise and voluntary measure, but indirectly, through the subversive nature of a corporation and as a last escape from the irresponsible oligarchy of corporate wealth. The corporation has subverted law and honesty between individuals; it can and will, if unrestrained, subvert the basic ideal of American government, the happiness and welfare of unborn generations of American people.

To recognize and license the far-flung corporate monopolies that rule the business of the country, and to increase and centralize the powers of government to regulate them, means the beginning of the end of those sound principles of government which are our special heritage as a people, the principles on which the American colonies were founded, their independence as states established, and their union as a nation made possible and permanent; the principles by which we became and have remained a great and free people. These principles are not merely popular government; they rest below, and rise above, the political right of suffrage. They were, and are, solely and simply the liberty and equality of the individual. In our own experience as a people, and in the words of Rousseau in his *Contrat Social*, they are the practical ideal of progress: "liberty, because individual dependence is so much force taken from the body of the state; equality, because liberty cannot exist without it."

Under the title "Democracy," in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, it is said: "The principles of democracy are forcibly and clearly stated in the American Declaration of Independence, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, who has been called 'the apostle of democracy:' 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their

just powers from the consent of the governed.' . . . The distinctive features of the modern democracy are the widest personal freedom, by which man has the liberty and responsibility of shaping his own career; equality before the law; and political power in the form of universal suffrage exercised through the representative system."

The theory of Rousseau, the ideal of Jefferson, is the practical necessity of today. It has proved and established itself in America, without much aid from theory and ideal. It was recognized by Edmund Burke that, in their rapid strides toward prosperity and commercial success, " the colonies owe little or nothing to any care of ours, that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to protection. . . . I pardon something to the spirit of liberty." By this neglect, by the very fact that they had been enabled to throw off the inherited dependence on government, the colonies realized, as no other people ever had or could, the full power and glory of the individual. A new ideal was applied, an ideal not of rule, but of freedom, and a new power was found in that ideal, a power greater than any government had ever known, greater than any government can ever know. They recognized that, in the words of Winthrop, the first colonial governor of Massachusetts, the civil liberty of the individual is " the proper end and object of authority. Whatever crosseth this is not authority, but a distemper thereof."

The Revolution was a successful effort to secure that liberty against government. The next and crowning effort was to secure that liberty by government, a design accomplished in the federal union, which, as expressed by Washington in his Farewell Address, " is a main Pillar in the edifice of your real Independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your place abroad; of your safety; of that very Liberty which you so highly prize." This design has been developed and perfected in the federal Constitution, in the remarkable document by which the union and the force of all stand pledged to guarantee the liberty of each, by which the federal government, itself a government of delegated and limited powers, is vested with the supreme function of protecting the inalienable rights of the individual against the reserved sovereignty of the states. This function rests primarily with the federal courts. Its initial purpose was extended and completed, with almost superhuman excellence, by the words of the Fourteenth Amendment, adopted in the passion and turmoil of the reconstruction period: " nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The principle of democracy exists today perfected as a supreme written law by the preservation of the states themselves and by the federal guarantee of the rights of life, liberty, and property, and of a republican form of government within the states. It exists in the separation and distribution of the powers of government; in the reservation to the states, as self-governing sovereignties, of general legislative power; in the effective distribution of that power where it can do the least harm to the individual, where it can have the greatest opportunity for good in meeting the needs, and least opportunity for harm in testing the theories, of widely differing communities. It exists preëminently in the happy fact that it is secured beyond the power of an impulse to destroy it, beyond the power of opportunism, of government of the day, by the day and for the day, to impair the foundations of a constitutional democracy. The greatest powers of the nation are not legislative or executive, but judicial, the power of the supreme law interpreted and enforced by the federal courts, to declare void, to prevent and restrain, the legislative or executive

acts that seek to violate its provisions.

Such is and has been the design of our federal union to secure the liberty of the individual; a design so perfect in its conception, so happy in its effects, and so permanent in its nature that we cannot but acclaim it as an act of Providence, an inspiration and a result beyond the conception of the great minds that have wrought it. Its practical benefits have been manifold and widespread. To what shall we attribute them? To the ever blundering but necessary government, or to the spirit and fact of liberty that has been secured against the powers of government to destroy it? Our greatness to-day is the greatness of a people who have been made great by the practical enjoyment of democracy, by the greatness of the liberty, of the incentive, and of the energy of the individual.

Our Revolution, according to Gladstone, "was a vindication of liberties inherited and possessed." Our history is a vindication of the value of those liberties possessed and enjoyed. These liberties it is, of course, our duty and desire to maintain. We must first understand them. We must keep clearly before our minds the principle of individual rights, of freedom from unnecessary government, of free and equal opportunity and equal right. We must not confuse this idea with the idea of popular political power, with the natural desire at times to increase that power to reform abuses, with the misleading ideal of to-day that the greater the government the greater are the people whose votes control it. The "rule of the majority" justifies itself as a principle of revolution. As a principle of government, it is merely the right of the majority to act within established limits, to control the machinery of a government that is or should be, as ours is, a government of limited powers designed to secure, and not to diminish, the freedom and equality of the individual.

Popular rule, the rule of the majority, is a necessary incident; not, as we are too apt to suppose, the whole gospel and synonym of democracy. Democracy is the practical, valuable, and essential thing; and each problem must be met and solved within its limitations. We must not be deceived. We must not be led by degrees of corporate subversion into a kind of government or state of society where the individual ceases to be its dominant factor; where he ceases to enjoy the fullest freedom and opportunity compatible with the equal freedom and opportunity of all; where his "inalienable rights" are in fact destroyed, and in a sense exchanged for the empty bauble of equal suffrage in a top-heavy socialistic experiment. Mr. Justice Brewer is quoted in a very recent speech as follows: "There are certain individual rights, — the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, — and they are rights which belong to every individual in this broad land. There is no crowned head in this country who can say 'I am the State.' The only thing we have to fear is that majorities will get together and, for business, commercial, or industrial reasons, will crush off the independence of the individual. Nothing appeals to me more strongly as calling for the combined action of all true Americans than to preserve these inalienable rights."

The "rights" of democracy are "inalienable," because they are inherent in man as man; their enjoyment may be disturbed, but the title, the right, is inalienable. Civil liberty is the right retained by each man as a member of society, the liberty that each can enjoy without infringing upon the liberty of others, and includes the right to the protection of that liberty by the force of all, — a right not possessed in the natural state, — and an equal right in the civil benefits of law and common effort flowing from his assent to the social contract. A government is democratic in form when the political right of suffrage protects the civil right of liberty. It is democratic in substance if the individual is protected in the enjoyment of the fullest liberty

compatible with the equal liberty and equal protection of all. It ceases to be democratic in substance or in fact when a despot, an oligarchy, or a majority, takes from the individual a substantial portion of his civil liberty, when they force him against his will to part with his independence, with his right to labor for himself alone, to aspire to and realize his own ideals and ambitions of life, character, and power. *That right is not alienable. It is not in any event surrendered voluntarily by all. Its surrender is not inherent in the social contract; it cannot be assumed.*

Consequently, society at large, whether acting by a despot, an oligarchy, or a majority, can never acquire the right, though it may exercise the power, to establish any degree of paternalism, socialism, or communism, as such, within a state. The blessings of the earth are intended for all, the ownership of land should, it may be argued, be in common, but the abilities and efforts of one cannot be justly given to another without his consent. The just incentive of toil, the sacred title of production, the blessed virtue of charity, are the property of individual effort, the keystone of progress, character, and happiness. Democracy is the one principle inherent in and essential to every just government. "That people is best governed that is least governed," is its active principle. It is as much opposed to the unrestrained rule of the majority to socialism, to bureaucratic paternalism, to the unnecessary increase of governmental powers, to the impairment of individual freedom and opportunity, as it is to despotism, the unrestrained rule of one over all.

What is the danger to-day? We have been led to believe in the responsibility of government for the creation and distribution of wealth. We have enjoyed great prosperity; and now, generally speaking, we see its great accumulated wealth in the hands of a few whose methods we have investigated and found dishonest, yet who are in the main unpunished and unpunishable by existing laws. The demagogue is the popular answer. The demand of the hour is for more law, and more power, to punish and destroy. The demagogue's conception of government is of the absolute power to punish and destroy. Fortunately there is too much strength in our institutions, and too much conservatism in our people, to permit this popular feeling to overturn directly and immediately all the principles and safeguards of democracy. But the tone and the tendency are destructive. They seek to increase the bureaucratic powers of government and to centralize those powers where they can be used most effectively and destructively; to make popular power supreme, individual rights subordinate; to destroy the corporate monopoly of to-day; to destroy the safeguards, and in time the rights, of the individual. Democracy's limitations on government protect only the essential rights. The forces of real reform that beat mistakenly against them will in time find the line of least resistance. They will remedy the abuses without destroying the safeguards of society. It is the problem of doing this that now and always confronts us. Those who contribute to its solution will be remembered and revered as statesmen. Those who oppose it with temporary success will not be entirely forgotten.

The increase of federal power, the centralization of government, above all, the regulation and supervision by government of corporate monopoly, the popular preaching of the day, is radically opposed to the principle of democracy. Is there no other way to reform existing evils? The first step in any reform is to understand the evil, and our first step to-day should be to understand the corporation. We can no longer leave the exclusive knowledge of its evils to the much abused corporation lawyer, the exclusive use of this knowledge to the corrupt influences that too often employ him. One further suggestion, I think, is pertinent. Before increasing the powers of government, before departing forever from the principle of individual freedom from govern-

ment, a due regard for that principle and a due regard for reason and precedent suggest the inquiry whether, by any chance, the evils to be reformed are caused, in whole or in part, by a prior departure from that principle, by some unwise or unnecessary act of government, impairing the freedom, the supremacy, or the equality of the individual. The answer to this inquiry is immediate.

What is a corporation, that it so seriously threatens the welfare of the individual? It is first, last, and all the time, an act of government; it is a privilege and a license to one or more persons, or to an aggregate of wealth controlled by one or more persons, known or unknown, to be for certain purposes and in certain respects a separate person, a " legal fiction," and as such to be and do things that the individual cannot be and do. It is an advantage to the incorporated individual, a disadvantage to the unincorporated individual; a resulting situation whose only perfect equality lies in incorporating each individual in each relation of life.

This fact was plainly recognized when, in their inception, corporations were created only for public or quasi-public purposes, with innumerable safeguards to protect the state and the people against the abuse of the powers granted for the public good. Their development from this early stage was very gradual. Their power for good was recognized, but their power for evil was not at first overlooked. Corporations for private purposes and for profit were chartered by special laws, but with great precaution and ample restrictions against abuse. With legislative corruption and carelessness, these special laws became in time blanket charters, special privileges capable of great abuse. The proper demand for reform and for equality resulted in general corporation laws containing at first many safeguards and limitations. The difficulty has been that the legislative and public minds have never fully grasped the real dangers and possibilities of the corporation. The mistaken demand of general business interests, and in many cases the corrupt influence of special interests, have finally in very recent years made these general laws practically a blanket power of incorporation, an authority to any one to make a " legal entity " of any kind, a law for himself and for those who deal with him. The modern corporation is essentially a modern act of government, a modern extension of a power of government, proper in its inception, but so unwisely deprived of its initial safeguards that it has become in effect a charter of corruptive lawlessness, a license, so to speak, of irresponsible business methods, of wildcat promotion, of fraud on coöwners and creditors, of public corruption, of monopoly, and of subversion of established principles of law and equity.

Individual capacity for wrong is something we must always contend with and restrain, but the blanket powers of the modern corporation give to that capacity a scope and facility of fraud, of immoral profit and unpunished crime, that could not exist between individuals, that need not exist if intelligent limitations and safeguards existed to prevent the abuse of corporate powers. It has created one evil and one danger, that is perhaps peculiar to the facility it affords to secret combination, to the efficiency and corrupt profit it bestows on irresponsible and secret control of wealth. This is the evil and danger of monopoly, of far-reaching aggregations of capital, greater in wealth and power than the " dummy " states that create them. These monopolies control a large part of the business of the country; they place a whole people under a tribute that is neither just nor voluntary. They move with secrecy and corruption through all the channels of trade and government. They influence and in a measure control government, and give sense as well as humor to " Mr. Dooley's " suggestion that our federal government should be incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, so that it may have power to deal with them. They

threaten a day when, but for an escape to socialism, the vote of the share and of wealth shall be dominant, the vote of the man and of principle subservient; when the control of wealth and of government shall be entrenched by corporate entities and fictions in one man,—the possible heritage of an imbecile son of an unscrupulous father.

This is an outline, not in all respects of existing conditions, but of the existing possibilities of existing laws; of the extent to which the power of government has been extended in the creation of irresponsible corporations, in creating and making possible the many evils that have resulted from such corporations.

These evil possibilities have in large part been realized. Every lawyer knows that the temptations and immoralities of corporate promotion and management are frequent, that so-called corporate efficiency is often attained at the expense of business integrity. Men, little and big, who would not think of taking a dishonest dollar directly, take them indirectly with a soothed conscience through the medium of a corporation. The control of a corporation gives to the man who controls it the power to deal with himself as an individual and fix his own profit; it enables him in innumerable ways to benefit himself at the expense of minority stockholders and creditors. With all the details and all the fictions of corporate management under his control, he can violate with impunity ordinary principles of honesty, can commit with impunity what in any other form would be crimes. This favors irresponsible promotion. The enthusiasm of Smith in a new enterprise becomes a corporation, half of whose stock is issued to him for a possibility costing nothing, and corruptly divided with Jones because he is a friend of Robinson, who has the money and the gullibility to buy the remaining stock at par. This money is spent in salary and experiments. The venture fails. Robinson loses, and the creditors are defrauded by a false appearance of wealth.

Again, Jones has a small business worth $4000 a year. It becomes "Jones & Co." The directors—his stenographer and office-boy—vote him a salary of $5000. A few years later he pays up his back salary, and in a very little over the four-months bankruptcy period the creditors are informed that the business is unsuccessful and the company insolvent.

A and B form a mining company, issue, say, $100,000 "preferred stock" to themselves for an option, and sell $10,000,000 common stock at attractive prices, to pay for the property and its development. They provide in the charter that the "preferred stock" shall elect all or a majority of the directors, creating what in any other form would be a legal trust. The business is successful, but its profits are absorbed by A and B in exorbitant salaries, graft contracts, etc. They may be called to account where the theft can be proved, but they cannot, on existing legal precedents, be dislodged from control.

The corporate charter, the home-made law, cannot be destroyed or the corporation dissolved, until our courts of equity are bold enough to break through the corporate fiction, recognize the trust created by it, and destroy or reform as they would do in any other case. These are a few of the every-day evils that are overshadowed in the public mind by the wholesale frauds of the great corporations.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society, owned by the holders of policies worth $400,000,000, who are its legal members, was, and for all intents and purposes is supposed to be to-day, controlled by a $100,000 stock ownership with exclusive voting power. The holders of this stock diverted millions of the trust funds committed to their care, and there was no legal precedent for canceling the violated trust.

The New York City Railway Company, a small existing corporation, was acquired by men in control of the Met-

ropolitan Street Railroad. The lines of the latter company were leased to the New York City Railway Company at a rental equal to 7 per cent on the Metropolitan stock, an amount in excess of its earning power. The stock of both companies was then transferred to the Metropolitan Securities Company, which received the rental as stockholder of the Metropolitan and creditor of the New York City Railway Company, and would receive any possible excess as stockholder of the latter company, which, practically insolvent in its inception, operates the road for the real benefit of its self-created creditor, the Securities Company. It incurs all the liabilities of operation, and at the proper time lays down on its general liabilities, including several millions in just claims of passengers injured, and the widows and orphans of those killed, in the operation of the road for the real benefit of the Securities Company, which was able to take more than all the earnings and to avoid the liabilities.

Another notorious instance is the company formed in 1899 to effect the "trust" declared illegal by the courts in 1892. In this corporation, or system of corporations, perhaps more than in any other, the ingenuity of man has striven successfully to defeat the ends of public policy and private justice, and to commit crimes in morals without responsibility in law; all through an ingenious chain of corporate entities, "legal fictions," acting in different states in secret and different ways, for the common end of monopoly, industrial oppression, and immoral profit.

It is impossible to enumerate the frequent public wrongs committed with the aid and under the shield of corporate ingenuity. Public franchises obtained by fraud are represented by corporate stock conveniently distributed between the corrupted and corrupter of the public trust. The bonds are issued for construction, underwritten at 80, the cost of construction, and sold to the public at par. The bonds and stock at par, in the hands of innocent holders, become a recognized property right, to uphold exorbitant rates and defend inadequate service. It is a striking fact that this franchise itself is an act of government; too frequently granted for nothing, without due limitations and without preserving the right of individuals to the equal use, at equal cost, of the public highways: without defending the public against the iniquitous rebate. Large corporations and small are periodically reorganized and bled by every conceivable form of "high finance," the men in control fixing their own price for the use of their time, credit, and names. The corporation, the greatest apparent means for the wide distribution of industrial profits, and the wide control of industrial management, is actually, through stock-market manipulation and "high finance," the greatest actual means for the accumulation of these profits and the vesting of this control in the hands of a relatively few individuals.

No one who has read the recent magazine story of the "Vanderbilt Millions" can avoid the conclusion that the full and fair reward of the financial genius who consolidated the many connecting links of the New York Central Railroad, the millions that resulted from the increased value and earning power of the road, was unfairly increased and multiplied ten times over by the fraudulent stock-jobbery, watered capital, and legislative corruption that have made his name, like several others, a by-word for immoral financial success. It is easy to blame these men for what they have done, what many others would have done if they could, playing the game as they found it; easy also to clamor for prison cells to punish acts which the public mind had not conceived or stamped as criminal when they were done. It is much harder and much more to the point to study the evils themselves, to understand them first, and then to remedy or punish them by intelligent statutory enactments.

The evils that have existed, and still exist, are manifold. They are not, how-

ever, the universal rule of corporate management. Corporate powers may be, and are in many instances, honestly and conscientiously used. The point is that they may be, and often are, dishonestly used with legal impunity; that the corporation as it exists to-day is a charter of irresponsibility, that it enables the insiders to bid successful defiance to courts, minority stockholders, creditors, and the general public; that government, too much government, the unrestrained delegation of the powers of government, have made these evils possible, and that it is time to know these things, and to act with knowledge in their correction. Using this knowledge, we must see that the first step in their correction lies, not in inventing new activities of government to regulate the abuse of powers that should never have been granted, but rather in revoking, curtailing, and limiting those powers, and in preventing their further grant.

We have come to think that corporation laws cannot be too liberal, that the corporation as such is one of the "inalienable rights." We must return to the original conception of a corporation, as a special privilege that must be carefully limited and made subservient to the common good. If, and so far as, it proves disastrous to society, to the individual, its existence or its powers, the corporate powers of the persons controlling it, can and should be destroyed. The true remedy lies in remedial and penal laws; laws that are self-operating, limiting the formation and powers of corporations and their officers and majority stockholders; laws of corporate management enforcible in the courts at the suit of the government or of individuals; laws that clearly define and adequately punish and remedy the wrongs incident to corporate relations. The remedy is less government, and not more government; restriction, and not extension, of its abused powers.

But how are these remedies to be applied? By which government, state or federal? By state laws, of course; and the need of them is great and immediate. But what can Texas and Massachusetts say to the "octopus" of New Jersey that rules the oil industry of the country? They have the legal power to keep it out of their territory, but they are practically powerless to protect their citizens from its national monopoly. The question has become, and is now, unavoidably national, largely because it is universal, but largely also because tariff laws shut in our markets and interstate free trade opens them, making the country an industrial world by itself, the natural prey of the "tariff-fed monopolies." The tariff incidentally is an act of government. The evil is also national and federal, because of the comity that tends to admit the corporation of one state to do business in another, and because of the rights of such corporations as "persons" under the federal Constitution. It is distinctly appropriate to federal remedy, because it is an evil that one state inflicts upon another, an evil also of interstate commerce in its truest sense, and within the power of Congress to deal with it. Congress, if it has this power, is not a party to the state "contract" of incorporation; that "contract" cannot be pleaded to limit the power of Congress, as it might be in some cases to limit the power of a state. The problem must be met in some part by federal legislation. The essential thing is that this legislation be in harmony with the constitutional principle of delegated federal powers, and that it also be in harmony with the larger inherent principle of democracy itself; that it be, if anything, a limitation rather than an extension of the powers of government over the individual. Can this be?

What we want as a people are safe and sane corporation laws, each in his own state; and we want to protect our own states against the licensed corporate wrongs of a sister state as well as against a similar possible license by the federal government. If we can do this, our sister states can work out their own salvation, and neither our mistakes nor theirs alone will threaten the entire nation. If any

state wishes to bestow a blanket power to create irresponsible corporations within its own borders, it is a local question that must be met and answered with a view to local conditions. The more settled states should not wish it. If they do not wish it for themselves, it is the height of impudence and bad faith for them to license such enterprises, as some of them do, expressly to do business in other states. Within her own borders the powers of a state should not be improperly restricted by federal legislation; she also in a sense is an individual in the sisterhood of states, and has a right and a mission to work out her own salvation. She should not, however, exercise her powers to injure the individuals or public policy of other states. To prevent this, to prevent the irresponsible corporate monopoly arising from it, a federal law is both necessary and proper.

This does not necessarily mean either a federal license or federal regulation for interstate corporations; it does not mean an extension of federal government, although it may mean an exercise of the restrictive power of the federal Congress. Federal government is not necessary if the federal power can be used to attack directly and logically the real evil, the abused power of one state to license an irresponsible corporation to do business in other states. The simplest course is sometimes so simple and so direct that, in our confusion or timidity in an important matter, we try to walk around it. *The remedial federal law should be a simple and effective attack on the actual abuse; it should be, so far as possible, self-operating: an effective prohibitory law, stating in detail the conditions of incorporation, management, and governing laws, necessary to enable a corporation to depart from the state of its birth to engage in interstate commerce, prescribing adequate penalties and making void and unenforcible by a corporation any contract made in violation of its provisions.*

Such a law would be partly self-operating and completely enforcible in the courts; it would do away with the necessity of a federal license or federal commissions, with their endless increase and centralization of power, expense, patronage, and corruption. Without violating state sovereignty, it would be a limitation on the power of the states to injure one another; it would not be an increase of the powers of the federal government. Radical in precedent, it would be correct in principle — in some respects analogous to the ten per cent tax imposed in 1866 on state banknotes, to reform the national evil then arising from reckless state legislation. Instead of extending the federal power as a bureaucratic invader of the rights of the individual, it would extend it as a shield to defend these rights; it would be less government, and not more government.

The practical effect of such a law, properly and constitutionally framed, would necessarily be immediate and tremendous. It would cause, without directly compelling, the immediate amendment of its non-resident corporation statutes by every "corporation state;" the radical reform, if not reincorporation, of every interstate corporation. It would become a national standard for all corporation laws. It would make men who to-day seem greater than their surroundings, who "live in the higher world of railroads and finance," recognize the real source of the power they have abused, the fact that the people who have given can also take away, that the "interstate commerce" clause of the Constitution is a reserved power of the whole people, greater than an interstate monopoly created by one state. Above all, if we can meet these evils in state and nation by limiting rather than extending the powers and bureaucratic activities of government, by legislative and judicial rather than executive remedies, by preserving rather than by impairing the rights and safeguards of the individual, we shall have made a step backward from the dangers that confront us, a long step forward in the path of permanent reform and "triumphant democracy."

RECENT LITERATURE ON THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

THE appearance of the New Variorum edition of *Richard III* [1] has been awaited by students of Shakespeare with much interest and perhaps some anxiety. For it had been announced that this play had been entrusted by Dr. Furness to his son, Mr. H. H. Furness, Jr., who had already revised one of the earlier volumes of the edition, but of whose capacity as an independent editor scholars had had little opportunity of judging. The volume now in our hands, then, is important as indicating what we are to expect of the man whom the veteran Shakespearean has trained to assist him in the completion of his great task. That a colleague should have to be provided at all is a matter for regret; but when we consider that it is well over a quarter of a century since the first volume appeared, and that there are still more than twenty to come, we must be thankful that the later volumes are to fall into such satisfactory hands.

For the promise of this first volume is indeed satisfactory. We find here not only, as we expect, the same plan and the same method which have proved so helpful and adequate in the past, but, so far as we can judge, the same laborious conscientiousness, shirking no toil which can make for completeness, the same skill in selection and condensation, the same unremitting zeal for accuracy. Differences, of course, there are. In the notes, the contributions by the editor himself are more succinct, more impersonal, than those of his father have been in the more recent volumes; and one misses the flashes of humor that have often afforded relief when the fatuity of earlier commentators put the reader most in need of it. The Preface, too, is less provocative than we have found those of some recent volumes, and, if less entertaining, it attends to business perhaps somewhat more strictly. The handling of the question of text, peculiarly difficult in this play, shows to some small extent a lack of experience, and implies a view of textual criticism that is not entirely sound; but the plan of the edition, with its exhaustive record of all authoritative readings, makes this of little or no importance. Taking the volume as a whole, we are delighted to be able to offer congratulations to all concerned: to Dr. Furness on a colleague so well-chosen and so well-trained; to the new editor on a highly auspicious beginning; and to the public on the prospect of a more rapid completion of an indispensable undertaking.

Of all Shakespeare's works, *Hamlet* continues to be the most provocative of comment and controversy. Three books on this tragedy are now before me; but two of these are not really new. *The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery* [2] is a translation of lectures first delivered in Berlin by Karl Werder in 1859–60, and published in 1875. *A Review of Hamlet* [3] is merely a reprint of Miles's essay, originally issued in 1870. Both were notable criticisms in their day, and Werder's theory has remained one of the stock interpretations. But both are extremely diffuse; and there

[1] *The Tragedy of Richard the Third*, in A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by H. H. FURNESS, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1908.

[2] *The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery*. Translated from the German of Karl Werder. By ELIZABETH WILDER, with Introduction by W. J. ROLFE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

[3] *A Review of Hamlet*. By GEORGE HENRY MILES. New edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

are few purposes that could not be adequately served by such a summary as one finds in the second volume of Dr. Furness's new variorum *Hamlet*.

The main point of Werder's position is that Hamlet's difficulties are purely external: because his aim was not mere revenge, by killing the king, but divine justice, which was only to be accomplished by bringing the murderer to open confession. It has often been remarked in reply that if Shakespeare meant Hamlet's quest to be this larger justice, and not blood for blood, it is strange that he should have left the distinction so obscure. Werder's own statements of this view are often wildly paradoxical. "Because Hamlet *ought to do what no one can do, and what he must still desire to do* — that is the tragic destiny to which the poet has assigned him." But he does not explain on what theory of moral responsibility a man *ought* to achieve the impossible. This contradiction vitiates the whole of Werder's view of the tragic action. Nevertheless, his lectures have had a wholesome influence on the course of *Hamlet* criticism, for they have sent students back to the text to test the grounds for such theories as those of Goethe and Coleridge, who find the whole ground for delay in defects in the character of the hero.

From the mass of florid rhetoric in Miles's book, exalting Shakespeare and Hamlet with a complete absence of critical judgment, one point emerges: the view that the attack of the pirates upon Hamlet's ship was prearranged by him. This notion has been dealt with by some modern critics with more gentleness than it deserves. It was not Shakespeare's practice to leave obscure the happenings in his plays. Whatever subtleties he may have elaborated in the characters, he was enough of the practical playwright to make clear to the whole audience all he wished them to know of the external activities in a drama. He certainly did not make clear to his audience, as he easily might have done, that Hamlet plotted his own capture; it is therefore only justice to him to infer that he did not wish to indicate it. The republication of this essay, then, would seem to have been unnecessary; and it lacks even the partial justification which the translation of Werder finds in the calm and reasonable summing up of the state of the case which Dr. Rolfe has written as an introduction to the lectures of the German scholar.

A very different style and treatment meet us in Professor C. M. Lewis's volume.[1] Here we have no hazy metaphysics, no overwrought rhetoric piling up fanatical superlatives, no diffuseness, no exaggeration. The book is little more than half the size of Werder's or Miles's, yet it contains many times the matter. Nor is its condensation obtained at the cost of clearness. Few Shakespearean discussions are so lucid, leave so little doubt as to what the critic really means. Part of this superiority is due to Professor Lewis's command of a restrained style, part to the kind of criticism which he employs. The book is an essay in the historical method, an attempt to explain the mystery of *Hamlet* by showing how the tragedy came to its present form. *Hamlet* defies consistent interpretation, he concludes, because it is not a consistent creation, but a growth which retains many bewildering features that would have found no place in the final result had Shakespeare been cutting out of whole cloth instead of making over an old garment. With this general belief he traces the successive forms of the story, beginning with Belleforest, reconstructing the hypothetical lost *Hamlet*, now usually ascribed to Kyd, and using these with the German *Hamlet* and the three Shakespearean versions to ascertain what elements in the play as we know it are merely inherited, what are made over, and what invented by Shakespeare.

[1] *The Genesis of Hamlet.* By CHARLTON M. LEWIS, Emily Sanford Professor of English Literature in Yale University. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

The time was ripe for such a contribution as this. The work of Boas on Kyd, and of Thorndike on the tragedy of revenge, had suggested and made familiar to Shakespeare students the general point of view from which Professor Lewis elaborates his investigation; and whatever conclusions criticism may in the future reach, it may be safely affirmed that the factors here discussed can never again be wisely ignored. It is indeed conceivable that a finished play might contain even as great a mass of merely inherited episode as it is here shown to be probable that Shakespeare received from his predecessors, and yet that the dramatist might revolutionize the type of hero and the whole tone of the tragedy and leave none of these survivals unassimilated. But the feat would be well-nigh miraculous, and in the face of the difficulties which the play undeniably presents, it seems unlikely that it was here accomplished.

The discussion in the future, then, is likely to be concerned with the extent of these unassimilated survivals. It is natural that Professor Lewis should go far in his estimate of it; further, I am inclined to think, than most scholars will care to follow. One may accept his general attitude, and yet refuse to regard Hamlet's immediate adoption of the pretense of madness as irreconcilable with his character in the finished play, or to regard Shakespeare's treatment of Ophelia as merely a half-hearted working over of a part of the earlier play which he was hopeless of making convincing or really relevant. It would take more space than is here available to discuss profitably these and other tempting problems; but the suggestion of a difference of opinion should not obscure our belief that Professor Lewis has, in this rich and suggestive little volume, made an acute and solid contribution to one of the great problems of literature, a contribution that can be enjoyed by the ordinary educated reader as well as by the specialist.

But let us hope that the unsuspecting reader will not fall into the hands of the author of "a brief for the defendant" in the case of *The Critics versus Shakspere*.[1] This author, presumably a lawyer, is an idolatrous admirer of Shakespeare, who, besides his favorite author, has read a considerable number of commentaries. He has not, however, gained any idea of their relative authority, or of the advance of scholarship which has in many cases made the opinions of earlier critics, however estimable in their day, worthless as evidence now. He has finally stumbled upon Professor Wendell's *William Shakspere* and Professor Thorndike's dissertation on the *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*, and lashes himself into fury over what he supposes to be the assaults of these writers upon the object of his worship. The crimes which he attacks are in fact just such historical studies as have prepared the way for Professor Lewis's book on *Hamlet*, and it is hardly necessary here to explain the value of such investigation. Professor Wendell's phrase, "economy of invention," expresses admirably a fact about Shakespeare that is recognized today by all competent scholars, and it is a pity that Mr. Smith should work himself up to the point of publication before he reflects that it is no insult to Shakespeare to try to understand his methods of work.

The trouble seems to be caused by Mr. Smith's inability to read accurately, and so to quote fairly, the critics he opposes. When he says that Wendell and Thorndike state that Shakespeare's "comedies are *but* adaptations from Greene or Boccaccio," that "*Cymbeline* is *but* an imitation of *Philaster*," he is guilty of misrepresentation; and the method is by the insertion of the "but" which I have italicized, and which, we are willing to believe, he was unconscious of inserting. Till a critic gets beyond slips like this, he can hardly hope to command attention.

[1] *The Critics versus Shakspere:* A Brief for the Defendant. By Francis A. Smith. New York: The Knickerbocker Press. 1907.

On a very different scale from these treatments of special points is the massive work of Professor Schelling.[1] Through his own publications on the Elizabethan lyric, on Gascoigne, Jonson, and others, and through the work of his students at the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Schelling had already earned an enviable reputation as an authority on this period, and the two volumes now before us are the crowning result of many years of absorption in the richest portion of English literature. The book purports to be an exhaustive history of the English drama from the accession of Elizabeth in 1558 to the closing of the theatres in 1642, with introductory chapters on the mediæval drama; and it is completed with a bibliographical essay, a list of plays, and an admirable index. These appendices, apart from the value of the text, make the book something for which all students of the drama will be grateful.

It is hard to overestimate the labor involved in such a work as this. The first-hand study of some eight hundred plays is but a part of the task; for the mass of criticism and controversy on these dramas is now beyond the power of man to measure. Of the thoroughness with which Professor Schelling has read the documents themselves, one has only to turn to his book itself to be convinced; this was a possibility, and it has been fulfilled with honesty and keen judgment. An exhaustive reading of the comment is neither possible nor profitable; on the whole, Professor Schelling has covered with success the part of it which is important. Here and there he seems to have failed to get the whole bearing of a critic's argument; here and there opinions will differ as to his choice of sides, as when he follows Fleay and Penniman rather than Small and Malory, in the discussion of the war of the theatres, or when he stumbles upon inferior authorities in such a case as that of George Buchanan, thereby missing the political significance of the plays of the great Scottish humanist. Further, one remarks at times an unfortunate lack of explicitness in the footnotes. It is frequently not possible to infer whether the book mentioned in the note is cited as source or corroboration, or as a reference to an opinion contrary to that expressed in the text. This vagueness does injustice sometimes to Professor Schelling, sometimes to the author cited; though it is clear, from the generosity in acknowledgment shown throughout, that such a fault as the second is the last thing Professor Schelling would consciously commit.

Turning from these details to the body of the treatise, we are interested first of all in the novel method. Professor Schelling has sought "to relate not only those facts concerning the drama of this period which are usually comprehended under the term history, but likewise to determine the development of species among dramatic compositions within the period; to ascertain, as nearly as possible, the character of each play considered, and refer it to its type; to establish its relations to what had preceded and to what was to follow; and definitely to learn when a given dramatic species appeared, how long it continued, and when it was superseded by other forms."

If it is asked what the present volumes accomplish that is not already done, say, in Professor A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature*, the answer is here. Ward, like other previous historians of the period, follows a chronological and biographical method. The study of separate dramatic species receives only slight incidental attention from him, and has elsewhere been pursued only in one or two detached volumes such as Professor Schelling's own volume on the Chronicle Play, and more recently in Professor Thorndike's masterly treatment of Tragedy. Now Professor Schelling has at-

[1] *Elizabethan Drama*, 1558–1642. By Felix E. Schelling, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. 2 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1908.

tempted the mapping out of the whole field of Elizabethan dramatic production according to this method, and the result is interesting in the extreme. About the value of the method there can, I think, be no question. Only by such recognition and classifying of types can the essential nature and historical explanation of many a drama be made to stand out. It was really by the previous study of the tragedy of revenge that Professor Lewis's contribution to the interpretation of *Hamlet* was made possible. Again, the influence of foreign literatures, as well as of contemporaries at home, is much more easily and more accurately perceived by this than by the biographical method. It is the characteristic weapon of the comparative study of literature, and comparative study is the method of the immediate future.

But the difficulties and the dangers of this study by types are undeniably great. Such terms as "species" call to mind biological classifications which raise expectations doomed to disappointment. For in the field of literature neither logical nor biological precision in classification can be achieved, since hybrids are almost the rule and pure specimens the exception. The value of the result is not to be found in any final pigeon-holing of all literary products; but in supplying a terminology for the various elements found in combination in most, in thus furthering intelligible analyses, in bringing out unsuspected relations, in suggesting new points of view, in defining types to which existing specimens are approximations. Not only the same author, but the same book, must necessarily appear again and again in different connections. *As You Like It*, for example, might be found under such various discussions as those on romantic comedy, pastoral drama, and Robin Hood plays; and each classification would be justified. The loss involved in such scattering need not be denied, but it should be remembered that a loss equally great is involved in the older biographical method, when the history, say of pastoral drama, must be searched for through a score of chapters on different authors. It is manifest, too, that no universal agreement as to this classification by types can be expected. There will always be difference of opinion about which of several characteristics in a given work is predominant, and, in the logical sense, "specific." The discussion of such questions only sharpens critical perception, and agreement is comparatively unimportant. The recognition and definition of the elements is the valuable thing, and that will become clearer and clearer. He is the best critic, said old Puttenham, who can discern most differences.

This general discussion of method has seemed necessary in order to bring out the fact that a difference of opinion about the wisdom of this or that bit of classification does not imply that, if another division is preferred by the critic, the one adopted by the author is valueless. Thus it must be confessed that a first reading of Professor Schelling's Table of Contents is bewildering. We have twenty chapters with different titles, sixteen of which seem to indicate independent species without subordination. It seems as if, even at the risk of apparent pedantry, a more obvious scheme of division and subdivision would have been preferable for the sake of clearness. Again, many would have preferred a broader recognition of the distinction between comedy and tragedy, which tends to be obscured in such chapters as those on the "New Romantic Drama." Subject-matter is often not to be ignored in classification according to species; but criteria drawn from formal differences are to be preferred when they are available.

In such a division as "Historical Drama on Foreign Themes" it would seem as if a somewhat superficial difference in subject-matter had been magnified out of proportion in being made a specific characteristic. As the study of the Elizabethan drama proceeds, such questions will doubtless be threshed out,

and it is easy to say that if Professor Schelling had waited longer, further special studies would have supplied material that would have benefited his work. But much is gained, even for such further studies, by this bold attempt to map out the entire field along new lines. The very vagueness and lack of definition which appear here and there are of value in drawing the attention of scholars to those parts of the field which especially invite research.

Meanwhile, it must be admitted that the work as we have it abundantly justifies itself. The originality of Professor Schelling's volumes is not exhausted when we have discussed the novelty of its plan. The critical treatment of the individual plays as works of art is perhaps as distinguished a feature as the contributions to the scientific investigation of literary history and theory; it is conducted with sanity, acuteness, and much enthusiastic appreciation, and it is expressed in a style which often rises to beauty and which, throughout, resists with wonderful vitality the tendency to become jaded that so easily appears in literary histories on a large scale. The work as a whole is assuredly one to bring credit to American scholarship both at home and abroad.

The "new Swinburne" whom his publishers announce as revealed in his latest volume of criticism, is not easily discovered by any one familiar with the veteran poet's previous utterances upon the Elizabethan drama. In the nine essays on Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Heywood, Chapman, and Tourneur, which he has gathered into a volume under the title of *The Age of Shakespeare*,[1] we find little more than a continuation of the streams of turgid eloquence which he poured forth in his earlier monographs on Shakespeare, Jonson, and Chapman. The virtues and the vices are those to which we have become accustomed in what we call Swinburne's critical writings, more to distinguish them from his creative work than because they are in any ordinary sense critical. For his temper is too ebullient for the processes of patient discernment and impartial balancing with which criticism is supposed to be concerned; his mood is commonly too violently partisan.

The method which he here as elsewhere employs is simple enough. The Elizabethan dramatists seem to be conceived by him as a school divided into classes. The head boy in almost all subjects is admitted to be Shakespeare; and the bulk of the book consists of an attempt to create a series of classes in which the subjects of the several essays may in turn occupy the seat next to the head boy. Thus, Shakespeare excepted, Marlowe is first in the sublime, Webster in pure tragedy, and so forth. When a dramatist cannot be placed second, he is still rated in terms that recall the schoolroom. Tom Dekker is really a boy of much talent, if only he would take himself and his work seriously. John Marston can write as great things as any one, if only he would not spoil them the next moment.

This conception of criticism as a perpetual ranking in order of merit accounts for two of the most obtrusive elements of Mr. Swinburne's style — the constant striving after unique superlatives, and the surplusage of adjectives. It is these characteristics that make his prose, sprinkled though it is with brilliant and wonderful things, so shrill and high-pitched as to tire the ear, and so noisy that it is often hard to hear what he is saying. But one cannot at once describe and illustrate his way of writing better than he himself has unconsciously done in the following passage on Marston: —

"A vehement and resolute desire to give weight to every line and emphasis to every phrase has too often misled him into such brakes and jungles of crabbed and convulsive bombast, of stiff and tor-

[1] *The Age of Shakespeare.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1908.

tuous exuberance, that the reader in struggling through some of the scenes and speeches feels as though he were compelled to push his way through a cactus hedge: the hot and heavy blossoms of rhetoric blaze and glare out of a thickset fence of jagged barbarisms and exotic monstrosities of metaphor. The straining and sputtering declamation of narrative and outcry scarcely succeeds in expressing through a dozen quaint and far-fetched words or phrases what two or three of the simplest would easily and amply have sufficed to convey. But when the poet is content to deliver his message like a man of the world, we discover with mingled satisfaction, astonishment, and irritation that he can write when he pleases in a style of the purest and noblest simplicity."

Of the content of these critiques it is hard to give any summary account. Their value lies chiefly in a number of *obiter dicta*, often very keen and very illuminating; but these, while they might be extracted, could not be condensed. It is interesting to note his detection of hitherto unnoted influences of several of the dramatists on Milton; to compare his earlier praise of Byron's " sincerity and strength " with his condemnation of him now in such phrases as " blatant and flatulent ineptitude," or " a quack less impudent but not less transparent than the less inspired and more inflated ventriloquist of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* ; " to read his recantation of what he now regards as the heresy that Marlowe lacks humor. These things sometimes interest and sometimes amuse, but they seldom convince, and they usually jar.

It is not a pleasant thing to see a man whom we would fain reverence for his achievement, still continuing to display in his old age the rancor and contempt that have so long disfigured his prose, still unable to differ without insult, or to talk of an opponent or a fallen idol without what he himself, with characteristic taste, calls " emetic emotions."

THE IMAGE-MAKER

BY JOHN B. TABB

"Thou shalt no graven image make;"
And yet, O Sculptor, for the sake
Of such an effigy as I —
The superscription like the face
Disfigured now, and hard to trace —
Didst Thou thyself consent to die.

THE RETROSPECT

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

As we saunter through the picture galleries of Memory, when the morning is past and the afternoon beginning to draw in, we note this curious fact — that the records of our strenuous and passionate middle years, so recently and vividly painted in, are already blurred and spotty, the light cold and pale upon them, while those of childhood and early youth, that once had no more significance than a whitewashed wall, so take the glow of the setting sun that every point comes out, line and color as fresh as on the day that produced them, with a sort of divine limelight glorifying all. The now educated eye, allowing for the limelight, sees in these early works of the master-artist, Life, a beauty of spontaneity and sincerity that the untrained cannot appreciate. The sobered imagination, like a cultured palate, tastes the delicate values of sound and simple fare, the fine poetry of unsophisticated nature, ignorant of its own romance. And the spirit that has wandered so far and wide, like Noah's dove in search of the yet invisible tree, comes back to this quiet chamber of the mind, its ark of origin, with the instinct of the tired wayfarer for his old if humble home; here it rests in the visions of its dear Past, beautiful because it is past, and past so long, — the vanished hand, the *ain countree*, the old-time ways that are no more; and the big canvases that once were the treasures of the collection hide their diminished charms.

Did that dove of history, or fable, as the case may be, care a straw for invisible trees when he ate his supper and tucked his head under his wing that night? He was, I suppose, a mere bird of flesh and blood, and therefore I feel sure he did not. And we, although we may yet be flung forth to find a new world blissful enough to make us forget this little boat upon the waters which is now the only one we know, are at present in the position of that weary little fowl when, after its futile wanderings, it roosted happily with its companions in fortune and misfortune, feeling that never before had the ark been so grateful a resting-place.

For the evening of our laborious day — say sixty o'clock, when the end of the hard fight is in view, but almost none of the rewards we aimed for — is far from being the dreary time that I shudderingly anticipated when I was young. I used to look upon those who then appeared so aged, and marvel at the fortitude which could carry gray hair and rounding back so calmly. Was it possible that they were not secretly writhing in mortification under the indignities put upon the pride of the flesh — that they were not continually thinking where they would be in a short ten years, or fifteen at the most, equivalent to "no time" as a portion of life? Or was it that the faculties of persons of sixty were already so impaired that they did not realize their case? The mystery was to find the whole body of them more or less serene in the contemplation of their common calamity, the bright and sensitive equally with the dull-witted and thick-skinned. Since I am now sixty myself, the mystery is cleared up.

In the first place, given health and fair play, one is not old at sixty. Certainly not. I cannot say how it is with men, but with normal women, the wives and mothers, when the heavier pressure of civilization which their lighter strength supports, often with so much difficulty through the middle years, is eased at about fifty, and body and mind have rest together for perhaps the first time, a

second youth of physical strength and mental vigor is apt to come as a delightful surprise. We find ourselves, ten years after that, in many respects younger than our married daughters, so seriously absorbed in the stern struggle from which we have emerged; more buoyant, more pleasure-loving, more alive to the charm of life and the beauty of the world, far more simple in our tastes and free and easy in our opinions, and, oh, infinitely less hard to satisfy.

Another thing. Having been, in the words of John Stuart Mill (I prefer to let a man say it), "confined by custom to one physical function as their means of living and their source of influence," women have had to adjust themselves to that circumstance, or, rather, they have been molded by their environment, like everything else. All through the years of youth the interest of their lives has been to be interesting to men, and their wiles and their vanities are the very last things men should blame them for. We have all heard the saying that women should die at forty, and well we women know the tragical meaning of the words. One need not be a waning beauty to know it, although it is she who drinks the cup of bitterness to the dregs. Well, at fifty that cup has passed from us. You don't expect to be made love to, and you are even sensible of having escaped much worry on that account; still more satisfactory is the knowledge that you are no longer suspected of making love yourself. Your relations with your men friends become delightful. Now they are true comrades, as they should have been all along, and as some day they will be all along, when things are equalized a little more; now the best of both sides comes out, no longer afraid to show itself, and if the habit of flirtation (decorous flirtation, of course) does unconsciously persist a little, that is only as it should be. Your woman's dignity is untouched, while the cockles of your woman's heart are undeniably warmed within you. It was by no virtue that you could call your own that you were attractive to men in your youth and prime, but if you attract them now you may be justly proud of yourself. Thanks be to the enlightened spirit of these days, there are many dear men of Max O'Rell's persuasion, who give you honestly that sweetest compliment that a woman can receive, in letting you know, at sixty, that you are not too old to charm.

As for that rapidly approaching mortal end, quite as much dreaded by the believer in future bliss as by the doubting Thomases whom he so greatly pities (as witness his equal eagerness to postpone it as long as possible), it is really a curious fact, but still a fact, that our nerve does not fail us as we draw near and nearer to it. On the contrary, we take our doom more philosophically every day. I once knew a poor charwoman who had a most desperate struggle to keep a large family housed and fed, and she said that church teaching was all very well, but that for her part what she hankered for was peace, — not Heaven, with its fresh occupations, but a good, square sleep. Conversely, there is "Punch's" story of the little boy upbraided by his pastor, pictured as catching him at it, for fishing on the Day of Rest. "What do I want with rest?" the Sabbath-breaker growled. Naturally, it was the last thing he wanted at his time of life.

Even at forty, when one is still young (but not with the youth of sixty), one has paroxysms of longing for one's "chance over again." I believe that ninety-nine out of a hundred at that age would pledge their title-deeds to a future life for another turn at this, although they may discreetly, as they can safely, deny it; but later on, when one has crawled out of the dust of the arena, and looks down, calm-eyed, upon the fight still going on, one says to one's self, "What a bother it has all been!" and, feeling the sweetness of relief from the toil and moil, "I would not care to have to go through it again." No, not even when one can assure one's self, as I can, that, taking all things into account, one has been a lucky woman.

As I said before, I cannot answer for the feelings of men.

The crude elements of death are certainly horrible to contemplate. That one's precious body can become the thing we know it will become, that we must leave this warm home-world (which, by the way, we have so ungratefully grumbled at while in it, and whose beauty and comfort we have not hesitated to help to spoil) to be mere dust of dust in the cold bowels of the earth, out of sight and out of mind, — who, old or young, can think of it without a shiver? But then, we don't think of it; or, if we do, we hasten to remember that when the time comes we shall know nothing about it. According to my experience, and I have twice passed through the bitterness of death, in the sense that all the conscious process of dying was complete, it is when you know, or believe, that your last hour has come that you feel least concerned with your personal fate. All I thought of, in my unextinguished self-conceit, was how my poor family would manage to get along without me.

As for post-mortem existence, with its awesome contingencies, well, that is rather delicate ground for a person who wishes to be sincere to venture on. Still, the matter is so important to my subject that I cannot pass it over. And to speak candidly, as I must, or hold my tongue, I can only say that I find no evidence anywhere of words weighed and deeds considered as having to be accounted for at the tremendous Assize foretold; and I ask any fair-minded reader, who looks about him with an unprejudiced eye, whether he does not agree with me. Let words and deeds be good or bad, let the doers and utterers be of the straitest sect of the Pharisees or the reverse, it is obviously the same with all, the gospel of fear has no real meaning for them, and it is the tangible present in which they wholly live.

The most rabidly pious women will come out of church with no thought but to keep the rain from their best hats and frocks, dear, human creatures, our blood-sisters, after all! And the clergy, their teachers, — we see them foaming at the mouth at the mention of a Roman Catholic, or wholly given up to their fantastical ritualistic play-toys. Surely if any class amongst us can be said to fiddle (in more senses than one) while Rome is burning, it is what we may term the official fire-brigade, too case-hardened in professionalism to subordinate the engine to the flames.

I do not wish to be rude to anybody, and certainly not to a body of devoted men amongst whom I number many valued friends; I only say they are made of the same stuff as the rest of us, and I mean that for a compliment, although I know they will not take it so. It may be a first-class churchman who turns divine service into primarily a musical or dramatic performance, beguiled by the epithets "stately" and "correct;" but the unpretentious worshiper who goes to it purely for communion with God, and seeks in vain a moment's peace for a quiet prayer, even at the Holy Sacrament, is the religious one of the two.

Similarly, between the preacher passionately vilifying the Scarlet Lady and the easy-going worldling whose simple creed is to live and let live, we who are not governed by the traditions of a sacerdotal caste have no difficulty in determining which is the better Christian. We are all tarred with the same brush, and the parsons are just as good and bad as we are, creatures of circumstances every one. And they may profess till they are black in the face, they are no more afraid of a great and terrible Day of Judgment than the happy shop-boy cycling through the country of a summer Sunday instead of going to church (one of their pet sinners); for if they were, they would show it.

Believers or unbelievers, we take no step with the direct object of avoiding the road to eternal perdition; similarly, we make no conscious effort to keep our feet pointing for the gates of Heaven, doing our good works, as per the multitudinous

paper labels on our backs, out of the natural goodness of our hearts, which were not born to sin as the sparks fly upward. The fact is patent to every observant eye that, virtually, it really does not matter much to anybody whether the great Dream of Humanity materializes or not. He thinks it does, of course; necessarily, after all these ages of thinking it, it is an hereditary instinct in him to do so. Man's cherished belief is that happiness is what he seeks, wrote R. L. Stevenson to Gosse, "and he can tell himself this fairy-tale of an eternal tea-party and enjoy the notion that he is both himself and something else, and that his friends will yet meet him all ironed out and emasculate, and still be lovable." Whereas "Happinesses are but his wayside campings; his soul is in the journey; he was born for the struggle, and only tastes his life in effort and on the condition that he is opposed. How, then, is such a creature, so fiery, so pugnacious, so made up of discontent and aspirations, and such noble and uneasy passions, how can he be rewarded but by rest?"

Who knows? And, judging from appearances, which are all we have to judge by, who cares? At any rate, the beckonings of a future life take nothing from the value of the one we yet possess, with youth and all that youth means gone out of it. "O Paradise! O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest?" I have watched the ecstatic faces of the singers of that hymn, and with difficulty repressed a smile at the funny thought of how they would look if they were suddenly to find themselves in danger of having their implied prayer answered. "'T is weary waiting here;" they don't mean a word of it. If they do, they should be ashamed to own it. The loafer that will not work and the coward that will not fight are the persons who find 't is weary waiting here, and when they do now and again muster a bit of courage and commit suicide, it is certainly not with any view to consequences. Well, well! Having done our blundering best according to our lights, we can surely leave the Hereafter to take care of itself; or, rather, we can leave it to the Power that created the Universe, and us to be so infinitesimal a fraction of it. Nor do we need to feel either wicked or unhappy in this condition of things. Because we do not subscribe blindfold to ecclesiastical formulæ, we are not without the consolations of religion in our old age. Far from it.

And so we sit and rest ourselves, after all the frantic wear and tear; and more and more, instead of less, it is borne in upon us that life is sweet, and this dear world our hearts' delight, with all its imperfections. It is young still, as we once were, seeing no further than its nose, or at any rate not far enough to get proportions and perspectives right; but we can believe now that it will be wiser some day, and looking back upon its old wars and childish controversies, say, not only, "What a bother it has all been!" but, "What a stupid waste!" Inasmuch as we see it earnestly struggling to wider and higher light, the God in man winning something over the brute at every step, we love it for what it will be as much as for what it is. We love it, first and last, with the love that "lives in the faults of the beloved, and draws its breath in one unbroken round of forgiveness," the only love we understand.

Let me repeat once more. As life, this life which is our only life at present, wanes, the interest of life does not necessarily wane with it, despite traditional theories to the contrary. Given fair play, as I said before, the materials of enjoyment are as rich at sixty as at sixteen or twenty-six; in some ways, richer.

The "fullness of experience" — what wealth that is! Now that we have time to think of things, now that we can sleep o' nights (while other women are agonizing with broken hearts or ailing infants), and thereby gain the strength and sanity of body and mind that were once well-nigh taxed out of them; now that we can give ourselves unreservedly to a fine book, a holiday outing, those simple but uplifting joys which literally re-create jaded spirit

and flesh; now that we are up on the cushions, as it were, above the sawdust and smother, we can see life steadily and see it whole. And it is not all vanity, as in our distracted youth we so frequently supposed.

In our distracted youth we were looking forward all the time, and, speaking personally, I may say that hopes of more or less antiquity, some for myself proper, and more for myself in the selves of my progeny, flourish as vigorously as ever they did; but the sweet pastime of the rejuvenated grandmother is to look back, to rest and survey the historic Past. Was it such a hard road, after all? With the mellow light upon it, its roughnesses are its charm. "The rugged and bitter business where his heart lies;" Stevenson's description of the mundane life of man is good enough. It was rugged and bitter to us, without a doubt, but our hearts were in it, as they are in it now; it was *living*, the struggle for which we were born. That we took our gruel standing, however unsteadily, and not lying down, fighting on and through, and not giving in, — is not that its own reward when the battle is over? "Peace at the last" to victor and vanquished, who are neither one nor the other, or equally misnamed.

Never mind how little we have done to brag about, we have done it. And how proud (modestly proud) we feel! The young folks who now own the world, and have the smallest possible opinion of our present value to it, if they only knew with what complacent superiority we listen to their cocksure wisdom and smile over their heads! Let them go their way, poor dears. They will, anyhow, taking no advice from us (and the best thing for them too), and seek the company that suits them; what suits us is to get hold of our own contemporaries and compare notes with them, particularly, some old, old friend, whom perhaps we have not seen for thirty years or more. "Do you remember" this, that, and the other? We can yarn over our old times by the hour, by the week, with the sense of being transported to fairy-land. The far Past is our fairy-land now. For all the sordid details have melted into the harmonious whole, as the stones of rough hillsides into the rose and blue of distant ranges at sunset; or, if we recall them, it is like looking at weeds and rubbish when they have been jeweled with hoar-frost.

For this reason, that the alchemy of loving memory does tend to make dross glitter to the likeness of gold, our traveler's tales are perhaps justly sniffed at by such of our descendants as may chance to overhear them. Let it be understood, then, that this spiritual marconigram is addressed to the men and women, especially the women, of my own day and generation, who have the sympathetic receiver and the code. If *they* did not see upon the face of Truth some tinge of the color that possibly never was on sea or land, I do not think it would be the face of Truth to them at all.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AS TO WOMEN'S CLUBS

It cannot be denied that there exist people who believe that the masculine half of mankind has considerably the best of life. To be frank, I think so myself.

The question, which of women's alleged disadvantages has operated the most seriously against her, is one of individual opinion. For myself, living as I have done in a village of small size and few diversions, the thing I have resented most, hated most, has been, and is now, that it is not possible, that it never has been possible, for me to hie me with my menfolk to the village store, or to the shoemaker's shop, or to the railing of the old creek bridge, every evening of my life, and *talk*.

Not a very high ambition, say you. Well, perhaps not! Yet I fancy most women will know what I mean, and will understand that in my long quarrel with fate it has not been alone the pleasure and variety of this frequent matching of wits that I have deplored, but that, along with these, I have seemed to see slip by a wider view, a broader mind, and a mental stimulus both healthy and cheering.

Take these menfolk of mine! In the pauses of gossip and of yarns old and new, they have more or less thoroughly exploited, take it the year round, every event of importance that has occurred on the face of the earth during their entire lives; and echoes of the past and portents of the future have not been lacking. Here they have forged their beliefs, and here they have nerved themselves to action. No wonder I have envied them! Nothing like it ever came into the life of any woman since the world began.

It could n't, you know; there has not been time. Things at home had to be looked after even if the menfolk did become — patriots and heroes. The babies, you see, had to be born, yes, and reared and fed; the food had to be prepared, the dishes washed, the clothes made and mended, the house looked after, and all the other odd jobs done that nobody wanted to do. This, you will admit, has taken time, lots of time, all the time of nineteen-twentieths of all the women who have ever lived, some one says. And, whilst I am the last to suggest that it has turned out so badly, either for the woman or for the race she has reared, I must yet insist that, as a rule, it *has been* DULL for the woman!

Of course she has had some diversions. Between breaths, as it were, and with the chance hanging over her that her bread or her babies would burn up in her absence, she has yet always been able to invent an excuse to slip over to her neighbor's kitchen, and gossip awhile. And a saving grace it has been to her. Moreover, in my opinion, it is out of these pleasant gossips in the kitchen that the Woman's Club has been evolved, and by a process as truly scientific as any celebrated by Mr. Darwin himself. For — do you not see — being one day unusually strong-minded, as well as in a rebellious mental state, it dawned upon the woman that she could take an hour off regularly, say once a week. Promptly she inspired her neighbor to think the same. At first she justified her new departure by devoting her precious hour to sewing for the heathen. Becoming bolder, and a trifle tired of the heathen, she looked around for more congenial employment and found it in considering ways and means for reforming the habits of her menfolk; in reading a book with others; in financing a church or a hospital; in studying Shakespeare or Browning; in giving aid or advice as to needed

reforms in state or city. And lo! the Woman's Club was born!

Now there is no doubt that she has been amazed at the discovery which she presently made, that the avowed object of the existence of the Woman's Club, whatever that object might be, bore small relation to the measure of its real value to her. For it is not through the flannel petticoats for the heathen, nor through the drunkards saved, nor through the cleaner streets, not even through her delight in her new mental development, that its great benefit to her has appeared. No! It has come in a subtler way. It has come through the meeting with others in an absolute equality; through escaping altogether the old familiar round; through that immaterial, ineffable something that comes of the appreciation of others; through the new things to think about; through the rough corners rubbed off; through the truer valuation that comes of wider knowledge. And, as a result, suddenly, unexpectedly, for the first time in history, the woman finds things beginning to be evened up; finds she can begin to look her menfolk, even her own menfolk, in the eye, with something of the equality that a dawning comprehension of her gifts, as well as of her graces, gives her.

Now, if the Woman's Club can do this one thing, this one most desirable thing, and for the women who need it the most, it is my contention that it does not matter how it goes about it; that no matter if it does make mistakes, no matter how much it overestimates its influence, nor how much too seriously it takes itself, in its inexperience; if the Woman's Club can do this one thing, I say, the least the world can do is to stand off and allow it to do its work in its own way and in its own time.

RECORDING A LIKENESS

A FRIEND of mine used to argue that when all the great inventions of the nineteenth century had been properly valued, that of Daguerre — photography — would rank alongside of the steam-boiler (which made possible rapid transportation by land and by sea), the application of electricity, and the microscope. I would add to this list the discovery of anæsthetics, whose boon to suffering mankind in a single day would beggar the utmost largess of Czar or Kaiser in a lifetime. Modern health (may I not even say morals, too, so far as they depend on health?) is founded on the microscope; but the usefulness of the microscope itself has been quadrupled by photography, without which a large part of the microscopist's observations, experiments, and results could never be recorded. Photography makes possible, therefore, absolute accuracy in many fields which but yesterday were unexplored, and but a few years ago were undreamt of.

There is one province, however, in which precision, though much to be desired, has not yet been applied. That province is portraiture. Consider, first, painted portraits, and look through any series, of any period, or class of persons: you can never be sure whether their originals were large men or small. You can guess, of course, in exceptional cases, that X was a dwarf, or Y tall and slim; but you cannot tell the exact size of either.

Take Napoleon, for instance. From the portraits of him by Gros, Delaroche, and the rest, *where he is alone*, could you infer that his height was only five feet and a fraction of an inch? In ordinary engravings and half-tones from original canvases you can get no clue to the truth, and you could certainly never guess whether he was larger or smaller than his marshals, or how they stood among themselves. Gilbert Stuart's heads of the early Presidents of the United States leave you equally in the dark as to the relative proportions of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. The canvases are of the same size, and so are the heads that fill them; but in reality Washington and Jefferson could not have worn the same hat. So Queen Victoria, who was below the average woman's height, — in Eng-

land, indeed, she was rather diminutive, — appears in her state portraits as a sovereign of commanding stature. And yet, to convey a proper impression of size should be an essential in portraiture.

This being true, why cannot painters devise some conventional sign to reveal at a glance whether a given portrait is heroic, life-size, or smaller? Such a scheme could be adopted without in any way affecting the artistic requirements of the picture. Painters could easily agree on certain measurements as normal, and then indicate in each case whether they were painting above or below this standard. It certainly would offend our æsthetic sensitiveness much less to see marked inconspicuously in a lower corner of the canvas "$\frac{7}{8}$" or "$1\frac{1}{16}$" or some other scale, than it does now to have blazoned in letters of scare-head size the painter's name, residence, and date across the top or bottom of the work. Until some such simple device is adopted, portraits will continue to furnish very inadequate information concerning one of the most important of man's physical attributes.

That such an advance should not already have been made in photography and in other modern forms of pictorial reproduction, is all the more remarkable when we consider how readily these media lend themselves to precision. But, as things go, one head in a cabinet photograph may be as large as another, whether the sitter be Secretary Taft or Mayor McClellan. In other words, the wonderful potentiality for precision which the camera possesses is not availed of.

So, too, in wood-engraving (that art, the only one, which Americans had just brought to the highest state of perfection when "process" pictures came in to blight it) a great deal more information might be furnished by the employment of a few arbitrary, but simple, conventions. Thus the general complexion, whether blond or dark, as shown in a portrait to be engraved, might be rendered by a conventional difference of treatment. Mr. Cole can reveal to you by his masterly use of the tool the very brushwork in the painting he copies; is it not time that a master like him should have discovered some means of indicating that Macaulay's hair was almost corn-yellow, that Tennyson's was very dark, that Bismarck was blond and Garibaldi auburn-tawny? If you look at the woodcuts of those celebrities, you find no clue to these vital physiological facts; you get, at most, only cranial structure and facial contours and expression. And yet in heraldry, the employment of a few conventional lines or stippling discloses at a glance the colors of an engraved coat-of-arms. Experimental psychology is constantly inventing new ways for measuring and registering the most complex human sensations, and for demonstrating the almost fatal relations between physical and psychical qualities. Cannot portraiture, in the forms I have briefly referred to, extend the scope of the testimony it brings, without in the least infringing upon the claims of art?

If it be objected that to follow the scheme here outlined, or any other, would bind painters and engravers by too many conventions, we need only reply that at bottom all imitative arts depend on a few generally accepted conventions. In painting, what are the devices for simulating distance or relief, if not conventional? Assuredly, it is not too much to expect that such significant facts as a man's size and complexion will not forever be ignored by whatever form of portraiture he may be represented. I hear my good friends the painters and photographers and engravers declare firmly, "Impossible!" but I have seen so many of yesterday's impossibilities become to-day's commonplaces, that I am foolhardy enough to hazard the suggestion, and to hope that to-morrow may see it carried out.

ALGERNON'S WIFE

My heart has been touched by the pathetic confession of Cynthia's husband in the Contributors' Club for September. A

pang of sympathy rends me when I think of his primitive and wholesome standards of good-breeding and refinement as opposed to Cynthia's artificial little code of social correctness. But as I cannot pour this *confessio uxoris* into his private and personal ear (for the excellent reason that I do not know to whose head that ear is attached), I bring my woes to the same generous tribunal which heard his cry, hoping that my sad tale may touch a responsive chord in the breasts of other gross and earth-bound spirits like myself.

I am common, hopelessly and irretrievably common, in my tastes, habits, and associations, and I am married to a Perfectly Refined Man. It is a not unusual situation. It is one around which the novelist has often woven a pathetic story, touched here and there with real tragedy; but in fiction, you will notice, the reader is invariably expected to sympathize with the soul of shrinking sensitiveness, whereas in this fact of my husband's spiritual mésalliance it is the wife of common clay for whom your prayers are desired.

First let me hasten to assure expectant ears pricked for a tale of domestic infelicity, that Algernon and I are very happy together, though it is quite illogical that we should be. Algernon is an artist — Oh dear! there I am forgetting again that that word always makes him wince! No, he is *not* an artist, he is a painter, — though I can never see why he chooses to be called by a word that instantly creates the mental image of a turpentiny man in dirty white overalls carrying a bucket of paint up a ladder. But that idea he considers a proof of my crude imagination. Algernon is of such refined gold that it would be " wasteful and ridiculous excess " to try to gild him with adjectives. It is for him to paint the lily, and add another hue unto the rainbow with his crazy impressionistic ideas of color, and it is for me to stand apart from the surrounding group of sensitive and soul-searching satellites, and lift my vulgar hands to Heaven, thanking God that I am not as other men are. For I glory in my shame, even as the Pharisee gloried in his superiority.

Occasionally I go forth with Algernon into The World, — that little world of arts and letters which takes itself with such portentous seriousness, — but I always feel like a cow in a china-shop, and if I move or breathe I am afraid of breaking an ideal or tarnishing an illusion. In this little world of half-lights and subdued tones, the men are all rather small and colorless, and wear soft, pointed beards. Their voices are gentle, their speech is academic, and they talk about the petty poets, painters, and essayists of their acquaintance as if they were reincarnations of Homer, Velasquez, and Sainte-Beuve. These innocent creatures speak boldly of themselves as " we Bohemians," but they really live in Philistia Centre, and not one of them would dare to hold an opinion unshared by all. They are intellectual communists.

The women are even more feminine than the men. They, also, never raise their voices; they seldom raise their eyes. They sit at the feet of their high-priestess, Miss Lily White, in whose chaste drawing-room they delight to cluster, and they strive to imitate her intonations, to think her higher thoughts, to share her greater hopes. And these innocuous ladies fancy that on their virginal shoulders have fallen the cloaks of the women of the French salons!

Cynthia's husband will readily see that I am no more at home in this milieu than he would be. I always feel as Tannhäuser must have felt when he was surrounded by that Purity League in Elizabeth's Castle, and I long for the outlet to my feelings which he found in snatching up his little stringed instrument and breaking into a song so hearty and honest and elemental that his host and hostess and all their guests rushed from the room, leaving him alone with his own amazement.

Algernon grows restive under the combination of his *précieuses* friends and

(though I say it who should n't) of his also precious wife, and he generally perceives that it is for the greatest good of the greatest number that I should be withdrawn from these social gatherings. He sees my mouth twitching with amusement when I ought to look solemn, and my eyes filling with tears of pity for the little still-born joke that a tentative humorist has shyly produced. I hear soft murmurings of pity for Algernon rising to sympathetic lips before I am hurried from the room; but once outside the door I clutch my husband's arm and explode with coarse laughter, — and he is so much of a gentleman that he joins in a little for fear of hurting my feelings, but he says gently, " I think you are right, Sarah, my world is not your world, and it is better not to pretend that it is."

Now, though I am not " refined," I do like *people*, — just plain ordinary people, like those that Cynthia jeered at because their teeth and their hair grew in the common way. It has been my task to found a club, which has grown to such a stupendous size that the members have bought a house in which their meetings are held. The House of Commons is, for obvious reasons, the name of the club, and the only requirement for admission is that the members should *know that they are common*, and that in itself is sufficiently uncommon to limit the membership. We none of us pretend to be what we are not, or to like what we do not appreciate, or to understand things that are beyond us, and we all have a splendid time, glorying in our inferiority.

I feel that Cynthia's husband and some of his delightful friends should join this society now that they know of its existence, and of its one and only requirement. Perhaps in time Cynthia herself may become eligible for membership if the grossness of her husband's nature has strength enough to drag her down, which, according to Tennyson, invariably happens when one is mated to a clown. By the same token my dear Algernon's good manners may, in course of time, be so corrupted by evil communications as to enable him to join us, and then, indeed, there will be joy over the one saint that repenteth.

The only *raison d'être* of this little song of myself which I have chirped so persistently is that I may extend an invitation to all those who see themselves as others see them, to join this Society of Self-Constituted Outcasts. After this egotistical confession it is hardly necessary to mention my official position in the club, — I am the Speaker of the House of Commons.

A SCHOOL OF POSTURING

" — And melancholy self-deception! " Thus Stevenson somewhere characterizes the pleasant habit of keeping a journal. Disgruntled, almost middle-aged, the dictum sounds. Had the author of *Virginibus Puerisque* been lately reading over some journal of his youth — had he forgotten Pepys? Strange that he had not recalled the too-oft-quoted passage about the young woman in St. Dunstan's Church, who repelled Mr. Secretary with a pin; or how they " talked all the way *very pleasantly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther;* " or how there was " nothing for dinner but a venison pasty, a leg of mutton and a few fowls." Surely here was no melancholy self-deception! but the candidest nature that ever " left a personal seduction behind, and retained after death the art of making friends."

Nor is it far otherwise with the graver Evelyn, or the author of *Evelina*, whose frank endearing diary has lately been given to the public. Who could relinquish these old diaries, Hogarthian progresses through the life of their times? Not the historian; not even the amateur antiquary, who only reads them culled and edited by other writers. It is only thus that I know the diary of Judge Sewall of Boston. He is quoted by Mrs. Earle in many a favorite chapter of her charming books about the customs of the olden

time. Readers may wonder what put it into the head of an elderly Puritan lawyer to keep a diary. It was not for our pleasure, we suppose, that he noted down how he sent a neighbor a "taste of his dinner;" or how he came to name his little daughter Sarah.

"I was struggling whether to call her Mehitable or Sarah; but when I saw Sarah's standing in the Scriptures: viz., Peter, Galatians, Hebrews, Romans, I resolved on that name."

Some survival of youthful feeling must have prompted him to record his pleasant uneventful years — to "count his life thus by lustres." He would spin out each sensation, and revive it at will, by thus recording it. Alas! better that he had forgotten the day when he read to his little daughter Betty that terrible sermon which "wounded" her!

"It ran in her mind and terrified her greatly. And staying at home, she read out of Mr. Cotton Mather, 'Why hath Satan filled thy heart?' which increased her fear."

There is a very different diary of Puritan days in Boston, kept by a school-girl who might have gone down the street arm in arm with Sarah or Betty Sewall. Little Anna Green Winslow had obvious reasons for keeping a diary! She must immortalize that pyramidal head-dress, the "yellow coat, and pompedore shoes," in which she no doubt looked far more charming than she says she did. Indeed, she does not say that she looked charming at all. She had not so much vanity. She merely describes the charming scenery of clothes amid which she moved; much as if her yellow coat had been a yellow sky, and the silver plume a mountain waterfall, which she had seen while out walking. Little Anna! would that thy book had come to the knowledge of R. L. S.!

"Dear Mamma," she writes at its close, "you don't know what a stir would be made in Sudbury Street, were I to make my appearance there in my red Dominic and black Hatt!"

A more industrious journal is that of Abigail Foote.

"Fixed gown for Prude" (thus runs an average entry), "mended mother's Riding-hood — spun short thread, carded tow, worked on cheese-basket; — hetcheled flax with Hannah, we did 51 pounds apiece — read a sermon by Doddridge, spooled a piece, made a broom of Guinea wheat straw, — set a Red dye."

And again she writes, —

"I carded two pounds of whole Wool & felt Nationly."

The most Puritanic of little girls' diaries was kept by Mary Sumner, who lived not in Boston, but in the South. Her book was divided into Black Leaves, where she recorded her misdemeanors, and White Leaves, where her meritorious actions were set down. Her Black Leaf contains such grave misconduct as this:

"I left Sister Cynthia's frock on the bed.

"Was not diligent in larning at school.

"Part of this day I did not improve my time well."

On her White Leaf we find that she

"Went to meeting and paid good attention.

"Went to the funeral in the afternoon.

"Was midlin' diligent;" and "endeavoured to behave myself decent."

I can write thus in praise of the diary-keeping habit, though it was but lately that I perused with considerable disgust a silly diary which I myself kept in the summer of the Spanish War. And yet I have not burned it; no, not when I found it speaking disrespectfully, even patronizingly, of those whom its author could never sufficiently honor. I value its portrait, though unattractive, of myself, as Cromwell required to be painted with all his warts. If such youthful diaries are schools of posturing, they are very ineffective schools. Our real character appears in them as plain as a pipe-stem. Not the limpid long sentences of Pepys himself more honestly portray their author than the affectations of my diary

betray my nature. Not only did I not burn that diary, but I continue the one on which I have been intermittently engaged ever since. I do suspect that there is but little difference between them, could they be viewed by a stranger.

"Changed not in kind, but in degree" (I will hope). But were it never so debasing a habit, there is that egotism in me which cannot be satisfied without keeping a journal. I put down, as a makeweight, the events of our family and village, with some comments generously thrown in; and note with an affected brevity the very occasional fact that I have sold some verses. But what I really keep a journal for (murder will out) is to record my own opinions. I delight to write down, under the caption "A busy day," exploits of housework; but in closing, include, with an affectation of carelessness, some philosophy which I use in my business. It is pleasant to reread old prophecies, hopes, ambitions, and judgments of men and books, and see how public opinion, and the event, turned some to ridicule, and fulfilled others, and laid a great many on the table.

Diaries are photographs, or what in our school-days we called "memory books." There is a diary in our town which I hope some day to see. It was kept by the only naval volunteer from this township in the Civil War. He served under Farragut, and was on the Hartford when she passed New Orleans. His diary covers that famous day. But where is it? His wife has searched her wonderfully-kept attics in vain. He too has searched, but in a half-hearted way; for he is reluctant about lending it. Another diary of the Civil War is somewhere in the house of friends of mine. It was kept by the father of my old friend Emma W. — that veteran who used to sing his children to sleep with the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." But they lost him many summers ago; and his Diary has long been mislaid. It is really the best diary of which I know; for it has enabled more than one invalid comrade to secure his sorely needed pension. Does it look out, from some dusty corner of the garret, upon one veteran in particular? does it see him rest that ruined limb, which never ceases to ache a little longer each evening, on the way home from the mill? There are but six veterans left in town now, and only one who came back from the Wilderness.

Alas! my friend Emma is wedded and gone; or she would let me into that garret, and we would search and find that diary; and we would read together to the entry following Fair Oaks, where General Grant shook hands with our home hero.

FIREWORKS AND FAME

After dozing over the cheerful platitudes of Macaulay and his literary kinsmen, it is with a gasp of relief that we turn to some of the inspired absurdities of the younger generation. The ethical code of the aforesaid generation may or may not be an improvement on that of past decades, but its exponents have at least the merit of keeping themselves and their readers awake. Indeed, if any one characteristic may be called *the* distinguishing element in modern social criticism, it is this spirit of alertness on the part of the critics, — a tendency to stand squarely on their own feet, rather than to drop themselves against the eminently respectable and comfortable shoulder of conventionality — and there go to sleep. It is true that the discovery of their own powers of locomotion has surprised a few into fantastic gambols and occasional tumbles, alarming perhaps to the occupants of wheel-chairs, but welcome to the healthy citizens as signs of growth, to be greeted, not deplored.

And yet, after we have chuckled over the precocity of our contemporaries, we begin to be haunted by the doubt as to whether the originality of their style has root in a corresponding originality of thought. A few there are, perhaps, — Ibsen, Nietzsche, Gorky, — whose indi-

viduality we may not question, although one or two more drastic critics have murmured that Ibsen smacks of Shakespeare. But then, so does humanity. The great body of later novelists, essayists, dramatists, however, particularly those of English origin, have borrowed wholesale from the treasure-vaults of earlier thinkers, and their enlivening influence would seem to be due to the dazzling raiment in which they clothe a theory, rather than to the newness of the theory itself. The political economy of Bernard Shaw, for instance, is more or less of a hash, — composed chiefly of the ingredients Karl Marx, Proudhon, Brissot, — but, served up with the true Shavian pepper and sauce, it becomes a dish to tempt the epicure in search of variety.

But the man who succeeded in really bringing home to me the truth of this generalization about old wine in new bottles, was that master of paradox, Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton is a most genially caustic and entertaining critic; the kaleidoscope of his mind amuses even while it irritates; the effect on our mental vision is illuminating if taxing. Had Mr. Chesterton written nothing but *Heretics*, that brilliant but jumbled display of sky-rockets, the decade would still owe him the gratitude due to any effective eye-opener.

And yet, Mr. Chesterton's methods are far more novel than are his ideas, though it is only after several readings that this fact becomes patent. Theories which we had received stolidly enough from the lips of Carlyle or of Arnold, come to us decked out in such fantastic garb by our more modern critic that we either bar their way, dubiously, or else receive them as visitants from another and better world than ours. As a matter of fact, it is this strangeness of garb, rather than any innate individuality which attracts attention. What other men have given us in sermon, Mr. Chesterton has reduced to epigram. That is all the difference.

His essay on "The Negative Spirit" will illustrate, as well as any, my meaning. In brilliant metaphor, he has derided the passivity of our minds, the passivity which calls itself tolerance, progress, because it neither accepts nor rejects any one creed. Now, to Mr. Chesterton, progress without firm convictions is an impossibility. If we have no goal in sight, whither would we progress, he queries, and adds, —

"Nobody has any business to use the word 'progress,' unless he has a definite creed and a cast-iron code of morals. Nobody can be progressive without being doctrinal . . . for progress, by its very name, indicates a direction; and the moment we are in the least doubtful about the direction, we become in the same degree doubtful about the progress. Never, perhaps, since the beginning of the world has there been an age that had less right to use the word 'progress,' than we."

Whereupon we lay down the book, with an appreciation of the author's acuteness in solving so patly for us the troublesome question of progress. It is only later that the words begin to sound like a familiar echo, and we ask ourselves whether we have not heard all this before. Was it not Carlyle who thundered against the passivity, the nonchalance of our lives? Did not Cardinal Newman lament our indifference to decisions, and urge upon us the necessity of pledging ourselves to a definite conviction of some kind? And, unless my memory plays me false, it was Arnold, the apostle of the intellect, who cried unto us to awake, and search for the truth in all things.

Even the two elements in Mr. Chesterton's work which appeal to us as the most significant, his optimistic sense of romance, and his love for humanity at large, are really only developed phases of the romantic and fraternal instincts of Charles Dickens or of William Morris.

"We may love negroes because they are black, or German Socialists because they are pedantic," he cries, "but we have to love our neighbor because he is *there*."

An interesting statement, yet, after all, only a crystallization in epigram of the code preached by Dickens in the histories of *Oliver Twist*, *Little Dorrit*, or *David Copperfield*. Indeed, echoes from the world of Dickens are not infrequent in *Heretics*. "Omar and the Sacred Vine" is a veritable pæan in honor of social drinking — not the drinking of Khayyám, indeed, but that of Norse Vikings, of Falstaff, of Mr. Pickwick, of all boon-fellows. The joy of fraternity, of a festival brimming with brotherhood and beer, is the motif of this essay, and a motif which has gladdened the hearts of all Dickens lovers for half a century and more.

As for Chesterton's romantic optimism, — the faith which finds all things ultimately good, which envelops the chimney-sweep in a halo of glory, and exults in the mysterious nobility of boot-blacks, — may we not hold both Dickens and Morris responsible for this philosophy: Dickens who opened the door of his sympathies and let us catch a glimpse through it of the lives of workmen, beggars, and prisoners; and Morris, who looked yet further, and prophesied their entrance into a common heritage of freedom and beauty?

A master of fireworks this critic undoubtedly is, and one to whom we owe a most royal welcome; and yet, in justice to the dreamers of preceding decades — now somewhat scornfully shelved — we must admit that Mr. Chesterton, in common with most of our critics, is deeply indebted to the early Victorians. His hand has lighted the fuse, but other men have supplied the powder for Mr. Chesterton's display.

THE VALUE OF TAKING THINGS SERIOUSLY

So much has been said and written in praise of that nebulous uncertainty, a sense of humor, that we are perpetually in danger of forgetting what serene comfort lies in the lack of it. A sense of humor is merely a compensation bestowed upon a temperament which would otherwise find itself unable to support the ills of which it is all too keenly aware; but to suppose that the serious temperament is as keenly aware of the ills without the alleviation which humor offers to the more fortunate few, is to create a confusion of issues. Rather, on consideration, one perceives that since to the serious mind all things are serious, that mind is not overwhelmed by the contrasts of life, which drive the more volatile spirit to drug its sensibilities with its sense of humor.

Take, for example, childhood — the period which all serious souls aver is the happiest of our lives. Are we happy then because we are possessed of a perception of the ridiculous which compensates us for fate's buffets in the form of bruises and bee-stings? Far from it! I have yet to see the small boy who considers his own bumped head a fit subject for mirth, or even for an ironic smile; nor, if his eye be closed by an irate and vindictive wasp, does he find the situation even potentially humorous. At that early and superlatively serious age even a fellow-sufferer is an added misery; it does not mitigate, but rather intensifies, Tommy's woes, to be told that Johnny Jones has been stung so badly that he cannot see out of either eye. "In kindness," he begs you, "if I must bear this, let me at least bear it without the attempted alleviations of your odious comparisons — let me have the comfort of being a splendid and solitary sufferer — let me, in short, take it seriously." And he takes it seriously, untrammeled by the noxious certainty that even a rudimentary sense of humor must have thrust upon him — the certainty that other boys have been worse stung, and yet have borne it.

And if the small and serious boy is more glorious in his affliction, certainly he is more radiant in his joys. Captain at last of the small town's smallest ball-team, does he find himself suddenly oppressed by the conviction that even the

sweets of such achievement cloy? — Not he! He swells visibly with pride as he enters the door that evening; with judicious inquiry, or even without it, the great news is presently brought forth — "The fellows elected me captain to-day." Even the jeer of an unsympathetic elder brother does not show him that the situation has an element of humor; nor do efforts to point out to him that had he been elected President of these United States he could hardly be prouder, depress him. He knows, lucky, serious youth, that the being President would not compare with this; and, O fortunate, he is probably right; since few climb to the presidential chair uncursed by a sense of humor.

Why does an Englishman seem able to enjoy himself to such an unlimited extent, and to such a green old age? Solely, I assert, by virtue of the gift of taking things seriously. Not himself, so please you, but things, — life, love, even hunting, and the responsibilities of a landed proprietor. They tell us that we Americans take our sports seriously — as a matter of fact, we do nothing of the sort. We take them strenuously, avidly; pursued by the demon of humor that tells us, grinning, that life is short, and that when we have done our little deeds and made our little records, some one will follow us who will ride a stiffer course, or make a better landlord. "If then," we meditate, "we are to do this at all, let us do it strenuously; for the night comes when our chance will be over, and nothing left us but an easy chair before the fire — and a sense of humor."

Who is the man who marries and lives happily ever after, but he whom no ludicrous similarities hinder from repeating to Jane or Susan the vows and protestations which failed to win him Mary? Who is the man who lives a lonely bachelor because of one woman in the long ago, but he who will quote you with a twinkle in his eye, the adage that men have died, and worms have eaten them — but not for love? To take success seriously, and so struggle for it; to take failure seriously, and so avoid it; to take aches and pains seriously, and so achieve sympathy and the doctor; to take living seriously, and so make the most of it, and dying so seriously as to defer it to the last possible moment, and then, when that last moment comes, to die — not frivolously, with apologies for being a long time about it, but in the glorious confidence of having earned a serious and everlasting reward; it is this, and not an over-valued, overworked sense of humor, that brings energy, achievement, — and peace.

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THE INDUSTRIAL DILEMMA

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

LABOR AND THE RAILROADS

THE great social problems of the day, such as those that have arisen between capital and labor, the trusts and the people, the railroad employee and the railroad manager, are being treated and thought out by American public opinion with marked hesitation. But while this public opinion is drifting around in a sea of theories, corporations and labor unions know just what they want, and, for the most part, how to secure their desired concessions and privileges. In this way, all preconceived notions of the fitness of things, and of the social results to be expected from modern industrial methods, have been completely upset. Carried off their feet by well-directed and organized assaults, political economists and leaders of widely different schools of thought are now in danger of losing their bearings. In a word, the situation is fast resolving itself into a great social and industrial dilemma.

In a general way this dilemma may be defined as the difficulty that now confronts public opinion when it is called upon to choose, or in some way to draw the line, between the interests and demands of labor and the corporations, and the more important necessities and rights of society.

In this country, to a greater extent, perhaps, than in any other, public opinion should be termed popular opinion, consequently it is very human and natural in its characteristics. To-day it is radical, to-morrow conservative, but at all times it has its ear to the ground to catch lessons from history. While at times it may appear to be long-suffering and indifferent, it is, nevertheless, very slow to forgive an injury. This is the teaching of instinct, which is as noticeable in the behavior of a nation as in that of an individual. Just at present, for example, popular opinion cannot make up its mind to deal reasonably with corporations and managers. It has now to be educated to treat these people fairly. But the corporations cannot expect the public to arrive at the unassisted conclusion that their business, generally speaking, is now above board and legitimate. It thus becomes their duty to advertise and demonstrate these facts. Reconciliation is certain to follow frankness and publicity.

From the point of view of the student, the social improver, and the mere theorist, the industrial situation on railroads and elsewhere has, of late years, been thoroughly analyzed by competent specialists, and the literature in relation to it is practically endless. But just what the worker himself has to say about it, what his honest opinions and observations amount to as he works at his job, listens to the conversation of his fellows, and draws thoughtful conclusions from every-day practical data, is as yet an unwritten chapter in the history of industrial progress. For it must not be forgotten that the employees on the railroads are the

most important factors in the situation from every point of view. Their opinions, their policies, their behavior, are the great topics to be considered, socially, financially, and industrially. Out of every dollar earned by the railroads, the employees, 1,700,000 of them, receive 42 cents in wages. Consequently, the habits of thought, the point of view of these men, their actual work at the present day, and their probable behavior and intentions for the future, are matters of great social importance. In many directions the opinions and conclusions of these men may be unscientific and contrary to the ideas of people who study generalities, but a careful consideration of them is likely to convince us that they constitute a very fair reflection of the actual state of affairs, viewed from a practical and common-sense standpoint. However this may be, there is certainly no field of industry on which the every-day relations that exist between labor, corporations and public opinion can be so profitably studied as on American railroads.

An engineman of my acquaintance leaves his home at six o'clock in the morning and completes his day's work in six hours. For this service he receives from four to five dollars, according to circumstances. Some enginemen work longer hours and receive more money; but anyway you look at the labor or the wages, the conditions leave little to be desired. With hardly any exception the same satisfactory state of affairs is to be found in nearly every branch of the train service. By degrees, step by step, from a comparatively low plane, an almost ideal standard of wage and treatment has been arrived at. In my own sixty-lever signal-tower, for example, within the past few years the pay has been run up from thirteen to over eighteen dollars per week, and the working day has been run down from twelve to eight hours. Now, among the thousands of railroad men whose material condition I have been describing, there is but one opinion as to the means that have been employed in bringing about these satisfactory results; and I think this general opinion is voiced when I say that the motive power employed in securing these benefits was simply and actually business compulsion. It is useless to assail the motives or personality, either of corporations or of labor unions. The leaders of these bodies are fairly typical of twentieth-century civilization. In their business relations, one with another, they take what they can, and give what they are compelled to. Of course there is a vein of kindliness running throughout all negotiations between men and managers; but when it comes to a settlement of differences concerning dollars and cents, the proceedings are governed by the strictest code of current business principles. In a fair and honorable way, the machinery of management is pitted against the machinery of the labor organization, and the weaker, for the time being, yields to the pressure of superior tactics and resources.

But the point to be emphasized is that hard-drawn business compulsion is the *sine qua non* of progress as regards wages and similar conditions, and is the only form of advice, warning, or incentive to which corporations and labor unions pay any attention. For a number of years, it is true, railroad managers have been trying to break away from this thraldom of mechanical methods, but from lack of public support they have now practically abandoned the struggle, or relegated the human and sympathetic side of management to the editors of the railroad magazines. This is a very uncomfortable way of interpreting industrial conditions and relationships on railroads, but the evidence upon which the employee forms his impressions of the mechanical and compulsory nature of his wage-settlement is unmistakable. That power is privilege is nowhere so patent as on the railroads at the present day.

Within a short distance of my signal-tower there is a crossing at grade. The man in charge receives one dollar and

thirty-five cents for twelve hours' work. As a matter of fact, the crossing man holds a very responsible position. Alertness, attention to duty, and presence of mind, are absolutely essential for the proper protection of travelers on trains and on foot. There are actually more people injured and lives lost at these crossings than on trains, or in any way connected with trains. Therefore, good men and good pay should be the rule at these crossings. Increased efficiency of service would probably make up for the additional expense. Up to date, however, it never has entered into the heads of well-paid enginemen, conductors, and others, to bestir themselves in the interest of these men. Beginning with the management, we all understand that they are down, to stay down until they are able to lift themselves. For years these men, and thousands in other departments, have been waiting for the conscience of somebody, or anybody, to attend to their cases; but unfortunately these gatemen are unorganized, and unable to organize, and there is nothing back of them to make trouble for anybody.

Such is only one of numerous object lessons which the employee has constantly before him, and consequently he may be pardoned for concluding that actual business compulsion is your only wage-raiser. I am aware that, if the employee took time to look into the matter more carefully, he might be willing to modify this opinion; but his everyday life is more concerned with speaking facts than with the philosophy of the subject, and actually, at the present day, his leaders give him no time to take his bearings. In season and out of season they stand between the men and the management. They emphasize and extol the compulsory method, and point on all sides to its object lessons and the benefit to be derived from organized effort along these lines. But this simple theory of business compulsion, this cold-blooded material interpretation of the industrial situation on our railroads, has a still wider significance.

During the month of August, 1908, in the State of Massachusetts, two passenger trains at different points were handled faultlessly for thirty or forty miles past a succession of electric block-signals. Later, with the same crews, these trains were telescoped by other passenger trains on track where these safety devices were not in operation. The cause of these accidents was short-flagging and reckless running. On the roads in question the rules in regard to block-signals are now enforced; the men are actually compelled to live up to them; but the rules in regard to reckless running and short-flagging are not looked upon in the same light — the same attention is not paid to them, and the penalties for violation of the rules are by no means so impartially bestowed. The compulsory method then, is not only the most effectual factor in wage-progress, but the principle itself is found to affect in a marked degree the operating department. To secure efficiency and to secure satisfactory conditions of pay and treatment, the same compulsory methods must be employed. When this compulsory method proves to be insufficient or unworkable, the point to be noticed is that there is actually no force, principle, or sentiment to take its place and fulfill its duties in the situation as we find it to-day.

But in considering the condition of labor on the railroads, we find ourselves obliged to study the employee and his environment from a wider point of view, both socially and historically; for it must be evident to us all that there is something lacking in this hard-drawn theory of business compulsion in industrial life. At best it can be looked upon only as a temporary state of affairs. It must be utterly repugnant to the solid Christian sense of the community, for it is a severe reflection on our up-to-date civilizing methods, that the condition of the employees on railroads and the efficiency of the service, must wholly depend, in the future, upon hard-and-fast rules and agreements. It is surely unreasonable that to safeguard the interests of the

public, the corporation, and the men, the minutest details and arrangements will have to be stipulated in the bond. Is this the final word that labor and the corporations have to say to twentieth-century public opinion? I think not. Nevertheless, personally speaking, and looking backwards over nearly thirty years' service on the railroads, I am conscious that my personal liberty and freedom of action, my actual ability to do the wrong thing and escape detection, has increased fifty-fold, while the ability of the management and the public to cope with and provide for the changed conditions has been decreasing in about the same ratio.

The evolution of this state of affairs forms a curious and instructive chapter in industrial history. This history embraces the methods and ideals of progress in all civilized countries, and perhaps the most curious feature in regard to industrial progress, both in this country and abroad, is that the social conscience, the very factor that is now being eliminated from our industrial schedules, is and has been responsible for the situation as we find it to-day. This is by no means a reflection on the splendid work of the social conscience in uplifting humanity. On the contrary, it is a reflection on those employees and corporations who are either ignorant of its history or have forgotten their social indebtedness. A glance at the great social movement in this country for the betterment of industrial and other conditions should make this clear to us.

Disregarding the earlier years of American history, we find ourselves, say from 1830 to 1870, in a period of great mental and industrial activity. In those days narrowness of mind was beginning to give way to conceptions of duty that embraced humanity at large. Man in relation to the Infinite still retained his central position, but man in relation to his fellows began to acquire considerable relative importance. For centuries, with utmost complacency, Christian people have contented themselves with simply reading and rereading the story of Cain and Abel, until it would almost seem as if the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" had become a too commonplace consideration for practical application in society. While in countless ways individuals have done noble work, the collective mind of the community seems to have been practically asleep to general questions of humanity until, comparatively speaking, a quite recent date.

In the period of American history to which I refer, the thinkers among us woke up and found themselves confronted with numerous social and moral enigmas. Man's inhumanity to man was brought to light and discussed with merciless freedom; an era of common sense set in; its logic was applied with cold and impartial severity to all sorts of inhuman customs and habits, and especially to atrocious labor conditions that had prevailed in society unnoticed and unchecked for centuries. It was a long-drawn-out battle, for the very instincts of people were more or less saturated with superstition,— but the emancipation of the human mind went on apace. The horizon of men's sympathies grew ever wider and brighter; common sense applied to religion gave us a new Heaven; common sense applied to our daily duties and responsibilities gave us a new Earth. This new-born social conscience introduced new conceptions and new standards into human affairs. The abolition of slavery, the humanizing of prison life, the considerate treatment of lunatics and paupers, the conscientious inspection of ships, factories, and tenement houses, are only a few of the reforms that remind us of the widespread influence of the social and spiritual conscience. In this way, by means of organized sympathy, labor in particular was indebted to the people for the social start and uplift, the magnificent growth and fruition of which we see around us to-day.

But of late years, in the industrial world, the fundamental forces at work in these great civilizing movements have undergone remarkable changes. The appeal

for better conditions in the name of humanity has been displaced by the demand for rights in the name of justice. With the assertion of these principles and the appeal to justice as universal arbiter, the industrial dilemma begins to manifest itself in concrete form. How to limit, define, and harmonize the rights of society, of corporations, and of labor unions, is to-day the paramount industrial problem. It has divided the country into two camps — those whose duty it is, politically and otherwise, to protect the interests of the whole body, and those who are daily becoming more and more absorbed in multiplying the rights or privileges of sections. The press and the politicians at the present day are handling the whole subject with extreme caution, and, to save appearances, all concerned are now devoting themselves, with considerable energy, to the study of conditions. It is therefore particularly desirable, at the present day, that those who are in possession of the statistics and understand these conditions should be persuaded to speak out and explain their significance.

For example, railroad managers are well aware that within the past few years, in the midst of the body politic of the railroads there has been evolved an empire within an empire, whose consistent policy is and has been the accumulation of power for its own exclusive use. In plain English, this is the empire of labor. Under the circumstances, considering the history of railroad management in the past, this state of affairs need occasion but little surprise. Its principles are in line with the commonplace ethics of commercial life with which we are everywhere surrounded. When a man goes into business it is for the purpose of making money for himself, and not for his neighbors. Such, at any rate, is the first stage of his progress. It is exactly the same with corporations and labor unions. The selfish stage *is* the first stage, and consideration for others is almost wholly dependent upon the establishment of your own structure upon firm foundations. The empire of labor then, as I am describing it, has evolved in a very natural way; and society, by means of public opinion, is now called upon to influence, control, and guide the succeeding stages of its development.

Compared with this actual and constantly increasing force of labor, the theories and propositions of philosophers and social betterers have but little significance. Socialism may come and may go, but labor and its organization are marching on, not indifferent to, but nevertheless quite independent of, these ideas and associations that are constantly at work for the betterment of society in general. If socialism desires to assist labor, well and good. That is the beginning and the end of the matter so far as labor is concerned. Similarly, if municipal or public ownership in any form can be shown to benefit the worker without interfering with his organization and his schedules, its claims and theories will receive consideration. In other words, labor leaders, more especially on the railroads, are now preaching the gospel of separation. They avoid everything in the nature of an alliance, even in the interests of public safety, and day by day their ability and intentions to stand alone become more pronounced.

But it must not be taken for granted that the rank and file of railroad men have initiated, or unanimously acquiesce in, this line of thought or action. Such broad issues are not thought out or decided upon down below; matters of this nature work down and not up, and in this way the ordinary worker is frequently committed to the support of a policy of which, as an individual, he is somewhat ashamed. Only too frequently, however, the material benefits derived from a certain policy are allowed to outweigh our conscientious scruples. I repeat then: the principle of separation and isolation is not due to any expressed desire or agitation of the rank and file, but is due to the general policy of the leaders. Thus we find the labor situation on the railroads dominated by two or three of the highest

officials of the labor unions. The managers of railroads, if so disposed, could easily corroborate this statement, but a single illustration will give us a good idea of the nature of the evidence.

During the spring of the year 1908, business fell to a very low ebb on the Boston and Maine Railroad: the side tracks were blocked with idle cars, and engines by the dozen were rusting at the roundhouses. Equipment of all sorts, that should have been sent to the shops for repairs, was put into storage tracks, and over all a general retrenchment and reduction of expenses was in order.

Among other methods resorted to, the salaries of the officials above the grade of one hundred dollars per month were subjected to a substantial cut-down. Short time was the order of the day in the shops and out on the road, crews were disbanded, trains were abolished, and everything in the nature of a superfluity was swept into the realm of the unemployed, in a desperate effort to shave the pay-rolls. But, as time passed, conditions instead of improving dropped from bad to worse, and July, the month when the Boston and Maine is called upon to give an account of itself in the shape of dividends and fixed charges, was almost in sight. Consequently, as a final resort, the management hit upon the plan of taking the employees in every department into its confidence. Not only the heads of the organizations, but the rank and file of the men, had the situation explained to them by competent officials. The proposition was very simple. The men were asked to consent to a five per cent cut-down for a period of three months. To an insider taking notes from day to day it soon became evident that the rank and file of the men, regardless of their occupations, thoroughly understood the situation. The argument that railroad labor should bear with railroad capital the burden imposed by the hard times was generally appreciated. So far as my observations extended, it seemed to me that the men were glad to be treated confidentially in the matter. As individuals speaking for themselves, they admitted that the prosperity and interests of the corporation could not possibly be separated or distinguished from their own. They were willing to be reminded that, when business was good and the road was in a flourishing condition, their wages had been increased over and over again, in a legitimate and recognized manner, through the efforts of their organizations, and therefore the contention of the management was unanswerable, that it was the duty of employees to lend a helping hand now that the tide had turned.

Supported by these ideas and principles, a sort of canvass of the matter was initiated all over the road. Meetings were held, committees were appointed, considerable expense was incurred, and the matter was finally put to the vote, on every division, by the various organizations. The result had been accurately anticipated. With, I think, one exception, the organizations, representing nearly every department of labor on the Boston and Maine Railroad, voted by heavy majorities to accept the five per cent reduction under the terms and conditions which had been explained to them by the president of the road. Up to this point no suspicion had been hinted at that the vote-taking was a conditional affair, subject to the consent of the National Organization, or its leaders. It was requested and taken in good faith as a matter of internal administration and adjustment of mutual interests; but the result of the vote was no sooner made known than the whole business was promptly vetoed and made void by the exercise of supreme authority. It is not necessary to pass an opinion on the necessity for this action in the political or other interests of railroad labor considered as a factor isolated from the public interests. The points for public opinion to note are that the management was humiliated, that the referendum was a farce, and, in particular, that the ideas of the men and their leaders in regard to the relations that should exist,

and the coöperation that should be permitted, between employees and managers, are fundamentally at variance.

But so far as the public interests are concerned, this referendum vote of the Boston and Maine Railroad employees has a still wider application and lesson. For the very first principles of sane and safe management are the issues at stake. In plain English, if the public interests are to receive any recognition whatever in the metallic constitution that is now being worked out between railroad corporations and labor leaders, it can only be accomplished by unrestricted communication and coöperation between the rank and file of the men and the employer. This is by no means a mere theoretical statement. Its practical possibility and absolute necessity are capable of easiest demonstration. A little plain-speaking on this subject will do no harm.

When the referendum already referred to on the Boston and Maine was in progress, the Towermen's Brotherhood called a meeting of its members to consider the proposed reduction in wages. A committee was forthwith appointed to wait upon the president of the road in regard to one or two points on which additional information was desired. Very much to the gratification of the towermen, President Tuttle came over from his office and addressed the men in a very kindly and considerate manner. He pointed out that the proposed reduction was a matter in which men and management alike were vitally interested. It seemed to him the better way to place a slight burden on every employee, rather than absolutely to discharge a considerable number. He explained that railroads, like individuals, have debts that they are in honor bound to attend to, and, so far as the Boston and Maine Railroad was concerned, these obligations to stockholders and leased roads had to be met in honorable fashion. As the result of this amicable conference the towermen voted to accept the reduction in wages.

Now, the significance of President Tuttle's ideas and action must be evident to employees and the public alike. In so many words he said to us, "The corporation needs money. I ask you to help us. I am quite aware that the proper way, in fact the only way, to secure your assistance and coöperation, is for the management to take you into its confidence and to explain to you our common business and interests. I appeal to you then as individuals, possessed of good common sense and sympathetic understandings."

Nothing can be plainer or more reasonable than this argument. The president of the Boston and Maine Railroad acknowledges that in financial dealings with employees, when compulsion becomes impossible, education and coöperation must be brought into play and emphasized. But while in financial affairs the soundness of this doctrine is thus acknowledged by highest authority, it has apparently not yet dawned upon any one that its principles apply with tenfold force to almost every phase of the economical and efficient running of a railroad. That railroad men should be kept in ignorance of the financial condition of the corporation they work for is of comparatively little importance; but I think it will surprise the reader to be informed that the systematic and organized efforts of managers to interest and instruct employees in the human and economic sides of their calling can almost be represented by a blank. Railroad managers will naturally question this statement. Their public utterances, the betterment work they so cordially approve and assist in a dozen different directions, their insistence, upon public occasions, on the importance of social and economic coöperation, lend considerable strength to their position; but when we come to examine the employee at his work and look around for the practical exemplification of the opinions and ideals of the managing department, a strange and perhaps unlooked-for state of affairs is revealed. And right here we are brought face to face with

the heart of the labor question on American railroads. From this point branch out the constructive lines along which economy of operation, safety of travel, and general efficiency of service, must be worked for and anticipated. Heretofore the employee has been treated as an implement; from now on, in the interests of society, he will have to be considered as a man endowed with receptive and intelligent faculties, who, with proper encouragement, will base his progress and interests upon reasonable and sympathetic foundations. The theories I am presenting are not nearly so strange as the facts in the case.

A few days ago, in a freight yard, while I happened to be looking on, a freight car was cornered through careless handling. Slight damage was done to the side and roof of the car. I asked the man who was responsible for the accident to give me his idea of the damage in dollars and cents. He thought a couple of dollars would fix it up all right. A month or so later, happening to meet this man on the street, I informed him that the actual expense incurred for repairing the car had been $47.50. He was surprised beyond measure. I then asked him if he thought employees should be educated along these lines. Would it do him any good as a man, and consequently the service, if the manager were to tell him that the trifling act of carelessness, the price of which he estimated at two dollars, was simply an item of a bill for breakages of over five thousand dollars a year in the small yard in which he worked, making no mention of the killed and injured? Branching out into my subject, I asked him if he was personally interested in the fact that the station receipts on his division for September, 1908, were fifty thousand dollars less than for the same period in 1907? Would it make any difference in the feelings and the attitude of the men toward the management if they were systematically posted on these subjects? I had quite a lengthy conversation with this man. Would it make any difference to the crossing man, I continued, if his attention was called to the statistics and the nature of crossing accidents on his particular railroad, to the dangers to be guarded against, and to the vast expense and suffering involved? Would it do any good to those whose duties are connected with the passenger and station service to know that it cost the road a matter of eighty thousand dollars a year for such trifles as icy platforms, doors closing on hands, falling lamps, defective seats, tripping on station platforms, and the like? Would it, in his opinion, be a good idea for the management to get after every man and his job in this personal way, or was it better to let the men continue in utter ignorance of their surroundings and wider responsibilities? In a word, are we to be considered as men, or merely as things?

To all these questions the man answered bluntly and frankly, "You bet your life it would make a big difference." Then I said to him, "Now if the president of the road were to come out with a bulletin calling our attention to an expense account, for the year 1908, of a million dollars for preventable accidents and miscellaneous carelessness, and ask the men for a five per cent reduction on these items for 1909, what do you suppose would happen?" — "He would get it," was the reply.

It must be evident, from the foregoing, that the education and enlightenment of the employees are being sadly neglected. Along the indicated lines, good feeling, coöperation, and daylight in every direction can be discerned. For if the education of the railroad man is to consist merely of the knowledge and the lessons to be derived from his daily routine, assisted by the inspiration received from mechanical and rule-of-thumb surroundings, the social and industrial results of his training are likely to be extremely narrow and unsatisfactory.

The importance of these considerations cannot be too earnestly impressed upon employees and managers. At first glance,

the idea that an employee can be converted into a real wide-awake partner in the affairs and interests of his railroad, may appear to some to involve an undertaking of enormous proportions. As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. Railroad managers are to-day successfully coping with problems ten times as complicated. The car-service system is a good illustration in point.

On my own railroad, for example, actually millions of freight cars are annually received from connections. From the moment when these cars touch the road, they are never lost sight of for a minute until they are set back to the track of the road from which they were received. If you want to know the actual history and adventures of each and every one of these cars, you will find the information all ready for you in the records. Its number, its physical condition, its suitability for such and such freight, its capacity, its weight, its general equipment, and its behavior on the road, are all there for public inspection. But it is not a tenth part of the attention that a car receives from the management. Every one of them is watched, examined, inspected, and, when necessary, sent to the shops for repairs. Then cars of a certain class are called for to load at one point, cars of another class at another point, perhaps hundreds of miles away. During its short visit to your road every car has attached to its record a score of telegrams, a bundle of letters, a file of information. The car business on the wires never halts or slumbers, and an army of telegraphers and clerks are kept hustling night and day, year in and year out, at enormous expense, to keep order in all this seeming chaos. To give a complete history of the business would baffle the arithmetic of description. Yet, when I asked one of these car-service men how they managed to keep things straight, he assured me it was the easiest thing in the world!

From the side of the labor organization, according to its light and interest, this personal education of the employee has been closely watched and strictly attended to for years. During this period the manager has been busy with other concerns. He has permitted it to appear, to outsiders at any rate, as if the employee were, in a measure, an antagonistic feature. His office has been executive, not educationally and sympathetically administrative. You cannot blame the superintendent — he has never had a chance to get away from his rules and machinery of government. The world at large has been his enemy. To the reporter of a newspaper the railroad superintendent is still a sort of industrial Bluebeard, with a closet full of skeletons, and a head full of schemes for the confusion of employees and the public. But corporations and the public are now taking a saner view of the situation. Especially in the West corporations are beginning to understand that the railroad manager of the future will have to be first of all an educator. Destructive ideas and intentions on one side or the other are out of the question. The contest ahead of us is an educational rivalry. On the one hand we have the protective organization of the employee; on the other we have the economic, the social, the sympathetic administration of the management. There can be no question as to the beneficial results of this rivalry. But now, giving these ideas form and substance and applying them to everyday life on the railroads, what are the actual methods of management to be advised or adopted? A practical exemplification of this will, I think, prove interesting reading.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES. I.

It was the custom of my father for many years, in fact all his life, to spend the leisure portion of his evenings in writing. He was a liberal contributor to the editorial columns of many journals, and also, throughout his life, kept a diary. In Washington he was so much occupied in public affairs that he did not have the opportunity to write on miscellaneous subjects as had been his custom; but, in the evening, after the family had retired, when he was alone, he would write in the "Red Books," as we called them in the family, such of the occurrences of the day as seemed to him, at the time, of interest and importance. It was an exciting time in the history of the country, and he wrote down what he had to say just as he would have talked to a close friend. The habit of his life had been to express himself in writing, and if he proposed to spend the evening in his favorite occupation, I often heard the request made of him to "write something for the paper" of the next day. The habit being so ingrained, it was no hardship for him, but, on the contrary, a pleasure, to express his thoughts in writing.

He left a memorandum for me saying that he had jotted down things as they occurred to him at the moment, that what he had expressed were the truths of the times, and that what he had stated as facts were correct. At the same time he realized that his judgment might not be infallible, and I was authorized to destroy his writings, or to make them public, as seemed best to me; but in expressing his opinion fully, freely, and clearly, he had done so only with the idea that the truth should be recorded.

The many insistent calls for the memoranda, known to be in my possession, have led to the publication of the Diary. Justice to my father's memory also seems to demand it in many instances, and it is also urged on me strongly that the truth of history requires that what he had written from his inner knowledge of the facts should be made known. I authorize the publication with hesitation, and do so only under pressure; and my father's inflexible view of right and duty, and his absolute integrity and regard for truth and honesty, must be borne in mind when some of his severe strictures are read. — Edgar T. Welles.

[Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under President Lincoln, was in his sixtieth year when the great events occurred which are recorded in the opening pages of the Diary. His life, which had been one of unremitting activity, had been divided between journalism and politics. From the time of his majority he was accustomed to writing and speaking on public questions, and throughout his career, across the tempestuous evolution of party politics, he followed his own convictions with logical consistency. These political beliefs, some understanding of which is desirable to the reader of the Diary, were firmly crystallized during Jackson's ascendency in the Democratic party. Under Welles's management, the *Hartford Times* was the first paper in New England to declare for Andrew Jackson for President. Like Jackson, all his life long Welles believed in the strict construction of the Constitution, in the creed of State Rights, and in the evils of special legislation; but, as in the case of Jackson, his patriotism overtopped all other considerations; and when, after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Slave Power began its aggressions upon Kansas, Welles became a Republican. When Lincoln created his first Cabinet, choosing it, as is well known, equally from men of Democratic and of Whig affiliations, he fixed on Welles without hesitation as a natural representative of Democratic tendencies; and in the sequel the President received no more loyal and unselfish support from any man in the Cabinet.

When Mr. Welles assumed charge of the Navy Department in 1861, the entire Navy in commission, including storeships and tenders, was 42 vessels. At the outbreak of hostilities it was his task to blockade nearly three thousand miles of coast, much of it, owing to numerous islands and inlets, forming a double line. By December of 1861, Mr. Welles was able to report that 264 vessels would

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shortly be in commission, and before the War ended nearly 700 vessels were actually in the service of the United States, many of them of iron-clad construction and of the most powerful character.

It was an era of intensest feeling. Men said and thought bitter things. During his term of service the Secretary of the Navy was subject to a succession of attacks, some malignant, others mistaken, all unfair. It is not extraordinary that this journal, written in the hurly-burly of events, should contain some severe and biting strictures; but it is remarkable that so outspoken a record should be so free from selfish or unworthy views; and the clear-cut outlines of his characterizations have, with few exceptions, received the durable impress of history. — THE EDITORS.]

ON Sunday, the 13th of July, 1862, President Lincoln invited me to accompany him in his carriage to the funeral of an infant child of Mr. Stanton. Secretary Seward and Mrs. Frederick Seward were also in the carriage. Mr. Stanton occupied at that time for a summer residence the house of a naval officer, I think Hazzard, some two or three miles west or northwesterly of Georgetown. It was on this occasion and on this ride that he first mentioned to Mr. Seward and myself the subject of emancipating the slaves by proclamation in case the rebels did not cease to persist in their war on the government and the Union, of which he saw no evidence. He dwelt earnestly on the gravity, importance, and delicacy of the movement, said he had given it much thought and had about come to the conclusion that it was a military necessity absolutely essential for the salvation of the Union; that we must free the slaves or be ourselves subdued, etc., etc.

This was, he said, the first occasion when he had mentioned the subject to any one, and wished us to frankly state how the proposition struck us. Mr. Seward said the subject involved consequences so vast and momentous that he should wish to bestow on it mature reflection before giving a decisive answer, but his present opinion inclined to the measure as justifiable, and perhaps he might say expedient and necessary. These were also my views. Two or three times on that ride the subject, which was of course an absorbing one for each and all, was adverted to, and before separating the President requested us to give the question special and deliberate attention, for he was earnest in the conviction that something must be done.

It was a new departure for the President, for until this time, in all our previous interviews, whenever the question of emancipation or the mitigation of slavery had been in any way alluded to, he had been prompt and emphatic in denouncing any interference by the general government with the subject. This was, I think, the sentiment of every member of the Cabinet, all of whom, including the President, considered it a local, domestic question appertaining to the states respectively, who had never parted with their authority over it. But the reverses before Richmond, and the formidable power and dimensions of the insurrection, which extended through all the slave states and had combined most of them in a confederacy to destroy the Union, impelled the administration to adopt extraordinary measures to preserve the national existence. The slaves, if not armed and disciplined, were in the service of those who were, — not only as field-laborers and producers, but thousands of them were in attendance upon the armies in the field, employed as waiters and teamsters; and the fortifications and intrenchments were constructed by them.

SEWARD'S ASSUMPTION OF AUTHORITY

[Mr. Seward's importance in the Republican party and his great experience led him early in the war to assume a responsibility in relation to the other departments and to the general administration which properly belonged to the President, and which caused the Secre-

tary of the Navy some vexation of spirit. Among other solicitudes, Mr. Seward "thought it expedient that instructions be given to the blockading and naval officers that, in case of capture of merchant vessels suspected or proved to be vessels of the insurgents or contraband," the mails "should not be searched or opened, but be put as speedily as may be on the way to their designated destination."]

Tuesday, August 12, 1862.

I called early this morning on the Secretary of State touching a communication of his of the 8th inst. that I received yesterday, in which I am directed in the name of the President to give instructions of an extraordinary character to our naval officers — instructions which I do not approve, and which in one or two points conflict with law and usage. Though the direction was in the President's name, I learned he knew nothing of the proceeding.

Mr. Seward has a passion to be thought a master spirit in the administration and to parade before others an exhibition of authority which, if permitted, is not always exercised wisely or intelligently. Englishmen have complained that their vessels were detained and searched, and that they have experienced great inconvenience by the delay in the transmission of their letters by blockade-runners. These matters having been brought before the Secretary of State, he on the instant — without consultation with any one, without investigation, without being aware he was disregarding law and long-settled principles — volunteered to say he would mitigate or remedy the grievance, would put the matter right; and under the impulse of the moment, and with an ostentatious show of authority which he did not possess, yielded all that was asked, and more than the Englishmen had anticipated or than the Secretary was authorized to give. I saw that he had acted precipitately and inconsiderately, and was soon aware that the President, in whose name he assumed to act, was uninformed on the subject. But Seward is committed and cannot humiliate himself to retrace his steps. I gave him to understand, however, I would send out no such instructions as he had sent me in the President's name. That we had, under the belligerent right of search, authority to stop any suspected vessel, and if she had contraband on board to capture her. That no blockade-runner ever cleared for a rebel port, like Charleston, though that might be its actual destination, but for Halifax, Nassau, or some neutral port. That the idea of surrendering mails and letters captured on blockade-runners to foreign consuls, officers and legations, instead of delivering them, as the law explicitly directs, to the courts, could not be entertained for a moment. Seward suggested that I could so modify the proposed instructions as to make them conform to the law, which he admitted he had not examined. Said it would relieve him and do much to conciliate the Englishmen, who were troublesome, and willing to get into difficulty with us.

It will be useless to see the President, who will be alarmed with the bugaboo of a foreign war, a bugbear which Seward well knows how to use. These absurd instructions do not originate with the President, yet, relating to foreign matters, he will endorse them I have no doubt under the appeals which Seward will make.

Nothing of special interest to-day in the Cabinet.

HOW LINCOLN CHOSE HIS CABINET

Friday, August 15, 1862.

Received yesterday a note from Chase that the President proposed to change two of the nominees under the new tax law, in Connecticut. Called on the President and stated to him that I did it as a duty — that duty alone impelled me. He said he fully believed it, and was glad to do me the justice to say that in matters of appointments — patronage — I had never given him any trouble.

Having an appointment this Friday morning at 9 with the President, I met there Babcock and Platt of Connecticut.

They had called and stated their case, which was extremely unjust to Mr. Howard, and turning to me, Mr. Babcock said Howard claimed he had procured or secured my appointment. The President said he had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Howard himself. Had met him in Illinois and knew him as a friend of mine. Had received letters from him expressing regard for me, and one signed jointly by Howard and Senator Dixon. But these gentlemen did not originate his action in relation to my appointment. "The truth is," said he, "and I may as well state the facts to you, for others know them — on the day of the presidential election the operator of the telegraph in Springfield placed his instrument at my disposal. I was there without leaving, after the returns began to come in, until we had enough to satisfy us how the election had gone. This was about two in the morning of Wednesday. I went home, but not to get much sleep, for I then felt, as I never had before, the responsibility that was upon me. I began at once to feel that I needed support, others to share with me the burthen. This was on Wednesday morning, and before the sun went down I had made up my cabinet. It was almost the same I appointed. One or two changes were made, and the particular position of one or two was unsettled. My mind was fixed on Mr. Welles as the member from New England on that Wednesday. Some other names passed through my thoughts and some persons were afterwards pressed upon me, but the man and the place were fixed in my mind then, as it now is. My choice was confirmed by Mr. Howard, by Senator Dixon, Preston King, Vice-President Hamlin, Governor Morgan and others, but the selection was my own, and not theirs, and Mr. Howard is under a mistake in what he says."

THE ARMY'S FAILURE TO COÖPERATE

[On the 13th of August, Lee's forces before Richmond, abandoning the defensive, moved in pursuit of the Army of the Potomac. After McClellan's retreat the squadron of gunboats which had been protecting his communications was no longer essential to the campaign.]

Sunday, August 17, 1862.

Called this morning on General Halleck, who had forgotten or was not aware there was a naval force in the James River coöperating with the army.

He said the army was withdrawn and there was no necessity for the naval vessels to remain. I remarked that I took a different view of the question, and had I been consulted I should have advised that the naval and some army forces should hold on and menace Richmond, in order to compel the rebels to retain part of their army there, while our forces in front of Washington were getting in position. He began to rub his elbows, and without thanking me or acknowledgment of any kind, said he wished the vessels could remain. Telegraphed Wilkes to that effect. Strange that this change of military operations should have been made without cabinet consultation, and especially without communicating the fact to the Secretary of the Navy, who had established a naval flotilla on the James River by special request to coöperate with and assist the army. But Stanton is so absorbed in his scheme to get rid of McClellan that other and more important matters are neglected.

[On Saturday, August 30, the Army of Virginia under Pope, which was cooperating with the Army of the Potomac farther to the south, was badly defeated in the second battle of Bull Run.]

Sunday, August 31, 1862.

For the last two or three days there has been fighting at the front and army

movements of interest. McClellan with most of his army arrived at Alexandria a week or more ago, but inertness, inactivity and sluggishness seem to prevail. The army officers do not engage in this move of the War Department with zeal. Some of the troops have gone forward to join Pope, who has been beyond Manassas, where he has encountered Stonewall Jackson and the rebel forces for the last three days in a severe struggle. The energy and rapid movements of the rebels are in such striking contrast to that of our own officers that I shall not be seriously surprised at any sudden dash from them. The War Department — Stanton and Halleck — are alarmed. By request, and in anticipation of the worst, though not expecting it, I have ordered Wilkes and a force of fourteen gun-boats, including the five light-draft asked for by Burnside, to come around into the Potomac, and have put W[ilkes] in command of the flotilla here, disbanding the flotilla on the James.

THE CABAL AGAINST MCCLELLAN

Yesterday, Saturday P. M., when about leaving the Department, Chase called on me with a protest addressed to the President, signed by himself and Stanton, against continuing McClellan in command, and demanding his immediate dismissal. Certain grave offences were enumerated. Chase said that Smith [1] had seen and would sign it in turn, but as my name preceded his in order, he desired mine to appear in its place. I told him I was not prepared to sign the document — that I preferred a different method of meeting the question — that if asked by the President, and even if not asked, I was prepared to express my opinion, which, as he knew, had long been averse to McClellan's dilatory course, and was much aggravated from what I had recently learned at the War Department; that I did not choose to denounce McClellan for incapacity, or to pronounce him a traitor, as declared in this paper, but I would say, and perhaps it was my duty to say, that I believed his removal from command was demanded by public sentiment and the best interest of the country.

Chase said that was not sufficient; that the time had arrived when the Cabinet must act with energy and promptitude, for either the government or McClellan must go down. He then proceeded to expose certain acts, some of which were partially known to me, and others, more startling, which were new to me. I said to Chase that he and Stanton were familiar with facts of which I was ignorant, and that there might therefore be propriety in their stating what they knew, though in a different way, — facts which I could not endorse because I had no knowledge of them.

I proposed as a preferable course that there should be a general consultation with the President. He objected to this until the document was signed, which, he said, should be done at once.

This method of getting signatures without an interchange of views with those who are associated in councils was repugnant to my ideas of duty and right. When I asked if the Attorney General [2] and Post-Master General [3] had seen the paper or been consulted, he replied, not yet — their turn had not come. I informed Chase that I should desire to advise with them in so important a matter, that I was disinclined to sign the paper, did not like the proceeding, that I could not; though I wished McClellan removed after what I had heard, and should have no hesitation in saying so at the proper time and place, and in what I considered the right way. While we were talking, Blair came in. Chase was alarmed, for the paper was in my hand, and he evidently feared I should address Blair on the subject. This, after witnessing his agitation, I could not do without his consent. Blair remained but a few moments, — did not even take a seat. After he left I asked Chase if we

[1] Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior.

[2] Judge Bates. [3] Montgomery Blair.

should not call him back and consult him. Chase said in great haste, "No, not now. It is best he should for the present know nothing of it." I took a different view — said there was no one of the Cabinet whom I would sooner consult on this subject, that I thought Blair's opinion (especially on military matters, he having had a military education) very correct. Chase said this was not the time to bring him in. After Chase left me, he returned to make a special request that I would make no allusion concerning the paper to Blair or any one else.

Met, by invitation, a few friends last evening at Baron Gerolt's. My call was early, and feeling anxious concerning affairs in front, I soon excused myself to go to the War Department for tidings. Found Stanton and Caleb Smith alone in the Secretary's room. The conduct of McClellan was soon taken up; it had, I inferred, been under discussion before I came in.

STANTON ON MCCLELLAN

Stanton began with a statement of his entrance into the Cabinet in January last, when he found everything in confusion, with unpaid bills on his table to the amount of over $20,000,000 against the Department; his inability then or since to procure any satisfactory information from McClellan, who had no plan nor any system. Said this vague indefinite uncertainty was oppressive; that near the close of January he pressed this subject on the President, who issued the order to him and myself for an advance on the 22nd of February. McClellan began at once to interpose objections, yet did nothing — but talked always vaguely and indefinitely and of various matters except those immediately in hand. The President insisted on and ordered a forward movement. Then McClellan stated [that] he intended a demonstration on the upper waters of the Potomac, and boats for a bridge were prepared with great labor and expense. He went up there and telegraphed back that two or three officers, his favorites, had done admirably in preparing the bridge, and wished them to be brevetted. The whole thing was absurd, eventuated in nothing, and he was ordered back.

The President then commanded that the army should proceed to Richmond. McClellan delayed, hesitated, said he must go by way of the Peninsula — would take transports at Annapolis. In order that he should have no excuse, but without any faith in his plan, Stanton said he ordered transports and supplies to Annapolis. The President in the meantime urged and pressed a forward movement towards Manassas. The transports were then ordered round to the Potomac, where the troops were shipped to Fortress Monroe. The plans — the number of troops to proceed, the number that was to remain — Stanton recounted. These arrangements were somewhat deranged by the sudden raid of Jackson towards Winchester, which withdrew Banks from Manassas, leaving no force between Washington and the rebel army at Gordonsville. He then ordered McDowell and his division, also Franklin's command, to remain, to the great grief of McDowell, who believed glory and fighting were all to be with the Grand Army. McClellan had made the withholding of this necessary force to protect the seat of government his excuse for not being more rapid and effective, — was constantly complaining. The President wrote him how, by his arrangement, only 18,000 troops, remnants and odd parcels, were left to protect the capital. Still McClellan was complaining and underrating his forces — said he had but 96,000 when his own returns showed he had 123,000. But to stop his complaints and drive him forward, the President finally, on the 10th of June, sent him McCall and his division, with which he promised to proceed at once to Richmond but did not, — lingered along until finally attacked.

McClellan's excuse for going by way of the Peninsula was that he might have

good roads and dry ground, but his complaints were unceasing, after he got there, of bad roads, water and swamps.

When finally ordered to withdraw from James River, he delayed obeying the order for thirteen days, and never did comply until General Burnside was sent to supersede him if he did not move.

[The reader must remember that McClellan had refused to accept the responsibility for continuing the Peninsular campaign without the aid of reinforcements larger than it was in Lincoln's power to supply. On behalf of the President, Halleck had gone to see McClellan and had offered him 20,000 men in case he would assume the responsibility of an advance, but McClellan declared this number insufficient. His recall followed promptly.]

STANTON'S STRICTURES ON THE PRESIDENT

Smith left while we were conversing after this detailed narrative, and Stanton, dropping his voice, although no one was present, said he understood from Chase that I declined to sign the protest which he had drawn up against McClellan's continuance in command, and asked if I did not think we ought to get rid of him. I told him I might not differ with him on that point, especially after what I had heard, but that I disliked the method and manner of proceeding — that it appeared to me an unwise and injudicious proceeding and was discourteous and disrespectful to the President, were there nothing else. Stanton said with some excitement he knew of no particular obligations he was under to the President, who had called him to a difficult position and imposed upon him labors and responsibilities which no man could carry, and which were greatly increased by fastening upon him a commander who was constantly striving to embarrass him in his administration of the department. He could not and would not submit to a continuance of this state of things. I admitted they were bad, severe on him, and he could and had stated his case strongly, but I could not from facts within my own knowledge endorse them, nor did I like the manner in which it was proposed to bring about a dismissal. He said among other things [that] General Pope telegraphed to McClellan for supplies. The latter informed Pope [that] they were at Alexandria, and if Pope would send an escort he could have them. A general, fighting on the field of battle, to send to a general in the rear; and in response an escort!

[It should be kept in mind that, after the failure of the Peninsular campaign, Lincoln, realizing that McClellan's genius for organization might again be of service to the country, never actually demanded his resignation. What he did do was simply to deprive him of his army. By his direction regiment after regiment was detached from McClellan's command and added to the army of Pope, until on August 30 McClellan was so denuded of troops as to telegraph Halleck, "You now have every man of the Army of the Potomac who is within my reach." This may account for McClellan's neglect to furnish the escort spoken of in the last paragraph.]

Watson, Assistant Secretary of War, repeated to me this last fact this morning, and re-affirmed others. He informs me that my course on a certain occasion offended McClellan and was not approved by others; but that both the President and Stanton had since, and now, in their private conversation, admitted I was right, and that my letter in answer to a curt and improper demand of McClellan last spring, was proper and correct. Watson says he always told the President and Stanton I was right, and he complimented me on several subjects which, though gratifying, others can speak of and judge better than myself.

We hear, this Sunday morning, that our army has fallen back to Centreville.

Pope writes in pretty good spirits, that we have lost no guns, etc. The rebels were largely reinforced, while our troops, detained at Annandale by McClellan's orders, did not arrive to support our wearied and exhausted men. McClellan telegraphs that he hears "Pope is badly cut up." Schenck, who had a wound in his arm, left the battle-field, bringing with him for company an Ohio captain. Both arrived safe at Willard's. They met McCall on the other side of Centreville and Sumner on this side. Late — late!

Up to this hour, one P. M., Sunday, no specific intelligence beyond the general facts above stated. There is considerable uneasiness in this city, which is mere panic. I see no cause for alarm. It is impossible to feel otherwise than sorrowful over the waste of life, and treasure, and energies of the Nation — the misplaced confidence in certain men, the errors of some, perhaps the crimes of others, who have been trusted. But my faith in present security and of ultimate success is unshaken. We need better generals, but can have no better army. There is much latent disloyal feeling in Washington which should be expelled. And oh, there is great want of capacity and will among our military leaders!

I hear that all the churches not heretofore seized are now taken for hospital purposes; private dwellings are taken to be thus used — among others my next neighbor Corcoran's fine house and grounds. There is malice in this. I told General Halleck it was vandalism. He admitted it would be wrong. Halleck walked over with me from the War Department as far as my house, and is, I perceive, quite alarmed for the safety of the city, says that we over-rate our own strength and under-estimate the rebels — a fatal error in Halleck. This has been the talk of McClellan, which none of us have believed.

Monday, September 1, 1862.

The wounded have been coming in today in large numbers. From what I can learn, General Pope's estimate of the killed and wounded greatly exceeds the actual number. He should, however, be best informed, but he feels distressed and depressed and is greatly given to exaggeration.

THE "ROUND ROBIN" AGAINST MCCLELLAN

Chase tells me that McClellan sends word that there are 20,000 stragglers on the road between Alexandria and Centreville, which C[hase] says is infamously false and sent out for infamous purposes. He called on me to-day with a more carefully prepared, and less exceptionable address to the President, stating [that] the signers did not deem it safe that McClellan should be entrusted with an army, etc., and that, if required, the signers would give their reasons for the protest against continuing him in command. This paper was in the handwriting of Attorney General Bates. The former was in Stanton's. This was signed by Stanton, Chase, Smith, and Bates. A space was left between the two last for Blair and myself; Seward is not in town, and if I am not mistaken is purposely absent to be relieved from participation in this movement, which originates with Stanton, who is angry — perhaps with reason — and determined to destroy McClellan. Seward and Stanton act in concert, but Seward has opposed or declined being a party to the removal of McClellan until since Halleck was brought here, when Stanton became more fierce and determined. Seward then gave way and went away. Chase (who has become hostile to McClellan, is credulous, and sometimes the victim of intrigue) was taken into Stanton's confidence, made to believe that the opportunity of Seward's absence should be improved to shake off McClellan, whom they both disliked, by a combined Cabinet movement to control the President, who, until recently, has clung to that officer.

It was not difficult under the pre-

vailing feeling of indignation against McClellan to enlist Smith. I am a little surprised that they got Mr. Bates, though he has for some time openly urged the removal of McClellan. Chase took upon himself to get my name, and then, if possible, Blair was to be brought in. In all this Chase flatters himself that he is attaching Stanton to his interests — not but that he is himself sincere in his opposition to McClellan, who was once his favorite, but whom he considers a deserter from his faction and whom he now detests.

I told Chase I thought this paper an improvement on the document of Saturday; was less exceptionable, but I did not like and could not unite in the movement — that in a conference with the President I would have no hesitation in saying or agreeing mainly in what was there expressed; for I am satisfied the earnest men of the country would not be willing McClellan should hereafter have command of our forces in the field, though I could not say what is the feeling of the soldiers. Reflection had more fully satisfied me that this method of conspiring to influence or control the President was repugnant to my feelings and was not right. It was unusual, would be disrespectful, and would be deemed offensive; that the President had called us around him as friends and advisers, with whom he might counsel and consult on all matters affecting the public welfare, not to enter into combinations to control him. Nothing of this kind had hitherto taken place in our interviews — that we had not been sufficiently intimate, impressive, or formal perhaps, and perhaps not sufficiently explicit and decisive in expressing our views on some subjects.

Chase disclaimed any movement against the President, and thought the manner was respectful and correct. Said it was designed to tell the President that the administration must be broken up, or McClellan dismissed. The course, he said, was unusual, but the case was unusual. We had, it was true, been too informal in our meeting. I had, he said, been too reserved in the expression of my views, which he did me the compliment to say were sound, etc. Conversations, he said, amounted to but little with the President on subjects of this importance. Argument was useless. It was like throwing water on a duck's back. A more decisive expression must be made, and that in writing.

It was evident there was a fixed determination to remove, and if possible to disgrace, McClellan. Chase frankly stated [that] he desired it, and that, were he President, McClellan should be brought to summary punishment. I told him he was aware [that] my faith in McClellan's energy and reliability was shaken nine months ago. That as early as last December I had, as he would recollect, expressed my disappointment in the man and stated to him specially, as the friend and indorser of McClellan, my misgivings, in order that he might remove my doubts or confirm them. McClellan's hesitating course last fall, his indifference and neglect of my applications to coöperate with the navy, his failure in many instances to fulfill his promises, when the rebels were erecting batteries on the west side of the Potomac that they might close the navigation of the river, had shaken my confidence in his efficiency and reliability, for he was not deficient in sagacity or intelligence. But at that time McClellan was a general favorite, and neither he [Chase] nor any one heeded my doubts and apprehensions.

WELLES'S ESTIMATE OF MCCLELLAN

I did not think, as Chase now says he does, and as I hear others say they do, that he was imbecile, a coward, a traitor, but it was notorious that he hesitated, doubted, had not self-reliance — any definite and determined plan or audacity to act. He was wanting in my opinion in several of the essential requisites of a general in chief command; in short he was not a fighting general. These are my

present convictions. Some statements of Stanton and some recent acts indicate failings, delinquencies of a more serious character. The country is greatly incensed against him, but he has the confidence of the army, I think.

Chase was disappointed, and I think a little chagrined, because I would not unite in the written demand to the President. He said he had not yet asked Blair and did not propose to, till the others had been consulted. This does not look well. It appears as if there was a combination by two to get their associates committed, seriatim, by a skillful ex-parte movement without general consultation.

McClellan was first invited to Washington under the auspices of Chase more than of any one else, though all approved, for Scott was old, infirm and changeable. Seward soon had greater intimacy with McClellan than Chase. Blair [who is] informed in regard to the qualities of army officers, acquiesced in this, Mr. Chase's selection — thought him intelligent and capable, but dilatory. In the winter, when Chase began to get alienated from McC[lellan] in consequence of his hesitancy or reticence, or both, if not because of greater intimacy with Seward, Blair seemed to confide more in the General, yet I do not think McC[lellan] was a favorite, or that he grew in favor.

[Before this Cabinet meeting, the President had assigned McClellan to the task of reorganizing the defeated troops, for which he was so admirably fitted. The federal armies of the Potomac and of Virginia were consolidated, and word coming that Lee was preparing to invade Maryland, Lincoln offered the command to Burnside, who declined it, recommending McClellan. Soon afterward Pope disappears from the history of the Civil War.]

Tuesday, September 2, 1862.

At a Cabinet meeting all but Seward were present. I think there was design in his absence. It was stated that Pope, without consultation or advice, was falling back, intending to retreat within the Washington intrenchments. No one seems to have had any knowledge of his movements, or plans, if he had any. Those who have favored Pope are disturbed and disappointed. Blair, who has known him intimately, says he is a braggart, with some courage perhaps, but not much capacity. The general conviction is that he is a failure here, and there is a belief and admission on all hands that he has not been seconded and sustained as he should have been by McClellan, Franklin, Fitz John Porter, and perhaps some others. Personal jealousies and professional rivalries, the bane and curse of all armies, have entered deeply into ours.

LINCOLN ACCEPTS FULL RESPONSIBILITY

Stanton said in a suppressed voice, trembling with excitement, he was informed McClellan had been ordered to take command of the forces in Washington. General surprise was expressed. When the President came in and heard the subject matter of our conversation, he said he had done what seemed to him best and would be responsible for what he had done to the country. Halleck had agreed to [the step]. McClellan knows this whole ground, his specialty is to defend. He is a good engineer. All admit there is no better organizer. He can be trusted to act on the defensive, but he is troubled with the "slows," and good for nothing for an onward movement. Much was said. There was a more disturbed and despondent feeling than I have ever witnessed in council. The President was greatly distressed. There was a general conversation as regarded the infirmities of McClellan, but it was claimed, by Blair and the President, [that] he had, beyond any officer, the confidence of the army. Though deficient in the positive qualities which are necessary for an energetic commander, his organizing powers could be made temporarily available till the troops were rallied.

Stanton and Halleck are apprehensive

that Washington is in danger. Am sorry to see this fear, for I do not believe it among remote possibilities. Undoubtedly, after the orders of Pope to fall back, and the discontent and contentions of the generals, there will be serious trouble, but not such as to endanger the capital. The military believe a great and decisive battle is to be fought in front of the city, but I do not anticipate it. It may be that [by] retreating within the intrenchments our own generals and managers have inspired the rebels to be more daring. Perhaps they may venture to cross the upper Potomac and strike at Baltimore, our railroad communication, or both; but they will not venture to come here where we are prepared and fortified with both army and navy to meet them.

[The demoralization of the army under Pope seemed complete. "Unless something can be done," telegraphed the commander on September 2, "to restore tone to this army, it will melt away before you know it."]

MCCLELLAN ON MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA

Wednesday, September 3, 1862.

Washington is full of exciting, vague and absurd rumors. There is some cause for it. Our great army comes retreating to the banks of the Potomac, driven back to the entrenchments by rebels.

The army has no head. Halleck is here in the Department a military director, not a general, a man of some scholastic attainments, but without soldierly capacity. McClellan is an intelligent engineer and officer, but not a commander to head a great army in the field. To attack or advance with energy and power is not in him, to fight is not his forte. I sometimes fear his heart is not earnest in the cause, yet I do not entertain the thought that he is unfaithful. The study of military operations interests and amuses him. It flatters him to have on his staff French princes and men of wealth and position; he likes show, parade and power. Wishes to outgeneral the rebels, but not to kill and destroy them. In a conversation which I had with him in May last, at Cumberland on the Pamunkey, he said he desired, of all things, to capture Charleston, — he would demolish and annihilate the city. He detested, he said, both South Carolina and Massachusetts, and should rejoice to see both states extinguished. Both were and always had been ultra and mischievous, and he could not tell which he hated most. These were the remarks of the General-in-Chief at the head of our armies then in the field, and when as large a proportion of his troops were from Massachusetts as from any state in the Union, while as large a proportion of those opposed, who were fighting the Union, was from South Carolina as from any state. He was leading the men of Massachusetts against the men of South Carolina, yet he, the general, detests them alike.

The slight upon him and the generals associated with him in the selection of Pope was injudicious, impolitic, wrong perhaps, but is no justification for their withholding one tithe of strength in a great emergency, where the lives of their countrymen and the welfare of the country were in danger. The soldiers whom McClellan has commanded are doubtless attached to him. They have been trained to it, and he has kindly cared for them while under him. With partiality for him they have imbibed his prejudices, and some of the officers have, I fear, a spirit more factious and personal than patriotic. I have thought they might have reason to complain at the proper time and place, but not on the field of battle, that a young officer of no high reputation should be brought from a Western department and placed over them. Stanton, in his hate of McC[lellan], has aggrieved other officers.

The introduction of Pope here, followed by Halleck, is an intrigue of Stanton's and Chase's to get rid of McClellan. A part of this intrigue has been the withdrawal of McClellan and the Army

of the Potomac from before Richmond and turning it into the Army of Washington under Pope.

CHASE'S SELF-ASSURANCE

Chase, who made himself as busy in the management of the army as the Treasury, said to the President one day in my presence, when we were looking over the maps on the table in the War Department, that the whole movement upon Richmond by the York River was wrong, that we should accomplish nothing until the army was recalled and Washington was made the base of operations for an overland march. McClellan had all the troops with him and the capital was exposed to any sudden blow from the rebels.

What would you do? said the President. — "Order McC[lellan] to return and start right," replied Chase, putting his finger on the map, and pointing the course to be taken across the country.

Pope, who was present, said, "If Halleck were here, you would have, Mr. President, a competent adviser who would put this matter right."

The President, without consulting any one, went on a hasty visit to West Point, where he had a brief interview with General Scott and immediately returned. A few days thereafter General Halleck was detached from the Western Department and ordered to Washington, where he was placed in position as General-in-Chief, and McClellan and the Army of the Potomac, on Halleck's recommendation, first proposed by Chase, were recalled from the vicinity of Richmond.

The defeat of Pope and placing McC[lellan] in command of the retreating and disorganized forces after the second disaster at Bull Run interrupted the intrigue which had been planned for the dismissal of McClellan, and was not only a triumph for him but a severe mortification and disappointment for both Stanton and Chase.

Thursday, September 4, 1862.

City full of rumors, and but little truth in any of them.

Wilkes laid before me his plan for organizing the Potomac Flotilla. It is systematic and exhibits capacity.

Something energetic must be done in regard to the suspected privateers which, with the connivance of British authorities, are being sent out to depredate on our commerce. We hear that our new steamer, the Adirondack, is wrecked. She had been sent to watch the Bahama Channel. Her loss, the discharge of the Oreto by the courts of Nassau, and the arrival of Steamer 290,[1] both piratical British wolves, demand attention, although we have no vessels to spare from the blockade. Must organize a flying squadron as has been suggested and put Wilkes in command. Both the President and Seward request he should go on this service.

THE BICKERINGS OF THE GENERALS

When with the President, this A. M., heard Pope read his statement of what had taken place in Virginia during the last few weeks, — commencing at or before the battle of Cedar Mountain. It was not exactly a bulletin, nor a report, but a manifesto, a narrative, tinged with wounded pride and a keen sense of injustice and wrong. The draft, he said, was rough. It certainly needs modifying before it goes out, or there will be war among the generals, who are now more ready to fight each other than the enemy. No one was present but the President, Pope and myself. I remained by special request of both to hear the report read. Seward came in for a moment, but immediately left. He shuns these controversies and all subjects where he is liable to become personally involved. I have no doubt Stanton and Chase have seen the paper, and Seward through Stanton knows its character.

Pope and I left together and walked to the Departments. He declares all his

[1] The Alabama.

misfortunes are owing to the persistent determination of McClellan, Franklin, and Porter, aided by Ricketts, Griffin, and some others who were predetermined he should not be successful. They preferred, he said, that the country should be ruined rather than he should triumph.

Saturday, September 6, 1862.

We have information that the rebels have crossed the Potomac in considerable force, with a view of invading Maryland and pushing on into Pennsylvania. The War Department is bewildered — knows but little, does nothing, proposes nothing.

Our Army is passing north. This evening some twenty or thirty thousand passed my house within three hours. There was design in having them come up from Pennsylvania Avenue to H Street, and pass by McClellan's house, which is at the corner of H and 15th. They cheered the general lustily, instead of passing by the White House and honoring the President.

Found Chase in Secretary's room at the War Department with D. D. Field. No others present. Some talk about naval matters. Field captious, censorious, and uncomfortable. General Pope soon came in but staid only a moment. Was angry and vehement. He and Chase had a brief conversation apart, when he returned to Stanton's room.

When I started to come away Chase followed, and after we came downstairs asked me to walk with him to the President's. As we crossed the lawn, he said, with emotion, everything was going wrong. He feared the country was ruined. McClellan was having everything his own way, as he (Chase) anticipated he would if decisive measures were not promptly taken for his dismissal. It was a reward for perfidy. My refusal to sign the paper he had prepared was fraught with great evil to the country. I replied that I viewed the matter differently. My estimate of McClellan was in some respects different from his. I agreed he wanted decision, that he hesitated to strike, had also behaved badly in the late trouble, but I did not believe he was unfaithful and destitute of patriotism. But aside from McClellan, and the fact that it would, with the feeling which pervaded the army, have been an impolitic step to dismiss him, the proposed combination in the Cabinet would have been inexcusably wrong to the President. We had seen the view which the President took of the matter and how he felt, at the meeting of the Cabinet on Tuesday.

LINCOLN'S CONVICTION CONCERNING MCCLELLAN

From what I have seen and heard within the last few days, the more highly do I appreciate the President's judgment and sagacity in the stand he made and the course he took. Stanton has carried his dislike or hatred of McC[lellan] to great lengths, and from free intercourse with Chase has enlisted him, and to some extent influenced all of us against that officer, who has failings enough of his own to bear without the addition of Stanton's enmity to his own infirmities. The recall of the army from the vicinity of Richmond I thought wrong and I know it was in opposition to the opinion of some of the best military men in the service. Placing Pope over them roused the indignation of many, but in this Stanton had a purpose to accomplish, and in bringing Pope here first, then, by Pope's assistance and General Scott's advice, bringing Halleck, and concerting measures which followed, he succeeded in breaking down and displacing McClellan but not in dismissing and disgracing him. This the President would not do or permit to be done, though he was more offended with McC[lellan] than he ever was before. In a brief conversation with him as we were walking together on Friday, the President said with much emphasis, "I must have McClellan to reorganize the army and bring it out of chaos; but there has been a

design, a purpose in breaking down Pope, without regard of consequence to the country. It is shocking to see and know this; but there is no remedy at present, — McClellan has the army with him."

My convictions are with the President, that McClellan and his generals are this day stronger than the Administration with a considerable portion of this Army of the Potomac. It is not so elsewhere with the soldiers or in the country, where McClellan has lost favor. The people are disappointed in him, but his leading generals have contrived to strengthen him in the hearts of the soldiers in front of Washington.

Sunday, September 7, 1862.

When taking a walk this Sunday evening with my son E[dgar] we met on Pennsylvania Avenue, near the junction of H Street, what I thought at first sight a squad of cavalry or mounted men, some twenty or thirty in number. I remarked as they approached that they seemed better mounted than usual, but E[dgar] said the cavalcade was General McClellan and his staff. I raised my hand to salute him as they were dashing past, but the general, recognizing us, halted the troop and rode up to me by the sidewalk to shake hands, he said, and bid me farewell. I asked, "Which way?" He said he was proceeding to take command of the onward movement. "Then," I added, "you go up the river." He said yes, he had just started to take charge of the army and of the operations above. "Well," said I, "*onward*, General, is now the word, — the country will expect you to *go forward*." — "That" he answered, "is my intention." — "Success to you, then, General, with all my heart." With a mutual farewell we parted

Monday, September 8, 1862.

Less sensation and fewer rumors than we have had for several days.

The President called on me to know what we had authentic of the destruction of the rebel steamer in Savannah River. He expressed himself very decidedly concerning the management or mismanagement of the army. Said, "We had the enemy in the hollow of our hands on Friday if our generals who are vexed with Pope had done their duty. All of our present difficulties and reverses have been brought upon us by these quarrels of the generals." These were, I think, his very words.

Wednesday, September 10, 1862.

There are muttering denunciations on every side, and if McClellan fails to whip the rebels in Maryland, the wrath and indignation against him and the Administration will be great and unrestrained. If he succeeds, there will be instant relief, and a willing disposition to excuse alleged errors which ought to be investigated.

AN ESTIMATE OF HALLECK

General Halleck is nominally General-in-Chief and discharging many of the important functions of the War Department. I have as yet no intimacy with him and have seen but little of him. He has a scholarly intellect and I suppose some military acquirements, but his mind is heavy and irresolute. It appears to me he does not possess originality and has little real military talent. What he has is educational. He came here from the West, the friend of Pope, and is in some degree indebted to Pope for his position.

How far Halleck was assenting to or committed to Stanton's implacable hostility to McClellan, or whether he was aware of its extent before he came here, I cannot say. Shortly after he arrived, I saw that he partook of the views of Stanton and Chase. By direction of the President he visited the army on the James and became a partner to the scheme for the recall of the troops. This recall or withdrawal he pronounced one of the most difficult things to achieve successfully that an accomplished commander could execute. The movement was ef-

fected successfully, but I did not perceive that the country was indebted to General Halleck in the least for that success. The whole thing at headquarters was slovenly managed. I know that the navy, which was in the James River coöperating with the army, was utterly neglected by Halleck. Stanton, when I made inquiry, said the order to bring back the army was not his, and he was not responsible for that neglect. I first learned of the order recalling the army, not from the General-in-Chief or the War Department, but from Wilkes, who was left upon the upper waters of the James without orders and [with no] coöperating army. When I called on Halleck with Wilkes's letter, he seemed stupid — said there was no further use for the navy, supposed I had been advised by the Secretary of War. When I suggested that it appeared to me important that the naval force should remain with perhaps a small number of troops [to] menace Richmond, he rubbed his elbow first, as if that was the seat of thought, and then his eyes, and said he wished the navy would hold on for a few days to embarrass the rebels, but he had ordered all the troops to return. I questioned then and do now the wisdom of recalling McClellan and the army, — have doubted if H[alleck], unprompted, would himself have done it. It was a specimen of Chase's and Stanton's tactics. They had impressed the President with their ideas that a change of base was necessary. The President had, at the beginning, questioned the movement on Richmond by way of the Peninsula, but Blair had favored it.

Halleck, destitute of originality, bewildered by the conduct of McClellan and his generals, without military resources, could devise nothing and knew not what to advise or do after Pope's discomfiture. He saw that the dissatisfied generals triumphed in Pope's defeat, that Pope and the faction that Stanton controlled against McClellan were unequal to the task they were expected to perform; and, distrustful of himself, Halleck, without consulting Stanton, assented to the President's suggestion of reinstating McClellan in the entrenchments, to reorganize the shattered forces, and subsequently recommended giving him again the command of the consolidated armies of Washington and the Potomac. The President assured me that this appointment of McClellan to command the united forces and the onward movement was Halleck's doing. He spoke of it in justification of the act. I was sorry he should permit General H[alleck] to select the commander in such a case if against his own judgment. But the same causes which influenced H[alleck] probably had some effect on the President, and, Stanton, disappointed and vexed, beheld his plans miscarry and felt that his resentments were impotent, at least for a time.

PANIC-STRICKEN NEW YORK

Men in New York, men who are sensible in most things, are the most easily terrified and panic-stricken of any community. They are just now alarmed lest an iron-clad steamer may rush in upon them some fine morning while they are asleep, and destroy their city. In their imagination, under the teachings of mischievous persons and papers, they suppose every rebel cruiser is iron-clad, while in fact the rebels have not one iron-clad afloat. It only requires a sensational paragraph in the *Times* to create alarm. The *Times* is controlled by Seward through Thurlow Weed, and used through him by Stanton. Whenever the army is in trouble, and public opinion sets against its management, the *Times* immediately sets up a howl against the navy.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMPANY OF THE MARJOLAINE

BY JOHN BUCHAN

Qu'est-ce qui passe ici si tard,
Compagnons de la Marjolaine ?

[This extract from the unpublished papers of the Manorwater family has seemed to the Editor worth printing for its historical interest. The famous Lady Molly Carteron became, as all the world knows, Countess of Manorwater by her second marriage. She was a wit and a friend of wits, and her nephew, the Honorable Charles Hervey-Townshend (afterwards an ambassador at the Hague) addressed to her a series of amusing letters while making, after the fashion of his contemporaries, the Grand Tour of Europe. Three letters in particular, written at various places in the Eastern Alps and dispatched from Venice, contain the following short narrative.]

I

. . . I CAME down from the mountains and into the pleasing valley of the Adige in as pelting a heat as ever mortal suffered under. The way underfoot was parched and white; I had newly come out of a wilderness of white limestone crags, and a sun of Italy blazed blindingly in an azure Italian sky. You are to suppose, my dear Aunt, that I had had enough and something more of my craze for foot-marching. A fortnight ago I had gone to Belluno in a post-chaise, dismissed my fellow to carry my baggage by way of Verona, and with no more than a valise on my back plunged into the fastnesses of those mountains. I had a fancy to see the little sculptured hills which made backgrounds for Giambellin, and there were rumors of great mountains built wholly of marble which shone like the battlements of the Celestial City. So at any rate reported young Mr. Wyndham, who had traveled with me from Milan to Venice. I lay the first night at Pieve where Titian had the fortune to be born, and the landlord at the inn displayed a set of villainous daubs which he swore were the early works of that master. Thence up a toilsome valley I journeyed to the Ampezzan country, where, indeed, I saw my white mountains, but alas! no longer Celestial. For it rained like Westmoreland for five endless days, while I kicked my heels in an inn and turned a canto of Ariosto into halting English couplets. Bye and bye it cleared, and I headed westward towards Bozen, among the tangle of wild rocks where the Dwarf King had once his rose-garden. The first night I had no inn, but slept in the vile cabin of a forester, who spoke a tongue half Latin, half Dutch, which I failed to master. The next day was a blaze of heat, the mountain path lay thick with dust, and I had no wine from sunrise to sunset. Can you wonder that when at last I saw Santa Chiara sleeping in its green circlet of meadows my thought was only of a deep draught and a cool chamber? I protest that I am a great lover of natural beauty, of rock and cascade and all the properties of the poet; but the enthusiasm of M. Rousseau himself would sink from the stars to earth, if he had marched since breakfast in a cloud of dust with a throat like the nether millstone.

Yet I had not entered the place before Romance revived. The little town — a mere wayside halting-place on the great mountain-road to the North — had the air of mystery which foretells adventure. Why is it that a dwelling or a countenance catches the fancy with the promise of some strange destiny? I have houses in my mind which I know will some day and somehow be intertwined oddly with my life; and I have faces in memory, of which I know nothing save that I shall

undoubtedly cast eyes again upon them. My first glimpses of Santa Chiara gave me this earnest of romance. It was walled and fortified, the streets were narrow pits of shade, old tenements with bent fronts swayed to meet each other. Melons lay drying on flat roofs, and yet now and then would come a high-pitched northern gable. Latin and Teuton met and mingled in the place, and, as Mr. Gibbon has taught us, the offspring of this admixture is something fantastic and unpredictable. I forgot my grievous thirst and my tired feet in admiration and a certain vague expectation of wonders. Here, ran my thought, it is fated, perchance, that Romance and I shall at last compass a meeting. Perchance some Princess is in need of my arm, or some affair of high policy is afoot in this jumble of old masonry. You will laugh at my folly, but I had an excuse for it. A fortnight in strange mountains disposes a man to look for something at his next encounter with his kind, and the sight of Santa Chiara would have fired the imagination of a Judge in Chancery.

I strode happily into the courtyard of the Tre Croci, and presently had my expectation confirmed. For I found my fellow, Giambattista, — a faithful rogue I got in Rome on a cardinal's recommendation, — hot in dispute with a lady's maid. The woman was old, harsh-featured, no Italian clearly, though she spoke fluently in the tongue. She rated my man like a pickpocket, and the dispute was over a room.

"The Signore will bear me out," said Giambattista. "Was not I sent to Verona with his baggage and thence to this place of ill manners? Was I not bidden engage for him a suite of apartments? Did I not duly engage these fronting on the gallery, and dispose therein the Signore's baggage? And lo! an hour ago I found it all turned into the yard and this woman installed in its place. It is monstrous, unbearable! Is this an inn for travelers or haply the private mansion of these Magnificences?"

"My servant speaks truly," I said, firmly yet with courtesy, having no mind to spoil adventure by urging rights. "He had orders to take these rooms for me, and I know not what higher power can countermand me."

The woman had been staring at me scornfully, for no doubt in my dusty habit I was a figure of small dignity. But at the sound of my voice she started, and cried out, "You are English, Signore?"

I bowed an admission.

"Then my mistress shall speak with you," she said, and dived into the inn like an elderly rabbit.

Giambattista was for sending for the landlord and making a riot in that hostelry. But I stayed him, and, bidding him fetch me a flask of white wine, three lemons and a glass of *eau de vie*, I sat down peaceably at one of the little tables in the courtyard and prepared for the quenching of my thirst. Presently, as I sat drinking that excellent compound of my own invention, my shoulder was touched and I turned to find the maid and her mistress. Alas for my hopes of a glorious being, young and lissom and bright with the warm riches of the south! I saw a short, stout little lady, well on the wrong side of thirty. She had plump red cheeks, and fair hair dressed indifferently in the Roman fashion. Two candid blue eyes redeemed her plainness, and a certain grave and gentle dignity. She was notably a gentlewoman, so I got up, doffed my hat, and awaited her commands.

She spoke in Italian. "Your pardon, Signore, but I fear my good Christine has done you unwittingly a wrong."

Christine snorted at this premature plea of guilty, while I hastened to assure the fair apologist that any rooms I might have taken were freely at her service.

I spoke unconsciously in English and she replied in a halting parody of that tongue. "I understand him," she said, "but I do not speak him happily. I will discourse, if the Signore pleases, in our first speech."

She and her father, it appeared, had

come over the Brenner, and arrived that morning at the Tre Croci, where they purposed to lie for some days. He was an old man, very feeble, and much depending upon her constant care. Wherefore it was necessary that the rooms of all the party should adjoin, and there was no suite of the size in the inn save that which I had taken. Would I therefore consent to forego my right, and place her under an eternal debt?

I agreed most readily, being at all times careless where I sleep so the bed be clean, or where I eat so the meal be good. I bade my servant see the landlord and have my belongings carried to other rooms. Madame thanked me sweetly and would have gone, when a thought detained her.

"It is but courteous," she said, "that you should know the names of those whom you have befriended. My father is called the Count d'Albani, and I am his only daughter. We travel to Florence where we have a villa in the environs."

"My name," said I, "is Hervey-Townshend, an Englishman traveling abroad for his entertainment."

"Hervey," she repeated. "Are you one of the family of Miladi Hervey?"

"My worthy aunt," I replied, with a tender recollection of that preposterous woman.

Madame turned to Christine and spoke rapidly in a whisper.

"My father, sir," she said, addressing me, "is an old frail man, little used to the company of strangers. But in former days he has had kindness from members of your house, and it would be a satisfaction to him, I think, to have the privilege of your acquaintance."

She spoke with the air of a Vizier who promises a traveler a sight of the Grand Turk. I murmured my gratitude and hastened after Giambattista. In an hour I had bathed, rid myself of my beard, and arrayed myself in decent clothing. Then I strolled out to inspect the little city, admired an altar-piece, chaffered with a Jew for a cameo, purchased some small necessaries, and returned early in the afternoon with a noble appetite for dinner.

The Tre Croci had been in happier days a bishop's lodging, and possessed a dining-hall ceiled with black oak and adorned with frescoes. It was used as a general *salle-à-manger* for all dwellers in the inn, and there accordingly I sat down to my long-deferred meal. At first there were no other diners, and I had two maids as well as Giambattista to attend on my wants. Presently Madame d'Albani entered, escorted by Christine, and by a tall gaunt serving-man who seemed no part of the hostelry. The landlord followed, bowing civilly, and the two women seated themselves at the little table at the further end. "Il Signor Conte dines in his room," said Madame to the host, who withdrew to see to that gentleman's needs.

I found my eyes straying often to the little party in the cool twilight of that refectory. The man-servant was so old and battered, and yet of such a dignity that he lent a touch of intrigue to the thing. He stood stiffly behind Madame's chair, handing dishes with an air of silent reverence — the lackey of a great noble, if ever I had seen the type. Madame never glanced towards me, but conversed sparingly with Christine, while she pecked delicately at her food. Her name ran in my head with a tantalizing flavor of the familiar. Albani! D'Albani! It was a name not uncommon in the Roman states, but I had never heard it linked to a noble family. And yet I had, somehow, somewhere; and in the vain effort at recollection I had almost forgotten my hunger. There was nothing bourgeois in the little lady. The austere servants, the high manner of condescension, spake of a stock used to deference, though, maybe, pitifully decayed in its fortunes. There was a mystery in these quiet folk, which tickled my curiosity. Romance after all was not destined to fail me at Santa Chiara.

My doings of the afternoon were of interest to myself alone. Suffice it to say that when I returned at nightfall I found

Giambattista the trustee of a letter. It was from Madame, written in a fine thin hand on a delicate paper, and it invited me to wait upon the Signore, her father, that evening at eight o'clock. What caught my eye was a coronet stamped in a corner. A coronet, I say, but in truth it was a crown, the same as surmounts the Arms Royal of England on the signboard of a Court tradesman. I marveled at the ways of foreign heraldry. Either this family of d'Albani had higher pretensions than I had given it credit for, or it employed an unlearned and imaginative stationer. I scribbled a line of acceptance and went to dress.

The hour of eight found me knocking at the Count's door. The grim serving-man admitted me to the pleasant chamber which should have been mine own. A dozen wax candles burned in sconces, and on the table, among fruits and the relics of supper, stood a handsome candelabrum of silver. A small fire of logs had been lit on the hearth, and before it in an arm-chair sat a strange figure of a man. He seemed not so much old as aged. I should have put him at sixty, but the marks he bore were clearly less those of Time than of Life. There sprawled before me the relics of noble looks. The fleshy nose, the pendulous cheek, the drooping mouth, had once been cast in lines of manly beauty. Heavy eyebrows above and heavy bags beneath spoiled the effect of a choleric blue eye, which age had not dimmed. The man was gross and yet haggard; it was not the padding of good living which clothed his bones, but a heaviness as of some dropsical malady. I could picture him in health a gaunt loose-limbed being, high-featured and swift and eager. He was dressed wholly in black velvet, with fresh ruffles and wristbands, and he wore heeled shoes with antique silver buckles. It was a figure of an older age which rose slowly to greet me, in one hand a snuff-box and a purple handkerchief, and in the other a book with finger marking place. He made me a great bow as Madame uttered my name, and held out a hand with a kindly smile.

"Mr. Hervey-Townshend," he said, "we will speak English if you please. I am fain to hear it again, for 't is a tongue I love. I make you welcome, sir, for your own sake and for the sake of your kin. How is her honorable ladyship, your aunt? A week ago she sent me a letter."

I answered that she did famously, and wondered what cause of correspondence my worthy aunt could have with wandering nobles of Italy.

He motioned me to a chair between Madame and himself, while a servant set a candle on a shelf behind him. Then he proceeded to catechize me in excellent English, with now and then a phrase of French, as to my doings in my own land. Admirably informed this Italian gentleman proved himself. I defy you to find in Almach's more intelligent gossip. He inquired as to the chance of my Lord North and the mind of my Lord Rockingham. He had my Lord Shelburne's foibles at his fingers' ends. The habits of the Prince, the aims of their ladyships of Dorset and Buckingham, the extravagance of this noble Duke and that right honorable gentleman, were not hid from him. I answered discreetly yet frankly, for there was no ill-breeding in his curiosity. Rather it seemed like the inquiries of some fine lady, now buried deep in the country, as to the doings of a forsaken Mayfair. There was humor in it and something of pathos.

"My aunt must be a voluminous correspondent, sir," I said.

He laughed. "I have many friends in England who write to me, but I have seen none of them for long and I doubt I may never see them again. Also in my youth I have been in England." And he sighed as at a sorrowful recollection.

Then he showed the book in his hand. "See," he said, "here is one of your English writings, the greatest book I have ever happened on." It was a volume of Mr. Fielding.

For a little he talked of books and poets.

He admired Mr. Fielding profoundly, Dr. Smollett less so, Mr. Richardson not at all. But he was clear that England had a monopoly of good writers, saving only my friend M. Rousseau, whom he valued, yet with reservations. Of the Italians he had no opinion. I instanced against him the plays of Signor Alfieri. He groaned, shook his head, and grew moody.

"Know you Scotland?" he asked suddenly.

I replied that I had visited Scotch cousins but had no great estimation of the country. "It is too poor and jagged," I said, "for the taste of one who loves color and sunshine and suave outlines."

He sighed. "It is indeed a bleak land, but a kindly. When the sun shines at all he shines on the truest hearts in the world. I love its bleakness too. There is a spirit in the misty hills and the harsh sea-wind which inspires men to great deeds. Poverty and courage go often together, and my Scots, if they are poor, are as untamable as their mountains."

"You know the land, sir?" I asked.

"I have seen it and I have known many Scots. You will find them in Paris and Avignon and Rome, with never a plack in their pockets. I have a feeling for exiles, sir, and I have pitied these poor people. They gave their all for the cause they followed."

Clearly the Count shared my aunt's views of history, those views which have made such sport for us often at Carteron. Stalwart Whig as I am, there was something in the tone of the old gentleman which made me feel a certain majesty in the lost cause.

"I am Whig in blood and Whig in principle," I said, "but I have never denied that those Scots who followed the Chevalier were too good to waste on so trumpery a leader." I had no sooner spoken the words than I felt that somehow I had been guilty of a *bêtise*.

"It may be so," said the Count. "I did not ask you here, sir, to argue on politics, on which I am assured we should differ. But I will ask you one question. The King of England is a stout upholder of the right of kings. How does he face the defection of his American possessions?"

"The nation takes it well enough, and as for His Majesty's feelings there is small inclination to inquire into them. I conceive of the whole war as a blunder out of which we have come as we deserved. The day is gone by for the assertion of monarchic rights against the will of a people."

"May be. But take note that the King of England is suffering to-day as — how do you call him? — the Chevalier suffered forty years ago. 'The wheel has come full circle,' as your Shakespeare says. Time has wrought his revenge."

He was staring into a fire which burned small and smokily.

"You think the day for kings is ended. I read it differently. The world will ever have need of kings. If a nation cast out one it will have to find another. And mark you, those later kings, created by the people, will bear a harsher hand than the old race who ruled as of right. Some day the world will regret having destroyed the kindly and legitimate line of monarchs and put in their place tyrants who govern by the sword or by flattering an idle mob."

This belated dogma would at other times have set me laughing, but the strange figure before me gave no impulse to merriment. I glanced at Madame and saw her face grave and perplexed, and I thought I read a warning gleam in her eye. There was a mystery about the party which irritated me, but good breeding forbade me to seek a clue.

"You will permit me to retire, sir," I said. "I have but this morning come down from a long march among the mountains east of this valley. Sleeping in wayside huts and tramping those sultry paths make a man think pleasantly of bed."

The Count seemed to brighten at my words. "You are a marcher, sir, and love the mountains? Once I would gladly have joined you, for in my youth I was a great walker in hilly places. Tell me, now, how

many miles will you cover in a day?"

I told him thirty at a stretch.

"Ah," he said, "I have done fifty, without food, over the roughest and mossiest mountains. I lived on what I shot, and for drink I had spring water. Nay, I am forgetting. There was another beverage, which I assume you have never tasted. Heard you ever, sir, of that *eau de vie* which the Scots call *usquebaugh?* It will comfort a traveler as no thin Italian wine will comfort him. By my soul, you shall taste it. Charlotte, my dear, bid Oliphant fetch glasses and hot water and lemons. I will give Mr. Hervey-Townshend a sample of the brew. You English are all *têtes-de-fer*, sir, and are worthy of it."

The old man's face had lighted up, and for the moment his air had the jollity of youth. I would have accepted the entertainment had I not again caught Madame's eye. It said, unmistakably and with serious pleading, "Decline." I, therefore, made my excuses, urged fatigue, drowsiness, and a delicate stomach, bade my host good night, and in deep mystification left the room.

Enlightenment came upon me as the door closed. There on the threshold stood the man-servant whom they called Oliphant, erect as a sentry on guard. The sight reminded me of what I had once seen at Basle when by chance a Rhenish Grand Duke had shared the inn with me. Of a sudden a dozen clues linked together — the crowned note-paper, Scotland, my Aunt Hervey's politics, the tale of old wanderings.

"Tell me," I said in a whisper, "who is the Count d'Albani, your master?" and I whistled softly a bar of "Charlie is my Darling."

"Ay," said the man without relaxing a muscle of his grim face, "it is the King of England — my king and yours."

II

In the small hours of the next morning I was awaked by a most unearthly sound. It was as if all the cats on all the roofs of Santa Chiara were sharpening their claws and wailing their battle-cries. Presently out of the noise came a kind of music — very slow, solemn, and melancholy. The notes ran up in great flights of ecstasy and sunk anon to the tragic deeps. In spite of my sleepiness I was held spell-bound, and the musician had concluded with certain barbaric grunts before I had the curiosity to rise. It came from somewhere in the gallery of the inn, and as I stuck my head out of my door I had a glimpse of Oliphant, night-cap on head and a great bagpipe below his arm, stalking down the corridor.

The incident, for all the gravity of the music, seemed to give a touch of farce to my interview of the past evening. I had gone to bed with my mind full of sad stories of the deaths of kings. Magnificence in tatters had always affected my pity more deeply than tatters with no such antecedent; and a monarch out at elbows stood for me as the last irony of our mortal life. Here was a king whose misfortunes could find no parallel. He had been in his youth the hero of a high adventure, and his middle age had been spent in fleeing among the courts of Europe, and waiting, a pensioner, on the whims of his foolish but regnant brethren. I had heard tales of a growing sottishness, a decline in spirit, a squalid taste in pleasures. Small blame, I had always thought, to so ill-fated a princeling. And now I had chanced upon the gentleman in his dotage, traveling with a barren effort at mystery, attended by a sad-faced daughter and two ancient domestics. It was a lesson in the vanity of human wishes which the shallowest moralist would have noted. Nay, I felt more than the moral. Something human and kindly in the old fellow had caught my fancy. The decadence was too tragic to prose about, the decadent too human to moralize on. I had left the chamber of the — shall I say *de jure* King of England? — a sentimental adherent of the cause. But this business of the bagpipes touched the comic. To

harry an old valet out of bed and set him droning on pipes in the small hours, smacked of a theatrical taste or at least of an undignified fancy. Kings in exile, if they wish to keep the tragic air, should not indulge in such fantastic serenades.

My mind changed again when after breakfast I fell in with Madame on the stair. She drew aside to let me pass, and then made as if she would speak to me. I gave her good-morning, and, my mind being full of her story, addressed her as " Excellency."

" I see, sir," she said, " that you know the truth. I have to ask your forbearance for the concealment I practiced yesterday. It was a poor requital for your generosity, but it is one of the shifts of our sad fortune. An uncrowned king must go in disguise or risk the laughter of every stable-boy. Besides, we are too poor to travel in state, even if we desired it."

Honestly, I knew not what to say. I was not asked to sympathize, having already revealed my politics, and yet the case cried out for sympathy. You remember, my dear aunt, the good Lady Culham who was our Dorsetshire neighbor and tried hard to mend my ways at Carteron. This poor Duchess — for so she called herself — was just such another. A woman made for comfort, housewifery and motherhood, and by no means for racing about Europe in charge of a disreputable parent. I could picture her settled equably on a garden-seat, with a lap-dog and needlework, blinking happily over green lawns and mildly rating an errant gardener. I could fancy her sitting in a summer parlor very orderly and dainty, writing lengthy epistles to a tribe of nieces. I could see her marshaling a household in the family pew, or riding serenely in the family coach behind fat bay horses. But here, on an inn staircase, with a false name and a sad air of mystery, she was woefully out of place. I noted little wrinkles forming in the corners of her eyes, and the ravages of care beginning in the plump rosiness of her face. Be sure there was nothing appealing in her mien. She spoke with the air of a great lady to whom the world is matter only for an afterthought. It was the facts that appealed and grew poignant from her courage.

" There is another claim upon your good nature," she said. " Doubtless you were awakened last night by Oliphant's playing upon the pipes. I rebuked the landlord for his insolence in protesting, but to you, a gentleman and a friend, an explanation is due. My father sleeps ill, and your conversation seems to have cast him into a train of sad memories. It has been his habit on such occasions to have the pipes played to him, since they remind him of friends and happier days. It is a small privilege for an old man, and he does not claim it often."

I declared that the music had only pleased, and that I would welcome its repetition. Whereupon she left me, with a little bow and an invitation to join them that day at dinner, while I departed into the town on my own errands. I returned before midday, and was seated at an arbor in the garden, busy with letters, when there hove in sight the gaunt figure of Oliphant. He hovered around me, if such a figure can be said to hover, with the obvious intention of addressing me. The fellow had caught my fancy and I was willing to see more of him. His face might have been hacked out of gray granite, his clothes hung loosely on his spare bones, and his stockinged shanks would have done no discredit to Don Quixote. There was no dignity in his air, only a steady and enduring sadness. Here, thought I, is the one of the establishment who most commonly meets the shock of the world's buffets. I called him by name and asked him his desires.

It appeared that he took me for a Jacobite, for he began a rigmarole about loyalty and hard fortune. I hastened to correct him, and he took the correction with the same patient despair with which he took all things. 'T was but another of the blows of Fate.

"At any rate," he said in a broad Scotch accent, "ye come of kin that has helpit my maister afore this. I've many times heard tell o' Herveys and Townshends in England, and a' folk said they were on the richt side. Ye're maybe no a freend, but ye're a freend's freend, or I wadna be speirin' at ye."

I was amused at the prologue and waited on the tale. It soon came. Oliphant, it appeared, was the purse-bearer of the household, and woeful straits that poor purse-bearer must have been often put to. I questioned him as to his master's revenues, but could get no clear answer. There were payments due next month in Florence, which would solve the difficulties for the winter, but in the mean time expenditure had beaten income. Traveling had cost much, and the Count must have his small comforts. The result in plain words was that Oliphant had not the wherewithal to frank the company to Florence; indeed I doubted if he could have paid the reckoning in Santa Chiara. A loan was therefore sought from a friend's friend, meaning myself.

I was very really embarrassed. Not that I would not have given willingly, for I had ample resources at the moment and was mightily concerned about the sad household. But I knew that the little Duchess would take Oliphant's ears from his head if she guessed that he had dared to borrow from me, and that if I lent, her back would forever be turned against me. And yet, what would follow on my refusal? In a day or two there would be a pitiful scene with mine host, and, as like as not, some of their baggage retained as security for payment. I did not love the task of conspiring behind the lady's back, but if it could be contrived 't was indubitably the kindest course. I glared sternly at Oliphant, who met me with his pathetic dog-like eyes.

"You know that your mistress would never consent to the request you have made of me."

"I ken," he said humbly. "But payin' is *my* job and I simply havena the siller. It's no the first time it has happened, and it's a sair trial for them both to be flung out o' doors by a foreign hostler because they canna meet his charges. But sir, if ye can lend to me, ye may be certain that her leddyship will never hear a word o't. Puir thing, she takes nae thocht o' where the siller comes frae, any mair than the lilies o' the field."

I became a conspirator. "You swear, Oliphant, by all you hold sacred, to breathe nothing of this to your mistress, and if she should suspect, to lie like a privy councilor."

A flicker of a smile crossed his face. "I'll lee like a Scotch packman and the Father o' lees could do nae mair. Ye need have no fear for your siller, sir. I've aye repaid when I borrowed, though ye may have to wait a bittock." And the strange fellow strolled off.

At dinner no Duchess appeared till long after the appointed hour, nor was there any sign of Oliphant. When she came at last with Christine, her eyes looked as if she had been crying, and she greeted me with remote courtesy. My first thought was that Oliphant had revealed the matter of the loan, but presently I found that the lady's trouble was far different. Her father, it seemed, was ill again with his old complaint. What that was I did not ask, nor did the Duchess reveal it.

We spoke in French, for I had discovered that this was her favorite speech. There was no Oliphant to wait on us, and the inn servants were always about, so it was well to have a tongue they did not comprehend. The lady was distracted and sad. When I inquired feelingly as to the general condition of her father's health she parried the question, and when I offered my services she disregarded my words. It was in truth a doleful meal, while the faded Christine sat like a sphinx staring into vacancy. I spoke of England and of her friends, of Paris and Versailles, of Avignon where she had spent some years, and of the amenities of Florence which she considered her home.

But 't was like talking to a nunnery door. I got nothing but "It is indeed true, sir," or "Do you say so, sir?" till my energy began to sink. Madame perceived my discomfort and, as she rose, murmured an apology. "Pray forgive my distraction, but I am poor company when my father is ill. I have a foolish mind, easily frightened. Nay, nay!" she went on when I again offered help, "the illness is trifling. It will pass off by tomorrow, or at the latest the next day. Only I had looked forward to some ease at Santa Chiara, and the promise is belied."

As it chanced that evening, returning to the inn, I passed by the north side, where the windows of the Count's rooms looked over a little flower-garden abutting on the courtyard. The dusk was falling, and a lamp had been lit which gave a glimpse into the interior. The sick man was standing by the window, his figure flung into relief by the lamplight. If he was sick, his sickness was of a curious type. His face was ruddy, his eye wild, and, his wig being off, his scanty hair stood up oddly round his head. He seemed to be singing, but I could not catch the sound through the shut casement. Another figure in the room, probably Oliphant, laid a hand on the Count's shoulder, drew him from the window, and closed the shutter.

It needed only the recollection of stories which were the property of all Europe to reach a conclusion on the gentleman's illness. The legitimate King of England was very drunk.

As I went to my room that night I passed the Count's door. There stood Oliphant as sentry, more grim and haggard than ever, and I thought that his eye met mine with a certain intelligence. From inside the room came a great racket. There was the sound of glasses falling; then a string of oaths, English, French, and for all I know, Irish, rapped out in a loud drunken voice. A pause, and then came the sound of maudlin singing. It pursued me along the gallery, an old childish song, delivered as if 't were a pot-house catch:—

> "Qu'est-ce qui passe ici si tard,
> Compagnons de la Marjolaine."

One of the late-going company of the Marjolaine hastened to bed. This king in exile with his melancholy daughter was becoming too much for him.

III

It was just before noon next day that the travelers arrived. I was sitting in the shady loggia of the inn, reading a volume of De Thou, when there drove up to the door two coaches. Out of the first descended very slowly and stiffly four gentlemen; out of the second four servants and a quantity of baggage. As it chanced, there was no one about; the courtyard slept its sunny noontide sleep, and the only movement was of a lizard on the wall and a buzz of flies by the fountain. Seeing no sign of the landlord, one of the travelers approached me with a grave inclination.

"This is the inn called the Tre Croci, sir?" he asked.

I said it was, and shouted on my own account for the host. Presently that personage arrived, with a red face and a short wind, having ascended rapidly from his own cellar. He was awed by the dignity of the travelers, and made none of his usual protests of incapacity. The servants filed off solemnly with the baggage, and the four gentlemen sat themselves down beside me in the loggia and ordered each a modest flask of wine.

At first I took them for our countrymen, but as I watched them the conviction vanished. All four were tall and lean beyond the average of mankind. They wore suits of black, with antique starched frills to their shirts; their hair was their own, and unpowdered. Massive buckles of an ancient pattern adorned their square-toed shoes, and the canes they carried were like the yards of a small vessel. They were four merchants, I had guessed, of Scotland maybe, or of New-

castle, but their voices were not Scotch, and their air had no touch of commerce. Take the heavy-browed preoccupation of a Secretary of State; add the dignity of a bishop, the sunburn of a fox-hunter, and something of the disciplined erectness of a soldier; and you may perceive the manner of these four gentlemen. By the side of them my assurance vanished. Compared with their Olympian serenity, my person seemed fussy and servile. Even so, I mused, must Mr. Franklin have looked when baited in Parliament by the Tory pack. The reflection gave me the clue. Presently I caught from their conversation the word "Washington," and the truth flashed upon me. I was in the presence of four of Mr. Franklin's countrymen. Having never seen an American in the flesh, I rejoiced at the chance of enlarging my acquaintance.

They brought me into the circle by a polite question as to the length of road to Verona. Soon introductions followed. My name intrigued them, and they were eager to learn of my kinship to Uncle Charles. The eldest of the four, it appeared, was Mr. Galloway out of Maryland. Then came two brothers, Sylvester by name, of Pennsylvania; and last Mr. Fish, a lawyer of New York. All four had campaigned in the late war, and all four were members of the Convention, or whatever they call their rough-and-ready Parliament. They were modest in their behavior, much disinclined to speak of their past, as great men might be whose reputation was world-wide. Somehow the names stuck in my memory. I was certain that I had heard them linked with some stalwart fight or some moving civil deed or some defiant manifesto. The making of history was in their steadfast eyes and the grave lines of the mouth. Our friendship flourished mightily in a brief hour, and brought me the invitation, willingly accepted, to sit with them at dinner.

There was no sign of the Duchess or Christine or Oliphant. Whatever had happened, that household to-day required all hands on deck, and I was left alone with the Americans. In my day I have supped with the Macaronies, I have held up my head at the Cocoa-Tree, I have avoided the floor at Hunt dinners, I have drunk glass to glass with Tom Carteron. But never before have I seen such noble consumers of good liquor as those four gentlemen from beyond the Atlantic. They drank the strong red Cyprus as if it had been spring water. "The dust of your Italian roads takes some cleansing, Mr. Townshend," was their only excuse, but in truth none was needed. The wine served only to thaw their iron decorum. Without any surcease of dignity they grew communicative and passed from lands to peoples and from peoples to constitutions. Before we knew it we were embarked upon high politics.

Naturally we did not differ on the war. Like me they held it to have been a grievous necessity. They had no bitterness against England, only regrets for her blunders. Of His Majesty they spoke with respect, of His Majesty's advisers with dignified condemnation. They thought highly of our troops in America, less highly of our generals.

"Look you, sir," said Mr. Galloway, "in a war such as we have witnessed the Almighty is the only strategist. You fight against the forces of Nature, and a newcomer little knows that the success or failure of every operation he can conceive depends not upon generalship but upon the conformation of a vast country. Our generals, with this in mind and with fewer men, could make all your schemes miscarry. Had the English soldiery not been of such stubborn stuff we should have been victors from the first. Our leader was not General Washington but General America, and his brigadiers were forests, swamps, lakes, rivers, and high mountains."

"And now," I said, "having won, you have the greatest of human experiments before you. Your business is to show that the Saxon stock is adaptable to a republic."

It seemed to me that they exchanged glances.

"We are not pedants," said Mr. Fish, "and have no desire to dispute about the form of a constitution. A people may be as free under a king as under a senate. Liberty is not the lackey of any type of government."

These were strange words from a member of a race which I had thought wedded to the republicanism of Helvidius Priscus.

"As a loyal subject of a monarchy," I said, "I must agree with you. But your hands are tied, for I cannot picture the establishment of a House of Washington, and — if not, where are you to turn for your sovereign?"

Again a smile seemed to pass among the four.

"We are experimenters, as you say, sir, and must go slowly. In the mean time we have an authority which keeps peace and property safe. We are at leisure to cast our eyes around and meditate on the future."

"Then, gentlemen," said I, "you take an excellent way of meditation in visiting this museum of old sovereignties. Here you have the relics of any government you please — a dozen republics, tyrannies, theocracies, merchant confederations, kingdoms, and more than one empire. You have your choice. I am tolerably familiar with the land, and if I can assist you I am at your service."

They thanked me gravely. "We have letters," said Mr. Galloway. "One in especial is to a gentleman whom we hope to meet in this place. Have you heard in your travels of the Count of Albany?"

"He has arrived," said I, "two days ago. Even now he is in the chamber above us at dinner."

The news interested them hugely.

"You have seen him?" they cried. "What is he like?"

"An elderly gentleman in poor health, a man who has traveled much and, I judge, has suffered something from fortune. He has a fondness for the English, so you will be welcome, sir; but he was indisposed yesterday and may still be unable to receive you. His daughter travels with him and tends his old age."

"And you — you have spoken with him?"

"The night before last I was in his company. We talked of many things, including the late war. He is somewhat of your opinion on matters of government."

The four looked at each other and then Mr. Galloway rose.

"I ask your permission, Mr. Townshend, to consult for a moment with my friends. The matter is of some importance, and I would beg you to await us."

So saying, he led the others out of doors and I heard them withdraw to a corner of the loggia. Now, thought I, there is something afoot, and my long-sought romance approaches fruition. The Company of the Marjolaine, whom the Count sang of, have arrived at last.

Presently they returned and seated themselves at the table.

"You can be of great assistance to us, Mr. Townshend, and we would fain take you into our confidence. Are you aware who is this Count of Albany?"

I nodded. "It is a thin disguise to one familiar with history."

"Have you reached any estimate of his character or capabilities? You speak to friends, and let me tell you it is a matter which deeply concerns the Count's interests."

"I think him a kindly and pathetic old gentleman. He naturally bears the mark of forty years' sojourn in the wilderness."

Mr. Galloway took snuff.

"We have business with him, but it is business which stands in need of an agent. There is no one in the Count's suite with whom we can discuss affairs?"

"There is his daughter."

"Ah, but she would scarcely suit the case. Is there no man, a friend and yet not a member of the family, who can treat with us?"

I replied that I thought I was the only

being in Santa Chiara who answered the description.

"If you will accept the task, Mr. Townshend, you are amply qualified. We will be frank with you and reveal our business. We are on no less an errand than to offer the Count of Albany a crown."

I suppose I must have had some suspicion of their purpose, and yet the revelation of it fell on me like a thunderclap. I could only stare owlishly at my four grave gentlemen.

Mr. Galloway went on unperturbed. "I have told you that in America we are not yet republicans. There are those among us who favor a republic, but they are by no means a majority. We have got rid of a king who misgoverned us, but we have no wish to get rid of kingship. We want a king of our own choosing, and we would get with him all the ancient sanctions of monarchy. The Count of Albany is of the most illustrious royal stock in Europe; he is, if legitimacy goes for anything, the rightful king of Britain. Now, if the republican party among us is to be worsted, we must come before the nation with a powerful candidate for their favor. You perceive my drift? What more potent appeal to American pride than to say, 'We have got rid of King George; we choose of our own free will the older line and King Charles'?"

I said foolishly that I thought monarchy had had its day and that 't was idle to revive it.

"That is a sentiment well enough under a monarchical government, but we, with a clean page to write upon, do not share it. You know your ancient historians. Has not the repository of the chief power always been the rock on which republicanism has shipwrecked? If that power is given to the chief citizen, the way is prepared for the tyrant. If it abides peacefully in a royal house it abides with ciphers who dignify without obstructing a popular constitution. Do not mistake me, Mr. Townshend. This is no whim of a sentimental girl, but the reasoned conclusion of the men who achieved our liberty. There is every reason to believe that General Washington shares our views, and Mr. Hamilton, whose name you may know, is the inspirer of our mission."

"But the Count is an old man," I urged, for I knew not where to begin in my exposition of the hopelessness of their errand.

"By so much the better. We do not wish a young king, who may be fractious. An old man tempered by misfortune is what our purpose demands."

"He has also his failings. A man cannot lead his life for forty years and retain all the virtues."

At that one of the Sylvesters spoke sharply. "I have heard such gossip but I do not credit it. I have not forgotten Culloden and Derby."

I made my last objection. "He has no posterity — legitimate posterity — to carry on his line."

The four gentlemen smiled. "That happens to be his chiefest recommendation," said Mr. Galloway. "It enables us to take the House of Stuart on trial. We need a breathing space and leisure to look around; but unless we establish the principle of monarchy at once, the republicans will forestall us. Let us get our king at all costs, and during the remaining years of his life we shall have time to settle the succession problem. We have no wish to saddle ourselves for good with a race who might prove burdensome. If King Charles fails, he has no son, and we can look elsewhere for a better monarch. You perceive the reason of my view?"

I did, and I also perceived the colossal absurdity of the whole business. But I could not convince them of it, for they met my objections with excellent arguments. Nothing save a sight of the Count would, I feared, disillusion them.

"You wish me to make this proposal on your behalf?" I asked.

"We shall make the proposal ourselves, but we desire you to prepare the way for us. He is an elderly man and should first be informed of our purpose."

"There is one person whom I beg leave to consult — the Duchess his daughter. It may be that the present is an ill moment for approaching the Count, and the affair requires her sanction."

They agreed, and with a very perplexed mind I went forth to seek the lady. The irony of the thing was too cruel, and my heart ached for her. In the gallery I found Oliphant packing some very shabby trunks, and when I questioned him he told me that the family were to leave Santa Chiara on the morrow. Perchance the Duchess had awakened to the true state of their exchequer, or perchance she thought it well to get her father on the road again as a cure for his ailment.

I discovered Christine and begged for an interview with her mistress on an urgent matter. She led me to the Duchess's room, and there the evidence of poverty greeted me openly. All the little luxuries of the ménage had gone to the Count. The poor lady's room was no better than a servant's garret, and the lady herself sat stitching a rent in a traveling-cloak. She rose to greet me with alarm in her eyes.

As briefly as I could I set out the facts of my amazing mission. At first she seemed scarcely to hear me. "What do they want with him?" she asked. "He can give them nothing. He is no friend to the Americans or to any people who have deposed their sovereign." Then, as she grasped my meaning, her face flushed.

"It is a heartless trick, Mr. Townshend. I would fain think you no party to it."

"Believe me, dear Madame, it is no trick. The men below are in sober earnest. You have but to see their faces to know that theirs is no wild adventure. I believe sincerely that they have the power to implement their promise."

"But it is madness. He is old and worn and sick. His day is long past for winning a crown."

"All this I have said, but it does not move them." And I told her rapidly Mr. Galloway's argument.

She fell into a muse. "At the eleventh hour! Nay, too late, too late! Had he been twenty years younger, what a stroke of fortune! Fate bears too hard on us, too hard!"

Then she turned to me fiercely. "You have no doubt heard, sir, the gossip about my father which is on the lips of every fool in Europe. Let us have done with this pitiful make-believe. My father is a sot. Nay, I do not blame him. I blame his enemies and his miserable destiny. But there is the fact. Were he not old, he would still be unfit to grasp a crown and rule over a turbulent people. He flees from one city to another, but he cannot flee from himself. That is his illness on which you condoled with me yesterday."

The lady's control was at breaking point. Another moment, and I expected a torrent of tears. But they did not come. With a great effort she regained her composure.

"Well, the gentlemen must have an answer. You will tell them that the Count my father — nay, give him his true title if you care — is vastly obliged to them for the honor they have done him, but would decline on account of his age and infirmities. You know how to phrase a decent refusal."

"Pardon me," said I, "but I might give them that answer till Doomsday and never content them. They have not traveled many thousand miles to be put off by hearsay evidence. Nothing will satisfy them but an interview with your father himself."

"It is impossible," she said sharply.

"Then we must expect the renewed attentions of our American friends. They will wait till they see him."

She rose and paced the room.

"They must go," she repeated many times. "If they see him sober he will accept with joy, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the world. I tell you it cannot be. I alone know how immense is the impossibility. He cannot afford to lose the last rags of his dignity, the last dregs

of his ease. They must not see him. I will speak with them myself."

"They will be honored, Madame, but I do not think they will be convinced. They are what we call in my land, 'men of business.' They will not be content till they get the Count's reply from his own lips."

A new Duchess seemed to have arisen, a woman of quick action and sharp words.

"So be it. They shall see him. Oh, I am sick to death of fine sentiments and high loyalty and all the vaporing stuff I have lived among for years. All I ask for myself and my father is a little peace, and by Heaven! I shall secure it. If nothing will kill yon gentlemen's folly but truth, why truth they shall have. They shall see my father, and this very minute. Bring them up, Mr. Townshend, and usher them into the presence of the rightful King of England. You will find him alone." She stopped her walk and looked out of the window.

I went back in a hurry to the Americans.

"I am bidden to bring you to the Count's chamber. He is alone and will see you. These are the commands of Madame his daughter."

"Good!" said Mr. Galloway, and all four, grave gentlemen as they were, seemed to brace themselves to a special dignity as befitted Ambassadors to a King. I led them upstairs, tapped at the Count's door, and, getting no answer, opened it and admitted them.

And this was what we saw. The furniture was in disorder, and on a couch lay an old man sleeping a heavy drunken sleep. His mouth was open and the breath came stertorously. The face was purple, and large purple veins stood out on the mottled forehead. His scanty white hair was draggled over his cheek. On the floor was a broken glass, wet stains still lay on the boards, and the place reeked of spirits.

The four looked for a second — I do not think longer — at him whom they would have made their king. They did not look at each other. With one accord they moved out, and Mr. Fish, who was last, closed the door very gently behind him.

In the hall below, Mr. Galloway turned to me. "Our mission is ended, Mr. Townshend. I have to thank you for your courtesy." Then, to the others, "If we order the coaches now, we may get well on the way to Verona ere sundown."

An hour later two coaches rolled out of the courtyard of the Tre Croci. As they passed, a window was half-opened on the upper floor, and a head looked out. A line of a song came down, a song sung in a strange quavering voice. It was the catch I had heard the night before: —

> Qu'est-ce qui passe ici si tard,
> Compagnons de la Marjolaine-e ?

It was true. The Company came late indeed — too late by forty years.

THE BEATEN TRACK

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

Most of the eminent American men of letters who went to Europe during the last century, and kept journals, and afterwards made books of them, seem to have landed at Liverpool. From Liverpool they found it most natural to go to Chester; from Chester, to Stratford-on-Avon; and thence to Oxford. Most conscientious Americans who nowadays land at Liverpool doubtless follow the same course; and hardly less keen than their interest in those distinguished places themselves is their delight at finding themselves following in the footsteps of Irving, of Emerson, of Hawthorne.

There are, however, who for that very reason would choose a different route for their first *promenade en Angleterre*. Such will usually, I suppose, make straight for London, and a tailor's shop in Bond Street. Having there, as they imagine, sufficiently Anglicized their outsides to escape detection, they will ignore, so long as they can, such companionship of their fellow countrymen as they will nevertheless find themselves favored with, wherever they may go.

The impulse is not, I believe, distinctively American. Mr. Frederic Harrison remarked not long ago that Englishmen of the upper classes, when they visit Switzerland, deny themselves much of the finest Alpine scenery because it is also the best known — and accessible to trippers on bank holidays. We will all agree, however, that such snobbery in routes and resorts is indistinguishable from mere snobbery of persons, and therefore unworthy. We might even use stronger words, and call it ridiculous, contemptible; but perhaps we recall that we ourselves, our first time over, were not entirely without our apprehensions concerning that American vulgarity which, we had been given to understand, was so much worse abroad than at home. Perhaps we should have to confess that we also coveted the sense of being foreign, as well as abroad, and actually, for a little while, felt that thrill. Perhaps we too — we may as well make a clean breast of it, now we have begun — made first for London and Bond Street. Perhaps, that first time over, we did not go at all to Chester or Stratford or Warwick.

And perhaps, therefore, we should prefer to compromise by admitting the impulse foolish, as well as vain. That it was vain we may have discovered the first time. But that it was foolish also we may not have learned until, our second or third time, we have felt ourselves such old travelers as to go wherever we liked, even though it should be with the crowd; until we have gone at last to Chester, and walked the circuit of its wall, and found how incomparably well it serves for portal and prologue to all that England keeps of the mediæval and the ancient; and thence to Warwick, for a yet simpler and fuller abandonment to the wonder and awe and pity of our race's past; and thence to Stratford — by this time with Hawthorne or Emerson in pocket, and turned very pilgrims, and grown decently respectful to the most obviously American of our fellow pilgrims, provided only they have seemed in moods like ours; and so on to Oxford and London.

And in London, thus achieved, Regent and Bond may no longer seem the chief thoroughfares; one may give over one's keenness for discovering unsuspected masters at Burlington House or among the dealers, and betake one's self frankly, catalogue in hand, to the undisputed masters at the National Gallery; one may even lose one's shyness of the Abbey. The

Abbey, indeed, shall be the test. It is not enough to look in, as by chance, and decide to stay for the impending service, and thus, surreptitiously, in some backward pew, bow one's ear to the music that wavers out from the choir, and submit one's soul to all the place's vast inspiration. No; if one would attest a real change of heart, one must, after the service, make again the circuit of the whole; pause by each tablet or bust or statue inscribed with a name one knows, and recall what one can of the famous life it commemorates; join the throng about the verger, and hang upon his lips while he passes from one to another of the royal tombs, and tells the height of Longshanks, and points upward to the buckler and helmet of Harry the Fifth; then go seek a book-shop, and spend the evening over Shakespeare, or Macaulay's essays. For of all the English writers these two, I think, bring one oftenest to the Abbey. The next morning, one will be ready for the Temple, Holland House, St. Paul's, — even the Tower.

Not, however, that Bond and Regent, or Piccadilly, or Mayfair, shall cease to charm. They have not failed, for that matter, to attract those other indistinguished-looking, those rather washed-out and tired-looking Americans, from whose directness of search one finds one's self so surprisingly taking a lesson. To them, too, London is not merely a place of reverences, but the great Babylon also, — unless, indeed, they have decided Paris will be that, — and they have no mind to miss what glimpses are to be caught of its solemn worldliness, its unapproachable good form. They would as soon fail to go to The Cheshire Cheese and sit in Dr. Johnson's seat. They may have neglected their Henry James since *Daisy Miller* and their Meredith since *Feverel*, and not know Leonard Merrick at all. But they have not yet even begun properly to neglect their Mrs. Humphry Ward; and their Dickens and Thackeray are amazingly fresh. And come to think of it, it *is* Dickens and Thackeray of whom these London faces and garbs and streets and houses and names first put one in mind; and not the first time one sees them only, but every time one sees them first after a long absence. As one's candor grows, *Dombey* and *Our Mutual Friend* will very likely take their places in one's traveling library of books one has read more than once before.

Esmond and *The Virginians* are for the country, rather, or for the steamer coming over, or, better still, for the train, between one's first luxurious glimpses, through the car-windows, of English fields and hedges and villages and the green Welsh mountains in the distance. For who of us can ever possibly come to England, whichever time it may be, were it the fortieth, in any mood but that of eager-hearted young Harry Warrington and George, his graver brother, a century and a half ago? Whatever the castle we go to view, is it not always in truth that old Castlewood, in Hampshire, which we seek?

I confess that, for my own part, I cannot approach the lodge of any great English country place without thought of old Lockwood, whom Harry found sitting in the sun before the lodge at Castlewood; or look out over the garden without thought of Harry himself, coming the next morning to meet the old Baroness Bernstein, — her who proved to be all that was left of Beatrix in her glory, — who awaited him, "pacing the green terraces that sparkled with the recent morning dew, which lay twinkling, also, on a flowery wilderness of trim parterres, and on the crisp walls of the dark box hedges, under which marble fauns and dryads were cooling themselves, whilst a thousand birds sang, the fountains plashed and glittered in the rosy morning sunshine, and the rooks cawed from the great wood. . . . And now, accordingly, the lad made his appearance, passing under the old Gothic doorway, tripping down the steps from one garden terrace to another, hat in hand, his fair hair blowing from his flushed cheeks,

his slim figure clad in mourning." And if I glance into the courtyard, it is to see what, more than half a century before that, young Harry Esmond had seen in the courtyard of that same Castlewood. "There was in the court a peculiar silence somehow: — the sky bright overhead; the buttresses of the building and the sun-dial casting shadows over the gilt *memento mori* inscribed underneath; the two dogs, a black greyhound and a spaniel nearly white, the one with his face up to the sun, and the other snuffling amongst the grass and stones, and my lord leaning over the fountain, which was bubbling audibly." My lord, who should go away on the morrow to London, to pick a quarrel with that evil Lord Mohun, — a quarrel over the cards, but about my lady, — and be done to death at midnight, in Leicester Field!

Following the crowd would seem to have brought us into rather fine company! That, no doubt, is usually the crowd's instinct — and an instinct that is gratified easily enough when the company is dead, and entombed in the Abbey, or brought to life again in well-known novels and histories. Not an unerring instinct, however; the unexclusive sight-seer does not always choose his guides wisely. He may prefer Bulwer or Mrs. Ward to Sir Walter or Thackeray. We cannot, after all, accompany him without reserves. Nor can even this present humility persuade us that there will not be times when we will none of his companionship. If he prove such an one as at Florence, on the Ponte Vecchio, the sunset almost gone and the first lights twinkling in the tall, crowding rookeries that once were palaces, must break silence with an inane "Historic old city, sir!" we should again, undoubtedly, rebuff him with some muttered unfriendliness. Although, if we would not forego the very chiefest delights of travel, we must follow the beaten track, we would yet reserve some right of choice of companionships; at any rate, the right to be sometimes alone.

To be alone in the beaten track: in the track of empire, of conquests and worldly glory; of the few who have led, the multitude which has followed, in all manner of enterprise and achievement; of armies and priestly processions; of kings and saints and warriors and poets and the quite silent millions that won no fame; to feel one's self alone in the wide pathway which the human spirit has blazed through the centuries — this may well be the highest experience which travel in older lands can yield. Not a cheerful experience always, or usually; oftener solemn, and sometimes daunting; but if known once, sure to be sought again.

London's vastness yields it still. At midday, in the city, in the shadow of St. Paul's, close by the spot where Milton was born and the site of that Mermaid Tavern which knew Shakespeare, where countless narrow streets and mews, strangely denizened, pour out their teeming life into the great thoroughfares, already full, and roaring with the dull roar of London, one feels one's self in the centre of what for ages has been the chief highway of the trade of all the nations, one listens to the sordid heart-throbs of the world. The Strand at midnight is almost equally a world's highway of garish pleasures and coarse appetites — coarser, surely, in this English Babylon than in any other capital. But the stiller hours are best.

Should the chance ever come to you, pass at dawn — the gloomy dawn of a true London day — down Whitehall, between the gray, stately-solemn rows of government buildings, to Westminster bridge; look up at the pigeons circling in the first light around the giant watch-tower, and revealing its cliff-like height; watch first the Abbey and then, closer at hand, the statues of England's statesmen in Parliament Square, emerging from the night-mist; the streets slowly revealing themselves, and stretching away like damp, gloomy cañons; the advance guard of the day's traffic rumbling sullenly over the bridge; the heavy, unuplifted faces of the many who, at that drear hour,

must take up the day's long toil, — the dogged race whose labors, sodden and serious, yet inspired for centuries with the strange instinct and grim resolve of empire, have piled up all this sombre, dim magnificence, — and you will have such a vision of the true might and glory of the English race as you shall never win from any wandering in by-paths.

Here is that slow result of time of which our America does not yet yield us the sense. In presence of it all, we understand better our own pioneer office in this present world. We comprehend, not without awe and trembling, the endlessness of that old human procession which we have ushered across a new continent, to repeat there, and in Pacific seas, the old struggles, the old heroisms, brutalities, glories, agonies. We begin to see plainly that our own immunity from the fiercer strifes, the grimmer and more sordid rivalries, that the laxness among us of the cruel law of all the earth, is but for a little while. The fresh path we have blazed must become, — that also, — and at no distant day, a beaten track.

Once in this train, the mind roves backward as well as forward — from the beaten tracks of to-day and to-morrow to those of yesterday, in which men walk no longer; to the abandoned highways of the world's trade and warfare and art and religion. England, we all know, has grown so great by becoming the chief mart of all the world; and this she could do only by getting the mastery of the sea and by the continuing superiority of her seamen, and by the excellence of her workers, helped by her climate and resources, in many manufactures. But it is not many centuries since she had neither of these two supremacies. Florence was long rich with the profits she earned by turning the coarse products of English looms into fine woolens and broadcloths. The cloth-makers of the Low Countries also excelled England's until, late in the sixteenth century, Spanish persecution drove the Flemish weavers across the channel. The sea was Spain's, and the new world with it, until a fatal bigotry committed all to the Armada, and the Armada to unfamiliar Northern seas. London is London because the glory is departed from Florence, Antwerp, Cadiz, — and from Venice, once the greatest and most splendid of them all, because supreme both in sea-craft and in handicrafts.

There, indeed, is our best modern instance of the waywardness of what Lord Morley once called " the tides of human circumstance." Who would measure that waywardness has but to pass from the roar of Cheapside to the petty chattering of the Rialto; from Westminster to the silent court of the matchless palace where doges dwell no longer; from Thames Mouth, crowded with shipping, to the empty lagoons that once harbored the commerce of Europe and Asia. The British Mediterranean squadron sometimes visits Venice, anchoring off the Lido. It was an unforgettable lesson in the irony of the fate of nations to look out, as I did one afternoon, from that narrow strand, once a camping ground of crusaders, now degraded into a sort of Coney Island, upon those gray reminders of Northern power, lying there sinister and silent, rolling gently in the soft Adriatic surges, — then turn about and behold, bathed in sunset glories Turner has not caught, the city of pearl: her whose galleys, holding the Eastern gates of the Mediterranean, were for centuries the defense of Christendom against the Turk.

That is the lesson and monition of all Europe; and a lesson Europe itself knows only too well. England, for all her wealth and power and world-wide extension, is so mindful of it that the seeming menace of Germany's growing navy and expanding trade obsesses Parliament and the press. The greater the poverty and overcrowding among her own people, the more battleships she builds. Never in history, in fact, have the powers watched each other with more hawklike eyes. The mightiest are the most fearful. Greece revivified into a pale aftermath of her

ancient glory, Germany and Italy reunited, have not for a moment blinded them to the everlasting law of growth, mutability, decay. Their continent, unlike ours, is strewn with mementos of it. Their seas warn us solemnly. How many times has not the Mediterranean changed mistresses? Since Rome fell, at least once every three or four centuries. And before Rome it was the same, back to the day when Matthew Arnold's grave Tyrian trader

> Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
> Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
> The fringes of a Southward-facing brow
> Among the Ægean isles:
> And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
> Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
> Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in brine:
> And knew the intruders on his ancient home,
> The young, light-hearted masters of the waves.

Lands and seas, cities and wastes, — all is in this sense alike. All has been many times won and lost, and everywhere is the consciousness that what has been won and lost so often may be won or lost again. What now flourishes may be desolated; what is now desolate has flourished, and may flourish again. Gradually an American perceives that the entire continent is still battlefield as well as graveyard. The ways are all highways; the by-paths also are beaten tracks.

That sense of it all makes us prize our own national exemptions more highly. It tends to make of us chauvinists — or members of peace societies.

And this is what we feel also in a more individual way: not for our country only, but for ourselves. The comparative immunity of America from the acuter sort of international rivalries is no greater, and no more precious, than the comparative immunity of Americans from that more heart-breaking rivalry of man with man, merchant with merchant, worker with worker, artist with artist, beggar with beggar, drab with drab, pimp with pimp, which Europe endlessly displays. That way, it is the older world which shows savagely democratic, coarsely unreserved, nakedly human. The struggle and competition is universal, ceaseless. Every advantage of birth, station, talents, possessions, is seized ruthlessly, wielded remorselessly. The overcrowded earth, yielding not enough for all, is contested and trampled over as in the silent rage of beasts. Men barter frankly what we have not yet come to treat as objects of possession. The least service must be paid for; the gracefulest and noblest-seeming may be meant for pay. Whatever can possibly have value is accurately valued. Hopes and expectations cannot be, as with us, general and vague; they must have their entirely reasoned sources and directions. None expect the unexpected. No lesson of human experience is neglected. Aspiration and generosity are as calculating as avarice and hunger. Art is as clear-eyed as trade. It is as if all took the beaten track. Life is accepted on its own universal, its own hard and final terms.

And yet — there *is* aspiration and generosity; there is love and sacrifice; there is achievement, and on the noblest lines; there are keen delights. Beauty is not merely possessed as an heirloom, finished and unalterable, but cultivated as a vital principle. It is we, they declare, who are sordid, uninspired, incapable of joyousness. Their acceptance is not despair; it is even, on the whole, something better than resignation.

That is the heartening; not enough, perhaps, to countervail the chill which Europe sheds upon our inexperience, but enough, unless our own spirit is weak, to keep us firm against its daunting. Although walking in the beaten track teach us to go more cautiously, more slowly, it need not subdue us into any slinking gait — surely not into any cowering pause. Although the seeming-boundless range of our opportunity will narrow swiftly, there is yet time to win from it a kind of freedom and symmetry, now unattainable by those pent-up, close-grappled

millions, which we may keep. We must part from our heedlessness as from youth; but men do not always, perhaps they do not usually, find in the end that youth was best. Unconsciously, as we reach and accept our limits, we shall ourselves take on a greater dignity, a clearlier marked and more impressive character and form; growing liker the older states and civilizations, yet also more distinct, with whatever distinction there is in all our past. A sweetness and glory of expectation will fade from our eyes. Life will show less simple, less openly inviting, and lose those brighter hues which untrained eyes seek and find in light and superficial pictures. But it will have what it still keeps for Europe and for Asia: a truer and more various, a deeper and more solemn beauty.

THE ITALIAN BOOTBLACK

BY GEORGE H. BOTTOME

WHAT right divine gives me the kingly place
O'er him my youthful subject bending low?
Strive as I may, not mine his thoughts to know; —
Only to watch with what unconscious grace
(Each flashing gesture telltale of his race)
His eager hands fly swiftly to and fro.
Soft-syllabled his alien accents flow; —
He lifts his eyes; at last I see his face.

No menial soul bows in that gaze to me.
Out of such depths the pallid Florentine
Saw down to Hell, looked up to Paradise!
Lorenzo's orbs are his that darkly shine!
A nation's history is in these eyes, —
Thy pathos and thy promise, Italy!

A CHANGE OF EDUCATIONAL EMPHASIS

BY EDWARD A. BIRGE

No part of our educational system occasions such searchings of heart or shakings of head as does the college. Everywhere else in the field of education we have evidence of healthy growth, of vigorous life. The high school not many years ago maintained an apologetic attitude toward a public which grudgingly supported it, but now asserts itself as "the people's college." The graduate school, with its work of research, hardly known, even by name, a generation ago, is to-day established, not only as part of our universities, but also as part of the scheme of public education. The schools of medicine and law have doubled and trebled their demands upon the student who seeks entrance to the professions whose doors they guard. It seems to some of the less hopeful members of our college faculties that, amid these growing and spreading institutions, the college course is likely to be crowded and starved out of existence. From below, the high school has threatened to absorb a year or two of its time. Graduate and professional schools have reached down to snatch away its students from the last year, or even two years, of the course.

The college teacher has lived between these forces, in dread of losing his field of labor; fearing that when, like all Gaul, his domain was divided into three parts between high school, professional, and graduate schools, there would be as little left for his control as was left to the Gauls when Cæsar was through with them. Still more, he has felt that the temper of college studies and the nature of college students have altered and — he may be pardoned for thinking — have worsened greatly. New studies have entered the college; many of them technical and alien to the old college course. A new type of student has come, especially alien, seeking and expecting practical results rather than culture. And since all of these changes, present and threatened, have come upon him with bewildering rapidity, it is not surprising if he sometimes feels that the very life of the college is in danger. I do not share his apprehensions, believing that the college has a tough and enduring vitality. These changes, whose significance and importance I would not underrate, seem to me to have been the result of a natural evolution, which has thrown the emphasis of college activities and college teaching upon the intellectual rather than the ethical side of life.

Let me draw a little from my own college experience and observation, in order to characterize this change of temper a little more clearly. Forty years ago, I entered college — a small Eastern college, whose freshman class is now far larger than was the college of my day. I cannot boast that we, the "few but fit," who were freshmen in 1869 were intellectual prodigies, of even or exceptionally distinguished excellence. The records of my class and college mates show that they have taken an honorable part in the world's work, but one not greatly different from that taken by college students of any period before or since. But we had at least one merit, or demerit, as contrasted with the freshmen of to-day. We did not come to college seeking studies which would directly prepare us for our future career. We entered on a four years' college course with no such definite plan. We came not merely for the sake of the knowledge which we might get from our studies; still less to secure a practical training for life; but for the sake of somewhat vague and intangible intellectual

gains. We were in search, too, of that still less tangible thing, culture, as we found out later when Matthew Arnold taught us to use the word.

For the American college of that day was still in that condition which it maintained for a great part of the nineteenth century, and which one may call beatific, or the reverse, according to his point of view. In still older times it had been a professional school, founded to train godly youth for the Christian ministry. and its curriculum and its methods had carried out the intention of pious founders and equally pious faculties. As time had passed it had lost its professional purposes, but had retained its intellectual qualities and its ethical tendencies. During much of the nineteenth century the college expressed its own character, and wrought out its own purposes, with a freedom and independence which it never enjoyed before or since. Ecclesiastical control was a thing of the past, as was also the adjustment of teaching to the needs of the ministry. The correlation of college work with the practical demands of society was yet in the future. The college offered a simple, homogeneous course of study, so simple and homogeneous that its ends and purposes could be clearly seen and definitely sought. The college selected carefully those who should become the students in this course. The nature of the programme of education which it offered kept from its halls all but those who thought themselves in sympathy with its purposes; and that it might winnow still more perfectly those seekers for learning, the college established and enforced narrow and rigid terms of admission.

In 1869 the course of study remained, but little changed from that of the old time; for the new learning, which forty years ago was the learning of science, had barely reached the college. Science in name was there indeed, but not in spirit. Recitations and illustrative lectures constituted all the instruction in physics and chemistry which we received from men who later and elsewhere became the heads of great laboratories. Of laboratory work we had none. Our college indeed had laboratories, but they existed for the professor alone; and we used to wonder what the professor did in them; for I suppose that no other laboratories for physics and chemistry ever enjoyed such a situation as did these, which had a gymnasium above them and a bowling-alley beneath.

The case of the "new humanities" was still worse than that of science. We never heard of "sources" in history or in literature. We prepared our lesson from the text-book, recited and discussed it, and let the evil of the day suffice to itself without further question or debate. Elective studies offered us no problem worthy of the name. We might choose between one year of French and one of German. Otherwise, we all met in the same classes. We accepted the intellectual fare that the college set before us, asking no questions for conscience' or any other sake. Latin, Greek, mathematics, and philosophy, all taught in a way now called "old-fashioned," were still the backbone of our course, which lacked almost wholly the things which the undergraduate values in the college of to-day.

But simple and impoverished as such a course of study must seem to the present generation of students, I question whether those of us who were exercised thereby would greatly wish to exchange it for the far richer programme of the present time. For the limitations of the college of our day, which we recognize as freely as any one, were in some sense of the nature of virtues to the youth who sought it. We came to it with no delusions as to what the college would give us. We did not suppose that Livy and Demosthenes, calculus and natural theology, or any combination of these studies, would be of "practical value" to us in later life. We knew that the life of the college was dissociated from the life to follow it; that it led directly to no calling, to no profession. This was one reason for our going to col-

lege. We took four years of our youth and devoted them, quite unconsciously, to the intellectual life and to the ethical spirit. We accepted that life as we found it in the college; not, indeed, without grumbling, — the immemorial and dearest privilege of the undergraduate, — but without thought of altering its conditions, and at bottom without seriously desiring to do so. The absence of electives was by no means an unmixed ill. It was not our duty to forecast our future lives and to imagine the result upon them of selecting this study or that; for all studies were equally removed from any profession except that of a teacher, and in no case was there opportunity for choice.

This freedom from responsibility was, no doubt, a loss to us on one side, but in other directions it was no small gain. We were free from a host of considerations alien to the work of the college. Our minds and hearts during our college lives were within the college walls, and we were the more readily subject to the influences of the place. If the methods of teaching history, English, and science were imperfect, there were compensating advantages. At least, we had no assigned collateral reading, nor required notes, and literature came to us in the form of pleasure rather than of work. If we had no laboratory courses, we had at least the time which the laboratory would have demanded. When the day's lessons had been prepared, we still had leisure to waste or to improve at will. As I look back, I feel that many hours of my college life, wasted on ineffective work for natural history collections, in loitering in the remoter alcoves of the library, in turning over old and forgotten books, have in time yielded me a far larger harvest than much of my serious work. I have found that the intellectual fun of college life has given me quite as much as its labors.

Thus we sought and we gained, both from work and from play, each according to his desires and his capacity, an entrance to the intellectual life. We acquired, most of us without becoming conscious of the fact, the rudiments of a liberal education — the education of a free man in a free state; the education which, preparing him for no particular calling, fits him for a life of freedom. We caught a glimpse of the liberating truth; of that wisdom which makes one not wholly alien or ill at ease in the silent society of the leaders of the thought and life of all ages, nor out of place in the company of those whose lives to-day are guided by the wisdom of the past and inspired by the vision of the future.

The life of the college a generation ago was, then, a spiritual life, freed from all considerations both of professionalism and of practicality. Devoid of all direct relations to the life which was to follow, it was free to work out its own ideas as it never had been before, and as it is not now. The intellectual life, lived in an ethical spirit: this was central to the college a generation ago, and a youth could do far worse than spend four years in close contact with that spirit. Do I too greatly exalt the life which I shared for four years? I think not, for its defects are clearly before me as I write. I recognize that much of its teaching was such as would not be tolerated to-day in any college of high rank. I see clearly enough its narrowness, its absurdities. When I think of the use, or rather non-use, to which it put the scientific abilities of its faculty, I must both smile at the situation and grieve at our losses. Yet if I idealize it in spite of these faults, in spite of years spent in helping to build up a college of another type, is not this fact itself the strongest evidence that I can give of the power of that life and of the quality of its spiritual character?

But what sort of an education came from a course of study thus conceived and thus carried out? What preparation for modern life could the student get from a course that offered practically no science, no history, and small German and French? Without electives, how could it be adapted to varying tastes and necessities? Can we call such a course

of study adequate, or can we fairly name it a liberal education?

Shall we agree to test this old-fashioned course by Milton's still older definition of a liberal education? To my thought, two and a half centuries have neither mended nor bettered his conception. "I call, therefore," he said, "a complete and generous education that which enables a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all of the offices, public and private, both of peace and war." Let us try our college course by each of Milton's words severally. Can we say that it enabled us to perform "skillfully" the offices of life? I can hardly claim this virtue for it and yet say, as I do, that the course of study was detached from life. Assuredly, we must mark it very low as rated by this test.

"Justly" — the word gives us longer pause, and we must consider what it is to perform justly the offices of society. If we mean accurately, construing justice in the strict and narrow sense, I fear that our college of a generation ago must be ranked low in this respect also. Its course of study afforded no adequate basis for an accurate weighing of competing claims, of conflicting duties, or of clashing interests. But construe the word more broadly, and we shall rate the college much higher. Is the sense of just proportion cultivated by that course of study which, during four years, attempts to make the soul sensitive to those forces of the invisible world whose presence is not readily felt in the hurry and bustle of life? Is justice disclosed in a nice weighing of claims which stand on the same basis, or in the power to set over against the mass of the things of the visible world those things which, being not seen, are eternal? May not those most wisely adjust the claims of conduct who have not indeed been taught very much about its rules and methods, but who have spent four years amid high thoughts and in worthy company and with worthy examples? If we assent to this view, then must we admit that the old-fashioned college course highly fulfilled this part of Milton's conception.

But "magnanimously" — what shall we say to this term, which so triumphantly closes Milton's triad of qualities, whose sound in the ear is worthy of the "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies," and whose sense awakens the soul to surprise and delight? What did Milton mean by "magnanimously"? He might well accept that definition which Bacon had given to the word a generation earlier: "Magnanimity no doubt consisteth in contempt of peril, in contempt of profit, and in the meriting of the times wherein one liveth." These are lofty terms, and we graduates may well shrink from testing our lives by them, lest, as in Bacon's case, the wide difference between teaching and practice appear too plainly. Yet as I look around me at the college men of my generation and see their work for their times, I can but feel that their alma mater showed them somewhat of this magnanimity. Can we older men stand, each in the forum of his own conscience, and claim that here I acted in contempt of peril, there I rejected profit, and in this respect I have done somewhat to better my times? If we can do this, do we not feel that in this we were but worthy children of alma mater?

Wherever we must in justice pronounce that our actions have lacked her magnanimity, do we not feel it as at once our deepest condemnation and our bitterest regret that we have fallen away from her spirit and her wide view of life? However weak we ourselves may have been in the face of moral danger, we are sure that alma mater lived "in contempt of peril." However heavy the dollar may have weighed in the scales of our motives, she at least lived "in contempt of profit." However pitiful the remainder of benefit which the world receives from our lives, hers was unselfishly devoted to "meriting the times wherein she lived."

When the college of a generation ago planned the training for the offices of life

which its students should receive, it set little store by skill. It supposed that the graduate would acquire this in later life, in the natural order of events, and as a matter of course. It expected its graduates to live justly, rather because of a quickened moral sense than from a trained and discriminating judgment. The emphasis of its reading of Milton's definition was placed on the word "magnanimously." Out of the three terms which define a liberal education, this was the one which the Lord had given to the college; not indeed to be in its mouth, but in its heart; and therefore the college of forty years ago furnished its students with the rudiments of a liberal education. This it did in spite of a limited programme of studies, in spite of narrow views of education, of inadequate resources, of methods already antiquated. It succeeded in spite of these and other defects, and in some sense by means of them. It succeeded because it was able to inspire its alumni with some portion of its own intellectual sympathies, of its ethical purposes, of its spiritual temper.

But a generation which has changed all things educational has not spared the college, and in the early seventies it stood on the brink of great and radical alterations, already foreshadowed in its actual conditions. First among the influences which have wrought these changes, I should place the enlargement of the curriculum; then, the introduction of research; and, third, the increase in the number of students. All these forces have acted and reacted upon one another in most complex fashion, but all have tended to the same general results. They have increased the emphasis on the intellectual rather than on the moral elements of a liberal education, and have made the college definitely and avowedly a preparatory school for life.

Consider the effect of the first of these forces: the enlargement of the curriculum. The beginnings of this movement go far back beyond the days of which I speak. In 1870 the larger universities already had numerous elective courses of study. Modern languages had long been taught, though none of them yet dared claim a place beside the classics. Science had become a necessary part of technical courses, and university laboratories for chemistry and physics, and even for biological science, were by no means unknown. But the college world as a whole knew little of modern language or of science. For the student of forty years ago a college education still meant classics, mathematics, and philosophy. Yet the college was about to discover science and to learn something of the scientific method, and of its possibilities as an educational instrument.

In the world outside, there was raging the storm of scientific controversy, very little of whose violence — astonishingly little — penetrated into the quiet retreat of the college. But the contest over Darwinism meant that men were thinking about science with an intensity, and to an extent, never before known in human history, and which will probably never be known again. Science thus won without the college the right to full recognition within it. It was no longer to be recited, to be lectured about in brief courses for general information and as a relief from severer studies. It demanded full and equal admission to the college course; and but a few years were to pass before that demand was granted and every college had its laboratories for all the fundamental sciences.

The college world was committed, not only to teach about science, but to that vastly different and harder thing, to teach science. Important changes followed this enlargement of the curriculum. The new laboratory courses demanded numerous teachers, and thus were introduced into faculties new men, trained by other methods than those of the old college, who brought with them a new temper and new ideals. Laboratory courses demanded time. Science teachers asked for their departments, not a secondary, but a co-

ordinate place in the curriculum. Thus arose the necessity for still further changes. The old scheme of studies no longer fitted the new conditions, and the full acceptance of the elective system in some form became a mere necessity. This was a radical innovation in the college course, and one which altered both the nature of the course and the attitude of the student toward it and toward his work.

The multiplication of courses did not stop with the sciences. The modern languages began to assert their rights as disciplinary studies, and to take position alongside of the older courses in the ancient languages. When, in the eighties and nineties, men turned their thoughts from science and its message regarding man's origin, to questions of government, to social and economic problems, they sought the answers from history, from economics, from political science, and sociology. They sought answers which the general and elementary courses of the college could not give, and the college was forced to widen the scope of its curriculum. Thus the mere necessity of responding to the movement and development of public thought forced upon the colleges a reorganization of their courses of study — a revolution which has resulted in completely changing the intellectual balance of power in the faculty, and which has altered at every point the temper of the student's life.

But a change even more fundamental was at hand. No event in modern higher education in the United States is more significant than the foundation of Johns Hopkins University in 1876. With this event, research, and training for research, made their official entrance into American college life. I do not mean to say that these were unknown before that date. Higher degrees were well known, and graduate study, and even graduate schools had been established. But all these were still more or less incidental and accessory. They had not been a necessary part of the earlier college. Its professors were indeed supposed to be learned in the lore of their professions. They must be able to teach the known, but it was by no means necessary that they should have either the taste or the ability to seek the unknown. Neither the college nor the professor included research within the sphere of duty. But the advent of Johns Hopkins University changed all this. Research became fundamental, and training for research an indispensable factor in the equipment of the college professor.

If the enlargement of the curriculum introduced new types of men into college faculties, and if the result of the elective system changed the attitude of the student toward his work, this introduction of research far more fundamentally altered the spirit of the faculty toward its duties. As the new men, trained in the new method, assumed control of college teaching, it became plain that nothing short of a revolution had occurred. The temper of the new men differed from that of their predecessors. They were drawn to their profession by a different complex of motives. The excellences of the best men were widely various under the two systems, and the defects of the failures were quite as different.

It cannot be too clearly seen that the old college course concerned itself primarily with conduct, with that conduct which we students practiced without knowing it, until Arnold defined it and told us that it was nine-tenths of life. The spirit of research seeks the things of the mind for their own sake. Here is the first and fundamental distinction, and one that involved far-reaching consequences. For both student and teacher the subject became central where once the man was placed. The enlargement of knowledge came first rather than the development of character. The older college placed before its students a careful selection of " the best things said and thought," and asked them to remain for four years, to study these things and to gain from them a criticism of life. I do not mean that the college was so stupid as to put this purpose before its students in

this way, but this was what it really did; and, so doing, it held its students within the area of the known, as near as might be to the spiritual centre of the known.

But the new temper of research was unhappy in this region. It was restless until it had escaped from the pleasant parks and well-ordered gardens, where learning had loved to stay. It sought the wilderness of the unknown that it might add it to the known. Thus great additions were made to the realm of knowledge — a rough, uncultivated country, or half-cultivated at best, devoid of pleasure to those trained in the old learning. Research rapidly charted it, annexed large areas, and called on its students to follow and complete the occupation of the land. They heard the call; they responded to it; and each, as he entered the country, found duties suited to his nature. Here was still the great unknown world beyond the border, irresistibly attracting the explorer; here were the pleasures, as well as the hardships, of the pioneer. Here, for the vast majority, was that unadventurous and far less inspiring labor by which the former frontier is, through toil and time, converted into the home of civilization.

Thus a new type of teacher was developed. The old professor had become one because he wanted to teach. At the best, he became a master of men, rather than a master of his subject. Look at the great teachers of philosophy in American colleges during the nineteenth century. How much attention does the philosophical world of to-day give to their contributions to their department? Hopkins and McCosh, Hickok and Porter — their works do not lie to-day on the table of the philosophical student. These men were teachers; to the problems of life as young men conceived them, they applied the fundamental ideas of philosophy as they conceived it. In human life, enriched and ennobled, in a pervasive social influence, exercised by them and their students, they had and have their high reward; not in their contributions to philosophy, still less in the schools of philosophy which they founded. Such was the older type of the professor at the best, he who best incarnated the spirit of the older college. At the worst he was a repeater of the traditions and platitudes of his subject, incapable of guiding his students to an outlook on learning or on life.

The new professor became one primarily because he was interested in a department of learning and desired to study it. He did not find in teaching, in the presentation of his subject to undergraduates, the fulfillment of his purposes in life; he felt rather that teaching was a duty, whose performance gave him the opportunity for research. Thus the centre of his interest and of his influence has shifted from the older position, and the results of his work are correspondingly changed. At the best, his studies enrich learning with new and fundamental conceptions; his teaching attracts those who share his spirit of research, and he founds a school in his department; at the worst, he mechanically presents the details of a subject whose details he loves to study, but whose general truths and vital principles he is unable to grasp.

While these changes were going on in the body of the college's teaching, in the temper of its students, and in the personnel and spirit of its faculty, a third line of alteration was in progress, full of significance to the life of the college. If one is sufficiently interested in statistics to plot the curve of college attendance by years, he will find that the curve rises slowly, or remains nearly stationary, until the later eighties, and then begins to rise rapidly and with an increasing rapidity to the present time. This means that the college was discovered by the public at about the date named. The "silver sea" which served this "little world"

> "In the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,"

was crossed, and a new population swarmed into "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm," whose secluded happiness I have sketched.

Seclusion has become a thing of the past, and modern life with its rush and hurry pervades the college campus. I do not think that the college has ever enjoyed the change. Sometimes it has struggled against it, *multum reluctans*, but vainly; more often it has contented itself with regrets for the past, and has looked back wistfully to older days. But the discovery was inevitable, and the results of the discovery equally so. So long as the college expected the public to accept its terms, to accept the education which it offered, or to leave it alone, it was safe from practical considerations. But when once it opened the door to modern knowledge, to modern methods, and to modern life, they naturally entered and dwelt with it. The college meant to open the door but a little way. It did not invite these new guests to share the house on equal terms, but it found that, when once they had established themselves, they were no longer guests but members of the family. The new college, thus constituted, had necessarily a new life and a new spirit. It stood in new relations to the rest of the world. No longer master of a little world of its own, it had become the servant of a larger people.

Thus the college of to-day is to be contrasted rather than compared with that of forty years ago. Outer form and inner spirit have alike changed. Familiarity with the facts does not render less startling the increase in the numbers of teachers and students to-day as compared with those of the past; nor do we cease to wonder at the multiplication of buildings, and at the growth of endowments, at a rate unexampled in history. But these evidences of material change are slight beside the spiritual and educational differences.

It is by no means my purpose to pronounce a eulogy on the "good old times." For one reason, I am not yet old enough to do it gracefully. For another, my work since I left college has been to aid in building up a college of the newer type, in which I heartily believe. All of the alterations which I have described have been, on the whole, for the best. The movement has been natural, necessary, inevitable; it has been upward as well as onward, and we who have given our years to help it forward have done so without the necessity for justification or apology. Yet we are not without regret for the life that has been left, while we welcome the new life into which we have entered. We hail the spirit of research,—the most fundamental of the changes which I have named,—we see the mighty intellectual uplift which it has contributed to our colleges. Yet it still may be permitted to us to regret the fine enjoyment of letters, the sense of elegant leisure, and of cultured pleasure, some part of which our colleges have lost. We are proud of the fact that our colleges yield to the community a more complete, a larger service than in the past. Yet we need not be ashamed to regret that in losing that narrowness which limited the influence of the older college, something of her independence has gone, and with it some part of that which made her influence precious.

In a word, we have paid a price for our new possessions; not an exorbitant price, I think; indeed, I believe it a small one to pay for great gains. Yet paid it has been and still must be; and, until fully paid, the college will suffer from the debt. The experimental method has become habitual to us. Nothing is fixed; nothing settled. The very narrowness of the old college, both in purpose and method, made that purpose and method clear and consistent; but we who are continually adjusting and readjusting come at last to lose the sense of aim and to abandon method. We who are members of faculties have frankly given up the task of prescribing courses of study as an impossible one. We say that only omniscience can wisely prescribe a college course. We abandon the task as beyond our collective wisdom, and we look for the omniscience necessary to comprehend the

possibilities of a college catalogue to the youth or maiden of eighteen, whom the high school sends to us. We do not desire technical studies in our college of liberal arts, but the more we read our catalogues, the more clearly we admit that we do not know what is a liberal and what a technical study. We end by admitting almost, or quite, all to our curriculum, and if we rule out any we are quite sure that we have admitted that which had as little claim. We do not wish to become preparatory schools for law or medicine. Yet we find that we must meet the fair and legitimate needs of our students who are to enter these professions. Thus we move: often drifting; always ill at ease with ourselves, because our plans and our methods are tentative and hesitant. Our aims, too, are incoherent. Do we desire to cultivate the intellectual life in our students, to prepare them for professional study, or to select out of the mass of students the few who are fit for research and to train them? Or would we adhere to the traditional function of the older college? We would do all of these things; do them at once and in the same classes. No wonder that we fail to see just how to direct our teaching so as to secure results so diverse, so irreconcilable.

With this hesitation there has come a distraction of spirit. We have lost the "sweet serenity of books," and we have not gained the freedom of pure research. We have lost the independence born of detachment from life, and have not gained the poise of practical efficiency. We have lost the sense of the mastery of ourselves and of our public, and in all things we have become experimental. In brief, we have suffered, and are suffering, from that distraction of spirit which always accompanies great and rapidly acquired gains; gains too large to be quickly mastered or readily put to full and easy use.

What then shall we say of the college of the present if we bring it to Milton's test? Its graduates have far more skill than those of a generation or more ago. Numerous and widely varied courses bring into her class-rooms for discussion the principles which underlie every part of life. In a hundred ways the student is made to see for himself, to think for himself, — granting that he has any capacity for thought, — where his father was only made to learn. Skill of both brain and hand is cultivated in a score of laboratories. If the college graduate of to-day does not enter on life more skillful than his father did, it is surely his own fault.

If the college of to-day is inferior to its predecessor in enabling its graduates to act justly, this is mainly because so many of them choose a course which deals with knowledge rather than with action. They will find, I think, less of inspiration with that increased knowledge, but if not so highly motived, their performance or duty will be more discriminating. They will have also the advantage that their thoughts have been turned to the problems for whose solution there is needed a discriminating justice. It was possible that the very elevation and consequent remoteness of the ideals of the old college should allow the graduate to hold them as matters for his leisure alone, not as a part of the motives for business and for public life. The graduate of to-day cannot fail to remember the teachings of his college on historical and social problems, as these press upon him in the first years of his active life for that answer which comes with practical decision; nor can he fail to be guided toward a broader and wiser justice in reaching his decisions.

I hesitate to touch the last term lest I should be misunderstood; yet we must face the question: do the changes in college life tend toward a larger magnanimity? I do not think that we can fairly answer in the affirmative. I know that it is easy to be mistaken on this point. It is easy for us old graduates to see in the life of our own college days a greater magnanimity than was really present, and it is still easier for us to have a keen sense

of the faults of to-day and to be insensitive toward its underlying strength of purpose. There has been an enormous increase of intellectual possessions, an increased attention to problems of knowledge rather than of conduct, a rapid multiplication of points of contact with the outside world, and a response to the demand of the world for skill. All these changes tend to usefulness, to increased efficiency, but not to magnanimity. Here is no indictment of the modern college, no thought that her life will not now, as in the past, inspire her sons and daughters, no suspicion that they will not play their full and worthy part in the world of to-morrow, as their fathers are doing in the world of to-day. It is a recognition at once of the fact that part of the price of progress has been a decline in the fine spirit of magnanimity, and of the duty which lies on the college to renew that spirit on wider and more secure conditions than those of the past.

I have ever believed that these ills are "growing pains," and that in growth lies their only cure. We might as well agree at once that there will be no return to old conditions and methods. Men may, if it pleases them, talk eloquently of "harking back to the humanities," and no doubt the humanities will play a larger part in the college of the future than they do to-day, but they will never occupy the whole stage as they once did. The college curriculum is permanently enlarged. Very likely it has grown too far in certain directions. It probably includes less than it ought in other directions, and unquestionably any abridgment of its courses on one side will be more than offset by growth on others. The last forty years have enlarged the charter of liberal education, and the college catalogue only reflects this fact. We shall never return to the old, simple, self-centred college of the past. Our way out is the way on, and progress is the only solution of our difficulties. Time will bring with it an increasing mastery of our materials. We shall sooner or later cease to be always experimenting with everything. We shall still have enough material for experiment, but all studies will not always be in a state of unstable equilibrium. With this mastery of our material of teaching will come a clarifying of our purposes. We members of faculties will see again pretty clearly that some things in education are good for certain intellectual purposes. We shall venture to say so; and, when we do this, students will trust our judgment. Seeing our purposes, and understanding how to adjust our teaching so as to attain them, we shall directly seek such ends and consciously shape our courses of study so as to reach them.

There will be an enlargement of ideas, on the side of both student and teacher. The student will not cease to look to the college for a practical preparation for life, but he will enlarge his ideas of practicality. He will see that there is something practical in preparing for living, as well as in preparing for work. Many of the members of our senior classes to-day have shaped their college course with reference to the future study of medicine or of law. A generation later their sons will not be so eager as were their fathers to confine their college studies to the sciences immediately antecedent to their profession. Years will have brought a larger wisdom to the fathers and they will have learned that life, even for a physician, consists in something beyond the abundance of bacteriology and pathology. The coming lawyer may learn that it is not wholly practical for him to make his undergraduate course as nearly a legal one as is permitted by the conditions of election in his college. I am even so optimistic as to think it not impossible that even the general public will revise its notions of practicality. At any rate, my experience as a teacher has seen one complete change of judgment in this matter. When I began to teach zoölogy my teeth were continually set on edge by the well-meaning friends who talked wisely of the practical nature of the study of science as contrasted with language. For the past fifteen years,

or more, I have heard nothing of this. All are now aware that the study of science is no more practical, and no less so, than is the study of philosophy. To-day that "practicality" which once seemed to inhere in science is placed in the study of history and of economics. In fifteen years more the world may have learned that these new humanities are chiefly valuable, not as furnishing practical guides to the affairs of active life, but because they stand with the old humanities, with the sciences, with philosophy, as furnishing a way into the intellectual life. It may well be that students will learn that in coming to college they are seeking the intellectual life, and that the way in which they reach it matters little, so that the result have in it abundant vitality and many points of growth.

On the side of the faculties I look for the more complete recognition of the spirit of culture along with that of research. This process is already advanced in the departments of language. We rarely see to-day those extremes of science to which our language-teaching tended a decade, or more, ago. Even candidates for the doctorate of philosophy are not set to work to count and tabulate the particles in an author's works, and throughout the ranks the students are more humanely treated. Yet such change comes readily in these departments, because the region of the known is so large and that is so small which is at once unknown and knowable. In the sciences it will long be difficult to secure courses for culture. The unknown world of science is so vast, so close, that it beckons the student with an irresistible attraction. When the fields of knowledge are white to the harvest, it is not easy for the teacher to avoid recruiting laborers for them and setting them to work. Yet here, too, we shall find ways and methods for making the truths of science more available than they now are for training the average unscientific student, who does not expect to be a scientist, but who does need such a turn to his mind that he can orient himself in a world whose movement comes to depend more and more on science.

Progress toward shaping the college course for its proper work will be hastened by that revival of the ethical spirit in college which has already begun, and which will go on with increasing rapidity. The spirit of research, like any new ideal, has so filled our minds as to belittle older ideals and make them seem old-fashioned and inadequate. Time will give us a better perspective, and we shall learn that the art of adjusting the subject to the mind of the college student is as difficult and as worthy of study as is the enlargement of the subject itself. The student will take his due place in the teacher's mind, not to the obscuring of the importance of the study, as was the case in the past; not hidden and dwarfed behind the subject, as is too often the case at present. They will stand side by side, and the teacher's main problem will be how to adjust one to the other, so that the study may enlarge the student's life and the student may come to share — though it may well be in small degree — the life of the study.

Thus the college of to-day has given first place in its curriculum, in its thought, and in its life, to the first of Milton's triad of qualities. It is seeking first of all to give its graduates skill in performing the offices of life. It places no low or unworthy meaning on the word. It aims at no result to be reached by precept. It seeks no cheap or hasty practicality. The skill sought is that which comes from the mastery of principles. The college attempts also to fit its students to deal justly in society, and for this result it looks to a careful training in the principles which underlie society, rather than to the free working of a general moral impulse. The college aims to secure for its graduates that magnanimity of which culture is a part, and which, like culture, can never be directly sought or inculcated. Yet this part of its purposes has been obscured by the response which it has made to the new and vigorous demands of a changing social order. New condi-

tions have brought to the front new ideals, which for a time disturbed the balance of its life. The old life will not return, and if it could do so we should be even more dissatisfied with it than with the present. Neither reaction nor revolution will hasten the working of the vital forces which are perfecting the new life, whose adjustment will be reached as the new motives find their place beside the older. The new college will not swing back into the old life; but, embodying a higher skill than its predecessor, as well as a truer justice and a wider magnanimity, will yield to its students a more "complete and generous education."

A DECADE OF AMERICAN RULE IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY W. CAMERON FORBES

EVEN a terse statement of the results accomplished by the American government in the ten years in which we have had control of the Philippine Islands would consume more space than this article affords. I can summarize them, however, most briefly.

As regards public order there is a better condition than has ever before existed in the history of the Archipelago. There are fewer outlaws at large, less crime, prompter administration of justice, and more people engaged in peaceful pursuits, unmolested, than ever before. It is now safe to travel everywhere throughout the Islands without carrying a weapon, excepting only in some of the more remote parts of the mountains, where lurk bands of wild tribes who might possibly mistake the object of a visit, and in the southern part of the great island of Mindanao, which is inhabited by intractable Moros, who have not yet acquired an amiability of character toward strangers of any race.

We have completed the separation of Church and State, buying out from the religious orders their large agricultural properties, which are now administered by the government for the benefit of the tenants.

We have put the finances on a sound and sensible basis.

We have established a complete new system of auditing and accounting.

We have placed our civil administration on a strictly self-supporting basis, receiving no aid whatever from the United States government, except in so far as they have elected to help us in charting the coasts for naval purposes. This charting, which is being done at a rapid rate, is at the joint expense of the Insular and National governments.

We have established a uniform and stable currency on a gold basis.

We have established schools throughout the Archipelago, teaching upward of half a million children, and we find that the Filipinos are eager to learn and are rapidly learning the English language.

We have started a general and thorough system of road construction and maintenance, in which the Insular, Provincial, and Municipal officials coöperate.

We have established the policy of constructing all public buildings, as well as bridges and wharves, of durable material, preferably reinforced concrete, in order that our work may endure.

We have given the Filipinos almost complete autonomy in their municipalities. They elect their own councils and mayors. Two-thirds of the provincial boards, including the governor, are elected by the people, and the great majority of the insular employees are now Filipinos. The Filipinos have an Assembly

— a Lower House, elected by the people, and an Upper House appointed by the President of the United States, four of its nine members bring Filipinos. In all these ways we have extended to the Filipino a most important participation in his own government. He has responded well to the trust thus reposed in him, and for many positions makes an excellent official. As a race, the Filipinos take readily and naturally to poltics.

A number of influential Filipinos combined to organize a party which was known as the Federal Party, and which had for its platform a permanent and close union with the United States, the possibility of annexation being considered. The desire for independence is very strong in the Filipino, and is being fostered by patriotic speeches and literature. It was soon found that a party whose platform did not contain the word "independence" could not command a majority of the voters in many provinces. The Federal Party therefore reorganized on a basis of ultimate independence, but had the courage to include in their platform the statement that they did not urge the granting of immediate independence because the people were not yet fitted to maintain the burdens thus imposed. To deny the capacity of one's country for the important and desirable duties of self-government is essentially unpopular. In this case it subjected the framers of the platform and the leaders of the party to abuse on the part of their own people and, as was to be expected, the result has been the success at the polls of the opposite party (Nationalists), which declared unequivocally for immediate independence.

It is true that the Filipino rejoices in the Filipinization of the service. He is very properly elated with each appointment of a Filipino to an important position, a feeling which does him credit. He should want us to recognize his development as fast as possible, and he should want the evidence of that development and hail it with joy when it comes. Moreover, his disappointment when not preferred should act as a stimulus to new efforts to meet the requirements necessary for promotion. But it is nothing short of weakness for us to put Filipinos in important positions when none are equipped to fill the position properly; and it must be remembered that consideration should be given to Americans, and fitting promotions for those in line for advancement, or the service will speedily disintegrate. We must be very careful to make the service sufficiently attractive to the American personnel in the Islands, in order to hold our good men and give them the feeling that there is a career for them. Otherwise we shall see the best Americans in the Islands making use of their leaves of absence to find new jobs in the United States; while those who prove unsuccessful in the effort to place themselves in the States will be the ones to return; with the result that we shall lose our more successful and desirable men.

The most important step in the gradual process of giving self-government to the Philippines was the establishment of the Assembly or Lower House of the Legislature. There had been parties before to vote for provincial governors, but the vote for a general legislature crystallized the formations. The principal parties which developed were the *Nacionalista*, favoring immediate independence, usually with some vague qualification as to a protectorate; and the *Progressista*, the reorganized Federal Party, favoring ultimate independence but continuance of the present form of government.

The result of the election for the Assembly held in July, 1907, can be tabulated as follows: —

Total registration		104,966
Nacionalista	29,119	
Progressista	18,142	
Independent	13,822	
Immediatista	4,417	
Independista	908	
Catholic	504	
P. I. Independent Church	91	
Rejected	251	
Scattered	1,459	
Total number of votes cast		68,713

The delegates elected are thus divided among the parties: —

Nacionalista	32
Progressista	16
Independent	20
Immediatista	7
Independista	4
Catholic	1
Total	80

Those classed as *Independent* were affiliated with no party. The *Immediatistas* wanted to emphasize the urgency of their desire for immediate independence. There were several parties with small followings, which did not vary much in platform but followed different leaders. These could be generally counted on to follow the lead of the *Nacionalistas*.

The Assembly was formally opened on October 16, 1907, by Mr. Taft, Secretary of War, who came to the Philippines for that purpose. The conduct of the Assembly was marked with great decorum, the organization proceedings were regular, and the sessions were not marred by a single disorderly act. The Assembly elected for Speaker the Honorable Sergio Osmeña of Cebu, a young man under thirty years of age, who had been Governor of his province, which he administered with great ability. He had, furthermore, served with success as President of the Convention of Provincial Governors in Manila.

Mr. Osmeña, having made a careful study of the parliamentary rules governing the administration of many legislative bodies, came to the conclusion that those in effect in the House of Representatives in Washington were suitable for his purposes, and accordingly prepared a system of rules modeled upon these, which was adopted before many days of the session had passed.

One feature of the first session was the evident desire of the *Nacionalista* party to get along amicably and to coöperate with the Upper House. The members and committees of the two Houses were in frequent consultation, and there seemed to be a general desire on the part of the Lower House to sink factional causes of dispute and to unite with the administration to better the condition of the Islands.

Throughout the session the attitude of the members was extremely friendly to the American officials of the government, and if it had not been for the ante-election pledges on the part of the *Nacionalistas*, and taunts from their political enemies that they were not living up to them, the session would have shown very few causes of dispute or difference. The *Nacionalistas*, however, found themselves placed in an embarrassing position. They had come in with a good list of reforms which they were pledged to put through. One of these was a general reduction in the expenses of the government, which, through loose and careless expressions by newspapers and public speakers not conversant with the facts, they had been led to believe were excessive and supported by too heavy taxation. As a matter of fact, the taxation was small compared with the burdens borne by other peoples, and not at all beyond the capacity of the Filipinos to pay. This was evidenced by the fact that the Provincial Boards, themselves elective bodies, voted that same year to double the poll-tax in order to raise money for road construction and maintenance. This wise and necessary measure meant an additional tax imposed on the people of one and one-half million pesos a year.

One of the most important results of the inauguration of the Philippine Assembly has been to draw the Filipinos and Americans much more closely together. The Filipinos feel that they have a share in the administration of their own affairs, and the Americans know that in order to get appropriations for administrative work they must interest the Filipinos, and satisfy them that the things they want are necessary. The members of the Assembly thus have an opportunity to present their views upon each measure, and before it is undertaken they must be convinced of its necessity. They, in turn, have to defend their action before the

people and thus become the champions of the administration, and from the stump, or through the press, have to explain the reason for each action.

The Appropriations Committee of the Assembly, dividing itself into many sub-committees, made a careful study of the work of the different bureaus of the Insular Government and the duties which they perform. They were particularly anxious to find places where a saving could be made, but each sub-committee returned, apparently convinced that no saving could be made on the bureau that they had investigated. Some of them went further and expressed themselves as determined to secure an increased appropriation.

When the various sub-committees met in the general committee, it was found that in order to bring about the general cut in expenses to which the party was pledged, something radical had to be done, and it was finally agreed to recommend a horizontal cut in salaries. The Assembly accordingly passed a salary bill providing in effect for a ten per cent reduction of salary, from the members of the Commission down, including a reduction of their own salaries, which, however, they had previously raised. I have never believed that the more conservative members of the party would have been pleased to have this law approved by the Commission, as I believe their investigations had convinced them that such a cut was not necessary; but they had to face their constituents for reëlection and felt it necessary to show their votes in favor of some sort of a reduction, especially as their political opponents were not slow to see their embarrassment and to endeavor to make capital from it. Thus it was left to the Commission, that is the Upper House, to avoid disorganization of the service by refusing to agree to the bill.

In discussing the problems of the Philippine government we must keep the country as well as the people in mind. The Philippine Islands are a group of somewhat over three thousand islands, which form a barrier between Southern China and the Pacific Ocean. Their area is one hundred and fifteen thousand square miles, or about three-fourths the area of Japan, and a little more than twice that of Java.

Immediately north of the Philippines lies Formosa, and next, the other islands belonging to Japan, which reach to the coast of Siberia and Russian dominion.

The islands can be roughly divided into three parts. The large and populous island of Luzon on the north, the large and thinly populated island of Mindanao on the south, and between the two a group of seven or eight medium-sized and densely populated islands, known as the Visayan group.

The total population of the Philippines is about eight millions, and its density seventy to the square mile, as contrasted with three hundred to the square mile in Japan and six hundred to the square mile in Java. As there is no reason to believe that the soil and climate of the Philippine Islands are less productive than those of neighboring countries, it is reasonable to believe that the Islands can be made to support a population many times as large as the present one, say, at the least, three hundred to the square mile, a total of some thirty-five millions.

There are so many ways of administering dependencies that a volume could be written upon the varying degrees of paternalism, exploitation, altruism, and political affiliation, without beginning to exhaust the subject. These vary in proportion to the degree of civilization attained by dependent peoples, and are affected by questions of consanguinity, and similarity of institutions between the mother country and its dependency. It is needless to say that different governments are necessary for different peoples; that a system which will work well with people in one stage of development will not work well with people in another. We have an example of this in the Philippine Islands, where there are three forms of government, established for the three dif-

ferent stages of civilization we there encounter.

The civilized Filipinos, who are Christians, and well along in the scale of civilization, including something like nine-tenths of the total population, hold high offices and participate most intimately in their government.

In the Moro country, where the population is Mohammedan, not so far advanced in civilization as the Christian Filipino, and exceedingly hardy and intractable, we have a government which is more paternal and military in form, the Governor being a general of the United States Army, and the troops being used more freely for the maintenance of order, whereas in the rest of the islands order is now maintained wholly without the assistance of troops.

There is a third group of peoples who are for the most part savages, who have a purely paternal government, very much as do the Indians in the United States, administered without representation of any kind by the civil government in Manila, although the officers appointed to the minor positions are very often natives.

There is no doubt that up to a certain degree of civilization an absolutely paternal form of government is necessary, and I believe that the centuries of Spanish rule in the Philippines were the direct cause of the present civilization and degree of development of the Christian Filipinos. A German traveler visiting the Philippines in the fifties predicted American intervention in Philippine development, stating that the Spaniard began the work of civilization with the cross and the sword, and that it remained for the American to carry on the work with the schoolbook and the plough.

The English and Dutch colonies, which are the nearest and most important of neighboring dependencies, are managed with a very keen eye to the material advancement of the country, but there is no general campaign in favor of the individual unit, and it seems to be part of the plan to induce the people to work hard for low wages. The personal surroundings and conditions of the laborers are improved in many ways. They are made sanitary, and men are induced to have good houses. Questions of public order, of justice in local disputes, and the like, could probably not be very much better administered, but the Americans are trying to accomplish something more in the Philippines. By means of education we are trying to leaven the whole mass of the Filipino people and raise them to new levels higher than any which have been attempted by other countries in administering similar peoples. We believe that in general the world pays for what it receives, and that if a higher rate of wages can be established and maintained in the Philippines it means that the Filipinos are giving a better class of labor and are getting value for what they give. Thus, if we cause the rate of wages to rise to $1.00 or $2.00 a day, as is the case in the United States, it ought to mean that the productiveness of the islands has increased a corresponding amount, which would be many times as great as the present. Then also, if the American administration in the Philippines can succeed by increasing the physical welfare of the people, it should result in very largely increasing the population. This would mean increasing proportionately the number of laborers, and by increasing at the same time the rate of proficiency of the individual laborer, I believe that the result will show that the Philippines have before them a future literally golden.

There is a very great amount of potential labor in the Islands. When properly handled, the Filipino has proved himself to be a good workman. We have no need of Chinese immigration. The Chinaman does not stick to the plough, but soon becomes a trader and sends out of the country a large part of what he receives. It is better that the Filipinos should be left free to multiply and become their own traders, and that these avenues of advance should be left open for the natives

and not taken by a less scrupulous, though more thrifty race, which by tradition and nature is not ready to conform to our ideas of civilization.

In good years the Islands produce nearly enough rice for their own consumption, and rice is the principal article of diet. The waters yield a plentiful supply of fish, which is the other main product of the Islands. Large quantities of hemp are raised, which grows better here than in any other part of the world, thus giving almost a monopoly to the Philippines for that product. Other important products are copra, rubber, tobacco, and sugar. The undeveloped resources of the Islands are very great; there are very large tracts of uncultivated land which would yield a profitable return to industry properly applied.

Our way of going at this problem has not the approval of our brethren overseas. We are criticised for letting the Filipino think he is as good as anybody else. We are criticised for making living more expensive, and for doing the very thing which we believe to be the best indication of our success, namely, increasing the rate of wages. We have been criticised very greatly for the cost of administration of the Islands; but while our results may not have come yet, while the Philippines may be economically retarded and our advance made slower by the very nature of the effort we are making, by the fact that we are beginning at the roots, yet it is my belief that the Filipino people will respond to the newly offered opportunity in a continually increasing measure; even now they are responding to it in the localities where American advance has been most prominent, as in Manila and the provinces where the railroads are in operation.

The Islands are at the present time in the depths of poverty. This is the result of the long years of domination under a government that favored the privileged classes, and of the throes accompanying the change of sovereignty which shook the country to its foundations. In the course of the insurrections against Spain and the United States, immense amounts of property have been destroyed, thus setting the under-developed industries of the Philippines back to a still more primitive condition. Following the wars, there have been many scourges common to a tropical country, which gained greater headway and did greater damage under the weakened conditions of administration than they would have with a long established government, trained to meet and overcome the difficulties as they arose. Among these can be mentioned the rinderpest, which has swept through the Islands, destroying great quantities of draught-animals, in many cases whole herds; surra, a fatal disease among horses, which has caused great losses; cholera, and the necessity for quarantine during the cholera period, which handicaps commerce; swarms of locusts; untimely droughts, and destructive typhoons. Some of these can be overcome, some will be recurrent, and the harm from all can be minimized.

Given a people of physical development able to stand the work, a soil and area such as we have, and resources such as the United States has behind it to insure development, results will follow as a matter of course.

Disraeli once wrote: —

" Public health is the foundation upon which rests the happiness of the people and the power of the State. Take the most beautiful kingdom, give it intelligent and laborious citizens, prosperous manufactures, productive agriculture; let arts flourish, let architects cover the land with temples and palaces; in order to defend all these riches, have first rate weapons, fleets of torpedo-boats — if the population remains stationary, if it decreases yearly in vigor and in stature, the nation must perish. And that is why I consider that the first duty of a statesman is the care of Public Health."

This concisely sets forth the necessity of one of our great movements, namely, the upbuilding of the physique of the

Filipino people. They are too poorly nourished, and too much weakened by disease, to do the work which an able-bodied and healthy people ought to do, or to resist disease, and bring up children able to resist disease. Thus the population does not increase with natural rapidity, nor does it accomplish as much work as should be expected, even if we remove from consideration the economical disadvantages under which the laborer now struggles. The fact that the infant mortality is fifty per cent during the first year of life is sufficient evidence of the necessity for some constructive development in the care of public health. Great progress has already been made. The lepers are now concentrated on one island, where they will in the course of time die out, leaving the Islands perfectly free from that taint. Small-pox has been robbed of its terrors: the whole population is now vaccinated, and instead of losing hundreds of thousands of lives by this disease the loss is so small as to be no longer a factor in the problem. Under the wise precautions adopted by the Board of Health, bubonic plague has been successfully kept out of the islands for years, and recently several threatened invasions of that disease from Hongkong have been warded off. Cholera, while appearing and reappearing from time to time, is not allowed to gain the headway which it had before, and is no longer a menace to those who observe the simple rules of health. Thus the epidemics that swept unchecked through the country, carrying off great multitudes of the population, are kept down.

While barriers have been put up against the inroads of the agencies of destruction, there lies before us a great constructive field, upon the confines of which we have only just entered. A supply of pure water for drinking purposes must be provided for all of the centres of population, and the people must be taught by a long, slow, and arduous campaign in the schools to protect themselves and their children from the impure waters of the surface. Artesian wells ought to prove of immense benefit, and the government has a number of well-boring machines which are in great demand and constantly in operation. The fact that in several municipalities the death-rate decreased twenty per thousand after the opening of artesian wells, demonstrates the usefulness of these measures. Ultimately their usefulness ought to be even greater.

Tuberculosis prevails in the Islands, and a general campaign against that disease cannot but prove to be beneficial.

Beri-beri, a destructive tropical disease, is common, but attacks only the people who are poorly nourished, showing us how fundamental is the necessity for a better class of food for the Philippine people in general. The prevailing diet of fish and rice should be supplemented by meat and bread. This can be done only by placing these articles within the reach of the people, making the community sufficiently prosperous to afford their purchase.

There is a great opportunity for intelligent effort and the wise expenditure of the resources of the Philippines, to develop the economical method of transportation and movement of the products of the country to the markets of the world.

As I have already said, the Philippines are composed of two large islands, a group of intermediate, moderate-sized ones, and a vast number of little ones. An ordinary map, however, does not show that these islands are seamed with rivers capable of being made useful for navigation. The torrential rains scour them to a depth that enables steamers to navigate them for considerable distances. But these rivers are usually closed at the mouths by bars, which should be dredged and kept open. Moreover, many of the harbors are not charted or lighted, and there are no facilities for getting the merchandise and products of the interior to the deck of the ship, except lightering on small boats, a matter of very considerable expense and still greater delay. Encouragement given to the construction

of wharves and warehouses must be most beneficial.

The roads throughout the Archipelago are in most unfortunate condition. For the first ten years of American administration, the measures taken for construction and preservation did not include a comprehensive scheme for a complete road system of well-constructed roads, well maintained, throughout the Archipelago. Such a scheme has now been put into effect. It depends for its success upon the coöperation of the different entities of government, — provincial, municipal, and insular; but the enthusiasm which the local authorities have shown for this object is one of the most encouraging signs of our administration in the Philippines. The result should be that in the course of twenty years a very complete and perfect system of roads will have been constructed, and the system as now established gives assurance that every bit of road once put in order will be continuously maintained. It is proposed to open an account with each section of completed road, and charge against this the appraised amount of deterioration, wherever noted. The officer charged with the duty of the maintenance of the road will have to explain why public property to the value of the estimated deterioration has been allowed to be lost under his direction. As the Governor General has power of removal of these native officials, we believe that by this means a sense of responsibility can be aroused among the natives that will insure us good roads.

I believe it possible that government aid can be used to assist the natives in bettering their methods of agriculture, and to obviate in some degree the lack of capital. One of the next steps will be for the Bureau of Agriculture to take a more aggressive position in the administration, by establishing more experimental farms, from which seeds as well as instruction can be distributed. Possibly, also, in connection with these farms the agricultural schools of the government could educate the people to modern methods of cultivating their fields and harvesting their crops, and carrying on the business of agriculture and other industries. It might even be advisable to carry it so far as to have the government supply agricultural machinery, which, bought originally for use on the government farms and experiment stations, can be made available for the use of people owning neighboring farms and unable to purchase machinery. Experience has proved that the same soil will yield a much better crop when ploughed with a machine than by a bull, owing to the greater depth reached by the steam plough; and it is an incontrovertible fact that much labor and produce are lost by the antiquated methods of harvesting and preparing the different classes of produce for the market.

The mechanical schools, or Schools of Arts and Trades, established in the provinces could be made useful as machine-shops for the manufacture and repair of machinery actually needed in the agricultural provinces.

Another most potent factor in stimulating the development of the Philippine agriculture is irrigation. The seasons are divided there into a rainy and a dry season, which vary according to the locality, whether on the east or the west coast of the islands. Rice is especially dependent upon water for its proper cultivation, but proper irrigation will make a great difference in the uniformity and value of many other crops. By irrigating the fields we can enable the farmer to cultivate two crops from the same land in the course of a year, both full crops, whereas one is all that the land can now produce. This will prevent a recurrence of the calamity of 1907, when the failure of the fall rains caused a loss of about one-half of the rice crop of the Islands, amounting to many millions of dollars in value, a misfortune which fell heavily on the impoverished people. The natives themselves have been very alert in seeing the value of irrigation, and one of the laws passed by the first legislature was a bill appropriating the sum of $375,000 a year to be paid into

the Department of Commerce and Police, and used solely for the purpose of irrigation. It is proposed with this money to start a reimbursable fund. The first use is the establishment of several surveying parties to ascertain the most desirable and profitable irrigation projects to be started. Work has already begun on some, but mainly in the way of repairing old systems which have been in operation under the Spanish rule. The water will be sold to the owners of land wishing to use it, and the money so received will be returned to the original fund and used for further construction work. Thus gradually the new amount paid in each year, and the accretions to the fund from the sales of water, will make a very respectable sum of money, which will grow with each year until the Islands are properly supplied with systems of irrigation. When this desirable result is consummated, the price can be lowered to the users of water.

One enterprise undertaken by the Insular Government which has aroused a great deal of interest among the people who have investigated it, is the Penal Colony. The prison in Manila, called Bilibid, contained several thousand prisoners, but the work on hand was not sufficient to keep them all employed, and a good deal of criticism was evoked by the effort to give them work of a commercial nature. No criticism, however, can be made of their use for the development of the agricultural resources of the Islands, and accordingly a number of picked prisoners were sent on parole to a distant and sparsely settled island where twenty-two thousand acres had been laid aside for their use. The success of this kind of an experiment quite often depends upon the personality of the man sent in charge, and it was only after two unsuccessful trials that a man was found who could master the situation, and who turned this penal reservation into a veritable garden of beauty. Under his able direction the experiment succeeded, and the prisoners, called "colonists," took particular interest in the proper development of the settlement. The mortality from malaria was at first very severe, but the colonists themselves cleaned up the dangerous spots and brought about a condition of health whch is most gratifying, the last year's report showing a death-rate of only eight per thousand. This colony would be a profitable study for sociologists. In the beginning, the plans of the George Junior Republic were studied; and the whole scheme upon which the colony was devised rests upon the inducement to effort offered to the prisoners by a series of rewards for those who succeed. These include promotion to positions of dignity, such as foreman of work-gangs and police; and pay when sufficiently advanced. The prisoners are allowed to carry a short knife, or bolo, axes, and other implements which colonists are given, and which can be used as weapons. They maintain a considerable number of boats, and colonists who have proved their trustworthiness are given the privilege of having their families join them and are allotted tracts of land which they may develop and farm.

I do not feel that anybody who believes in American ideals can go to the Philippine Islands, study the work of the American government there, and come away dissatisfied with the general plan which has been adopted and the results thus far achieved. I do not think that anybody can see these people helped step by step on the road to self-government and prosperous development, and not sympathize with what we are doing. I do not believe that any person who believes in the fundamental theories of democracy can find fault with the general effort which is being made to give the individual his rights and a means of maintaining them. The criticisms of those well-wishers of the Filipino who wish to see him advance most rapidly, would probably be that we have gone a little too fast for his own good. It is a case where it is wise to make haste slowly. However that may be, there can be no doubt about the honesty of the pur-

pose and consistency of the policies which have been outlined and followed by the administration through its various officials.

The record of the Americans in the Philippines is one of which no American need be ashamed. It is a record upon which we need not hesitate to dwell on Independence Day. We have given to people unused and unaccustomed to such privileges, freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom of opportunity, and freedom of labor. We are casting off the shackles which held down the laboring classes of the Philippines, and, with the laboring classes raised, we are raising all the people to a higher and nobler plane. We may not as yet have given independence to the Philippines, but we are certainly giving independence to the Filipinos.

EVEY AND HER HAPPINESS

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Evey Taylor, dark-eyed, beautiful Eve, bent forward, a forefinger up to the long row of child-faces. Wide eyes, blue or brown, fastened on it, fascinated. "For, children," concluded Evey, with a simple finality of statement explainable perhaps by her nineteen years, "God always answers prayers. Not just sometimes," expanded Evey with lovely, glowing fervor, "but always: your prayer, Betty" (the white forefinger curled with its sister fingers around Betty's brown baby hands); "your prayer, little Martie" (Evey's other hand cupped Martie's pink chin with its pinker palm, — Martie's bud of a face lifted solemnly to Evey's rapt regard); "my prayer," ended Evey in an absent-minded half-whisper to Martie.

With the last two words she blushed, not scarlet, not pink, but white. Her eyes slipped from the faces of the children to where her white fingers cuddled Betty's brown fingers. She could just glimpse her new ring with its heart-shaped green gem. The green, deep heart of spring it was for Evey, the green before the flowers, yet holding them all — oh, all the greens of all the springs dreamed of their flowers in Evey's emerald-hearted ring! The white blush deepened. Unwillingly, but quite without her power to prevent it, she began to see how Richard looked as he stood near the door waiting for the lesson to be over. Of course she did not turn her head in church. She saw him with the white silk crown of her scoopy bonnet, with the narrow lacy ruffles of her shoulder-cape, with the braided curls so softly and mysteriously dark between these two whites, the silvery and the diaphanous. Then her hand — her right hand, the left was too shy, too bewildered with joy for boldness — began to steal up. It was jealous of the bonnet crown, of the lacy ruffles, of the dark braided curls between. It feigned to adjust a scarf-end. It inched higher. It tucked in the tip of a staring curl, and there it lingered, looking at Richard, too.

All at once Evey became conscious that the children were rising with spreading butterfly movements of stiff skirts. Her hand dropped hastily.

"Come out in the grove until church-time," said Richard, leaning over her, a hand on the tall pew-door. He swung it for the children, and Evey's class fluttered out on blue and pink and white wings, and scattered for a play-time among old graves.

Evey and Richard followed more slowly. Evey's cheeks were of their normal, natural, marvelous velvety crimson again. Only when alone with her thought of

Richard was Evey shy. By his side she had not enough self-consciousness left for shyness. She saw the lightning lift of his thick lashes, the impatient gesture of his hand, the bold music of his young laughter, the vivid flower on his coat, or the piercing notes plucked by him from his stringed instrument in the dark of the ivied porch.

But Richard never knew it. Evey was born to certain dignities, reserves, poises. Richard thought her cold. Once — it was when he was home on sick leave — he pretended to warm those impatient hands of his at her crimson cheeks, holding them one on either side, and shivering.

Evey drew back, smiling uncertainly.

"There is n't enough fire in your heart to warm them by," he explained. "It 's all in your cheeks, I think, Evey."

For the first time Richard saw that white blush. His two hands were clasping pale cheeks now. They were burning his palms. From under her downcast lids little silent tears of confession were sliding one by one.

"Oh, let me go!" begged Evey, when she dared speak.

"I'm sorry," said Richard. He dropped his hands, and stood aside for her to pass. His face was thoughtful. He had not dreamed of Evey's loving him like that.

The week after, they went camping, Evey's people and his people, as was their custom in the fall. The elders drove around the graded pike; but the young ones went on horseback, and Evey's golden-coated sorrel picked a disdainful way up the rough straight cut, followed by Richard's big brown colt.

The two came out ahead at Link's. A haystack of sweet grass scythed from the mountain meadow loomed first; then the old man's squat cabin of hewn logs and boards. Wood-smoke, blue as the distant ridges, rose fragrantly into the deep bright blue of the sky. Old Link strode from the doorway, placidly pleased. "I've been a looking for you folks this fortnit gone," he said as he passed Evey and Richard on his way to let down the wood bars for the wagons.

The other riders broke through the forest now; and away from their laughter, and jesting, and unsaddling, Evey rode the golden-coated sorrel, moving slowly around the sere meadow, and halting by the mountain stream. Here she slid to the ground, unsaddling and unbridling with two swift complicated movements. The gay trappings tumbled on the grass, and Paxie shook his fabulous fleece of mane, and bowed his bright neck to drink.

"Why run away?" protested Richard at her elbow. He looked at her, considering. Never had the velvet crimson of her cheeks been softer, more splendid.

"It's up here, Richie," said Evey absently. She pushed the soft riding felt back on her braided curls, and leaned against a young maple, bending her riding switch in two small bare fists. Her eyes wandered, her ears hearkened to the rustling arras of leaves, to the soaring sky filled with harplike humming of winds, to the creek, vague revealer of forest secrecies, to the grasshopper, whirring senilely in the fading sunshine spread at her feet. She apprehended everything but Richard, it appeared.

"So you can get along very well without me, Evey?" he challenged her.

"But it 's only because I have you," said Evey. Her one dimple deepened, became a fairy well of laughter in her crimson cheek. Her hand offered itself in an adorable gesture of love and confidence.

Richard did not take it. Instead, he moved a step away and thrust his hands in his pockets.

"Evey," he said abruptly, "let's be — just friends again."

A shocked silence filled the space between them. Then Evey spoke, her white face lifted, her dropped hand twisting a fold of her habit.

"Don't you love me any more?" She asked it in a clear, careful, unnatural voice.

Richard came closer, leaning over, speaking eagerly, as to a comrade who must understand. "I want to be free, Evey. Why," he broke out with a candor so amazing in its childishness, so spontaneous in its appeal, that it served for its own absolution, "I've *never* been free! I've been engaged to some one ever since I was seventeen!"

Evey nodded. "I thought this — was — different."

"So did I," cried Richard. "Do you think I'd have asked *you* to marry me, Evey, if I had n't believed *this* to be — different?"

"But it is n't?" asked Evey, in the same colorless, unrecognizable voice. No one could have guessed that she was pleading desperately for the life of her happiness.

Richard shook his head. "I suppose it would be, if I could be here with you all the time, Evey — but — I want to be free," he repeated. He flung his hand out in a wide, wild gesture. "When I'm out there with Stuart I want to *feel* free. I don't want to be drawn back to another sort of life, for that's my life now, Evey. You see, we can't beat them." He bent, following her involuntary, surprised recoil. "You don't like to hear that, Evey, but lots of us have the sense to realize it. We can't. They've everything behind them; but we can wear them out. We can carry on a defensive warfare for years and years up in these mountains. That's what it will come to, for we won't give up. How can I think of love, of marriage? Oh, Evey, if you were a boy I'd take you back with me, and you'd understand."

"You might have told me — sooner."

"I was so ill — at first. You are so dear, so sweet. I've been cowardly —" He broke off abruptly. With a gesture he offered himself to be dealt with.

"Poor little boy!" said Evey. Her voice became rich and full of meaning Scorn, motherliness, humor, warmed it, colored it. She turned, looking him full in the face with pondering, deep-seeing eyes. He became a symbol. "Poor little boys — North, East, South, West, hundreds of thousands of them, capable of every nobility, of every pettiness, of every courage, of every cowardice, of every truth, of every lie, of every wild and foolish inconsistency between truth and lie — tender of a dog's feelings — breaking a friend's heart — poor little boys!" Evey's color came half-way back, never quite all the way again. "I understand," she said from her vantage ground attained in a vision. She drew off the little ring and held it out to him.

"Evey?" pleaded Richard. He became scarlet. Tears flashed to his eyes. "Can't you keep that? We've always been friends. Can't you keep it as my friend?"

Poor little boys! Poor, blundering, incredibly foolish, unspeakably cruel little boys! Evey still held out the little emerald-hearted ring. In it all the green of all the springs dreamed of their flowers — flowers never, never, never to bloom.

"*Take it!*" cried Evey.

Next day, bearing old Link with them as guide, philosopher, and friend, they climbed to the top of their particular part of the world, a strange plateau of acres, piled with rocks, and dotted here and there with an unnatural species of oak exactly like old gnarled apple-trees. There were three of these grotesque orchards on the plateau, and on it also a river had its source. A river is the only thing that is all ages at once. Here was one in its babyhood. It began in a tiny blue spring, and crept out of its cradle in a trickling rivulet you might step across; yet you knew that down below and far away it was twelve miles wide, and harbored ships from the farthest, dimmest ports of the world. Near this spring, in the edge of the forest, they set up their tents and turned their hobbled horses out to graze.

The men fished in the flashing mountain waters and hunted through the gorgeous mountain hollows by day, and at night the whole party ringed about the camp-fire, and the boys and girls sang

and played while their elders hearkened and dreamed.

Or perhaps they read from a book of tales, taking turns under a big lantern swung from a pine-bough. So sat Evey the night she read to them of Rosina whose lover had deserted her.

Evey wore a crimson dress that night, and about her shoulders something dark and flowing and shining and silken shielded her from the chill. This she twisted with one hand, while the other played with, or pressed open, the pages of the book on her knee. The braided curls, caught up in a net of woven strands of crimson silk, were beautiful and wonderful as Evey bent her head under the lantern light and read of Rosina whose lover had deserted her.

A pertinent subject, yet at first it was all a succession of dull, dead words to Evey in her living pain. But suddenly she stopped. The words leaped piercing and alive to her eyes, to her brain, and she sat stricken mute, her drooped face white between the crimson-netted curls; and the crimson of her dress out-billowing from under the dark mantle of silk. Then she read on, leaning lower and shading her eyes with her hand.

"You've skipped something, Evey," accused Isabella from across the circle.

"She's tired," said Richard. He reached over and would have taken the book.

"I'm not tired at all," protested Evey, holding it fast.

But he insisted and she surrendered it proudly.

"Don't move," said Richard, "I can see well enough here."

He sat pretending to find the place, but in reality reading the words that had stricken Evey dumb.

"*Was she then*," read Richard, "*one of those poor creatures who could not keep their lovers?*"

Shamed red streaked Richard's dark cheek. His abashed blue eyes sought Evey's dark eyes. They met his with composure gained at a cruel cost. "I hope you are satisfied," said Evey's proud eyes.

Richard's fell before them. He flung the mischievous volume to the shadows, crouched impishly beyond the firelit circle, and reached for his guitar.

"It's a stupid story," vouchsafed Richard to the cry of protest, and he sang to them of war.

"The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die," sang Richard.

"The wounded to die," thought Evey. "That meaning might be for Richard some day." She had forgiven him much. Now, hardest of all, she forgave him for reading that paragraph.

Late that night, all that night, Evey lay wide-eyed, staring up at the restless leaves that roofed her forest chamber. If her heart had been at ease how it would have loved the fragrant nest in the wood's edge! On it old Link had lavished cunning and art. He had fashioned Evey a room with corner-posts of living trees, and walls of woven grapevines interlaced with cedar boughs; a room carpeted by gray velvet of old moss, and roofed by wind-stirred scarlet of October leaves. But Evey lay on her blanketed couch of thick-piled arbor-vitæ twigs, unseeing, uncaring, a throbbing pulse of misery in the cool darkness, the sweet silence. Toward morning she dozed a little; but started awake in the false dawn amid a faint, wild, fresh stir of wind-wings and bird-wings.

Words were clear in her brain with the waking: "*Was she then — one of those poor creatures*" — she, Evey, in her spring splendor of soft, crimson-cheeked young beauty? And no other woman, in some greater strength of beauty, or of goodness, had bereaved her of Richard's heart. No, far worse, it had been stolen from her by the things of men — by the lure of the night spent rolled in a wet cloak under a dripping pine, by the rushing roll of a drum, by the savagery of a war-cry, by the beckoning of shadows slipping through the dark to fall, a materialized Death, on brothers sleeping in the dawn.

For the first time Evey's bitterly controlled heart broke the restraint ordered for it by Evey's tradition-tormented young womanhood. She sat up, nursing her abased silken head in her soft arms, shuddering with sobs, drenched with tears, openly crying out to the infinite and unanswering blankness and darkness, "Give Richard back to me, O God, — give Richard back to me!"

The next morning Richard came to where Evey sat dabbling her fingers in the blue river source. "Evey," he said.

She looked up slowly and saw that he led his brown colt, and that he was cloaked and booted for riding. We will not tell what Richard saw in Evey's face when she looked up, for she was trying to hide it.

"I am going back to my regiment, Evey. I have told every one else good-by."

Evey still looked at him speechlessly.

"Won't you say good-by, Evey?"

So this was how God answered prayers. She had journeyed through that dreadful night to this.

Still silent, Evey held out her cold hand. Richard helped her to rise, and stood, still holding it, looking down in troubled thought.

"Evey," he said at length, with his abrupt movement and look, "if you have not kept me, you may be sure it's because I'm not worth keeping;" and after his night under the dwarfing stars Richard really believed that. He dropped her cold little hand and waited.

Presently Evey came closer, and lifted her soft arm around his neck, and gave him the sister kiss of farewell he mutely craved of her with his troubled blue eyes.

Her heart would have thrust her from him before she gave it.

"Please let me," she pleaded with her heart. "It makes him feel better, and he is going away. Maybe he is going away forever."

Richard's face quivered. "Oh," he said, stammering, "no one is so good, so sweet, so beautiful, as you, Evey!"

He went away with blurred eyes, and stumbling feet, and the brown colt followed. Evey did not look around to see them go; but she heard them going for a long while by a snapped branch, or a dislodged stone along the narrow bridle-trail, winding here, winding there, yet dropping ever to the valley where men were playing a tragic, losing game of war.

They did not stay long on the mountain-top after Richard went away. Autumn rains came, early and chill, and drove them to the firesides below. On the way a strange thing happened for Evey. Some accident to a wheel delayed the party for an hour by the river, older now, and eddying in mad play among the rocks. Evey, insensibly wandering apart, picked her way from rock to rock across the stream. Half-way over, a level ledge allured her to a seat on its lichen tapestry. Here she lingered, leaning over, and trailing her fingers in the shallow swirl of water. She had been doing this for ten unconscious minutes perhaps, and they had begun calling her back, when something struck against her numb palm. Her hand involuntarily closed about the object, and she gave a faint, astonished cry.

For this was how Evey got the ring back, the empty little ring, with its emerald heart gone, loosened in some way from its clasping gold, and lost in that tossing, interrupted passage to Evey's hand.

She carried the ring home, and strung it on a narrow ribbon around her neck, and thereafter when she prayed for Richard to come back to her, and for all to be as it was, she held it in her burning palm. At first, as on that night in her forest room, she prayed with some desperate hope, some childish faith, that a miracle might be wrought by loving and praying; but later she prayed she knew not why, since it was all to be in vain.

In Evey's corner of the world, engagements, unless actually culminating in

wedding invitations, created small comment. One does not chatter over the love affairs of roses and butterflies. Even had it been otherwise people had sadder things to occupy them. There was always death, for one thing. Though the town itself lay pocketed among the hills, with the war eddying around it, yet never touching it, still young men went out to that war, and dead men came back from it, and made it real to the people left behind.

Richard's father came back so, and Evey's own brother. Evey wore a black dress now, and her dimmed cheeks were natural enough in a community made up of babies, and sick people, and women, and old, old men. She might stand, as she often did stand, where the linden avenue opened on the high road, so lost in unhappy reverie as to be unconscious of the passer-by. The chances were that the passer-by was lost in unhappy reverie too, for this was the third year of the great war, and Jackson was dead. Only of the children were expected the bright faces which proved even to the saddest that youth and light-heartedness had still a hand in shaping the world. Sometimes it seemed to Evey that but for the children's faces she would sink down, down in some gulf of dumb, dreamy madness. But Martie's face alone was enough to illumine with hope a larger place than Lexington.

If rippling, running spring water sparkling in the sunshine of an April morning could be curved and colored into a cool pink rose, you might get some idea of the brightness of Martie's face when she came visiting Evey. This she was very fond of doing. Evey's home on the town's edge had a white pillared magnificence which Martie's Aunt Martha's square brick house on Main Street lacked entirely. Evey's home had spacious interiors, dim and glowing with polished, dark woods, and mirrors narrow and deep between banks of Flemish brass. Back of the house, too, a foreign-looking garden of flowers and shrubs had long ago been laid out, with formal beds, and ordered borders, and summer-houses made of honeysuckle and rose-vine, and a fountain of white marble out of some deserted Roman garden of a far remoter past. These wonderful grounds descended by terraces to the river, and the willow-trees, and to Evey's brother's white boat, now never touched, but left ever rising, sinking, ruining on its rusty chain.

Then Evey's room, white-paneled, wide-windowed, opening on an upper portico bowered with clematis; Evey's room, with a treasure of Evey's childhood in every little drawer and box. Always Martie hoped Evey would say, "Now we'll go up to my room, Martie." And Evey, sweet-hearted as ever in her sadness, always said it. Often she transferred a treasure to Martie: one's childish things seem to crave to be given to these later children; and sometimes, invoked by Martie's rapture, her own not distant little girl self came running back to play. One evening in particular Evey was noted to be prattling as volubly and gleefully as Martie herself; but an hour later you might have seen her standing at the end of the linden avenue, gazing along the road by which Richard, alive or dead, would one day surely come; "but not to me," mused Evey, never seeing you as you passed, "not to me."

Now and again she heard how Richard used his freedom. Once indeed Lexington talked of nothing else for days. Neighbors who had watched him grow up went around saying to each other, "Have you heard?" and the whole town glowed with his name and deed. His mother uplifted a stately white head above her widow's gown, and his young sister ran to sob out her excitement on Evey's shoulder, crying, "Why did you give him up, Evey? See how proud you would be of him now!"

Evey kissed her in a silence which appeared consenting, — even to the Goddess of Truth this reticence might have been conceded, — but her mind was filled with strange radical musings that summer of '64. What she was really thinking above

Isabella's bowed head would have made Isabella start away from her with incredulous horror in her blue eyes. For Evey was doubting the justice of the Cause, and Evey was thinking that nothing could be worth so much of the heart's blood of a land's youth, and Evey was saying to herself, " I will not be proud of Richard. Other mothers are weeping because his mother is glad. That is all it comes to."

Evey's soft body shuddered with hate of the whole horrible war, as she drew herself from Isabella's arms.

" Oh," cried Isabella, her eyes flashing, " you *are* cold-hearted — he always said you were cold-hearted, Evey. I am sorry I came to you."

" I am not cold-hearted," said Evey quietly, " but I am sick of war. How can any woman in this land not be sick of war, Isa? "

" I am not," defied Isabella. " I do not begrudge it my father. If I were a man I would be like Richard."

" I begrudge it my brother," said Evey. Her deep eyes shone. " If I were a man, I would try to stop the war."

" I don't understand you, Evey; you used to think it so glorious."

" I was a little fool," said Evey bitterly. Then she caught Isabella back to her and the two girls cried together before they kissed and parted. Isa might not always understand Evey, but she could not help loving her.

Far out over the hills things had happened which the town was yet to hear of. All over the country men were coming home. Wounded, worn-out, defeated; on horseback, or on foot, they were coming, The dusty highways were dotted and strung with them, the green wood-roads and mountain-trails were blotted with their ragged grayness. One of them, short-cutting by the river-path at sunset, had been halted by the apparition of Bruce's white skiff, idle under the dipping willows; and there, leaning his tattered sleeve, with its captain's stripe, on a tree, Evey found him. He turned her a haggard face of no age, unshorn, dusty, under a sunburned shock of hair.

" Richard! " Evey's startled voice rang, her heart sped forward to new disaster. " You are not wounded. Did you bring home some — who is — or dead? " Her thoughts flew to her father.

Richard shook his head as he came running up the bank. She saw that he controlled trembling lips. He made her sit down on a bench and dropped at her feet.

" What is it then? " Her beating heart shook her to the point of pain.

Richard looked up at her, still biting his lip, fumbling with his cap.

" O Evey," he said, " I have seen Lee surrender! "

He flung his arm across the bench and hid his eyes in his ragged sleeve.

Evey put her own arm over his head protectingly. Her flowing black sleeve covered it, her hand touched his tense shoulders with comfort. Above him her eyes were luminous with joy. She breathed deeply as one dropping a burden. It seemed to Evey as if all the women in the land must be sending up that blessed sigh of relief, that it must be an audible song ascending to the skies. And Richard was brokenhearted because he was not allowed to fight any longer — poor little boy!

Presently, looking up, Richard reached a hand to Evey's sleeve, and held it as if it saved as well as sheltered. " Evey," he said, and it was plain that the words welled up from his heart, " I did n't know I was coming back to you when I started — but, O Evey, will you have me back? Will you let me belong to you forever? "

Her prayer had been answered. The war that bore Richard from her had cast him back on the steadfast shores of her heart. Why then did Evey sit silent, brooding over him with such a wistful face?

" Don't you love me any more, Evey? "

Time at last makes all things even. It was Richard's turn to ask that. He looked at her, seeing for the first time her pale cheeks.

"It would serve me quite right," he said sternly, " if you did not."

She made a tender, involuntary little movement toward him. Richard's arms went up, and round her.

"It is not *that!*" cried Evey.

Not love him? Oh, Evey loved him well, only now the love was mingled with past pain, with long sorrow, with sad wisdom too deep by far for Evey's years. She scarcely knew a way to make clear to Richard how, though her heart was indeed full of this love, it was filled, too, with yearning for love as she had first known it — love unalloyed with life, a lifting joy.

So, homesick for a little, green, heart-shaped, untried world of youth, she sat, her cheek quietly against Richard's upreached hand, her fingers twisting at a black ribbon, and playing with an empty ring.

"Evey!" cried Richard. He took the ring from her. "Why, I lost that!"

"On pnrpose?" whispered Evey.

"Yes," said Richard unsteadily; "the morning I left you."

"The emerald is still lost," said Evey. She pressed her lips to his torn sleeve.

"Never mind," said Richard, still unsteadily, "we'll take the ring down to Myers in the morning."

But Myers, in all of his dusty stock, had not another heart-shaped emerald. How could he have, thought Evey, when there was not another in the whole world?

They chose a ruby finally, and waited in the window-seat behind the geraniums while it was being set in the empty ring. To them in that tiny, timeless, sunny haven, appeared, after seconds, or ages, old Myers, his fine, wise face wrinkled with a musing smile. He stood watching them, two children whom he had known all their lives, while Richard fitted the ring in its old place on Evey's finger.

So Evey's lost emerald blossomed at last. Red war, heart's blood, crimson cheeks of youth, had gone to make up that blossoming. Evey shut the ring suddenly in her palm.

"Don't you like it?" asked Richard imploringly.

"I love it," said Evey, "only" — she tried to keep it back, that desperate, childish wail; but it would come, it would burst from her heart. "Oh, it's not the same," cried Evey, "it's not the same!"

They had been married, and living at the old Red Hill place for a year, now. Richard had pointed out to Evey that the boy might be safely left with two grandmothers, an old colored mammy, and Martie. Evey had pretended to assent, and was deep in her first stroll with Richard through the summer-time. She hid her anxiety so successfully that Richard thought she was enjoying herself, and proposed a remoter, greener depth, where wilder creek waters narrowed between steeper hillsides, and where, instead of sunshine being sprinkled with shadow, shadow was sprinkled with sunshine.

It seemed to Evey, as Richard spoke, that the baby was receding to a vanishing point of space, that she was being lured to these haunts of girlhood to make her forget that she had a baby at all. She had heard of men being jealous of their children. Was Richard one of these monsters?

"I won't go a step further," declared Evey.

"Now I've tired you!" cried Richard with extravagant self-reproach. He stripped off his coat, and made her sit down on it, before she could utter a protest. She fidgeted. What might not be happening to the baby? She looked suspiciously at Richard, who had stretched himself at her side. His head touched her knee.

"Evey," said Richard, — his arms went up and drew her down to his lips, — "I'm the happiest man in the world."

"But perhaps," thought Evey, "it's because we're here together — *just us two again.*" She caught her breath, she dared the question. "You mean —?"

"Yes," whispered Richard. He let her go so that he could see up into her eyes. Her white blush answered his look. "To think of us, Evey, *us* — having a little son!"

Awe, old as mankind, thrilled his young voice. He turned his face to her encircling arm, and again her flowing sleeve covered his head, and her tender hand caressed. As she sat thus, a slender ray of sunlight pierced the green leaves and searched out the ruby in her ring. The dazzle drew her eyes, and she gazed, dreaming, smiling, forgetting.

For beautifully beyond all imagining Evey's lost emerald had blossomed anew, — in scarlet colors of October, and Richard's hand warm in hers, — in leaping fires of home, and Richard by her side, — in earliest arbutus, and Richard parting the wet dead leaves above it for her to see the rosy face of spring, — in June-time, and red sunrise of new hope, and Richard laying the child in her arms.

CHAPTERS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER

II

A PUPIL OF AGASSIZ

[The January *Atlantic* contained that portion of the late Professor Shaler's autobiography which described his boyhood in Kentucky. After some account of his random schooling, which included lessons in German and fencing, Professor Shaler proceeds, in the chapter given in the following pages, to an account of his first experiences at Harvard. — The Editors.]

In 1858, when I was seventeen years old, it was determined that I should have a good education. My parents could well afford this, for my grandfather had left considerable property, and besides that there were other means. The plan was that I should have a liberal training, and then make up my mind as to what profession I would adopt. It was at first proposed that I should go to West Point, but my fancy for war had passed, and not even the argument that there was war to come and that soon, affected me. My desire, moved by my teacher Escher, was to go to Heidelberg; fortunately it was determined that I should begin my exploration of the realm of higher learning at Harvard College. We supposed that I was far enough along to enter the sophomore class in 1859, and that after graduating I should go to Germany for further study. For my own part I cared little where I went or what I did. There was need of enlargement, the resources about me were used up, and I was so shaped that if a change had not been made, I should have wandered away in search of adventures.

My father went with me to Cambridge, and as it was well on in the first term, I was placed under a tutor recommended by his classmate Dixwell. I was then a lank fellow, six feet high, very slender, nimble from a good though limited physical training, still rather feeble from attacks of malaria and megrims. As for my training, what has been said before shows that it was, from the schoolmaster's point of view, a jumble of unrelated matters — a very poor basis for collegiate study, which took no account of a training in arms and equitation, and as little of philosophy and geology, or a knowledge of human nature. Still, on going me over, my tutor thought I could be put in the sophomore class in the autumn of 1859.

Although my studies interested me, —

anything did, for I had then and ever since a capacity to be interested in anything put before me, — my tutor most commanded my attention. He was a senior in Harvard College, and had a well-deserved name for scholarship in the classics, as well as for a miscellaneous assortment of talents and knowledge. He was reputed to be the best player of the game of checkers in the country; knew the political history of the United States amazingly well; was learned in pugilism, having at his tongue's end the story of all the prize fights of recent times; withal he was the merriest little man I have ever seen. His curly head and radiant visage charmed me at first, and remain as treasured recollections in a whole gallery of such memories. I well recall my first morning with him, when, after going over the best of what I could and could not do, he asked me if I could box. I pleaded guilty to some knowledge of that ignoble art. At that time I had not learned of his interest in it, and thought that I would be lowered in his eyes by the confession. To my surprise, indeed to my horror, for I had a swordsman's contempt for the business, he insisted on my having a bout with him at once. I had learned boxing in Scherer's school of arms, where it was taught by a competent man but classed as a very degrading form of fighting, ranking below quarter-staff. It was regarded as an ignoble, if sometimes necessary, means of defense, only to be resorted to in extremity when you were contending with common people and had no blessed steel at hand. The eager little man proved very unskillful. At the very first tap he tipped over, his head going against a window-pane, smashing the glass but happily not harming him. I shall never forget my mingled wonder and exasperation at this incident. My training with the reverend philosopher Escher had set up in my mind a category of the tutor into which this new-found specimen by no means fitted.

My work with my mentor went in a fair way for some months during the winter and spring in Cambridge, and during the summer in Keene, New Hampshire. In Cambridge, I found myself in an unhappy social position, for the reason that my station as a sub-freshman, as an inferior to the men of my own age already in college, was humiliating to my sense of self-importance, and in marked contrast to that I had won at home. In Keene, I found myself in a charming New England community, where the life resembled that to which I was native. There, the fact that I could ride, shoot, act in theatricals, spout poetry, and descant on philosophy, put me back into the class of men, so that I was myself again.

While in Keene, there came an odd incident in my education which, though but a trifle, proved most telling. My tutor, with whom I had read much Latin verse in a manner which he approved, for my scanning was uncommonly good, — I had a natural ear for it, — one day asked me the rule for the quantity of a syllable, only to find that I was absolutely ignorant of such written prescriptions. The long list of these rules was then produced — they were to be learned at once. Now I cannot by any contrivance manage to fix in my mind a succession of irrelevances. If he had commanded me to commit all of Ovid, I should willingly have set about the task; as it was, I asked him if in his opinion Horace had learned those precious rules. He was sure that he had not, and equally certain that I must learn them if I had any expectation of getting into Harvard College. On that issue we parted. I refused to spend time on an unnecessary bit of purely formal work.

I was the more content to give up a training in Harvard College, for the reason that my stay in Keene had convinced me that I was more naturalist than humanist, in that I could not content myself with the book side of culture. The life of the fields, the brooks, and rocks, was nearer to me than that of the men and thoughts of long ago. Moreover, in

some way I had come across Agassiz's essay on classification, then just published, and in it I found something at once of science and philosophy. As I recall it, this essay was the introduction to Agassiz's series, never completed, of contributions to the natural history of North America, the volume concerning the Testudinata. These creatures had interested me in my childhood; I had one of them among my first "pets" when I was about ten years old, and fancied, I think with good reason, that he learned to know me and to come to my call. While at Keene, I became much interested in several aquatic species which were new to me. The essay and the descriptions in the memoir, along with the other contacts of nature in that lovely district, reawakened my enthusiasm for the world below man, so that the demand of my tutor that I should set me to learning rules for scanning Latin verse came most inopportunely for my college education.

At the time of my secession from the humanities, Agassiz was in Europe; he did not return, I think, until the autumn of 1859. I had, however, picked up several acquaintances among his pupils, learned what they were about, and gained some notion of his methods. After about a month he returned, and I had my first contact with the man who was to have the most influence on my life of any of the teachers to whom I am indebted. I shall never forget even the lesser incidents of this meeting, for this great master by his presence gave an importance to his surroundings, so that the room where you met him, and the furniture, stayed with the memory of him.

When I first met Louis Agassiz, he was still in the prime of his admirable manhood; though he was then fifty-two years old, and had passed his constructive period, he still had the look of a young man. His face was the most genial and engaging that I had ever seen, and his manner captivated me altogether. But as I had been among men who had a free swing, and for a year among people who seemed to me to be cold and superrational, hungry as I doubtless was for human sympathy, Agassiz's welcome went to my heart, — I was at once his captive. It has been my good chance to see many men of engaging presence and ways, but I have never known his equal.

As the personal quality of Agassiz was the greatest of his powers, and as my life was greatly influenced by my immediate and enduring affection for him, I am tempted to set forth some incidents which show that my swift devotion to my newfound master was not due to the accidents of the situation or to any boyish fancy. I will content myself with one of those stories, which will of itself show how easily he captivated men, even those of the ruder sort.

Some years after we came together, when indeed I was formally his assistant, I believe it was in 1866, he became much interested in the task of comparing the skeletons of thorough-bred horses with those of common stock. I had at his request tried, but without success, to obtain the bones of certain famous stallions from my acquaintances among the racing men in Kentucky. Early one morning there was a fire, supposed to be incendiary, in the stables at the Beacon Park track, a mile from the College, in which a number of horses had been killed and many badly scorched. I had just returned from the place, where I had left a mob of irate owners and jockeys in a violent state of mind, intent on finding some one to hang. I had seen the chance of getting a valuable lot of stallions for the museum, but it was evident that the time was most inopportune for suggesting such a disposition of the remains. Had I done so, the results would have been, to say the least, unpleasant.

As I came away from the profane lot of horse-men gathered about the ruins of their fortunes or their hopes, I met Agassiz almost running to seize the chance of specimens. I told him to come back with me: that we must wait until the mob had spent its rage: but he kept on. I told

him further that he risked spoiling his good chance, and, finally, that he would have his head punched: but he trotted on. I went with him, in the hope that I might protect him from the consequences of his curiosity. When we reached the spot, there came about a marvel: in a moment he had all those raging men at his command. He went at once to work with the horses which had been hurt but were savable. His intense sympathy with the creatures, his knowledge of the remedies to be applied, his immediate appropriation of the whole situation, of which he was at once the master, made those rude folks at once his friends. Nobody asked who he was, for the good reason that he was heart and soul of them. When the task of helping was done, then Agassiz skillfully came to the point of his business — the skeletons — and this so dexterously and sympathetically that the men were, it seemed, ready to turn over the living as well as the dead beasts for his service. I have seen a lot of human doing, much of it critically, as actor or near observer, but this was in many ways the greatest. The supreme art of it was in the use of a perfectly spontaneous and most actually sympathetic motive to gain an end. With others, this state of mind would lead to affectation; with him, it in no wise diminished the quality of the emotion. He could measure the value of the motive, but do it without lessening its moral import.

As my account of Agassiz's quality should rest upon my experiences with him, I shall now go on to tell how and to what effect he trained me. In that day there were no written examinations on any subjects which candidates for the Lawrence Scientific School had to pass. The professors in charge of the several departments questioned the candidates and determined their fitness to pursue the course of study they desired to undertake. Few or none who had any semblance of an education were denied admission to Agassiz's laboratory. At that time, the instructors had in addition to their meagre salaries — his was then $2500 per annum — the regular fees paid in by the students under their charge. So I was promptly assured that I was admitted. Be it said, however, that he did give me an effective oral examination, which, as he told me, was intended to show whether I could expect to go forward to a degree at the end of four years of study. On this matter of the degree he was obdurate, refusing to recommend some who had been with him for many years and had succeeded in their special work, giving as reason for his denial that they were " too ignorant."

The examination Agassiz gave me was directed first to find that I knew enough Latin and Greek to make use of those languages; that I could patter a little of them evidently pleased him. He did n't care for those detestable rules for scanning. Then came German and French, which were also approved: I could read both, and spoke the former fairly well. He did not probe me in my weakest place, mathematics, for the good reason that, badly as I was off in that subject, he was in a worse plight. Then, asking me concerning my reading, he found that I had read the essay on classification and had noted in it the influence of Schelling's views. Most of his questioning related to this field, and the more than fair beginning of our relations then made was due to the fact that I had some enlargement on that side. So, too, he was pleased to find that I had managed a lot of Latin, Greek, and German poetry, and had been trained with the sword. He completed this inquiry by requiring that I bring my foils and mask for a bout. In this test he did not fare well, for, though not untrained, he evidently knew more of the *Schläger* than of the rapier. He was heavy-handed and lacked finesse. This, with my previous experience, led me to the conclusion that I had struck upon a kind of tutor in Cambridge not known in Kentucky.

While Agassiz questioned me carefully as to what I had read and what I had

seen, he seemed in this preliminary going-over in no wise concerned to find what I knew about fossils, rocks, animals, and plants: he put aside the offerings of my scanty lore. This offended me a bit, as I recall, for the reason that I thought I knew, and for a self-taught lad really did know, a good deal about such matters, especially as to the habits of insects, particularly spiders. It seemed hard to be denied the chance to make my parade; but I afterwards saw what this meant, that he did not intend to let me begin my tasks by posing as a naturalist. The beginning was indeed quite different, and, as will be seen, in a manner that quickly evaporated my conceit. It was made and continued in a way I will now recount.

Agassiz's laboratory was then in a rather small two-storied building, looking much like a square dwelling-house, which stood where the College Gymnasium now stands. The structure is still extant, though in forty-six years it has three times changed its site and uses, having been first a club-house for his students on Divinity Avenue, where the Peabody Museum has been built; it went thence to a site on Jarvis Street, where it served as the club-house and theatre for the Hasty Pudding Club; from there a little further west, to its present location, where, after being long the habitation for the department of French, it came to be a part of the little establishment for teaching students astronomy. Agassiz had recently moved into it from a shed on the marsh near Brighton bridge, the original tenants, the engineers, having come to riches in the shape of the brick structure now known as the Lawrence Building.

In this primitive establishment Agassiz's laboratory, as distinguished from the store-rooms where the collections were crammed, occupied one room about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide — what is now the west room on the lower floor of the edifice. In this place, already packed, I had assigned to me a small pine table with a rusty tin pan upon it. Of other students, all somewhat older than myself, there were Alpheus Hyatt, F. W. Putnam, A. E. Verrill, E. S. Morse, Richard Wheatland, Caleb Cook, and a person by the name of Lamb. Hereto also came from time to time, but not regularly, Theodore Lyman and Stimson. There was also, in some narrow quarters, a translator, a Swede, whose name is gone from me, and a sterling old person, Gugenheimer, who served as a preparator. Agassiz's artists generally worked at his nearby dwelling or at his place at Nahant. One of the small rooms upstairs was a sleeping place for Putnam, who served as keeper of the establishment. I have given what may seem unnecessary details concerning this primitive laboratory and museum, in part for the reason that there is, so far as I know, no record of it, and also that it may be set over against the existing conditions of what used to be called Natural History in the University.

When I sat me down before my tin pan, Agassiz brought me a small fish, placing it before me with the rather stern requirement that I should study it, but should on no account talk to any one concerning it, nor read anything concerning fishes, until I had his permission so to do. To my inquiry, "What shall I do?" he said in effect, "Find out what you can without damaging the specimen; when I think that you have done the work I will question you." In the course of an hour I thought I had compassed that fish; it was rather an unsavory object, giving forth the stench of old alcohol, then loathsome to me, though in time I came to like it. Many of the scales were loosened so that they fell off. It appeared to me to be a case for a summary report, which I was anxious to make and get on to the next stage of the business. But Agassiz, though always within call, concerned himself no further with me that day, nor the next, nor for a week. At first, this neglect was distressing; but I saw that it was a game, for he was, as I discerned, rather than saw, covertly watching me. So I set my wits to work upon the thing, and in the course of a hundred hours or

so thought I had done much, a hundred times as much as seemed possible at the start. I got interested in finding out how the scales went in series, their shape, the form and placement of the teeth, etc., etc.

Finally, I felt full of the subject and probably expressed it in my bearing; as for words about it then, there were none from my master except his cheery "Good morning." At length, on the seventh day, came the question, "Well?" and my disgorge of learning to him as he sat on the edge of my table, puffing his cigar. At the end of the hour's telling, he swung off and away, saying, "That is not right." Here I began to think that, after all, perhaps the rules for scanning Latin verse were not the worst infliction in the world. Moreover, it was clear that he was playing a game with me to find if I were capable of doing hard, continuous work without the support of a teacher, and this stimulated me to labor.

I went at the task anew, discarded my first notes, and in another week of ten hours a day labor I had results which astonished myself and satisfied him. Still there was no trace of praise in words or manner. He signified that it would do by placing before me about half a peck of bones, telling me to see what I could make of them, with no further directions to guide me. I soon found that they were the skeletons of half-a-dozen fishes of different species; the jaws told me that much at a first inspection. The task evidently was to fit the separate bones together in their proper order. Two months or more went to this task, with no other help than an occasional looking over my grouping, with the stereotyped remark, "That is not right." Finally, the task was done, and I was again set upon alcoholic specimens, — this time a remarkable lot of specimens representing, perhaps, twenty species of the side-swimmers or *pleuronectidæ*.

I shall never forget the sense of power in dealing with things which I felt in beginning the more extended work on a group of animals. I had learned the art of comparing objects, which is the basis of the naturalist's work. At this stage I was allowed to read, and to discuss my work with others about me. I did both eagerly and acquired a considerable knowledge of the literature of Ichthyology, becoming especially interested in the system of classification, then most imperfect. I tried to follow Agassiz's scheme of division into the order of ctenoids, and ganoids, with the result that I found one of my species of side-swimmers had cycloid scales on one side and ctenoid on the other. This not only shocked my sense of the value of classification in a way that permitted of no full recovery of my original respect for the process, but for a time shook my confidence in my master's knowledge. At the same time I had a malicious pleasure in exhibiting my *find* to him, expecting to repay in part the humiliation which he had evidently tried to inflict on my conceit. To my question as to how the nondescript should be classified, he said, "My boy, there are now two of us who know that."

This incident of the fish made an end of my novitiate. After that, with a suddenness of transition which puzzled me, Agassiz became very communicative; we passed indeed into the relation of friends of like age and purpose; and he actually consulted me as to what I should like to take up as a field of study. Finding that I wished to devote myself to geology, he set me to work on the Brachiopoda as the best group of fossils to serve as data in determining the Paleozoic horizons. So far as his rather limited knowledge of the matter went, he guided me in the field about Cambridge, in my reading, and to acquaintances of his who were concerned with earth-structures. I came thus to know Charles T. Jackson, Jules Marcou, and, later, the brothers Rogers, Henry and James. At the same time I kept up the study of zoölogy, undertaking to make myself acquainted with living organic forms as a basis for a knowledge of fossils.

Just after I entered with Agassiz, the construction of his museum was begun with the small part of the now great edifice which constitutes the end of the northern wing. There were four rooms on the ground floor, each with galleries, and a like number similarly galleried on the second floor. Early in 1860 the building was ready for use. Then came the work of transportation of the collections stored in the laboratory and elsewhere to their new domicile, and the effort to arrange them in some kind of order, so as to give to the public the semblance of a museum; for from a generous public came the money, and placation was necessary. Into this work the students were in a way impressed; so for a year I was with others occupied in sorting and arranging a jumble of materials, odds and ends from all over the earth. In the old storage place there was no chance to exhibit any of the show specimens. So far as I can remember, the only thing that people came to see was a large glass jar containing several heads of Chinamen, which some one had brought from a place of execution. The sight of this was much sought after, especially by women in search of a sensation. In the course of a year a collection was installed, which in certain ways was then the best in this country.

My share in the work of bringing a preliminary order into the new museum was considerable, and while for some months it broke all systematic study it was largely profitable. It gave me a chance to gain hard contact with a great range of animal forms, both recent and fossil, and to it I owe a general knowledge of organic forms which I could not have acquired otherwise. There was at that time no other means of finding one's way to such information. Agassiz's lectures gave us little. Though very interesting from their personal quality, the field they covered was curiously limited. In the first term he gave about twenty-five lectures on zoölogy, and in the second about the same number on geology. The first series began with a very interesting sketch of the general principles of the science, which quickly passed to problems of classification and thence to questions of comparative anatomy, practically limited to the polyps, acalephs, and echinoderms. In the years from 1859 to his death in 1873, whenever he gave these lectures, perhaps in six or eight years, their form and contents remained unchanged. The geological series was practically altogether devoted to the simpler problems of stratigraphy or the succession of geological periods; about one-third of the course was given to the glacial period. Except for the noble and marvelously contagious enthusiasm with which he approached the subject, and the admirable pictures of the masters he had known, the lectures were not profitable to his students; in those regards — the weightiest possible — they were most valuable.

By far the greater part of the instruction I had from my master was in diverse bits of talk concerning certain species and the arrangement of the specimens. He would often work with me for hours unrolling fossils, all the while keeping up a running commentary which would range this way and that, of men, of places. of Aristotle, of Oken. He was a perfect narrator, and on any peg of fact would quickly hang a fascinating discourse. Often when he was at work on wet specimens, while I was dealing with fossils, he would come to me with, say, a fish in each hand, that I might search in his pockets for a cigar, cut the tip, put it between his teeth and light it for him. That would remind him of something, and he would puff and talk until the cigar was burned out, and he would have to be provided with another.

As soon as Agassiz's collections were removed to the new museum, the old building (now to be known as Zoölogical Hall) was put on rollers and taken across lots to its second station on Divinity Avenue. It was then given over to what was called the Zoölogical Club, an asso-

ciation of about a dozen students who were working with him. It was arranged so as to provide bedrooms, a dining-room, and a room in the centre of the upper story with which the bedrooms connected, which served as the meeting-place of the Zoölogical Club, which was organized at this time and became the centre of our life. I had the good fortune to receive in the allotment a sleeping-place and a study connected therewith. These, as I did not lack money, were well furnished. As my quarters lay on the path from his house to the Museum, my master got into the habit of coming for a bit of talk, not always on science, perhaps oftenest about people he had known, about politics, in which he was keenly interested, or about his plans and perplexities. It seemed to me, as it did to some of my mates, somewhat curious, for I was the youngest of the lot and a newcomer. I now see that it was probably owing to the fact that in some ways I was then a good deal more of a man in my knowledge of the world than my elders and betters of the association. Something was due to the fact that I had been trained by Escher, an educated fellow countryman of his, and had known some of the "forty-eighters," and profited by the enlargement that acquaintance offered; still more perhaps to the fact that I had become in a way intimate in the houses of some of his friends in Boston.

In my room my master became divinely young again. He would lie on the sofa, drink what I had to offer, — I brought with me the then Southern habit of offering wine to guests, — take a pipe, and return in mind to his student days, or to his plans for work, or to his scheme of a museum which should present the animal and vegetable kingdoms so plainly that he who ran would perforce read — and deeply. I have never known a mind of such exuberance, of such eager contact with large desires. I was in thorough sympathy with his museum and with his projects, so that I had large profit from these interesting meetings, for they awakened an enthusiasm for constructive work which I doubt if any other accident of life would have aroused.

In my notebook for April 7, 1860, is this entry: "Professor Agassiz in his lecture this morning dwelt upon the requirements of a scientific man who would be more than a mere species-describer. The great test, he said, was to be able to deal with your subject in different ways. In amplifying the idea he said it was well to be able to give in a single sentence the whole matter of months of labor, in a form so true that a scientific man could read in it, not only the extent of your knowledge, but also the habit of your mind. He declared he could learn all this from an answer couched in the most laconic form. He said he should require of us in our several departments, first, a monograph; second, a scientific lecture; third, a popular lecture; fourth, a simple child's tale."

The meetings of the Zoölogical Club, at which all sorts of problems were discussed, were never attended by Agassiz. To our request that he would join us, his answer was that we had better work alone, though he advised us to gather about us all who were interested in our problems, and to give our joint studies a wide range. I see now that, while he was much concerned for our advancement, his aim was to have us stand alone, or at least to lean only on our mates. Although he could not help shaping those about him to his mode of thought, and was often indignant with them when they departed from his path, he had a sound practical sense of the danger of founding a school of followers; more than once he commented on this error of other masters.

It was Agassiz's habit to use his students to explore fields for him. This was an inevitable element in his method of teaching, and has been inevitably followed by all inquirers who have taught. In this process of exploration it was his custom to set one of us to work on a group of animals concerning which he had some knowledge, so that he could guide his in-

quirer, at least at the outset of his investigation. I recall that in this way I began a study of the family of the conchifers known as the arcadæ, including the fossil and recent trigonias. For a while I felt that I was following on the trail which he had broken, and then, as in the matter of the geographical and geological distribution of the genera and families, etc., I began to teach him a bit that he did not know. He was as eager to receive as to give, and what I supplied went into his memory as his own discoveries, which in a way they were, for the direction of the work came from his mind. In time, this plan of collaborative work gave him trouble, as it has given trouble to others who taught in the same way, — in that good old way that makes the pupil feel that he is the master and thereby wins to his powers.

VENICE

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

MINUET: *The Masque of the Ghosts*

THE colored dancing shadows creep
Like ghosts from a mysterious street;
And Venice wakens out of sleep
At the sound of their feet.

Here Pulcinello solemn stands,
And the pale patient Pierrot shakes
His shivering shanks and starving hands,
And Columbine awakes.

She has forgotten him, and gay,
Runs past him towards the colonnades
Where the immortal masquers stay,
Unhappy shades.

Their aching hearts beneath their masks
Palpitate like caught butterflies;
They move in their appointed tasks
With disappointed eyes.

The music of a minuet
Beckons to their unwilling feet;
The light loves, they would fain forget,
The stately measures slowly beat.

Dear disappointed shades of joy
That lived merrily without thought,

Your hearts are turned into a toy
To be tossed and caught.

Venice, the tyrant of the years,
Commands you to perpetuate,
With listless feet and weary tears,
The sunken splendors of her state.

II

CAPRICCIO: *Barcarolo*

Love is brittle:
Love me a little!
The gondola sways
And we are carried
By the water-ways
Into silence.

All loves fade
Into a shade:
The gondola slides
Under a dark arch.
Let us put aside
A thing so uncertain
As love.

Why feign
When love 's so plain?
The canal is wider,
We are in daylight;
How far away,
We, together
Are, one from another?
Love me a little
Though love is brittle
And as tortuous
As the water-way.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BERNARD SHAW

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

ONE of the most oddly significant commentaries upon the Anglo-Saxon indifference to the great ideas of the century whenever they are concretized into the form of actable drama, is furnished by the amazing unanimity, on the part of dramatic critics in both England and America, in denying the actual existence of such an entity as the Shavian philosophy. So irreparably is the average theatrical newsman, by courtesy dubbed Dramatic Critic, divorced from the real life of philosophy, ethics, politics, and sociology; so hopelessly is his critical perception warped by the romantic conventions, senescent models, and classic traditions of the stage; so entirely does he breathe the air of box-office receipts, shine in the reflected halo of "stars," or dwell in the unreal atmosphere of stage human nature, that when the new truths of a new philosophy present themselves to his judgment, his power to recognize them as valuable or even as truths, is irretrievably lost. And if perchance the dramatist, accepting as a mere rhetorical question Horace's "Quamquam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?" possesses the genius and the hardihood to embody his profoundly serious views of life in brilliantly witty and epigrammatic expression, let him beware of the penalty of being regarded as a frivolous and light-headed near-philosopher!

Stranger still, one might even venture to say almost remarkable, is the attitude of the leading English and American dramatic critics, who are men of the world in the large sense, thoroughly cosmopolitan in spirit. Mr. Walkley is quite willing to admit that Bernard Shaw has let in a fresh current of ideas upon the English drama; and yet, in that airy manner of his with which he brushes aside, but does not dispose of, real problems, he nonchalantly dubs these ideas the loose ends of rather questionable German philosophy. There seems little reason to doubt that Mr. Archer was quite sincere in his expressed belief that Bernard Shaw's philosophy may be picked up at any second-hand bookstall. Mr. Huneker is by no means unique in the opinion that Shaw's dramatic characters are mere mouthpieces for the ideas of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Ibsen.

It might be imagined that the verdict of Continental Europe, where so many of the most modern conceptions, most vitally fecund ideas, originate and flourish, would carry with it some weight of authority. America inaugurated Shaw's world-renown by recognizing in him a brilliant and witty personage who succeeded in entertaining the public through the adventitious medium of the stage. It was not until Shaw's plays swept from one end of Europe to the other that Shaw came to be recognized abroad as a man of ideas rather than a mere theatre-poet; indeed, as a genius of penetrative insight and philosophic depth. Forced by the example of America and Europe to recognize in Shaw a dramatist of Continental calibre and range, England at last accorded to Shaw, the dramatist, the acknowledgment so long and so discreditably overdue. Nevertheless, the English dramatic critics still continued to refer Shaw's philosophy to Schopenhauer, to Nietzsche, Ibsen, and Strindberg, "knowing nothing about them," as Mr. Shaw once remarked to me, "except that their opinions, like mine, are not those of *The Times* or *The Spectator*."

It is at least worthy of notice that Shaw does not *claim* to be a great novelist, or a great dramatist, or a great critic; for, as Mr. Chesterton says, he is very dogmatic,

but very humble. Indeed, Mr. Shaw once wrote me that he does not *claim* to be great: either he is or he is not great, and that is an end of the matter. But it is highly significant that Shaw does specifically claim to be a philosopher. Shaw's philosophical ideas have been regarded by English and American critics either as of undoubted European derivation, or else as fantastic paradoxes totally unrelated to the existing body of thought. " I urge them to remember," Shaw remonstrates, " that this body of thought is the slowest of growths and the rarest of blossomings, and that if there is such a thing on the philosophic plane as a matter of course, it is that no individual can make more than a minute contribution to it." An earnest effort to discover Shaw's original " minute contribution " to the existing body of thought is, it seems to me, a much more worthy undertaking than glib accusations of plagiarism; and the introduction of chronological evidence and personal testimony may tend to prove that Shaw is essentially an independent thinker, with a clearly coördinated system of philosophy. Let us critically endeavor, then, in the language of political economy, to award Shaw his merited " rent of ability."

My studies of the life and work of Bernard Shaw have led me to the unwavering conclusion that every phase in his career is the logical outcome of his socialism. His philosophy is the consistent integration of his empirical criticisms of modern society and its present organization, founded on authority and based upon capitalism. In essence, Shaw's drama is socially deterministic; his characters are what they are, become what they become, far less on account of heredity or ancestral influence than on account of the social structure of the environment through which their fate is moulded. Economist as well as moralist, Shaw attributes paramount importance to the economic and political conditions of the *régime* in which his characters live and move and have their being. His drama has its true origin in the conflict between the wills of his characters and the social determinism perpetually at work to destroy their freedom. The germ idea of his philosophy is rooted in the effort to supplant modern social organization by socialism, through the intermediary of the free operation of the will of humanity.

Shaw's fundamental postulate is that morality is transitory, evolutional — a concomitant fluxion of civilization. " What people call vice is eternal," he once wrote; " what they call virtue is mere fashion." This is only an extravagant, epigrammatic mode of stating that morality is not simply " *purement géographique*," as an eminent Frenchman once observed, but a creature of occasion, conditioned by circumstance and environment. Historically considered, progress connotes repudiation of custom and abrogation of authority; the step from the premise that morality is a variable function of civilization to the conclusion that salvation lies alone in revolt, is inevitable. Huxley says in a passage truly Shavian, " History warns us that it is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions."

To the student of modern art and thought, there is nothing especially paradoxical, or even novel, in the notion that morality flows. " The ideal is dead; long live the ideal! " is the epitome of all human progress. In the nineteenth century men ceased to be always on the side of the angels and the devil began to get his due. The day of the *advocatus diaboli*, of the saintly anarch, has dawned. The whole anarchistic spirit of our time is summed up in the words of a character in one of Ibsen's plays: " The old beauty is no longer beautiful; the new truth is no longer true." Every age has its dominant, accepted ideas and forms, petrifactions, crystallizations; but, as Georg Brandes has said, " Besides these it owns another whole class of quite different ideas, which have not yet taken shape, but are in the air, and are apprehended by the greatest men of the age as the results which must

now be arrived at." The ideas of the evolutionary trend of human ideals, of the triumphant hypocrisy of current morality, of the necessity for repudiating the code of the multitude, were in the air; they were slowly being arrived at by Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Stirnir in philosophy; by Lassalle, Marx, and Morris in economics and sociology; by Ibsen, Mark Twain, Shelley, Ruskin, and Carlyle in literature and art. Bernard Shaw epitomizes the movement in a phrase: " Duty is what one should never do; " and embodies his faith in a perfect epigram: " The golden rule is that there are no golden rules." The literature of the age resounds with the " rattle of twentieth-century tumbrils."

The destruction of the principle of alien authority involves the necessity for the creation of the individual standard. Nietzsche has defined freedom as the will to be responsible for one's self. And Max Stirnir, scorning the claims of the species, avers that " to be *a* man is not to realize the ideal of *Man*, but to present *one's self*, the individual. It is not how I realize the *generally human* that needs to be my task, but how I satisfy myself. *I* am my species, am without law, without model, and the like. It is possible that I can make very little out of myself; but this little is everything, and is better than what I allow to be made out of me by the might of others, by the training of custom, religion, the laws, the State, etc." Whilst differing fundamentally from Nietzsche merely in the advocacy of socialism, and from Stirnir in profound concern for the progressive evolution of the species, Shaw is in agreement with them both in desiring the autonomy of the individual. Like many a great master from Molière to Whitman, from Rabelais to Rousseau, Shaw raises the world-old cry, " Back to Nature."

The repudiation of the idea of duty, and of the principle of alien authority, throws the source of action upon the individual; and to Shaw, *naturam sequere* means to heed the voice of instinct in the conduct of life. Shaw turns from the guidance of " conscience," so-called, to the dictates of natural impulse; and is unwavering in urging to the fullest extent the Protestant's claim of right of private judgment in all matters of conscience. And in doing so, he realizes full well that whilst " heterodoxy in art is at worst rated as eccentricity or folly, heterodoxy in morals is at once rated as scoundrelism, and, what is worse, propagandist scoundrelism, which must, we are told, if successful, undermine society and bring us back to barbarism after a period of decadence like that which brought imperial Rome to its downfall."

I do not believe that I am exaggerating in saying that Shaw's life-work, ethically considered, has consisted in an attack upon the conception that passions are necessarily base and unclean; his art works are glorifications of the man of conviction who can find a motive, and not an excuse, for his passions; whose conduct flows from his own ideas of right and wrong; and who obeys the law of his own nature in defiance of appearance, of criticism, of alien authority — in a word, of any external trammel whatsoever. " The ingrained habit of thinking of the propensities of which we are ashamed as 'our passions,' " Shaw has pointed out, " and of our shame of them and of the propensities to noble conduct as a negative and inhibitory deportment called our conscience, leads us to conclude that to accept the guidance of our passions is to plunge recklessly into the insupportable tedium of what is called a ' life of pleasure.' Reactionists against the almost equally insupportable slavery of what is called a ' life of duty ' are nevertheless willing to venture on these terms." But, according to Shaw, the would-be wicked ones find, when they come to the point, that " the indispensable qualification for a wicked life is not freedom, but wickedness."

The difficulty of personal conduct guided by instinct, with its oftentimes appalling consequences, is fully recog-

nized by Shaw; and yet it must be clearly grasped that he does not see anarchy as the outcome of repudiation of duty. Instead of accepting the nude anarchistic formula of Maurice Barrés, for example, — *Fais ce que tu veux*, — Shaw may be understood to enjoin: "Form your moral conscience, and act as it directs you." This morality is no new thing under the sun; for Maurice Maeterlinck has declared that our morality of to-day has nothing to add to this injunction, found in the *Arabian Nights:* "Learn to know thyself! And do thou not act till then. And do thou then only act in accordance with all thy desires, but having great care always that thou do not injure thy neighbor." Even when we do form our moral conscience and act as it directs us, the difficulties are still immense, as both Shaw and Nietzsche have pointed out; and the "experiment" — for it can only be regarded as a tentative proposal — requires great strength of purpose and great force of will. "For too long a time man regarded his natural bents with an 'evil eye,'" writes Nietzsche, "so that in the end they became related to 'bad conscience.' A reverse experiment is *in itself possible* — but who is strong enough for it?"

Maurice Maeterlinck is committed to the view that great ideas belong to the species, not to the individual; and even justice appears to him as an *instinct* whose tendency is the defense and conservation of humanity. Shaw likewise sees in truth and justice, not abstract principles external to man, but *human passions*, which have, in their time, conflicted with higher passions as well as with lower ones. Temperament, guided by passion and operating instinctively, is Shaw's picture of the free, natural man to whose state a return is, in his eyes, desirable. Mr. Shaw once went so far as deliberately to assure me that the universal application of the Shavian philosophy does actually take place. America's greatest living man of letters, after a long life of the most varied experience, recently expressed his conviction that every human action found its primary and invariable source in the egoistic instinct for self-satisfaction predominant in every human being. Pursuant to this view, he epitomized the philosophy of a great life — his own — in the admonition: "Diligently train your ideals upward and still upward towards a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, *while contenting you*, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbor and the community."

It seems to be true that, in reality, the great majority of people do not do what they please, but, aside from scruples of conscience, find it vastly more satisfactory and more convenient to conform to prevailing standards of right and wrong. Indeed, the real limitations to the application of the Shavian philosophy are given by Shaw himself in the assertion that "the men in the street have no use for principles, for they can neither understand nor apply them; and that what they can understand and apply are arbitrary rules of conduct, often frightfully destructive, but at least definite rules enabling the common stupid man to know where he stands, and what he may do and not do without getting into trouble." That is, most people can and actually do fulfill their desires only within the limits prescribed by the prevailing code of morality. The average man is neither a philosopher nor a moralist; and so he is unable to get through the world without being told what to do and what not to do at every turn. "As the race evolves," Shaw pertinently remarks, "many a convention which recommends itself by its obvious utility to every one, passes into an automatic habit, like breathing; and meanwhile the improvement in our nerves and judgment enlarges the list of emergencies which individuals may be trusted to deal with on the spur of the moment without reference to regulations; but there will for many centuries to come be a huge demand for a ready-made code of conduct for general use, which will be used more or less as a matter of over-

whelming convenience by all members of communities."

The final effect of the Shavian philosophy is to substitute *conscience* for *conformity*. Readiness to over-ride tradition, to act unconventionally, to violate the current code of morality, requires moral courage of the very highest order. The sense of responsibility is infinitely deepened. One of John Tanner's epigrams is, "Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it." Shavianism is the philosophy for the reformer who is driven by the "passion of a great faith." The prime restriction of Shavianism is that it is, in Nietzsche's illuminating phrase, "the privilege of the fewest." Its fundamental limitation inheres in the step of exchanging the golden rule of personal conduct for the iron law of personal responsibility. Shaw celebrates the heroism of the man who believes in himself and dares do the thing he wills,—a heroism requiring great force of character, great moral strength. Emancipation comes only when man fulfills his duty to himself; but one's duty to one's self, as Shaw has reminded us, is no duty at all, since a debt is cancelled when the debtor and creditor are the same person. Its payment, in Shaw's phrase, is simply a "fulfillment of the individual will, upon which all duty is a restriction." Giving free rein to one's natural instincts means nothing more or less than the fulfillment of the individual will. This is the goal toward which Shaw's philosophy is directed. In his plays he has sought to reveal to us instinctive temperaments whose motives are deep down in the will itself.

Shaw appears to many people, especially to women, as a cynic, because he nonchalantly proceeds in the firm belief that, whereas people imagine that their actions and feelings are dictated by moral systems, by religious systems, by codes of honor and conventions of conduct which lie outside the real human will, as a matter of fact these conventions do not supply them with their motives but merely serve as very plausible *ex post facto* excuses for their conduct. Some people see only repulsive greed in the injunction, "Take care to get what you like, or you will have to like what you get;" whilst many are revolted by Ann Whitefield's motto, "The only really simple thing to do is to go straight for what you want and grab it." And the charge that Shaw depicts only frauds, impostors, poseurs, cads, bounders, hypocrites, and humbugs, is quite fully disposed of by Shaw's expressed conviction that it is conceit, and not hypocrisy, that makes a man think he is guided by reasoned principles when he is really obeying his instincts.

Let us make quite clear to ourselves, before proceeding further, that there is no substantial basis whatsoever for the charge that Shaw is a mouthpiece for the ideas of Stirnir, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Ibsen. "If all this talk about my indebtedness to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche continues," Mr. Shaw laughingly remarked to me one day, "I really will have to read their works in order to discover just what we have in common." I have never heard Mr. Shaw speak Stirnir's name. I do not recall any mention of Stirnir in all of Shaw's works, and I have no reason to believe that Shaw is indebted to him in the slightest degree. Whilst Shaw accepts the metaphysics, or, as he prefers to call it, the "metaphysiology" of Schopenhauer, he utterly repudiates his profoundly pessimistic conclusion that life is not worth living.

"I cannot accept for a moment," Mr. Shaw once averred to me, "Schopenhauer's fundamental doctrine that the will which urges us to live in spite of the fact that life is not worth living, is a malign torturer, the desirable end of all things being the Nirvana of the stilling of the will, and the consequent setting of life's sun 'into the blind cave of eternal night.'"

It is quite true that, like Stirnir, Shaw is an intellectual anarch; but he has no real sympathy for Stirnir's *Eigentum*, for the reason that, though Shaw is an individualist, he is likewise a constitutional

collectivist. He sees no real conflict — and here stands out his fundamental disagreement with Stirnir — between individualism and socialism. Shaw has always deliberately affirmed that the alleged opposition between socialism and individualism is false and question-begging; and he once went so far as to propound the following striking definition: "Socialism is merely individualism rationalized, organized, clothed, and in its right mind." Like Nietzsche, Shaw is firmly convinced that our old morality is a piece of comedy; and he is at one with Ibsen in the assertion that neither our moral conceptions nor our artistic forms have an eternity before them. Yet, as a matter of chronologic fact, Shaw had written novels saturated with "Ibsenism" before he had ever read a line, *or even heard*, of Ibsen. And I have it from Shaw himself that the charge that his *Quintessence of Ibsenism* derived its philosophy from *Jenseits von Gut und Böse* for the *first time* directed his attention to Friedrich Nietzsche. Dr. Georg Brandes makes the curious mistake of attributing to the influence of Ibsen the social discontent of Bernard Shaw, who had been a vigorous socialist propagandist for five years before he became acquainted with Ibsen's works. Signor Mario Borsa finds a rationalist *pur et simple* in Shaw — in Shaw, who regards the reign of reason as *vieux jeu*, and declares again and again that man will always remain enslaved so long as he listens to the voice of reason! Indeed, nothing so utterly separates Shaw from Schopenhauer as Shaw's refusal to fall into Schopenhauer's cardinal rationalist error which consisted in making happiness the test of life. Shaw regards happiness and beauty as mere by-products; and his celebration of instinct explains his real opposition to Romance as the great heresy which must be swept off from modern art and life.

The keynote of Shaw's philosophy — the "Shavian Philosophy," as he denominates it — is pursuit of life for its own sake. Life is realized only as *activity that satisfies the will: that is, as self-assertion.* Every extension or intensification of activity is an increase of life. Quantity and quality of activity measure the value of existence. Bernard Shaw sees in life, not the fulfillment of moral law, or the verification of the deductions of reason, but the satisfaction of a passion in us of which we can give no account.

The liberation of the natural instincts of man, as we have seen, amounts precisely to fulfillment of the individual will. Shaw accordingly proceeds to posit a great purpose informing the universe — a genuinely mystical concept paralleling the Christian's idea of God, Schopenhauer's concept of the *Wille zu leben*, or Nietzsche's concept of the *Wille zur Macht.* This force, which Shaw calls the Life-Force, he identifies with the human will. "The Life-Force must not be imagined as standing apart from ordinary things," says Mr. Holbrook Jackson in his acute study of Shaw. "It is neither an outside and independent deity nor a metaphysical toy. On the contrary, the Life-Force has for Shaw no other existence than that of living things. Just as there is no such thing as poverty, but only poor people; just as there is no such thing as happiness, but only happy beings; or no such thing as beauty, but only beautiful things; so, for Shaw, there is no such final and complete thing as the World-Will, but only a world willing itself towards ampler certainty of its end."

Bernard Shaw is not a materialist or natural selectionist, but an idealistic optimist in direct line of descent, astounding as may be the contrast, from Schopenhauer, Lamarck, and Samuel Butler. Contrary to the popular estimate of him as a case of intellect almost pure, Shaw is a man of tremendous passions, of humanitarian and truly philanthropic origin. Scorning to subscribe to the Biblical teaching that man is vicious by nature, Shaw has argued upon the scientific assumption that progress can do nothing but make the most of us all as we are. The passion for the expression of individ-

uality, for the deification of the sovereign will, — of the new man who, in the possession of a " long infrangible will," has his own standard of valuation, — this has animated him throughout his career.

Before he came to Wagner, Shaw had discovered the impossibilities of anarchism: his clearer vision soon enabled him to see that " the individual Siegfried has come often enough, only to find himself confronted with the alternative of government or destruction at the hands of his fellows who are not Siegfrieds." In fine, Shaw came to realize, in his own phrase, that it is " necessary to breed a race of men in whom the life-giving impulses predominate before the New Protestantism becomes politically practicable." The matured form of Shaw's ideal is the ethical man, convinced of the bankruptcy of education and progress, inspired with the faith of the World-Will, and resolved, not to adopt a new philosophy, but to develop and perfect the human species. To the Socialist in his magnificent optimism, nothing is necessary for the realization of Utopia but that Man should will it. " Man will never be that which he can and should be," wrote Richard Wagner, " until by a conscious following of that inner, natural necessity, he makes his life a mirror of nature, and frees himself from his thraldom to outer artificial counterfeits. Then will he first become a living man, who now is a mere wheel in the mechanism of this or that Religion, Nationality, or State."

The cardinal point in the New Theology enunciated by Bernard Shaw is the identification of " God " with the Life-Force. " There are two mutually contradictory ideas which cut across each other in regard to the relative powers of God and Man," observed Mr. Shaw to me one day. We were then, as we walked along the lanes of sleepy Hertfordshire, concluding a long discussion of Shaw's theologic and philosophic views. " According to the popular conception, God always creates beings inferior to Himself: the creator must be greater than the creature. I find myself utterly unable to accept this horrible old idea, involving as it does the belief that all the cruelty in the world is the work of an omnipotent God, who if He liked could have left cruelty out of creation. If God could have created anything better, do you suppose He would have been content to create such miserable failures as you and me?

" As a matter of fact," Mr. Shaw continued, " we know that in all art, literature, politics, sociology, — in every phase of genuine life and vitality, — man's highest aspiration is to create something higher than Himself. So God, or, as I prefer to concretize it impersonally, the Life-Force, has been struggling for countless ages to become fully conscious of Himself — to express Himself in forms higher and ever higher up in the scale of evolution. God does not take pride in making a grub-worm because it is lower than Himself. On the contrary, the grub is a mere symbol of his desire for self-expression."

To Bernard Shaw, the universe is God in the act of making Himself. At the back of the universe, in Shaw's conception, there is a great purpose, a great will. This force behind the universe is bodiless and impotent, without executive power of its own; after innumerable tentatives — experiments and mistakes — this force has succeeded in changing inert matter into the amœba, the amœba into some more complex organism, this again into something still more complex, and finally there has been evolved a man with hands and a brain to accomplish the work of the will. Man is not the ultimate aim of this Life-Force, but only a stage in the scale of evolution. The Life-Force will go still further and produce something more complicated than Man, that is, the Superman, then the Angel, the Archangel, and last of all an omnipotent and omniscient God.

This conception, which M. Auguste Hamon finds of somewhat theosophic aspect, sets off Shaw distinctly from other thinkers with whom he has many points of contact. In reality, Shaw is a confirmed

Neo-Lamarckian in the view that "where there's a will, there's a way." As Mr. Shaw once expressed it to me, Schopenhauer's treatise on the World as Will is the complement to Lamarck's natural history; for will is the driving force of Lamarckian evolution. Shaw accepts Samuel Butler's anti-Darwinian views to the extent of regarding selection as, in Butler's own words, "a purely automatic conception of the universe as of something that will work if a penny be dropped into the box."

Bernard Shaw's religion is the expression of his faith in life and the will. He regards man as divine because actually he is the last effort of the will to realize itself as God. And yet Shaw has assured me that he does not believe in personal immortality. At bottom, he agrees with Weissman that death is only a means of economizing life. The vital spark, the life principle within us, goes on, Shaw believes, in spite of personal annihilation. "This is the true joy in life," he has written, "the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy."

Socialism is the *alpha* and *omega* of Shaw's life. He believes in will, engineered by reason and inspired by faith, because he sees in it the only real instrument for the achievement of socialism. Like all pioneers in search of an El Dorado, he has found something quite different from the original object in mind. Indeed, in his search for freedom of will, he has really succeeded in discovering three checks and limitations to its operation; and to-day he has abandoned the paradox of free will. For he has discovered, as first limitation, the iron law of personal responsibility to be the alternative to the golden rule of personal conduct. Second, the desirability of the sacrifice of the individual will to the realization of the general good of society through the progressive evolution of the race. And third, the personal, temperamental restriction which forbids him to accept anything as true, to take any action, to allow any free play to his will which would seriously and permanently militate against the progressive advance of collectivism.

In the manuscript of an unfinished work, which Mr. Shaw recently loaned to me, I discovered a notable passage which throws a flood of light upon Shaw's philosophy as an index to his entire life and career. Perhaps it may distill the quintessence of the Shavian philosophy.

"The man who is looking after himself is useless for revolutionary purposes. The man who believes he is only a fly on the wheel of Natural Selection, of Evolution, or Progress, or Predestination, or 'some power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness,' is not only useless, but obstructive. But the man who believes that there is a purpose in the universe, and identifies his own purpose with it, and makes the achievement of that purpose an act, not of self-sacrifice for himself, but of self-realization: that is the effective man and the happy man, whether he calls the purpose the will of God, or Socialism, or the religion of humanity. He is the man who will combine with you in a fellowship, which he may call the fellowship of the Holy Ghost and you may call Democracy; or the Parliament of Man, or the Federation of the World, but which is a real working, and if need be fighting, fellowship for all that. He is the man who knows that nothing intelligent will be done until somebody does it, and who will place the doing of it before all his other interests.

"In short, we must make a religion of Socialism. We must fall back on our will to Socialism, and resort to our reason only to find out the ways and means. And this we can do only if we conceive the will as a creative energy, as Lamarck did, and totally renounce and abjure Darwinism, Marxism, and all fatalistic, penny-in-the-slot theories of evolution whatever."

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN COMMERCE

BY AVARD L. BISHOP

THE economic development of this country during three centuries of colonial and national life, has reached the point where the question how to develop our foreign trade is becoming of vital importance. Until recently this was a matter of little concern, owing to the fact that the problems of internal development were taxing all our energies. Consequently, domestic trade and its encouragement were considered of first importance. Foreign trade was too inconsiderable to receive serious attention. But the marvelous achievements of science and their application to the arts have recently made such rapid strides that the material development of the United States has proceeded at an unprecedented pace. Even as late as 1870 the population of this country was less than 39 millions. The total foreign trade was valued at $828,-730,176, of which the imports and exports respectively were $435,958,408 and $392,771,768. Since then the population has more than doubled. The foreign trade has expanded so that it passed the three billion-dollar mark, for the first time, in the calendar year 1906. For the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1907, it was valued at $3,315,272,502, of which the exports alone amounted to $1,880,851,078 — nearly five times their value in 1870.

But it is not only the marked increase, but more especially the change in character, of the export trade which has called forth movements for its promotion. Until comparatively recently, agricultural and other raw products, notably the cereals and cotton, formed the greater bulk of our shipments abroad. Foreign nations stood in need of such commodities, and a ready market was generally available. Under such conditions the export trade could, in a large degree, take care of itself. To-day, however, manufactured goods constitute about 40 per cent of the value of our exports. Ten and twenty years ago the corresponding figures were 30 and 21 per cent respectively. This rapid increase of manufactured goods among the exports warrants the assertion that ere long they will form more than half the value of our foreign shipments. To insure a ready market for manufactures we must be able to compete with such advanced nations as Great Britain, Germany, and Belgium. For years these older countries, by means of private initiative, commercial organizations, and governmental activity, have been exploiting foreign markets through careful organization of their export trade. Experience has enabled them to evolve business methods as yet entirely unpracticed in this country. Consequently, in order to compete successfully with our future commercial rivals, there must be well-directed organized efforts on the part of all concerned to cope with the new problem of expanding foreign trade.

It should not be overlooked that trade conditions in foreign countries are essentially different from those at home, and that each particular market requires special study on the part of exporting firms. The greater the adaptation to such peculiar conditions, the greater is the chance for success. But there are certain larger and more general considerations that must be attended to in order that the lines of least resistance to trade may be developed. In this connection, it is interesting to note that already several movements are in progress. Of these, the most significant are the following: —

1. The reform of the consular service.

2. Attempts to revive the merchant marine in the foreign carrying trade.

3. Organized efforts by Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade.

4. Investigation of trade conditions in foreign countries by special agents of the Bureau of Manufactures in the Federal Department of Commerce and Labor.

5. The creation of a National Council of Commerce.

Reforming the Consular Service

The consular service is now a well-recognized factor in trade expansion. Until comparatively recently, the commercial function of the consular official had scarcely been conceived. The reason lies in the fact that foreign trade, as mentioned above, was looking after itself, and the various expedients to facilitate its development had not been devised. Gradually, however, the possibilities involved by requisitioning the services of carefully selected and trained consuls in the work of exploiting foreign markets came to be realized. Consequently the industrial and trade associations of the country brought pressure to bear upon the government to reorganize the service on the basis of practical business methods. It has never been contended that the government's representatives may give much direct aid in winning foreign markets; what they can do is to render assistance to the trained agents of individual firms sent abroad to solicit orders. Besides this, they can do a great deal toward maintaining a cordial relationship between our people and those of other nations. Prejudices thus are reduced to a minimum, and the way becomes paved for actual business.

Again, if the consul has business instincts and ambitions, as he should have, and is a student of markets and of conditions and competition that must be met, he can digest and catalogue information of this order. This can either be forwarded in reports to the State Department, or be kept accessible to American salesmen. Much has already been accomplished in this way, and it furnishes merely an index of what might be done were the whole consular force composed of men of the right stamp.

It seems clear, therefore, that there should be the same careful selection and incentive to good work among the consuls as prevail in the business world. In most of the European countries such is the case. In Belgium, for example, the candidates must pass a competitive examination. They must be familiar with the French, German, and English languages. They must have a certificate from the Institute of Commerce at Antwerp, and a degree in law or science from some recognized institution. When once in the service, promotion follows only after diligent work. The excellent British system, and its freedom from politics, is too well known to require comment. In general, in most European countries, the political opinions of consular applicants are not considered.

Until recently our method of appointing consuls offered a striking contrast to the above, because the system was still "in politics." At certain posts our officials compared favorably with those of other countries. Yet vacant positions were filled, in a large degree, from the ranks of "respectable indigent gentlemen who had failed here," and by appointing troublesome politicians whose needs rather than qualifications were the basis of selection. Such appointees were more likely to be competent to report upon such topics as the peculiar flavors of tobaccos and wines consumed in their districts than upon trade conditions of public interest. It was only reasonable to expect that such a state of affairs would not always be tolerated by the American public. Soon after the middle of the last century half-hearted attempts at reform were made at different times, but with little result.

As early as 1894 certain leading business associations began to interest themselves in consular reorganization. It was soon realized, however, that little could be accomplished without a united effort. Luckily, the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, backed by a number

of other leading commercial organizations, finally evolved a plan that proved effectual. They firmly believed that Congress would respond by proper legislation if it were demanded with sufficient emphasis; also, that the business interests of the country were practically unanimous in desiring reform. Accordingly, a Consular Reform Convention was called at Washington, D. C., in March, 1906, when Congress was in session. It was arranged to have a satisfactory reform bill before Congress at the same time. The result was that the reform measure passed, and became effective as law on June 30, 1906. The consuls-general and consuls are now graded and classified, so that it is possible to confine original appointments to the lower grades of the service, and to apply the merit system in promotions. Heretofore, a new appointee was assigned to a definite post, and not to a certain grade in the system. Without mentioning the other features of reform, it is fair to say that the reorganization of the service is satisfactory so far as it goes. The failure of Congress to incorporate in the act certain desirable provisions relating to the procedure governing first appointments to the lower grades and promotions to the higher ones, immediately called forth an executive order covering these omissions. Since the successor of President Roosevelt will not be bound to follow out the provisions of the latter's executive order, it is now highly desirable that it be enacted into law. The business and commercial interests are practically unanimous in this matter. If this can be accomplished, it seems reasonable to expect that the *personnel* of our consular service will be greatly improved, that it will be given a permanence hitherto unknown, and will become an active ally of the great business interests of this country in the expansion of foreign commerce.

Our diminishing Merchant Marine

For the past quarter of a century the problem of increasing our merchant marine in the foreign carrying trade has been widely discussed. Since the opening of the present century, extraordinary efforts have been put forth by business organizations, students of trade conditions, legislators, and others, to arrive at a solution satisfactory to the American public. In general, the various schemes proposed involve some form of direct governmental aid to the shipbuilders and operators, or legislation intended indirectly to further their interests. Among the devices most seriously considered are federal subventions or subsidies; the admission, free of duty, without any limitations, of all shipbuilding materials; the adoption of the free-ship policy; and the levying of discriminating tariffs and tonnage dues. Within recent years, a number of organizations have been formed to forward some special propaganda. Of these, noteworthy examples are the Merchant Marine League of the United States, with headquarters at Cleveland; and the Shipping Society of America, at Denver. The former is an ardent advocate of subsidies; the latter, of trade regulation by discriminating dues and duties. In spite of conflicting policies, all such associations are bent upon reviving the merchant marine, so that, in addition to other benefits, our foreign trade can be carried largely in American ships.

The advantages that would thus accrue to our export merchants are too evident to require more than passing mention. We are now almost entirely dependent upon other nations for transporting our goods abroad. Ninety per cent or more of the foreign trade is carried in foreign bottoms. Some of the very nations that are our greatest commercial rivals are our principal carriers. In these days of keen business competition it is only reasonable to expect that American shippers should be discriminated against by alien steamship companies, and such is the case. Comparatively few complaints arise regarding the service provided to Europe. But it is unquestionably true that our merchants engaged in the South

American trade are severely handicapped owing to the almost complete monopoly by foreign lines of the transportation service between South America and the United States. The same is true with reference to the Orient, and it is particularly in both of these directions that our shippers are anxious now to reach out.

The shipbuilding and foreign shipping interests of this country have not only failed to share in the great wave of material expansion, but they have actually declined since the Civil War. In 1860, the merchant marine in the foreign carrying trade was 2,379,396 tons register. In 1907, it was only 861,466 tons — over 100,000 less than in 1810. There seems to be little chance of any material increase above the present figure until the government comes to the rescue with some measure that will offset the advantages now enjoyed by our rivals' subsidized marines. The defeat in Congress of the subsidy bill, framed by the Merchant Marine Commission after an exhaustive investigation of the whole situation, seems to have relegated the question to the background for the present. The business interests of the country, in their ambitious desire to win foreign markets, are not satisfied, however; for they appreciate more keenly than others the great handicap under which they will continue to be placed until the United States becomes less dependent than now upon foreign countries in shipments abroad.

The Convention for the Extension of Foreign Commerce

The most significant movement of the commercial organizations is shown in the "National Convention for the Extension of the Foreign Commerce of the United States," held at Washington, D. C., in January, 1907. The call was issued by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation to all of the leading business associations throughout the country. Besides, the governor of each state was requested to appoint ten commissioners. Seven hundred and fifty delegates were present, representing thirty-one national and ninety local organizations, nearly all the states, as also Hawaii and Porto Rico. Undoubtedly this was the most representative collection of business men ever assembled in this country. Alert beardless upstarts, and gray-haired veterans bent with long years of fruitful toil; imposing politicians, and reserved, but thinking, capitalists; those present out of selfish motives, and those whose country's welfare was chiefly in mind; manufacturers and shippers from the East; cattle-rangers from the West; cotton planters from the South; millers and lumbermen from the Northwest, met face to face for the first time to discuss trade issues of national interest. The avowed purpose of the convention, as announced in the letter requesting the appointment of delegates, was that of "considering and devising measures for the enlargement of our foreign trade, and to promote the demand abroad for the products of our farms, workshops and mines."

As a result of three days' discussion and deliberation, a number of resolutions were adopted, and later submitted to Congress for consideration. In substance, the most important were those that favored the adoption of a maximum and minimum tariff schedule, with a 20 per cent margin, as a basis for treaty arrangements with foreign countries; the establishment of a non-partisan commission to study trade relations with other nations, and to recommend, from time to time, such modifications in customs duties as seem desirable; the revival of our merchant marine; the enactment into law of President Roosevelt's executive order of June 27, 1906, concerning appointments and promotions in the consular service; the extension of American banking facilities in foreign countries; the development of a uniform and simple system of through bills of lading for foreign shipments; and the preparation and recommendation to colleges and universities of a course of study adapted to the needs of young men who are to engage

in business and commerce, the curriculum to be prepared by a committee consisting of the presidents of sixteen representative colleges and fifteen leading business men.

It is impossible, as yet, to measure the results of this convention. Probably it is only the beginning of a larger movement. The general impression seems to be that so much good already has resulted that another convention will be called within the next few months. The business interests of the country are bent upon losing no opportunity to further their aims in developing foreign trade, and they keenly appreciate the fact that one of the best means to this end is organized effort.

The Work of Government Agents

The practice of sending special government agents abroad to study market conditions has been followed by most of the European countries for a considerable time. It appears that Mr. Cortelyou was the originator of the scheme in the United States. In his plan for the work of the Department of Commerce and Labor the first year after its formation, he suggested an appropriation for this purpose. Accordingly, $30,000 was at once set aside for the work. Later the yearly sum available was increased to $50,000. The Bureau of Manufactures was given charge of the investigations. A number of expert inquiries were undertaken, and the results, embodied in special reports, were published and distributed among interested parties.

The fields already studied include Canada, the Latin-American countries, India, Asiatic Turkey, China, Japan, and Korea. As regards specific commodities, the markets for cotton products and leather and its manufactures have been given special attention. That the services of the government agents are considered of value by the business men of the country is shown by their numerous appeals to the Bureau urging that investigations be undertaken, similar to those made of cotton and leather, of markets for their own special products.

The further value of such expert agents is clearly set forth by the Chief of the Bureau of Manufactures in his report for 1907, as follows: —

"Important service was performed by several of the special agents immediately following their return to the United States. The expert who investigated the Lancashire district obtained samples of every grade of cotton piece-goods exported from that district, including a number of fabrics not manufactured in the United States, but the manufacture of which, it is believed, can readily and profitably be undertaken; and upon his return to the country an itinerary was arranged for him, which embraced the principal cotton-manufacturing centres of the Southern States. He thus met and conferred with the managers of mills in those states, exhibited samples, and supplied information with fullness of detail that could not be given in a written report. The samples from England, and those furnished from Egypt, India, and China, were sent, upon application, to manufacturers and their export agents in almost every section of the country. The expert in leather also met leading representatives of the associated leather industries in New England, and advised with them concerning their interests in foreign markets. At annual gatherings of national associations of manufacturers, held at New York and Philadelphia, addresses were made by special agents of the Department, their observations and experiences abroad forming subjects of discussion."

This feature of the work of the Bureau has received the strong approval of representative business men, who urge its continuance and extension. Moreover, the general indispensable value of the expert agent, in the broad scheme of promoting our foreign commerce, already has been clearly demonstrated.

The Bureau of Manufactures has just rendered another important service by preparing a volume of 256 pages, en-

titled *Winning Foreign Markets*. It contains numerous suggestions for the extension of trade, on such practical subjects as obstacles to trade, shipping facilities, proper packing, foreign advertising, and the parcel post. The preparation of the monograph was prompted by numerous letters received by the Bureau from manufacturers, inquiring as to the best methods to pursue in seeking foreign markets.

The National Council of Commerce

The most recent effort, and one whose influence promises to be far-reaching, was the formation, in December, 1907, of a National Council of Commerce. The purpose of this body is to establish a connecting link between the Department of Commerce and Labor and the business organizations, thus making team-work possible in the matter of developing foreign trade. The necessity of making his department of real service to the business men of the country was keenly appreciated by Secretary Straus upon assuming office. In order to profit by the experiences of European countries, he directed Mr. N. I. Stone, a tariff expert, to study and report upon the work done by those departments of foreign governments corresponding to our Department of Commerce and Labor. Germany was the country to which particular attention was given, for there the work of promoting foreign commerce is carried on in a thoroughly systematic manner.

Without attempting even to sketch the outlines of the German system, it is clear that the organization and efficiency of the government's work is unsurpassed by that of any other country. Moreover, the work of the Chambers of Commerce, which are semi-official institutions in that their functions and activities are regulated by law, is equally as well marshaled. But the one feature of the whole system which makes toward efficiency and maximum of usefulness is the close coöperation between the government and the business interests. The connecting link is the Imperial Consultative Board, created in 1898. It consists of thirty-two members. One-half are appointed by the Chancellor of the Empire upon the recommendation of the German Agricultural Association, the German Association of Chambers of Commerce, and the Central Association of German Industry. The other members represent the same general interests, but receive their appointments directly from the Chancellor. As pointed out by Mr. Stone, this commission rendered invaluable assistance in the preparation of the new tariff, by taking an industrial and commercial census of the Empire, and by digesting the data. Moreover, it was this body that carried on the elaborate investigation, in which over 2000 technical experts gave evidence, to shed light upon the tariff question. It is merely a consultative board, but its opinions are in a large part the determining factor in governmental action in matters of foreign commercial policy.

It was largely with a view to establishing a similar close relationship between our government and the business world, along the lines best adapted to our peculiar system of government, that the scheme for a National Council of Commerce originated. Upon the invitation of Secretary Straus, delegates from thirty-seven leading business-men's associations from the principal cities of the United States assembled at Washington in December, 1907. A tentative plan designed to accomplish the desired results was submitted to the convention, and, in all of its essential features, was adopted. A National Council of Commerce was created, to be composed of one member from each of the leading commercial and industrial organizations representing the principal lines of commerce and manufacture in every section of the country. An Advisory Committee, consisting of fifteen members, appointed by the larger body, is to come into direct contact with the officials of the Department of Commerce and Labor. But the council hears and acts upon the reports of the committee of fifteen. More specifically, the latter is to

receive reports and communications from commercial bodies as to their needs, as also unpublished information from the Department which may be of interest to the business world. It will then confer with the officials of the Department regarding the above. Again, it will furnish the Secretary of Commerce and Labor with authentic information as to the needs of different industries when commercial treaties are under consideration. Furthermore it will act as an intermediary between the government and the business organizations in preparing exhibits for international exhibitions, and will keep the Secretary of Commerce and Labor informed as to the remedial legislation approved by the National Council.

The establishment of this connecting link between the Department of Commerce and Labor and the business organizations, whereby united effort is now made possible in foreign trade development, is unquestionably a most timely move. It should combine with those other conscious movements toward the same general end, as outlined above, to open up for our merchants and manufacturers the lines of least resistance to trade. If such is the case, it seems reasonable to expect that the United States, in view of her abundant and diversified natural resources, and the indomitable energy of her captains of industry, should, ere long, not only compete successfully with her older rivals, but eventually win out in the keen struggle for the control of foreign markets.

MUSICAL SUGGESTION

BY REDFERN MASON

THERE is a kind of brain which regards music as mere formal sound and denies it any beauties save those of design. By persons cerebrally so constituted, the idea that music may possess virtues not to be measured by theoretical compasses is utterly scouted. They look upon the art of tone as a sort of audible mathematics, absolute in its processes as the growth of crystals or the polarization of light. That music can express ideas, feelings, suggest moods, present mind-states; that it is indeed a kind of language, unlimited by the conditions which set a term to the expressiveness of words, — this they absolutely deny; and, when music-lovers of another order persist in associating with certain compositions definite moods or emotions, these stern theorists accuse them of self-delusion. They deny that music can be anything more than an artistically ordered succession of sounds, or that it indicates the personality of the composer in any way save by a manner of arranging and combining the notes peculiar to himself. Holding this view, they remember with satisfaction that some of the finest numbers of *The Messiah* were originally written as love-songs; they remind us that, in its first estate, the German chorale, " O Sacred Head now Wounded," was an amorous ditty; they note with satisfaction that many modern ballads, played slowly, make capital voluntaries.

But there is another side to the picture. What was it that made George the Second rise in his place when they sang the " Hallelujah " Chorus, thereby setting an example which is followed to this day? What was it in the Finale of the Fifth Symphony that drew the Napoleonic veteran to his feet with the exclamation, " The Emperor! " ? What sanctity in the Ambrosian hymns moved St. Augustine to tears? During the wars of the

French Revolution it was forbidden, on pain of death, to play the "Ranz des Vaches" in the hearing of the Swiss soldiers, for so acute a longing for home did it bring upon them that they deserted in hundreds. Are we to think there was no virtue in the music itself, and that the effect produced was the outcome of purely accidental circumstances? The Austrian government forbade Berlioz to play the "Rackoczy" march at Buda-Pesth, fearful of its effect on the inflammable Hungarians. Was the fire of patriotism kindled by the mere knowledge that the melody symbolized Hungary, or did the notes speak with tongues of flame?

Music is not a substance to be analyzed in a laboratory, or a natural force to be tested by physical manifestations. Yet the law of cause and effect is as inevitably operative in art as in physics, though, in the former, its working is more difficult to follow. If a composer is a lover, a patriot, a man who delights in nature; if his compositions arouse the like feelings in others, then we have certitude (certainty belongs to exact science) that the emotion which he felt at the moment of creation has permeated his music. It is not wonderful that delicate tone-pictures should be variously interpreted. A Burne-Jones woman differs in meaning according to the mental complexion of the beholder; a passage of Browning may set in motion, in readers of diverse psychic experience, trains of thought seemingly contradictory, although they often prove not to be so. But there is no divergence of opinion as to the meaning of the great, positive things of art. Nobody misunderstands the grief of the Niobe group, or the deep meditation of Michelangelo's Jeremias. In like manner the "Forest Echoes" of *Siegfried* affect the multitude with a uniform sentiment; the "Dead March" in *Saul* compels universal grief; the "Blue Danube" suggests the intoxication of the dance to hearers of every age and nationality.

But the expressiveness of music is not limited to the portrayal of primitive emotions. It is as full of fine shades of meaning as poetry; its range is infinite. It can be naïve as the shepherds in the miracle plays, melodious as the rival swains of Virgil and Theocritus, artificially rustic as Florian and La Fontaine, symbolistic as Mallarmé's fawn. For music is a tonal prism, which reflects, not merely the conceit which the composer has it in mind to set down, but something of the character of the composer himself. It tells the measure of his sensibility; it reveals the artistic ideal of the day in which he lived. Every age has its musical idiom, partly inherited from the past, partly original with itself; every people has its own dialect of the great musical language; every great musician has a way of singing which is peculiar to himself. Climate, civilization, experience, character, a hundred influences, combine to give the music of the masters a definite and recognizable personality, an ego. When, at some future day, the psychology of music is elaborated, it may be possible to discern a composer's character in his work, to draw his musical portrait as firmly and truthfully as Holbein limned the courtiers of Henry the Eighth. For, if we put something of ourselves into what are commonly regarded as indifferent acts, how intimately must we express ourselves in anything which moves us so profoundly as music does!

Take, for instance, the old English ditty, "How should I your true love know?" sung by Ophelia in *Hamlet*. It has the simplicity and directness of the lovelorn idyll which it tells. The melody is as documentary as the ballad; it could only be the outcome of the English genius. Its sadness has that characteristic note, inclined to the sinister, somewhat smelling of the mould, which Taine detects in the poetry of the Saxons. Compare this strain with the beautiful air, "La Belle est au Jardin d'Amour," a flower of the French hedgerow of Ronsard's day, or Villon's. Simple it is, but not shallow. There is something deep in its ingenuousness, a profound clarity, like that of

the water of a well; it is prophetic of the soul-searching music in which Debussy pictures the soul of Melisande. In the Southern song of "Magali" we catch the aroma of the honeysuckle, a prophecy of the cloying sweetness of Gounod. The peasants of the Midi sang rose-scented notes centuries before Ambroise Thomas wrote "Connais tu le Pays?" Germany too, though she commonly loves in a more full-blooded way, is familiar with the lotos strain. It dreams in such songs as Franz's "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," and Schumann's "Lotosblume." More characteristically Teutonic, however, are the love songs of Franz Schubert, the most beautiful ever written. What a tremor of gossamer wings in "Love's Message;" what rapturous expectation in "Ungeduld;" what devotion, fathoms deep, in "Who is Sylvia?" what morning ecstasy in "Hark, Hark! the Lark!"

Puccini, in *La Bohême*, shows what the Italian genius can do with the hothouse sentiment of Murger's Bohemia. So potent, however, is the influence of the littérateur that the composer becomes Gallic. When Mimi sings, "My name is Lucia; but they call me Mimi, I know not why," the spirit of the music is French, not Italian, and yet the phrases have a honeyed something about them that belongs to the South. Music is full of such perplexing amalgams of temperament. The Polish Moszkowski, for instance, loves to write in the Spanish vein. So too did Bizet. Carmen's song, "Amour est un oiseau rebelle," is purple with gypsy fatalism, blood-red with the passion of Spain. Where is the casuist in cases of musical conscience who will explain how this wonderful "Habanera" found expression through the brain of a Gaul?

Shakespeare's saying about the jest's success is applicable to music. The fortune of a composition "lies in the ear of him that hears it." Each of the love-songs just mentioned is beautiful in itself, and needs no recommendation but its own loveliness. Yet it is impossible for "How should I your true love know?" to make the same moving appeal to a hearer ignorant of *Hamlet* that it makes to one who wept over Ophelia in childhood, and, even in age, cannot withhold the tribute of a sigh. The figure of the hapless lady smiles wistfully through the music. So again, "Know'st thou the Land?" puts on new beauty when Mignon is part of our dreams. The harmonies of Debussy, with their hues of mother-of-pearl, assume an even more delicate spirituality if we know Melisande through the poetry of Maeterlinck.

The simplest folk-songs are vested with a rarer beauty for him who hears in them the naïve first attempts at self-expression of a people in the dawn of artistic consciousness. Music depends in part for its meaning upon the hearer. We listen with the mind and soul, as well as with the outward ear. It is probable, therefore, that no composition sounds just the same to any two auditors. In this fact we may find an explanation of the differences of opinion as to the meaning of certain compositions between people of taste and learning. Weber utterly failed to appreciate Beethoven as a symphonist, while Berlioz, creatively Weber's inferior, knew him for one of the Olympians. So sharp a cleavage of opinion could only be the outcome of difference of mental outlook. The mind is a mirror and modifies the image which it receives, just as the trembling surface of a lake modifies the reflection of overhanging boughs. Weber looked first and foremost for perfection of form; to Berlioz the all-important consideration was the spiritual content.

It is surely unphilosophic to have regard only to the thing heard, and refuse to recognize the bearing on music of the character and temperament of the hearer. To the critic who takes a broad view, a composition will not seem clear until he knows the ego of the composer, with all those predisposing conditions of mind, body, and environment, which affect a work of art as the atmosphere affects a landscape. It would be possible to re-

gard the " Dies Iræ " as merely a string of notes; but, rightly understood, it is the mystery of death and judgment put into music. Why otherwise would Saint-Saens parody it? He makes it a valse, with the devil for musician, fiddling for the midnight merriment of the dead. It is uncanny, grotesque, weird. Irreverently clever, he perverts the solemn chant of the Church into the diablerie of the witches' sabbath. Verdi sophisticates it in another way. He substitutes for the liturgic thrill of the ancient death-chant the vociferous grief of opera; the music throbs with melodramatic woe. The great Italian is like the servant-girl who loves the story which makes her weep. Nor is this entirely a fault in him, for, in the hands of a master, servant-girl sentiment may be the medium of great art. The hymn of the Bagpipers, sung before the crib in St. Peter's, by Calabrian peasants on Christmas morning, is child-like in its simplicity. Yet on this very hymn Handel based the " Pastoral Symphony " of *The Messiah*. Bach, too, felt the magic of its ancient rhythm, — the lilt of the Pastorale, time out of mind, — and developed it in the " Shepherds' Music " of his *Christmas Oratorio* — one of the brightest stars in the firmament of music.

In the same field of worship-music must be remembered the " Ave Maria " of Arcadelt, with its memories of some Belgian carillon, heard long before the composer became famous. How differently does the same prayer inspire Gounod. Taking as his undersong the noble first Prelude of Bach's " Well-Tempered Clavichord," he weds it with a strain of tender rapture. Wagner's sacred music never quite frees itself from sensuousness. The " Grail " music in his *Lohengrin* overture is typical. It is an orchestral ecstasy, the music of shimmering light, but more like a volatilized thing of sense than such pure music of the spirit as, say, Palestrina's *Mass of Pope Marcellus*. When Mozart wants to end his grandest symphony on a note of sublimity, he takes the Gregorian intonation of the " Gloria in Excelsis," and upon it builds a fugue of unsurpassable grandeur. It is apocalyptic; it is the expression in tone of that glimpse into heaven which Milton gives us in his " Blest Pair of Sirens."

In truly great music we seem to be assisting at the unfolding of a drama, not merely as spectators, but as participants, — our fate bound up, in some mysterious way, with what is taking place. The composer seems to have crystallized in himself the aspirations and the vague terror of humanity. How else can we explain the poignant interest we take in such a work as Tschaikowsky's " Pathetic " Symphony?

All art is autobiography. There is more than drama in Shakespeare's plays. The poet's life-story is there, could we but read the mystic hieroglyphs. So it is with music. Tschaikowsky admitted that the " Pathetic" Symphony had a programme, and significantly added that it should never be known. But there is no need of personal assurance to declare the work tragic. Its grief is tidal; frantic insurgence against fate alternates with deepening despair. Truth to tell, Tschaikowsky is not brave. He loves to parade his sorrows, to unpack his soul with music. But the work, as it stands, is eloquently descriptive of the man. The themes droop as though, like Seneca in the bath, his life-blood draining off through the opened arteries, he felt the vital forces ebbing away. How different is the sadness of Beethoven in his "Appassionata"! Shut out from the world of sweet sounds by every channel save the imagination, parted from the "Deathless beloved one," solitary as Dante, the grief of the grand Teuton becomes heroic. Nor is he obsessed by sorrow. The Allegretto of the Eighth Symphony shows him jovial as the immortal gods.

All is grist that comes to the composer's mill. Like Molière, he takes his fortune where he finds it. A temporary dweller in America, Dvorak interprets the New World with characteristic ingenuousness, preferring to see it through the Negro

and Indian airs in which his sensitive and childlike nature found comfort. His "New World" Symphony is, in reality, not a symphony at all, but stories of love and mystery, babyhood dreams and goblin dread—such tales as might be told by an old darkey mammy, by the fireside on a winter's night. Stephen Heller translates his ramblings into "Wanderstunden." If Henley had been a musician, his *London Voluntaries* would probably have been cast in the Heller mould.

Nor is humor a stranger to music. Bolzini's "Dancing Doll" is Hans-Christian-Andersen-like in its whimsicality. In Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" we have the dirge of Punchinello, humorous and melancholy in turn. The clumsy drollery of Bottom and his Athenian "mechanicals," Warwickshire men all, is done to the life in the Bergomask in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music.

Nor does music lack the genius of place, nor yet the race-spirit. MacDowell's "Deserted Farm" is haunted by a New England wraith, and in his Indian sketches the hapless idealist interprets the Redman's affinity with forest and mountain as deeply and as truthfully as Longfellow did in verse. In his picture of the steppes of Central Asia, Borodine gives us the magic of those wild wastes where the Tartars rode. Schumann's "Oriental Pictures," Goldmark's "Sakuntala," and Grieg's "Anitra's Dance," are the musical equivalent of literary orientalism. What these composers painted in pigments of tone was the Orient of their dreams. To literary inspiration we also owe Massenet's "Phèdre" Overture, and the shapely Hellenism of Gluck. Reading Shakespeare, young Felix Mendelssohn caught the tripping of fairy feet and the drowsy measures which smooth the couch of Titania.

No page of life, or of the poetic interpretation of life, but has its musical analogue. Do we want the pride and gallantry of seventeenth-century Spain? Mozart gives it us in his *Don Giovanni* Minuet, with an opulence of suggestion unrivaled in painting or poetry. The wit of France, when Molière turned the *Précieuses* into immortal ridicule, still sparkles in the miniatures of Rameau and Couperin. Wagner read the whole spirit of England in the opening measures of "Rule Britannia," and the same firm note of self-reliance rings in the familiar "Pride and Circumstance" theme of Edward Elgar.

There is something distinctive in the music of every race, an element immediately recognizable, yet so subtle as to defy analysis. Whoever took "Au Clair de la Lune" for anything but a French chanson, or "Schöne Minka" for aught but a Polish song? "The Last Rose" could belong to no people but the Irish; and, though most of us know it as "My Maryland," "O Tannenbaum" is as German as the Rhine.

If we would appreciate music aright, we must remember that its beauty depends, not upon the composer alone, but upon ourselves also. Deep calls unto deep; and the harmony of sound, though appealing primarily to the outward ear, must be answered by a harmony from within ourselves. The more culture we bring to the hearing of music, the wider our sympathy, the more exquisite will be the echoes which it awakens in the soul. If we would understand the composer's message, we must coöperate with him. We must reach out to him with all our faculties. If we do that, the revelation of music will ceaselessly renew its beauty, ever turning unimagined aspects to gladden us.

THE GUITAR-MAKER

BY EDWARD H. THOMPSON

We have no reason to believe that the ancient Mayas ever made guitars. They certainly did build great structures of stone, whose massive beauty is the wonder and despair of archæologists; but if they ever made the musical instrument now known as the guitar, their history, as engraved on walls, incised on tablets of stone, and painted on surfaces of parchment stucco, does not record the fact. Who did make the first guitar anyway? Who knows? But if not the pre-historic Mayas, wonderful race, at least Nicolas Kantun made guitars, during his time, some fifty years ago, and such guitars! Stradivarius made fiddles, Tomassi made fiddles also, Kantun of Yucatan made guitars. Fortunes have been offered and paid for fiddles made by these men. Crimes were committed, and as time went on, lives were lost in the frenzied attempts to become owners of these coveted musical toys of bent wood and catgut. Maestro Kantun, humble Indian and modest artist, made guitars, each one of which, though a musical poem itself, sold for a song, when compared with the prices paid for the old violins.

The Mayas were and are a musical race; the Spaniards, — well everybody knows what music, especially the music of a tinkling guitar, is to a Spaniard.

Consequently, is it necessary to state that the native Yucatecos, high or low, whether descendants of Spaniard or of Maya, like music, and know good music, especially the music of a good guitar? Kantun never lost time in seeking purchasers for the guitars he made. His clients sought him, he had his price, and his figures were never questioned or haggled over by his expecting purchasers, that is, by the wise ones; the others ceased to be expectant for the reason that he declined to serve them at any price. Like other geniuses, he was a master in his caprices, and since his guitars could not stand haggling, they lost their temper when he did his, and were never so good afterward.

So Maestro Kantun made his guitars in his own way; he had no apprentices except his son, no quarrels, and enough money to fill the simple needs of himself and wrinkled old Chepa, his mate. Musicians, artists who played on guitars, were spoiled for other guitars when once they fondled, with fingers vibrating rhythmically one of the guitars old Kantun made. His fame never spread abroad, because Yucatan was until lately a sort of hermit kingdom anyway; and then Yucatan itself absorbed all the guitars that the careful, slow fingers and musical sense of the old Maestro would let him make and sell. Later, when old Nicolas Kantun was dead, a foreign artist, master in guitar music, said, as he fondled an age-browned Kantun guitar, that as a genuine Stradivarius was to an ordinary modern violin, so was a guitar of the elder Kantun to the ordinary everyday work-a-day-made guitar. Nicolas dead, Tomas his son became Maestro Kantun, and it was he who sat on his haunches, of a yellow-tinged afternoon, back of his house, looking as stolid and wooden as the thick, round, broad stool in front of him. When a Maya Indian thinks deepest, he wears his most stolid look. Maestro Kantun was thinking deeply. The precious pile of wood, the pile that helped his father make the Kantun fame, and his inheritance, helped him to keep up the fame of the Kantun guitars. This precious wood, of unknown age and strange virtues, was at last exhausted; but one small log remained, and even this was warped and

twisted by long pressure of those above it.

Truly Maestro Kantun had good reason to think, and think deeply.

He well remembered the pile in his earlier, younger days, when he was but just married.

The pile then was new and large, a great pile of rusty dark-colored logs, so old and water-soaked and dirty that no man gave them a second thought, except to wonder that so knowing a man as Maestro Kantun should take the trouble to house such damp old logs, when he could easily buy nice dry faggots that would kindle quick and burn with a heat like tinder. Again, when a fire broke out, close to his house, and threatened to burn everything near it, he left the saving of his home and his household goods to the efforts of his neighbors, while he climbed like an aged monkey upon the thatch of the old out-house that held the pile, and like a man frantic with desperation, poured bucket after bucket of water on the smoking thatch, until, soaked and steaming, it showed no sign of flame, and the precious pile within was free from danger.

This was the strangest of all strange freaks of old Maestro Kantun, in his neighbors' eyes; but then old Nico Kantun was a strange old man anyway, and withal one not to be lightly gainsaid or questioned in his freaks, so long as they harmed no one more powerful than himself; so they shrugged their shoulders and thought of easy things.

When the time came for the old man to go, let us hope to where the celestial music rings, he called for his son. He lay in his old worn hammock, gasping and panting for the breath that came feebly, and when Tomas came to his side, lithe and strong, the old man said to him, "Son! bring my old guitar." He took the age-browned instrument in his trembling, weakened hands, and thumbed it affectionately for a second, then he laid it carefully on his chest, and turned his head slowly toward his son, saying feebly, "The stranger was right, Tomas, when he told me of the wood and how it could serve me. I took care of him when sick, and when he got well, he told me the secret of the wood, where I must seek it, and the virtue that there was in it, for me, the maker of guitars. I sought for the wood, where it should be, long, and for a while vainly; then just as I had despaired of the search, and felt like cursing him who sent me on the useless quest, the good San Isidro sent me into the great cenote at the foot of the sierras, where the valley bites deep into the hillside, and the great Chacmol is cut into the face of the rock. There I found it. You—"

His breath failed him, and his trembling fingers fell on the strings of the guitar; a soft, low mingling of chords filled the darkened room, — a farewell that the old man could not utter. Then, as the last low notes ceased sounding, a silence closed over all, the stillness that comes only with death.

All this came back to Tomas, as clear as if it were yesterday, while he sat moodily musing.

Finally Fernanda his wife, who had been quietly eying him for some time, said, "Tomas, what ails you? are you feeling bad?"

"Yes!"

"Where?"

"There," and Tomas pointed to where the log-pile used to be.

"Huh!" she exclaimed, and looked dazed for a moment; then she brightened up and thought for a while; then said again, "Huh! You mean the wood has gone, and you can't make any more guitars, until you get more wood; is n't that true?"

"Yes, woman, it is so."

"Huh! Then why don't you get more wood? We are not poor: you have silver, and I have my gold earrings, and chains, and rings, and —"

"Be quiet, woman; this wood is not to be had for the asking, neither can simple silver buy it."

"Huh! Your father got it, and when he got it, he was poor; are you not your

father's son, and you have a peck measure full of silver."

And Tomas answered with sullen impatience, " Fernanda, your tongue works easily; it's a pity your understanding does n't keep it company. Where am I to get the wood? "

" Huh! that is easy to answer. Get it where your father got his."

" Keep quiet, woman, and let me think."

Fernanda, with a final " Huh! " went about her grinding of the Indian corn, and left the whole affair to Tomas, knowing well that a woman's counsel is lightly thought of by the native Maya. The next day Tomas spoke to Fernanda, briefly but to the point.

" I am going on a voyage to-night,and may not be back for several days. Get me ready a suit of old clothes, and a suit of good ones, make me a ball of posoles, some tortillas with chile and salt, and put two bottles of anise rum in my sabucan."

With a " Huh! " of assent, Fernanda went on with the interminable grinding of the Indian corn for the daily bread.

Early next morning, before the dogs had ceased barking at the moon, Tomas was off and away.

Fernanda could not sleep any more, so she went to work grinding corn for the morning meal. But while her arms were deftly moving the roller-stone of the mill, her thoughts were moving still more swiftly.

Why did Tomas decide to go so suddenly? To that the answer was clear: he had gone to get some more logs with which to make more guitars. But where was he going, and how was he going to get them; for he took no silver with him, neither did he ask for her chains or rings or earrings, to pawn, or leave as gage if necessary.

She went on grinding, and her arms moved faster; he was not going to any pueblo or city, for he took with him posole, chile, and salt, and Kantun was too well known all over Yucatan to need to carry these, where there were people who played on guitars.

He was, then, going into uninhabited places.

The trip was not a short one, for he took with him new soles for his worn sandals, and a good part of it must clearly be made on foot.

He took with him two bottles of rum flavored with anise. This would not be unusual to most natives; but Tomas was not a drinking man, and only took drinks of the anise rum when exposed to cold rains, or when long immersed in well-water, assisting neighbors, as was the custom of the region, in clearing out their wells. It was the dry season, and no rains could be reasonably planned for. He certainly did not go to clean out foul wells.

What then? She gave it up; she recalled the days early in her married life, when the old Nicolas Kantun, her husband's father, then poor and hard-pushed for money, although a good musician, and better guitar-maker, came home and took not only his wife's chain and ring, but also hers, and without more than a word or two with his son, went away again. She did not say a word in protest, for it is not the custom to rebel against the acts of the husband, much less the husband's father; but she did rebel inwardly, for the chain was double, long, and very heavy, the marriage gift of her father, a goldsmith. She said nothing, and her husband's mother said nothing either, but the two went on grinding corn. The days passed; then came old Kantun, and after him, one load, two loads, three loads of deep, dark logs, that looked half-decayed, but rang like metal as they touched each other and the floor of the hut, wherein they were snugly piled.

Then the father and son made guitars once more, and their guitars were the wonder of the musicians and the despair of their fellow craftsmen.

They worked slowly, and used their precious wood with greatest care, and so, although they did not make many guitars,

each one sold for several times more than other guitars sold for.

Before long, the women had their chains back once more, and with them other chains and earrings, and many rings of pure gold, made by the native smiths; and as these are things dear to the heart of the native woman, both were made very happy thereby, and esteemed themselves favored above most women, in having husbands so prosperous.

Then the old woman died, and left her all the chains and earrings and rings of solid gold; and the old man died, and left the house, a peck of silver coins, and the pile of wood, now used up and gone.

All this Fernanda thought of and remembered, as she ground and ground and ground the Indian corn.

Meanwhile Tomas, in the soft gray dawn, was going along silently and alone with his thoughts. With head muffled in his jerga, as most natives go in the early dawn, he went with the tireless lope of his people, and soon left the drowsy pueblo far behind. As he entered the open, the low-swooping night-hawks fluttered in the path, close by his feet, and the last few belated bovine pilgrims breathed their fragrant breaths inquiringly at him as he passed.

He struck the forest, and still kept on until the high noon, when he crouched down at the foot of a great zapote tree, and made himself a bowl of posole; then he made a tiny fire, ate a few tortillas seasoned with salt and chile, smoked a cigarette, stretched himself, tightened his belt, and went on.

That night, at the first owl-hoot, he camped before the yawning mouth of a great open water-hole, a cenote. Strange thoughts came up, borne on the cool damp air of the great water-cave. His father said the cenote was twenty yards deep before it reached the water's edge.

He made knots in the rope, a yard apart, and tied it securely around a large tree-trunk. Then he took off his clothes, tied them up with the new clean suit, and hid them in the forest.

He hung his little Relicario on a near branch, and prayed softly before it, as he put on his old ragged drawers, and tied about his head the shirt in which a flint and steel and candles were wrapped. Then he put his machete and a bottle of rum in the band of his drawers, took a last drink that emptied the other bottle, and after testing the rope, by a final heave swung himself slowly and cautiously into the velvet darkness of the great hole underground. Only the twisting and creaking of the new rope straining, showed signs of human presence.

Three days later, when Tomas Kantun, travel-stained but elated, came into his house, and almost without a word went to the family trunk and treasure-box combined, and took therefrom, not the peck of silver or any part thereof, but a pair of old gold earrings, Fernanda only said, "Huh!" But when he came up to her and took from her neck the heavy gold chain, warm with the heat of her body, her favorite "Huh!" took on rather a surprised tone. Hearing it, Tomas called back, "This my father did, and who am I that I should change the way, because I now have silver?"

This reasoning to an Indian is most logical, and Fernanda, satisfied, went back to her grinding.

The next night but one, Tomas came back filled with joy and also with some liquor, — not enough to hurt him, but enough to make him talk more freely than his wont. When he had eaten and bathed, and smoked away, communing for a time with himself, he lay back, with a sort of self-elation, swinging in his hammock, and told the story of his adventures.

"I found the water-cave, as my father told me, in the woods, at the foot of the great hills, where the valley bites deep into the side of the highest. I found the great tiger carved by the 'Old One,' cut deep in the ledge-rock, as he told me I should, right by the side of the great hole as black as the darkness of a night with-

out stars. I am a man not frightened by many things that man fears, and you know it, but I now say there are things that frighten me, and that day that black hole in which I swung and trusted, clinging to a knotted rope in the darkness, was a thing to be frightened of. But the blessed relic about my neck kept me in my senses, and cool, although frightened; and so, by God's aid, and that of the Virgin Mary, I soon stood on the great rocks at the bottom, close by the water's edge. I shut my eyes closely for a while, and then, when I opened them, the darkness was so far broken that I could see dimly, as one sees on a dark night, just as the moon rises, a little light to outline things, nothing more. Step by step, I felt my way, for no one knows how stony or solid the cave-floors are. I struck the flint, and lit the tinder, and the candle, and then I looked around me. I saw my father's foot-prints, made in the damp cave-dust forty years ago, and they were there as though made yesterday. I trod in his footsteps, as a son should do, and they led me as they led him, him and his elder brother, to the place in the cave where great piles of wood were stored, trunks like those he brought up to the house. Who put them there? Who knows? God may, but I do not think that man does. Father said that when he went there, there was a kind of altar upon them, and around were strange figures, made like the earthen vessels. Of a truth, who knows? but I know that I have bought the cave and land about it, for less than the price of one guitar, and now I go straight to the Padres, to pay for a mass and singing in behalf of my father's soul; my father who gave me the light and the knowledge that lets me do these things and do them wisely."

The eldest son of Tomas Kantun now helps his father make guitars, and his father says with a little tone of pride, but not before him, "Tomas can beat me making a good guitar, when he wants to, but little Petrona Ku has turned his head, so I expect that he won't be good for much now until he marries her, and settles down to work again."

Which is all right, and as it should be.

WHERE THE FAERIE QUEENE WAS WRITTEN

BY ALICE MEYNELL

ENGLAND and Ireland should be friends, as it were behind the backs of politicians, by reason of their kindred landscapes. The characters of the lesser country do but gently outdo those of the greater. Are hedgerows and small fields distinctively English, the Continent knowing little of them? Fields are smaller in Ireland, and hedgerows more conspicuous, climbing little banks and carrying their flowers and blackberries aloft. Are our skies low, the soft cloud stooping as though it would walk the world? Lower are the Irish skies; they fly like swallows before rain. Is England green? A little greener yet is pastoral Ireland. And English deciduous trees would be the chief giants of Europe if the trees of Ireland did not overtop them. Thus there is an understanding, a league of landscape against the rest of the world, the greater part of Scotland being as manifestly excluded as France, America, or the East.

The hedgerow alone should be enough for a very covenant of friendship between the two pastoral islands. One has but to travel the vague and strange lands of northern France in order to value this incident of the fields. Italy needs no hedges, for she has not, in the sense fa-

miliar to us, fields. But French fields lack hedges, so do the dismal lands above Düsseldorf or thereabouts. Who was it who first made the hedgerows of these happier lands? The business of history has been so much occupied (to use the Scriptural phrase) with the dynasties and families, weddings and begettings, of kings, that she has had no leisure to tell us who he was, and in what age he lived, who opened the doors of the sweet country to us by making gates to close. A country without boundaries might as well be shut once for all; and doors are invitations. The wood has a hundred doors, the field maybe but two, that make us guests of its charming house of entertainment.

Who, even in full summer, would ask for hospitality from the unfenced fields of France? To sit down in them would be a grotesque action. What, no background for our solitude, no leaves near our heads, no curtain, no chair, no state, nothing ensconced? and if we would make a throne, happier than Constance's, of the earth, no canopy thereto? all houseless, and no inclosure of the sky? not so much as a cloud that we can call our own? That is very well for mountains and the libertine mood of a climber, but not for the order of docile work-a-day rambling. Even the long walls of Cumberland pastures are better than no fences at all and the uncertain lands. Whosoever planted the English and Irish hedges made a thousand thousand sequestered intimacies between man and his fields, closing, comforting, secluding, cherishing, confiding to him all wild flowers and berries.

And as to the low skies, how friendly together should not those countries of the earth be which are both so much of the earth as to have low skies — which are, that is, so little like the moon! In the March weather of California the acute prosaic lights and the sharp shadows, with little perceptible atmosphere to carry the light and dark and mingle them entangled with atoms, may remind us of the yet harder and even less dreamy, less gentle landscape of the dessicated moon. But our two islands breathe, respire, and exhale the humid, lighted air, and the Atlantic brings them clouds of the same shape, and the names of the winds have in English and Irish ears the same significance. Scotland, in this, shares with the two, but then how different are low clouds caught and torn upon the pointed Highland hills, and low clouds volleying across the tender Irish fields! Besides, there is no need, in regard to England and Scotland, of our peacemaker of climate.

It was with this thought of an alliance and sympathy of rain-cloud and pasture that we drove over rough and smooth to a gentle hill looking round the horizon to five ranges of mountains; and there stood the ruin that was Spenser's castle of Kilconan. It seemed to stand up in opposition to that inarticulate treaty. Twelve years of rule in this tower of tyranny have left memories more perdurable than any committed to books.

It was the small keep of a shattered fortress; a castle that had belonged to the Desmonds, and had been given over, by a brief method of conveyance, to Edmund Spenser. It was by means of fortresses, plenty of fortresses, that Ireland, by his counsels, was to be subdued.

The road gradually disappeared in grass; there was but one cottage in sight (a cottage with a few goats and as many children moving about its door); and as we climbed the hill we met the cottager. If he could read, it is probable that his father, and certain that his grandfather, could not; but he inherited history from them, and memories of Spenser. Courteously, however, seeing us to be strangers and compatriots of the tyrant, he felt his footing in conversation, and would say no more than that Spenser thereabouts was not well liked; neither he, added the cottager, nor Sir Walter Raleigh, who visited him in yonder tower when it was a stronghold.

If the fields and the colors of England and Ireland are alike, the complexion of the landscape and the division of the fields alike, different are the ruins. In

England ruins are given over to gardeners; we have all passed their little iron turn-stiles; we have spared their grass and footed their gravel, dry-shod. But ruins in Ireland are steeped in nettles and dew. Nowhere is

The darnelled garden of unheedful death

deeper in the desolation of our humid latitudes; not the desolation of drought nor that of slender random vegetation, but that of great trees, weeds breast-high, and unsunny greenery. In the eyes of the Irish people the ruin of the priory carries unlapsed the ancient consecration, and they bury the recent dead where no bell sounds, in narrow clearings of the melancholy flowers.

But the memories of Kilconan are unconsecrated. There indeed the *Faerie Queene* was in chief part written; a window in the shattered keep looks as though it might have lighted, high above the noise of the hall, those numerous pages. Here were the *Amoretti* turned; and the stanzas of the *Epithalamion* take their burden —

That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring —

from this prospect, then tall with forest trees and bright with a lake. It is the country Spenser soothed in his verse, and wasted by famine in his polities. The still windowed fragment of a tower saw other literature than the *Faerie Queene*. Here he and Raleigh made ready their recommendation of the means whereby the country should be brought low. A shepherd he calls himself, shepherd keeping his flocks " amongst the cooly shade " of the Mulla's banks, and thither the sound of his pipe drew to him a guest whom he splendidly names " the shepherd of the Ocean." Fresh from his flocks of waters, this visitant, Raleigh, found him there, piped to his singing, and anon sang to his piping. Poet to poet handed the sweet instrument by turns, and tuned his own throat. And the two men — men they were, though it is hard to find the men between the nobility of poetry and the pitilessness of politics, between the pastoral trick and the ferocity of government, between the shepherds and the men of office — these two men " charmed the oaten pipe," and by and by consulted together to another purpose, thus: —

" Those four garrisons [counsels Spenser] issuing forth, at such convenient times as they shall have intelligence or espiall upon the enemy, will so drive him from one side to another, and tennis him amongst them, that he shall finde nowhere safe to keep his creete in, nor hide himselfe, but flying from the fire shall fall into the water, that in short time his creete, which is his chiefe sustenance, shall be wasted with preying, or killed with driving, or starved for want of pasture in the woods, and he himself brought so low that he shall have no heart nor ability to endure his wretchednesse . . . for one winter well followed upon him will so plucke him on his knees, that he will never be able to stand up againe . . . For it is not with Ireland as with other countryes, where the warres flame most in summer, and the helmets glister brightest in the fairest sunshine [hear the poet!], but in Ireland the winter yieldeth best services, for then the trees are bare and naked which use both to cloath and house the kerne; the ground is cold and wet which useth to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter to blowe through his naked sides and legges; the kyne are without milke which useth to be his only food, neither if he kill them will they yeeld him flesh; besides, being all with calfe, they will, through much chasing and driving, cast all their calves, and lose their milke, which should relieve him the next summer. . . . He shall want milke and shortly want life. Therefore if they be well followed but one winter, you shall have little worke with them the next summer. . . . The proof whereof I saw sufficiently exampled in the late warres of Mounster. . . . Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legges could not beare them; they looked like

anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eate the dead carrions, yea and one another soone after, in so much as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves . . . that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddainely left void of man and beast; yet surely in that warre there perished not many by the sword, but all by extremitie of famine."

Through that wide and lovely country with its cloudy but clear horizon, its sombre but not gloomy climate — the purest skyline left by industrialism in Europe, albeit the sky is so low that it hardly climbs the hills; toward the Waterford mountains to the east, toward the Ballyhowra heights to the north, or, as Spenser calls them, Mountains of Mole; southward away to the Nagle hills, and westward to those of Kerry; following the River Mulla with his careful eye, commanding the farthest distance and the lightsome outline of Killarney mountains, the poet measured the way, and, as it were, lay in wait for the men that were to die, and for the cattle that were to drop.

> Mulla mine, whose waves
> I often taught to weep.

Spenser is here ambiguous; the sorrow he "taught" these wild waters was evidently something other than the "pathetic fallacy" of his verse. Nevertheless let me add that he possesses pity, and so too does his counselor "Eudoxius," who is Raleigh the Shepherd of the Ocean. For the south country of Ireland, before havoc and famine befell, had shown them examples of its beauty, "beside the soyle it selfe most fertile, fit to yealde all kinde of fruit that shall be committed therunto. And lastly the heavens most mild and temperate." "A sweet country," he calls it, "being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes." If any prince were absolute lord of that land, with its woods, commodious for shipbuilding, writes the poet, bent on utility to, and favor from, his sovereign, that prince would soon hope to master all the seas, and ere long the world.

The woods now are fewer, whether or not they were sent, as Spenser hoped, down to the sea in ships; the lake has so sunken as to leave no more than a trace under the castled hill. From Spenser's report we receive the impression of a multitude tragically great, here as in "Mounster." Famine is the great effectual weapon against numbers; numbers are the food of hunger; it brings each man to equal anguish with his neighbor, so as to forestall human pity and to prevent reciprocal succor; and the numbers were there, naked mankind in the naked woods. There is no multitude now; there are no more cries, if there are no songs. The beautiful soft country seems in need of hard men. For little tillage and much pasture show a people not only few but idle, and nature much at work in the fostering and fattening of their herds. The south of Ireland altogether looks like a vast free farm with feeding flocks of geese and goats. As for the delight of the eye, the Irish homestead is not lacked and desired as is the English in the vacant English country, and as the Italian or the French would be if their lands too were vacant. For no country, surely, shows us duller villages or less sweet cottages or less charming country towns than these of southern Ireland. Bleak is the hamlet, the dwelling-houses modern and yet not trim, and the cottage has no paved garden-path, no little close for flowers, no little croft for fruit. Gray are the streets, the public houses many, the churches of the Gothic as Horace Walpole understood it.

It is not by the village or the farm that England and Ireland are to be allied, but only by the fields. This solitary landscape, then, is cheerfully excused by the tourist eye, sensitive to the picturesque. But the solitude is none the less a human misfortune, and all too significant of evil past and actual. "No part of all that

realme shal be able to dare to quinch," says Spenser. Something must depend upon the meaning we may choose to attribute to the act of quinching. The view from Kilconan Castle suggests that what quinching may have been attempted did not prosper. But he who recommended the defeat of Southern Ireland by famine fled from some partial quinching after twelve years of his government, leaving this castle in flames; and the baby of a poet, the child of the bride of the Epithalamion, was burned to ashes in its cradle in this tower of memories.

THE DIME MUSEUM

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

"EVERYTHING has been said," remarks Mr. Bernard G. Richards, "but not everything has been contradicted." Surely not everything has been contradicted concerning the Dime Museum; although so little has been said, and on the whole so ill said, that contradiction should scarce be difficult. A single adjective sums up the universal bromidiom: the institution is "morbid." The lowly, argue those who know not, repair thither to gloat over the affliction of their oversized, under-sized, and otherwise peculiar fellow mortals. Then how comes it that they scan the exhibits with awe-struck reverence? How comes it that they keep a straight face while the lecturer heaps grandiloquent adulation upon his freaks? How comes it that every curio esteems himself a special pet of Providence, as who should say, "Behold the marvels that God hath wrought in my person!"

Often, I daresay, you pass the museum's entrance. Before its open lobby, you receive an impression due to a blaze of gilding, a riot of flags, a pandemonium of mechanical music, a fever of red paint. Perhaps you tarry a moment to admire the many enticing canvases that line the lobby's walls. Masterpieces are they. They suggest the adored primitives — so naïve, so direct, so sincere is their neo-archaic craftsmanship. You suspect Cimabue. Only, whereas the primitives wrought in distemper, we have here the work of artists who wrought in extreme amiability. They have added a cubit to the giant's stature, subtracted an ell from the dwarf's, and idealized the fat lady by joyously augmenting her tonnage. Well may our arbiters of taste proclaim the superiority of art to photography; yonder, in immense gold frames, behold the camera's portrayal of those same celebrities, and note how sorrowful the falling off!

Surveying these presentments of the marvels within, you exclaim with the self-taught Latinist, *De tastibus non gusputandum!* An indolent subterfuge. Rather let us discuss tastes with some vigor; they interpret mentality; they are in turn interpreted by it; comprehended, they make for tolerance. And in this case we have to do with a mentality that suffers more grievously than ours from a tendency by no means uncommon — the tendency, I mean, toward getting one's philosophy upside down. Despite our education, we wonder at the whirlwind, the earthquake, the flaming mountain; and are not they the two-headed men and bearded women of physiography? The wonder is not in the whirlwind. It is in the almost uniform absence of whirlwinds. The wonder is not in the earthquake and the volcano. It is in the almost uniform absence of earthquakes and volcanoes. Who are we that we

should scoff when the ignorant — those who now stand marveling before the pictures and presently slouch toward the ticket-window — worship the rare accidents and misdemeanors of variation, forgetting that by virtue of their consistent normality it is they themselves who will constitute the only really marvelous exhibits in Curio Hall?

I counsel you to follow them in. They represent the substratum of society. Upon their foolishness rests the perpetuity of our institutions. It takes pluck, though, to apply for the greasy yellow ticket, now sold for the nine-thousandth time. What will the ticket man think? What will your friends think, if they happen by and see you? What will other applicants think? These last will think nothing, being preoccupied with curiosity as to midgets and giants, most of them, while a certain small residue are given over to grim memories awakened by the presence of a wax policeman, with redundant side-whiskers and a real uniform, who leans upon the railing before the box-office. Not sinful in itself, the Dime Museum becomes a haven and heaven of sinners; consequently a happy hunting-ground for detectives when in quest of fugitives from a neighboring reformatory.

You pass the door, and instantly obtain a realizing sense of the sordidness within. Says an ancient sage, "With the nose we knows." Some modern sage might devote study to the graded aromas of our entertainments: at the opera, the breath of roses; at Professor Griggs's lecture, the scent of crushed violet-stems; at the amusement park, the fragrance of peanuts; at the "grand sacred concert" (Zitella, the Flying Cazenoves, trained monkeys, and allied sanctities), the reek of cheap perfumery; at the home of burlesque, an unwashed odor, mitigated with vile tobacco; at the Dime Museum, this morning, the same and more of it, though unfortunately without the tobacco.

Now, nose and conscience lie not far apart. That is why men speak of things evil as "in bad odor." As you march through the corridor, shoulder to shoulder with your disinherited brethren, you experience an impulse toward retreat. Then you bethink you that monstrosities have played perhaps as large a part in your own education as in theirs. In classic and mediæval and Renaissance art and literature, lo, what "Gorgons, Hydras and Chimæras dire," what cupids, centaurs, furies, satyrs, and griffins! Give me Polyphemus, the doughty giant, Trimurti, the original three-headed wonder, and Anubis, the precursor of dog-faced boys; give me these and a handful more, among them Michael Angelo's horned Moses, a Hermes with winged feet, and a bogy or so from the Inferno, and I will furnish forth a Curio Hall of such sort that it will be packed with gaping visitors, till the sole way to make room for more spectators would be to do as Barnum did: set up an alluring finger-board inscribed, "To the Egress!"

Whereas you treasure monstrosities in marble, in bronze, and in deckle-edged editions, the humble do but treasure the only montrosities that fall within their ken. And after all, is it not less degrading to contemplate the abnormalities of the body than to witness those of the mind and heart? You applauded "Candida," while the *soi-disant* elect will tolerate those writers who from time to time suggest improvements upon holy wedlock.

Such reflections hearten you quite as Virgil's reassurances heartened the venturesome but timorous Dante. You press forward, and come to a tall room, with square posts to prop its ceiling, walls freely kalsomined in red and yellow, and along the walls the cages, booths, thrones, and stages of greatness. This is Curio Hall. No seats; everybody is standing, gazing open-mouthed upon a freak, and listening with rapt deference while the "professor" declaims his "lecture." You get an impression of weather-worn Derby hats, with here and there a tawdry bonnet; likewise an impression that justifies

Niceforo's conclusions concerning "the poor as a race," showing them to be inferior in stature, in development, in endurance, and in comeliness, to the well-to-do. You recall DeQuincey's horror of castes, yet perceive that in young America, not less than in immemorial India, caste prevails. For in every nation there are two nations. Divided, age after age, flow twin streams of population. Side by side, they refuse to blend, save as an occasional Dickens or Gorky may pass from the dark stream to the bright, an occasional house of D'Urberville renounce its birthright, an occasional mad marriage defy eternal distinctions.

But look! On a lofty throne, beneath a pink-and-green canopy, sits a young lady of some presence. You have seen her photograph outside. You recognize the figure, designed by Montgolfier, the full-blown cheeks, the quintuple chin. You remember the label under the portrait: "Dainty Cherrie Burnham, Weight only 610 Pounds." Surely the lady exaggerates! Not so; those arms, sublimely fat and displayed bare, carry conviction.

And listen! From a towering platform, "Professor" Bumpus is lecturing. An extraordinary person! Fourscore at least, he seems a blend of moribund clergyman, aged actor, and superannuated statesman. He wears a frock coat and a white cravat. He leans upon a gold-headed cane, the gift of his admirers, who have dubbed him "The Grand Old Man of Dulwich Square." His past they embroider with legend. According to some, he anciently adorned the pulpit. According to others, he was once a renowned mathematician. One thing is clear, though: he is the last of the orators. As Jules Claretie said of Maître Barboux, he would "descend into the subway as into some grotto of the Eclogues." His discourse bulges with erudition, reverberates with rhetoric, coruscates with Biblical and classical allusions, as befits the mission of him who has essayed to do for freaks what Winckelmann did for Greek sculpture and Ruskin for the paintings of Turner. Note his words. Received with laughterless respect by the folk around you, they become a very significant and illuminating reflection of proletarian ignorance — the ignorance which has been for centuries the cornerstone of the state.

"Behold," he cries, thumping mightily with his cane, "behold, ladies and gentlemen, the lovely Cherrie Burnham, the fair, the beautiful! Marvelous! Marvelous! Stand up, Cherrie! There!" (thump, thump) "look at her! A mighty girl, fat, magnificent. Five chins! Cheeks like the sun-kissed melon! Arms like vats of luscious Falernian wine! Watch her, now! Watch her! No wonder you're proud, Cherrie! Few women of modern times have equaled you. Six hundred and ten pounds! Twice the weight of Queen Victoria, three times the weight of Boadicea" (thump, thump), "four times the weight of Delilah!

"Next we have a very remarkable couple, very remarkable indeed: Signor and Signorina Pastorelli, known throughout the world as the tattooed Mars and Venus. Mars the god of war, Venus the goddess of love!" (Two very Celtic-looking young persons shed their bathrobes, come to the edge of the high platform, and bow, displaying as much of their cuticle as convention permits, all solidly covered with etchings in color — mainly in red and blue.) "This couple are from sunny Italy — Italy the land of Savonarola and Marconi, the land of the olive and the peasant, Italy the home of the arts! Look at their forms! See the man's splendid development! Mars the god of war!" (Thump, thump.) "Does he not look it? Look at his eye! See that fire! And look at the pictures on his body! Pictures of beasts and of birds, of foreign lands, of scenes from the songs of Jesse, the son of David. Ah, but he is patriotic: even though an Italian boy by birth, he loves our country! See, in the middle of his back — Turn around, Signor Pastorelli; we'll excuse your back, even if it is n't as handsome as your face, for what's on it. See there — the Star-

Spangled Banner!" (Thump, thump.) "Oh, long may it wave." (The piano plays the tune. Great applause.) "Now look at the lady! Venus, the goddess of love, as those old pagans called her!"

Why so much oratory, when the exhibits should kindle admiration unassisted? Because a low-browed, rat-eyed audience has to be told what to admire? Precisely. In like manner there came to Italy in the old days a horde of Grecians to point out to scholars the beauties of the rediscovered classics. By a sort of analogy, not irrational if you consider the themes he descants upon, you may call Professor Bumpus a humanist. And reflect, I beg you, that we too need prompting, on occasion. When the acrobat has completed a feat of skill, he stands erect, holds both hands, palm up, at his breast, and executes a double gesture, horizontal-wise. But for this, we should forget to applaud. Reflect also that it is only very recently that the Odéon and the Gymnase dared think of suppressing the *claque*.

Besides, there are the freaks to manage. Deprived of adulation, even a dainty Cherrie Burnham might cease to give thanks that she is "not like other girls." She might acquire a degree of skepticism touching the rationality of her claims. At present, she rejoices that, whereas others may achieve greatness, or have it thrust upon them, she is to the manner born. They are monstrously vain, the freaks; consequently quarrelsome, in which they resemble missionaries; and jealous, in which they resemble university professors. Endowed with an heroic individuality, freak harmonizes no more sweetly with freak than missionary with missionary. Intensely self-centred, the curio resents the crowd's interest in other curios, quite as a botanist frets when his students waste their time and stultify their intellects by sitting at the feet of a mere historian. Not for pleasure do bearded women embroider doilies, and giants chew gum, during intervals of neglect; it is to assuage bitterness.

So exalted — so sublime, almost — becomes the freak's vocation that the ignominy of normality seems to many an aspiring soul no longer supportable. The Museum is besieged by those who have won distinction, or hired cunning artificers to confer it upon them. Some school their systems to consume lamp-chimneys. Some court the confidence of pythons. Some persuade a reluctant gullet to harbor sabres. Some flee to the tattooist (I know an excellent one, should the reader crave his ministrations), and thus gain entrance to the Hall of Fame.

Just here, alas! lies the shadow of a cloud upon the otherwise sunny demesne of freakdom. The plethora of human marvels has depressed salaries, and it is very humiliating to a proud and sensitive freak to see himself quoted at the pittance that now obtains. Nor does his chagrin find much relief when he observes how the overplus is still further augmented by the play of the tender passion, which tempts greatness to wed beneath it. As Sir Lionel Goldthwaite may espouse a scullery-maid and make her Lady Goldthwaite, so the Living Skeleton may select a bride from among the despised normal faction and lift her to the rank of a Circassian queen. But wedded bliss fades as swiftly in Curio Hall as in what Mr. Dooley has denominated "thim halls iv luxury and alimony." With fashionable promptitude, the pair separate. The Circassian queen marries a truckman, obtaining for him the billet of a wild man. The slim Cophetua stoops to honor a waitress, leading her to the altar and thence to a cage filled with snakes. In this romantic fashion the aristocracy is recruited wholesale from among the commoners.

For the bitter consequence, consult the tattooed man. A person of ordinary area can have his epidermis quite sumptuously decorated for a hundred and fifty dollars. Theoretically, the patient is then fitted to sit at receipt of custom the rest of his life. Ten times a day he will stand up and be admired; but most of the while

he will enjoy a complete repose of mind and body, broken only by the writing of letters — or is it his autobiography? Letters, more likely, since there exists no central bureau for freaks, and they get engagements by correspondence. Theoretically, an engagement should be readily obtained and should mean sixty dollars a week. Actually, it means thirty dollars a week for a tattooed couple, who count themselves lucky to be employed at all. Says the well-known ditty:—

> " 'T is perfectly true :
> You can beat a tattoo ;
> But you can't beat a tattooed man! "

Nevertheless, the competition of other tattooed marvels can — till the dean of the guild has retired in disgust, devoting his sunset years to relieving the woes of the untattooed; also to untattooing the tattooed, as happens when naval recruits are found to possess embellishments not harmonious for Jackies. Moreover, the slump in pictorial humanity has been accentuated by the managers. Wantonly, or through sheer ineptitude, they have organized " congresses " of tattooed men, thus acquainting the public with their diminished rarity.

Blame the management, too, for the decay of faith among museum-goers. Heresies have sprung up as a result of humbug pressed too far. Though the sword-swallower permit the spectators to handle her swords, and the strong man distribute the fragments of ten-penny nails he has broken in his fingers, credulity comes hard; for now and then the people recognize in the Wild Man of Borneo some local mulatto, while every one may read the dealers' advertisements of " snakes fixed safe to handle," and a key that " unlocks any handcuff, and can be carried in the hair." Such disclosures should forfend the promotion of out-and-out frauds — frauds, let us say, like "the living suicide: he kills himself every fifteen minutes."

No little blame attaches likewise to retired freaks, who sow broadcast the seeds of unbelief. I regret this, especially as it affects the Circassian queen. It has been a joy to have numbered among my uncles one who stood before that potentate's throne, removed his hat, revealing a glistening scalp, and said to her, " Madam, you see how unevenly things are distributed in this world. That is what makes some folks socialists! " To have had such an uncle, and then to learn that " Circassians " distend their tresses by drenching them in stale beer, is indeed harrowing — almost as painful as hearing that the Moss-haired Man, acclaimed by two hemispheres, wore a wig! These deceptions and their kind will occasionally make trouble for those who inquire not very prudently as to what's what and who's who. My friend Denslow became so interested in the needle-swallower that he took him out to lunch. A year later he saw the same feat performed in the same museum by a girl. Coming closer, he discovered it was the same performer as before. He looks back to that tête-à-tête luncheon with squirms of ethical incertitude.

Let us remember, though, that there are shades of belief, just as there are shades of doubt. The proletarians accept Major Popocatapetl and General Microbe as genuine exponents of bigness and littleness. They pin their faith to fat ladies and living skeletons. Toward the tattooed and toward bearded women, they admit a degree of skepticism. Are not the pictures perhaps put on with a brush? Is not the hirsute damsel perhaps a man decked out in feminine finery or a woman made up with false whiskers? In point of fact, only the dismal science of the needle can produce those lovely pictures, and among managers it is a point of honor never to proffer a humbug bearded woman. And, as concerns sword-walkers, fire-eaters, and analogous wonder-workers, the humble incline toward espousing what Professor Satterlee was wont to call " the tenth theory." After enumerating nine hypotheses to account for the Man of the Iron Mask, he would exclaim triumphantly, " And the tenth

theory, gentlemen, is that we — er — ah — don't know!"

This margin of dubiety has led managers to pad Curio Hall with extraneous allurements — attractions filched from the circus, from vaudeville, and from the amusement park. They introduce "the beautiful La Bella Rosa, creative and sinuous invasionist of the art Terpsichore." They advertise "The man-eating lion, Nero; no living man can enter his cage and live!" They summon Swiss yödlers, Cossack raiders, plantation troubadours, with galaxies of tumblers, equilibrists, trapezists, and contortionists, and, perchance, an astounding novelty like Miss Rosetta Davis, "America's fistic empress, who will box any lady of her weight in your city." Such phenomena have at least the merit of exerting no undue strain upon "the will to believe." Meanwhile, Curio Hall affords lodgment to penny peep-shows (of which the less said the better), to a Punch-and-Judy show, and to a peanut-stand, a palmist's lair, and a photograph gallery. "Maybe you think you ain't handsome, gents," cries the photographer, "but we'll fix you up all right, all right!" Few yield. Some even betray symptoms of a decidedly active reluctance, having sat for their portraits before — under compulsion.

But now, when Professor Bumpus has completed his elucidation of the remaining exhibits, come tidings of supplementary delights — as might have been expected. At the circus, the "gentlemanly agents" crawl over and through the spectators, selling tickets for the "grand concert after the performance." In Bowery fake-shows, the manager bawls, "In de rear room, gepmen, dere's a exhibition of such a nature dat no ladies an' no boys under sixteen is allowed! Ten cents admits each an' every sport!" The rear room contains several Indian relics and a tame bear. The museum, you see, follows distinguished precedent when it proclaims its "magnificent stage-show lasting nearly an hour. Reserved seats one dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar."

Through a grimy door and a grimier passage, you enter darkness. It is a more than Egyptian darkness; it can be smelt. Once inside, it's not so dense. Gradually your eyes become accustomed to it, and trace the outlines of a long, narrow cavern with a ceiling so low that spectators in tiny galleries seem to serve as caryatids. Groping and stumbling, you select a greasy opera-chair before the miniature stage. Presently you can make out details — a drop-curtain daubed with a wonderful Spanish landscape, a single proscenium box containing friends of the performers, an orchestra with chairs for four poverty-stricken musicians, and a rabble of patrons pouring in in a never-ending stream. When you saw them standing, close-packed, in Curio Hall, you underestimated their numbers. Now you begin to realize what hordes of your fellow citizens find leisure during work-hours for pleasant relaxation. Who are they? Plumbers gone "back to the shop for tools"? Perhaps. Library loafers enjoying a release from their arduous studies? Again, perhaps. Housemaids who have discharged their mistresses? Tramps who have been "rendered a little assistance"? Socialists who abhor competition too profoundly to engage in it? In each instance, once more, perhaps. In the main, though, these people represent the casual laborer, with an admixture of the casual prison-bird. Their presence here is no more extraordinary than the multiplicity with which they collect where the digging of cellars, or the erection of buildings, demands their patient oversight.

Before you, within the railing that defends the orchestra, sits a wan little gentleman reading a periodical by the gleam of a shaded electric bulb. As he turns the leaf, you get a glimpse of the title, "The International Musician"! Despised, both because he is a musician and because he is not, he nevertheless keeps himself *au courant* with whatsoever be-

falls in the domain of Music, Heavenly Maid, while upon his sensitive ear crashes the din from the machine-band out in the lobby. Neither can he relish the braying of the peddler who passes to and fro among the audience, shouting "Chewin'-gum, song-book, last number of de 'Chorus-Goil'—five cents all t'ree! Chewin'-gum—preserves de teeth, softens de gums—song-book, 'Chorus-Goil.' Who'll be de next?"

After a very dismal season of delay, the lights pop up, three additional musicians appear, and there ensues an overture consisting mainly of drum. Indeed, one might call it a drum obligato. Condemn it not. Music less barbaric would fail to penetrate the proletarian consciousness. And now the Spanish landscape soars aloft—or as far aloft as the squat proscenium arch permits—and reveals a stage seemingly contrived for marionettes. Here begins a vaudeville. Think of the stupidest vaudeville you remember, magnify its stupidity a thousand diameters, then repeat the process till you ache, and by comparison with what follows you have achieved hilarity. So be it. You may say of humor as Mr. Dooley said of profanity, "'T is precious; don't spill it." Fun, in this cave of dullness, were sheer waste. Once, a soubrette upon yonder stage proffered jokes, real jokes, and seeing their ineffectuality, took umbrage. "Say," she cried, "ain't it hard to sleep out there with all the light in your eyes?" Trying further witticisms with like want of result, she snapped, "I thought I smelt chloroform!"

Don't imagine, though, that no laughter peals forth during the "magnificent stage-show." Its comedians excite much mirth by the grotesquerie of their make-up. Museum-goers define humor somewhat as Ruskin defined architecture. As architecture is not in the shapeliness of a structure, but in the ornaments that embellish it, so humor is not in the man and the matter and the manner, but in comic habiliments. A beneficent theory! It thins the otherwise overcrowded ranks of hod-carriers,'longshoremen, and ditch-diggers by flinging wide the portals of art to any who will put off overalls for motley.

The show is fetched to a conclusion by the biograph, which displays a series of dim, flickering, bespeckled films known to the profession as "junk." Then up come the lights, down comes the curtain, and from afar you hear the accents of Professor Bumpus: "Behold, ladies and gentlemen, the lovely Cherrie Burnham, the fair, the beautiful! Marvelous! Marvelous!" (Thump, thump.) "Stand up, Cherrie!"

You have completed the circuit of a maelstrom, which is now in its second lap. Emerging from the theatre, you find yourself once more in Curio Hall, with its "royal climax of extremes," its galaxy of "exclusive living oddities." Now, for the first time, you see merit in the stage-show. It avenges an ancient grudge. Whereas the circus houses its freaks in a subsidiary tabernacle, making them second fiddles to art, here art plays second fiddle to freaks. The curios are the performing elephants; the comedians, the sideshow.

So ends your visit. You come away well qualified to praise this temple of inanity. In the main, it is honest, giving just return for the dime. It promotes happiness, delighting the lowly while transforming the sorrows of curios into radiant felicities. Though perforce it refuses admission to many an ambitious monstrosity, it has called into existence its reduced replica, the Nickeliseum, which serves as a "Salon des Indépendants" for celebrities blackballed by Curio Hall. Moreover, it shelters arts that in other keeping might lapse into lamentable disuse. No matter how superb your virtuosity as a snake-charmer or as a consumer of fire or swords or glass, you will fall among doubters unless you come close to the spectators. The theatre won't do. Accordingly, the Dime Museum not infrequently stands between genius and the almshouse—or worse, namely, work. Again, you will praise this sordid institu-

tion for its delicacy. Although ministering to a public not renowned for sensitiveness, it almost uniformly avoids scandal. If here and there in the land there exist Dime Museums not worthy their high calling, set them down as rare and unrepresentative exceptions.

But it is the social philosopher, methinks, who should be most grateful to Curio Hall. Its existence spells safety for the existing social order. Think you it is the progress of enlightenment that sanctions and perpetuates our scheme of human relationships? Far otherwise. Rather is it the survival of benightedness. So long as endures the gallery of "exclusive living oddities," with pitiful blockheads to gape at them, so long will there abound those scullions, scavengers, stokers, flunkies, and wretched wage-minions upon whose docility we depend for our maintenance. Given intelligence to perceive the joke implied in their adoration of abnormalities, they might detect the huge, historic, practical joke played upon them by destiny. At long, long intervals — for us happily long — they get fleeting glimpses of its point. When that occurs, there results the process known as revolution, which Charles Dudley Warner defined as "turning society over, and putting the best underground as a fertilizer."

Meanwhile the thing has its brighter side. Who is this at your elbow as you come forth from the Dime Museum? An ash-man, let us say. Put yourself in his place. Ask yourself if all your fortitude could enable you to make out a tolerable existence on the terms allotted him. You know it could n't. The ash-man, however, leads a life not unlit with happiness. By ancestry, nurture, discipline, and social suggestion, he has achieved a density of mind that excludes complaint. Chief of his blessings is his lordly inability to think. In his place you would think — and blow out your brains. Between the ash-man and desperation looms a vast and beneficent foolishness — a foolishness monumental, which some Gargantuan Bartholdi might symbolize in a statue of Dainty Cherrie Burnham Darkening the World.

AN EXPERIMENT IN POPULATION

BY WALTER WEYL

France is trying an experiment, and the nations are looking on. France is keeping down her population, reducing her birth-rate, considering the quality, as well as the number, of her citizens. It is what Americans call "race suicide," premeditated race suicide. What does it mean, for present and future, to France and to humanity? Does it portend national decay and death, or does it usher in a new era for mankind? France, so often the leader of the world, is trying the experiment, and the nations are looking on.

The experiment is with the third child. A third living child means a large increase in population; two living children merely replace their dying parents. In France less than a third of all families have a third child. The two-child system is a national institution. Paternity and maternity on a large scale have gone out of fashion. The appearance of the third child becomes yearly less frequent. From 1801 to 1905, one hundred and five years, we have statistics of the number of children born in France. During all that period, no year has produced so few children as the last. Not only in cities, but in all parts of the country, in towns and villages, on the

coast and in the mountains, the birth-rate falls. The contagion spreads through the land.

There are men in France who dread this contagion. Strongly nationalist in tone, they believe that France is decadent, that the low birth-rate means low vitality, that the nation, unless it speedily recovers, will be overrun by fecund Germans, as the Roman Empire was overrun fifteen centuries ago. To them the fear of the child, the dread of maternity and paternity, portends the downfall of the French Republic, the dissolution and extinction of the French race. "Obey the divine command to increase and multiply," they say, " or the nation will disappear and the country become a huge graveyard."

But for new ways of saving life, this analogy of France to a graveyard might be pertinent. If the average Frenchman lived no longer than did his grandfather, the population would rapidly have dwindled. The progress of medical service has not left France untouched. Year by year, new discoveries by Frenchmen and others render the chances of life greater. Pain is banished, illness cured, early death, once inevitable, averted. Decade by decade, the new-born child plants his baby feet a little firmer on the planet; unceasingly mortality decreases. In France the death-rate is one of the lowest. Yet though decreasing, it does not fall as rapidly as does the birth-rate. A hundred years ago there were in France many tens of thousands of births in excess of deaths; the christenings enormously exceeded the burials. Fifty years ago, the excess had diminished; twenty years ago, it had decreased still more; at the present time, the two are almost equal. The birth-rate maintains a small precarious lead over the death-rate. Soon perhaps, fear the partisans of the third child, soon the balance will change. The population, at first wavering about a constant point, will diminish, at the beginning slowly, then more rapidly, finally at a fatally accelerating speed. Then, France will be doomed. It will be the beginning of a catastrophic end.

Compared to other nations, France already declines in population. Every year it increases by a few tens of thousands, while Germany in a decade gains seven millions, and Austria-Hungary four millions. France has already fewer inhabitants than Russia or Germany, than the United Kingdom or Austria-Hungary. Soon it will be threatened by Italy, which, despite its enormous emigration, continues to increase in population. In the midst of fecund Europe, France finds herself the only sterile nation. The increment in population acquired by France in a year is gained by Germany in a fortnight. For every additional citizen added to France's population, three new subjects come to the King of Italy.

Nor does the population of France lose by emigration, as is the case with Italy, Germany, and England. The Frenchman does not emigrate. The magnificent French territories in Algiers and Tunis are overrun, not by French, but by the hardy sons of Italy and Spain. " In France," according to a current expression, " one emigrates only in the government offices." Nor does the Frenchman emigrate to America or other foreign lands. " Why should I travel? " a Parisian asked me. " We have everything at Paris." In fact the migration is in the opposite direction. Year by year, Belgians, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards infiltrate the near-lying French departments. These men, attracted by higher wages or better opportunities, flow from their denser home populations to the more rarefied population of France. Moreover Paris, *la ville lumière*, attracts its yearly tens of thousands, some of whom " to business, some to pleasure take." There are over a million aliens in France. But for this influx of foreigners, France would feel the effect of its low birth-rate still more acutely.

In many departments, the lessening birth-rate is felt poignantly enough. The small increase in the national population

is absorbed entirely by the cities. Though France is not a nation of great cities, in the sense that England, Germany, and the United States are, such urban centres as the country possesses attract the villagers with irresistible force. France is highly centralized, and to Paris flocks a growing proportion of a growing army of officials and functionaries. In the cities are the great schools and universities, and every year the on-coming rush of students leaves a deposit in the sterile towns. Universal army service has the same effect. The peasant soldier, living in city barracks, forms connections which tie him permanently to the city. The population of many departments declines. During the last decade, over two-thirds of all departments, including over two-thirds of the territory of France, actually lost in the number of their inhabitants.

"What is the matter?" asks the French nationalist. "What cancer is eating at our vitals?" The disease is plainly not racial. The French in Alsace-Lorraine contrive to increase their numbers; the people of French origin in Belgium are fertile. As for the French in Canada, they belong to the most fecund of races. No race is physically barren. It is a question of psychical or social sterility. Whether or not the French population increases, depends upon the individual determinations of ten millions of families. Yet each of these families decides according to conditions which are general throughout the length and breadth of France.

Some of the alleged causes for the barrenness of the French are puerile. Many authors maintain that the low birth-rate is due to the frivolity of the upper classes. The society woman, *la mondaine*, does not wish children. She prefers her social career, her nervous, enfeebling life, to the joy of holding an infant in her arms. She submits to maternity, if at all, with a bad grace, and then but once. Upon her single child she lavishes an affection which should have been distributed among many. The child grows up, weak, spoiled, without tenacity or virility. His seat at the dinner of life is prepared; the silver spoon is in his infant mouth, an obsequious servant stands behind his chair. The sole heir of a fortune leads an idle, useless life, and after a few years of ostentatious dissipation, declines into matrimony to repair his shattered fortunes.

This is true in France as elsewhere, but it is beyond the mark. The upper classes, so far as wealth determines social classes, might commit suicide each generation without seriously affecting the numbers of the population. It is the rank and file, the great body of peasants and artisans, who have obstinately refused to bear large families. For every rich family in France with a lazy *fils unique*, a hundred hard-working, hard-saving families, living from wages or the product of small farms, limit their children to one or two. The problem of the depopulation of France lies deeper.

Comparisons between the population of France and those of England, Belgium, or Germany are misleading. The situation of France is special. The country is largely agricultural, self-supporting, industrially independent. The land is not rich in mines of iron or coal, not well adapted to the creation of a large export of staple commodities.

Commerce does not and cannot develop in France as in England and Germany. What other countries attain by foreign commerce is secured in France, as in America, largely without foreign commerce. France must look to its own territory to support its population, instead of relying, as do Germany and England, upon the commerce of the world. As the city of New York, enjoying free trade with all parts of the United States, can draw upon that vast territory for the support of its population, so the commercial countries can draw upon the world. In proportion to area, France is very much less settled than Germany, England, or Belgium. Yet the populations of these three countries may grow without endangering their prosperity, while France, re-

lying, as agricultural countries do, upon its own soil for its support, would more quickly feel distress, if its numbers increased with excessive rapidity.

Yet even relying upon its own territory, France is not overcrowded. Therein consists its experiment in population. Many countries, once densely settled, have lost their population through war or pestilence. A change in the current of trade obliterates a nation; a transformation in industry causes even the name of a once thriving city to be forgotten. Misery, famine, persecution, war, all destroy nations. But France is faced by no such conditions. Never was the country more prosperous; never was that prosperity laid upon so firm a foundation; never were the ties which unite the various sections of the country so close as at present. This very prosperity is, in a large sense, responsible for the low birth-rate. It is this prosperity which the hard-working, hard-saving peasant has determined not to put to the touch.

It has often been noticed that the more provident a nation or a group of people is, the lower, other things being equal, is the birth-rate. In the rich wards of a city the birth-rate is usually lower than in the poor wards. The members of provident societies seem universally to have smaller families than the average. The French are proverbially provident. From the millionaire, not daring to risk his fortune in hazardous enterprises, to the wife of the small shopkeeper, keenly testing each *sou* that crosses her counter, the watchword of the nation is thrift. It is perhaps an excess of caution; the unco' thrifty has his ugly side. But in any case it is prudence — hard, cold, far-seeing prudence — that acts upon the average Frenchman through his entire economic life.

The conditions under which the mass of Frenchmen live, and the laws regulating their mutual relations, reinforce this prudence a hundred-fold. Put a man on a frontier, where land is valueless and labor invaluable, where a man's fortune consists of his children, and he will increase and multiply without let or restraint. Put the same man in an upgrowing factory town, where there are wages for all, and his family, though smaller, will be still large. Place him in the position of the French small proprietor, and he will think twice before he indulges in the luxury of a large family.

Pierre has a little farm of twelve acres. Upon his right hand is Neighbor Jacques, upon his left, Neighbor Jean, both as hard-working, as avaricious, as land-greedy as Pierre. The land has remained in the same hands for generations. It will not stretch, it will not produce more than a given amount; it is hard, inelastic, inalienable. Pierre knows the difference between twelve acres and six; he knows exactly how much labor is required to give his farm the fine, finished, intensive culture which it possesses. He knows that all that he has, all that he will ever get, all that he can devise, lies in these smiling acres, inexorably bounded by the acres of Neighbor Jean and Neighbor Jacques.

If Pierre has two children, a son and a daughter, the one will inherit, and the other receive her *dot*, and things will remain as they are. Perhaps the son will marry Neighbor Jean's daughter, and the daughter, Neighbor Jean's son. If there are two sons, there must be a division, but the *dot* of each ekes out the land inherited. With three children, the question becomes more difficult, with four it becomes harassing, with six or eight, insoluble. In case of intestacy, the law gives the right to all the children to inherit equally; there is no favoring of the first born. Nor is there an outlet for the other sons. The Frenchman, with an inheritance and a *dot* in expectation, does not emigrate; the call of the city is not so strong for the landed as for the landless; there are no great export industries willing to absorb an unlimited number of adventurous children. The professions are overcrowded; government service, so beloved by the French, is intolerably congested. Pierre comes back to the land.

His narrow acres must support his family. Generation becomes a problem in short division, and the dividend being constant, the life-giving quotient must be smaller, the larger the divisor. The logic is inexorable. Pierre has but two children.

What is the effect of this abstention upon the welfare of France? The pessimists assert that as a consequence, the French nation loses ground in literature, science, music, art, industry. They claim that the intellectual influence of a nation is bounded by the currency of its language, and they point out that while French was once the most widely-spoken European language, it is now greatly exceeded by both English and German. This contention is of doubtful validity. Greek was not widely spoken in the days of Plato or Aristotle, and the influence of Jewish thought has extended far beyond the bournes set by the knowledge of Hebrew. In these days of translation, when Ibsen has a greater vogue than Hauptmann or Shaw, one may well doubt whether the intellectual influence of the French must decline because other nations exceed it in the number of children. The culture of the world rapidly becomes cosmopolitan. What one nation gives is received by all; what one nation produces is consumed by all. There seems no reason to believe that French influence, if really declining, is being lost because of the low birth-rate.

For many years now the evils of depopulation have been dinned into the ears of the French. The discussion has left them rather callous. "*Tant pis!*" says the shopkeeper or workman, when he is told that unless France has more children, Germany will eat up France, like the wolf who ate Red Ridinghood's grandmother. But the shopkeeper does not increase the size of his own family.

Of late years, clerical, reactionary, and royalist writers have made capital of the so-called depopulation. One nobleman ascribes the evil to the pernicious liberal principles of 1789; others lament the materialism, the egotism, the unbounded religious indifferentism of the people. "What is needed," says one author, "to build up again the French population is the three-fold blessing of poverty, reformed inheritance laws, and a revival of faith. The French must not wish their children to be rich; they must be content to have them Christians. The parents must obey the law of Moses and multiply; the women must be content to be mothers and housewives; the authority of the father must be reëstablished; the people must resign themselves to the conditions under which their ancestors grew to be a great and populous nation. For its part, the government must pass laws giving special advantages to the fathers of many children, and laying special burdens upon celibates and childless married men. Generation must be recognized as a duty, and he only must be rated a good citizen who gives his country patient laborers and obedient soldiers. Only so can the population grow, and France be reformed."

But France does not wish to be reformed. If it must choose between poverty and restriction of population, it will choose restriction. The whole mass of literature favoring an increase of population, from Zola's *Fécondité* to the last screaming brochure, meets with only the eloquent Gallic shrug of the shoulders. France has made up its mind to be content and happy, and as it looks abroad and sees the swarming, breeding poverty of foreign lands, it determines to guard itself as well as may be against any such contingency.

The students of poverty have shown the curve along which run the fortunes of the poor. The first years of marriage, before the advent of children, form a period of comparative prosperity. Then, as children come, one after the other, the situation of the family grows steadily worse. During this formative period, when the conditions are the worst, the seeds of physical and moral disease are sown. The children grow; those who survive the misery of the early years are put

to work and earn a pittance, and the fortunes of the family revive. Then, as the children marry, the old people again fall into misery, and the new couples prepare for the same cycle of comfort, misery, comfort, misery, the cycle which means privation, child-labor, overcrowding, disease, death, the workhouse, and a pauper's grave. So it is in London, York, and many other English cities; so, if the French can prevent, it shall not be in France. France is not to share the fate of the fabled old woman who lived in a shoe.

Many French observers believe that economically, politically, and socially, the experiment is a success. They believe that as the population grows in prosperity, it grows also in intelligence, in humanity, in consciousness of its own ends. They believe, and statistics seem to bear them out, that the other countries in Europe and America are slowly preparing to follow in the path which France is blazing. They believe that every progress made in saving life, in conquering disease, in increasing longevity, means an intensifying of the need of restricting population. As the years go on, as the standard of living increases, as the quality of men becomes more important as compared with the mere number of men, as the principle becomes recognized as practicable of giving each man a right to lead a well-rounded, full, active, and satisfying life, the policy of limiting population will become more active. It may only be temporary; the increasing intelligence and the technical and social knowledge of the next generations may make place for, and may even make necessary the presence of, new hundreds of millions of men. But the principle must steadily gain ground. The sum total of human happiness must depend more upon quality than upon number. Forty millions of cultured Frenchmen are better than a hundred million starving French helots.

But in the mean time there is a danger in progressing too rapidly. In his ascent, man dropped his claws and developed finger-nails. It was a useful and a beautiful evolution, but it would have been fatal had he lost his claws and donned his gloves prematurely. If, as a result of her weak population, France succumbs to the stronger nations of Germany or Russia, the beneficent effect of her experiment will be lost.

This is held to be the great danger. But there are other facts to be considered. In the first place, the strength of Germany, and the population of Germany, really depend in the last analysis upon her great manufacturing resources, resources denied to France. If France is unable to cope with Germany now, it is by no means sure that she would have been better able to cope with this formidable rival, had she been poorer and more populous. Warfare is a matter of money as well as of men. England conquered Napoleon with money. No country in Europe could stand up against certain hostile combinations; with favoring combinations, any country, even Belgium or Switzerland, can maintain its independence.

Moreover, it is possible that the other nations now hostile to France may themselves slacken their rate of increase, and it is also possible, even probable, that present conditions of hostilities will cease. New York could easily conquer Connecticut, or Pennsylvania Delaware; but the thought even of such a conquest is now absurd. Before France is overwhelmed by hostile neighbors, it is probable that the feared hostility will be a thing of the past.

The rising democracy is clamoring for an evolution of the individual in a free, conscious, developed society of his fellowmen. The democracy demands for the man freedom from the burden of providing for excessive families; for the woman, freedom from the burden of bearing many children; for the child, the care and attention that limit inevitably the number of his brethren. That is one side. The new democracy does not want an army of unemployed men; of useless and un-

usable men and women to fill the gutters, to swell the ranks of criminals, and to promote decay in the social body. Finally, it does not want human food for powder. The development of the race is away from bloody international conflicts; away from poverty, ignorance, disease, and crime; away from excessive families and excessive populations, to which these human miseries have always been linked.

THE FOOD OF THE CITY WORKER

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

Out of the gray dawn, from smoky stations where grimy engines pant and heave, by lighted subways in swift, silent trains, or through the barren shuttered streets in clanging car, pour the great hosts who do the city's work. That restless river springing from the morn bears in its flood the total of the city's wealth. From its requirements rise the varied activities of the city, whose total economic power is built by massing the single units of the moving throng. The energy of this human river gathers the resources of sea and earth, and turns the wealth it gains to the use and the service of man. On the preservation of that energy, therefore, depends the effective work of the city. Higher and better living for all would come from its general increase.

To gain energy the individual has but one means at his command, his food. Just as surely as the red flame of any coal-fed fire dies down, left unreplenished, so man dies, once his food-supply is stopped. That is so evident, so personal, that it is remembered. It is equally true, but less commonly remembered, that as a furnace with dead ashes about the walls yields little heat despite the fire within, so insufficient or wrong foods, poisoning or dulling the worker, give him little energy for his tasks, little strength to bear his part in the world's struggle. Many a manufacturer thinks thousands a year well spent in buying good fuel instead of bad, in keeping his machines in a maximum degree of efficiency by repair and replacement. Many such a man has never thought that like care as regards his workmen's food, the substance that furnishes them both fuel and repair, might bring an efficiency to his factory, an increase of power to his force, which would make his other saving seem trifling by comparison.

Stated in its simplest form, the problem of the city's food-supply resolves itself to this: how can we provide the consumer with healthful food which shall be in a normal condition when it reaches the table? If we can solve that problem, we can furnish the army who are attacking the work of the world with a proper commissary; and so supply it with a requirement second to no other. If Napoleon's famous remark, that an army traveled on its stomach, applied a century ago to the invincible legions that so long dominated Europe, it is quite as true to-day that in our desperate struggle for commercial supremacy that nation which is best fed, that city which pays the most attention to the food of the workers within its walls, stands the greatest chance of ultimate victory.

Visualizing to our entire satisfaction the vegetable garden of the farm, or the white butcher's-cart of the village, as the basis of our food-supply, we, as a nation, have long been inclined to neglect the widespread sources from which we draw our bodily energy. As in so many other civic conditions, the tradition of the immediate plenty of the American farm has

overcome the actual reality. What the city-dweller should visualize are the thousands upon thousands of tons of perishable food-material which are brought yearly into the city; for these, on their way to our homes, must pass through a cordon of attacking foes. The armored trains which carried provisions from place to place in the Boer war, and the forts in which those provisions were received, have no distant parallel in the refrigerator cars and the cold-storage warehouses of the city. Like supplies hastened to beleaguered fortresses, our foods are exposed to destructive agencies from the time they leave their place of origin to the time they reach their final destination. The foes that the foods encounter are of two classes, the natural and the unnatural, the forces of nature and those of greedy or ignorant men. Both types of evil can be avoided by the community, if it will raise against them certain well-recognized guards. To raise those guards some definite knowledge of the dangers which surround the food-supply is imperative.

In common parlance we say that an orange which has turned soft, or a piece of meat which becomes tainted, is spoiled. The housekeeper looking over the contents of the ice-chest says, "This must be eaten to-day, for it will not keep until to-morrow." In such expressions we instinctively recognize the existence of destructive agencies. It is comparatively seldom that we fully realize that what we call the spoiling of food is one of the great movements of natural order in the world, that it is the attempt of nature to do one of two things: either to encourage new life at the expense of a substance which has lived its allotted time, or to destroy and clear away matter which has served its purpose and is ready for removal. Food-materials, left under conditions where plant life can exist, become fertile soil. Decomposition of food-materials is produced by micro-organic life growing in that soil, life which is attempting to clear away organic wastes from the face of the earth, and return the substances which have composed those wastes into such elemental form that they can serve once more as food for plant life.

All round us, in library and kitchen, in office and laboratory, on hill and valley, through winter cold and summer heat, flourishes the garden of the air, a garden filled with countless myriads of tiny plants. There may be found threadlike molds such as form on bread or cheese; wild yeasts, such as ferment fruit juices and change sweet cider to hard cider; and bacteria like the mother of vinegar, which turns hard cider into vinegar, or like those other types of the same group of tiny plants which, by decomposition, break down the organic structure of the foods in many fashions.

The molds, the yeasts, and the bacteria, all of which may be grouped as micro-organisms, share certain general peculiarities. All three belong to the great general group of fungi, a group of plants which take their nourishment from the soil on which they rest; and, like their relatives of this group, these organisms, as they grow and take in food, break down the organic matter which affords them lodging and nourishment. All three of these plant-types thrive best under conditions of darkness, warmth, and moisture. All three flourish in dirt, and dirt is laden heavily with these tiny bodies. Cleanliness and cold are two great guards by which we can protect food against the attack of decomposing micro-organic life. The clean, cool ice-chest preserves food in the home. The hot, moist kitchen destroys it. The first, by cleanliness and low temperature, tends to retard micro-organic growth. The second, by the increased opportunity for dirt and dust and by a higher temperature, fosters the plant life of the air.

Micro-organic decomposition is a necessity of nature no less unchanging than the cycle of carbon, that circle of mystery by which the carbon of the organic world, eternally renewed by fire, springs into new life when it becomes carbon dioxide,

the food for the living world of green. The normal tendency of leaf, of flower, and fruit is to turn at last to cellulose, the woody fibre of the tree-trunk. In the action of the fungus which attacks the fallen forest tree and, decomposing it, returns its elements to the ground from which they sprang, may be seen the agencies through which old life is constantly exchanged for new. Were it not for such action the fresh and living plants which give us food might, ere this, have become locked fast in harsh, unyielding, woody fibre, which offers nutrients to neither man nor beast. Nor does such action show the only value of micro-organic life. The modern sewage plant has already been referred to in this series of articles as a pile of rocks on which bacterial films gather. The bacteria of those films are fulfilling their action as earth's scavengers when they break down the sewage flowing over them, and turn the harmful organic wastes to harmless inorganic forms.

A few short phrases sum up conditions. The natural enemies of food-preservation are micro-organic plants which flourish the world over, ever ready for their tasks of decomposition. With foods as a common habitat, these organisms in their process of growth break down the structure of the foods into forms unpalatable and often directly injurious to man. Yet the growth of such micro-organic life is a necessity of nature. Man can only oppose it in some part. He can, however, control it, in so far as necessity requires, by cleanliness and a cool temperature. The preservation of the city's food by dryness, a third protection against the decomposing organisms, is impracticable for many of the foods because of their normal content of water.

The incoming of the city's foods is of itself a splendid pageant. Wheat trains, rushing from the wide horizon of the West; fishing schooners, tacking up from off the Banks; refrigerator cars, hastening across the continent, laden with the spoils of a thousand herds; high-topped wagons hauled by sturdy Percherons, looming in over the country roads in the freshness of the earliest dawn; crates filled with golden oranges, with luscious peaches, with heavy hanging grapes, hastening upon their city way; huge motor-vans, piled high with dainties, speeding through the bustling streets; all such inrushing, converging evidence of natural plenty offers a wide breadth of thought, a feeling of greatness, a sense of pride in this rich and glorious country in which we live.

But there is a dark reverse to this splendid shifting curtain. Down on the East Side lives a Russian Jew, a vendor of fruit, who finds a hand-barrow quite large enough for all his meagre stock in trade. A weary day has gone, whose long rounds have been profitless. Back comes the wretched stock to the home in the hot tenement, to go out again, already well on in the process of putrefaction, to be offered for sale the next morning in the sweltering streets. The fruit-peddler's action in selling his damaged goods may be deliberate or ignorant; whichever it is, matters little as regards results. Nature makes no allowances. Her laws are inexorable. Food such as this, uninspected and uncondemned, ravages the weakened frames of the city's poor, and the exhausted doctors, those warriors of the high-walled streets, report after such a sale, "Another epidemic caused by rotten food." One great necessity for inspection is laid bare by such conditions.

While ignorance, while deep need (for the loss of one day's stock may mean starvation to the seller), while greed, can control the actions of the small provider of food to the ranks of the poor, the city must guard its children. Go into the slums of your city, and enter the small grocery and the butcher-shop. *Cleanliness* and cool temperature I gave as the two great guards against the decomposing action of the micro-organisms. See how the shops of the tenement streets provide those guards, and then read the general death-rate from intestinal disease in the summer. Put milk in a separate

category, for that is a still greater problem, and, even with that omission, you will have much to ponder over.

The men who use adulteratives, the sellers of "embalmed beef," and the vendors of other substances which have been treated with injurious types of preservatives, can hardly plead ignorance as an excuse for the continuance of their methods. The discussion of pure foods which has gone on in recent years, the pure-food laws which have been passed by federal and state authorities, have been sufficient to enlighten any manufacturer as to the necessities of the situation. But so long as crime is committed for the sake of gain, the public must be guarded against the deliberate attempt of unscrupulous manufacturers and dealers in foodstuffs, who work injury in the pursuit of their own profit.

Indeed, it may hardly be too general to say that the evil done to the city's food by its unnatural foes may be divided into three classes. These may be stated as follows. First, men may deliberately offer for sale food which has begun the process of decomposition. Second, they may treat food with preservatives which, while they destroy or prevent the action of micro-organisms, are injurious to the human frame. Third, they may adulterate, or substitute cheaper, poorer foods for better, more nutritious foods.

"But," the reader will very possibly cry in surprise at this point, "I thought all that had been settled. How about the pure-food laws that have been passed? How about the work of the Boards of Health? How about the crusade of the last four years, mentioned a moment ago? We may not be able to control the natural foes of food, but surely there are laws to control the unnatural ones."

It is almost a national fallacy to believe that once a law has been placed upon the statute-books safety has been secured, even though such a law has been passed without sufficient enforcing power, or sufficient money to provide for proper enforcement. Much has been done; no inconsiderable beginning has been made; but large bodies move slowly, and the impetus necessary to arouse general feeling to the point where the American people will require proper inspection and control of all food-supplies is still far from attainment. Without attempting to enumerate the merits or defects of all the statutes which have been passed for our protection, suppose we consider for a moment certain difficulties which surround the most general law of them all.

Whatever the local condition around him, the citizen who thinks of the matter puts his trust chiefly in the Food and Drugs Act, passed by Congress on June 30, 1906. Three analogous pieces of work accomplished by the national government; the law just cited, with its regulations, alterations, and amendments; the work done on standards of purity; and the so-called "Meat Inspection Amendment," which regulated the meat control of the Department of Agriculture, contain much that is admirable. From the very nature of the relation between the federal and state authorities there are many things that the nation cannot do. Two brief quotations from the Food and Drugs Act may serve to make this clear.

This is "An Act for preventing the manufacture, sale, or transportation of adulterated or misbranded or poisonous or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines, and liquors, and for regulating traffic therein, and for other purposes." Section 1 provides, "That it shall be unlawful for any person to manufacture within any Territory or the District of Columbia any article of food or drug which is adulterated or misbranded, within the meaning of this Act." Section 2 provides, "That the introduction into any State or Territory or the District of Columbia, or from any foreign country, or shipment to any foreign country, of any article of food or drug which is adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of this Act, is hereby prohibited."

Those brief quotations show the limit-

ations of federal law. The Territories and the District of Columbia are under the direction of Congress. The shipments of foods from state to state, like export and import, can be controlled by officers of the national government; but the traffic in food-supplies which goes on within the borders of any state must be regulated by the government of the individual state. Each of these bodies politic presents a different solution of the question. Certain states have met the problem bravely, have endeavored to solve it by the aid of expert opinion and without reference to the clamors of special interests. Some few (a most essential point) have endeavored to back up their laws by boards of control, with inspectors to carry out their mandates. In other cases, the cry of selfish interests still dominates the assemblies. Laws, if passed at all, are passed without sufficient reference to expert advice, and by their verbiage are practically nullified. The thousand demands for money which the long-established departments of our commonwealths bring forward, leave little to spare for the newer sanitary inspection, necessary as such a department is for the health of the citizen.

Multiply the difficulties of the nation by fifty, more or less, and you have the difficulties which confront proper food-regulations in the states. Multiply the fifty of the states by hundreds reaching into thousands, and you have the difficulties which are before the municipalities when they desire properly to control the food of the individual citizen. Yet, as we get down to the intra-mural conditions of the municipality, some balancing conditions appear. These we shall consider in a moment.

That crowded concourse, the modern city, which has left behind the possibilities of individualistic control, has been forced, step by step, to a collective control of its prime necessities. The paving of the streets, the protection of the houses from fire and theft, the education of the children, have long been wisely placed under the municipal government. Defective administration of these departments calls for swift correction. Is the insurance of the healthfulness of food, that vital question which so intimately touches the welfare of each individual, of less importance than these? The body in which the control of food is vested is commonly the Board of Health. Have you seen headlines in your morning paper within the last year or two, referring to the holding up of an appointment to that body, or to the rejection of a candidate because of political beliefs? How many cities have reached the point of making a man trained in scientific methods, especially a sanitarian, a member of such a board? The medical men of such bodies are doing an invaluable service. How many of the problems which confront them could be solved by men with the training of the engineer? The state can do little in regulating the affairs of all the municipalities within its lines. The adjustment of home conditions must depend upon the men whom you elect in your cities. Once more, bring the matter to the *argumentum ad hominem*, what do you personally know about the health-control of your own city?

Fortunately, our instinctive training of centuries past does much for us in the way of protection. The table of our earliest forbears was limited in the extreme, and its variety could be enlarged only by experiment. A tempting cluster of berries on some shrub in the neolithic forest might be a delicious dessert, or it might be a violent poison. Brave experiment alone could determine which. It was a hard predicament. If the early-research man guessed right, he had a valuable addition to his diet. If he guessed wrong, he died. Blunted as our senses are by centuries of civilization, the instinctive training which primeval man received in the choice of good and bad food has persisted to this very day. The evidence of the senses is no mean aid to assist the buyer of the household's food-supplies to ward off evil. But the senses are an insufficient

guard at best. Two factors in the city are constantly arrayed against them. First, the resources of the man who deliberately doctors his damaged goods in such a way as to disguise their real condition — the seller who renders impure goods savory to the taste and pleasant to the eye; and second, the desperate need of the poor. And after all, defective conditions in the city always bear most heavily on that class, on the ones who can endure them least easily. The poor suffer most from bad air, bad water, and wretched food. In few respects are they more heavily handicapped than in their choice of food. The lesser cost of damaged goods is a fearful temptation to the slender purse of the ignorant woman of the tenements; the stores where she buys her food-supplies offer but little choice for well or ill. Few more immediate duties confront the municipality to-day than the guardianship of its poor.

We cannot better conditions by not recognizing them. While money rules the world, men will sell impure or damaged food-supplies ignorantly or wickedly; and since the national law cannot affect the sale of goods of this sort within the boundaries of the state, we must pass state and municipal laws for our own protection. To make them effective they must be entrusted for enforcement to competent men, backed by ample supplies of money. Obtaining a maximum of control with a minimum of money is a theme inseparably connected with the centres of sale of food-supplies, the markets, abattoirs, and bakeries. That brings us directly to those important considerations.

The old world shows the market in its first stage and in its last. The new world, save here and there in scattered foreign quarters or in the great marts of trade, shows stages in between. Rise early any morning in the little German town, and stroll along the cobbled streets to the square where the church so often forms the background of the market-place. There you will find the direct successor of the ἀγορά of the Greek, the *forum* of the Roman. The market-woman under her broad umbrella; the picturesque peasant with his rude country-cart filled with fresh produce; the frocked butcher weighing a piece of meat in his niche in the wall: each is selling his wares under practically the same conditions that prevailed two thousand years or more ago. Such markets offer an example of the most primitive type of trade, direct barter between the producer and the consumer; a barter, carried on, in some German towns at least, under strict surveillance of the health authorities. In more than one market of that type I have seen a cleanliness and an order foreign to far better theoretical conditions in American cities.

Paris offered to the world the first great example of the modern market, built and controlled by the government. Napoleon the First, warrior, statesman, jurist, and sanitary engineer, found time among his many labors to accomplish many salient municipal and governmental reforms. The great " Halles Centrales " of Paris, those iron-pillared, zinc-roofed pavilions through which run covered streets, were planned under his direction, and begun in 1811, in his reign. These markets are said to cover not far from twenty acres, and their pavilions are subdivided into numerous tiny stalls. The early example of the Halles Centrales has been carried on since by similar markets built in other parts of Paris, and the profits which the municipality has realized from these sources have been large.

London, Berlin, Vienna, and other European cities, soon followed Paris in the work of regulating the food-supply, and have raised markets on an almost monumental scale during the last half-century. The American markets cannot be compared with those found abroad, in size, completeness of equipment, and ease of control. To particularize, such markets as the Fulton or Washington in New York, or the Faneuil Hall Market in Boston, are not in the same class with the great modern markets of the European capitals.

While the single market in the town square sufficed temporarily for the small segregated town, the gradual spread of population soon carried with it separation of the centres of food-supply, so that grocery and butcher-shops sprang up in every little sub-centre of population. The opening of such scattered shops has greatly increased the difficulty of bringing food in its best condition to the consumer. Berlin, with its fifteen great markets, can control each one by an individual corps of attached inspectors, and do this at a minimum of expense. To secure thorough inspection of the widely-scattered food-shops of New York and Chicago is vastly more expensive and trying.

If we assume two premises, that a proper control and inspection of food-supplies makes for the good of the city, and that such control and inspection should be carried out at a minimum of expense, four questions confront the interested citizen with regard to the markets of the community. What are the advantages of centralized markets as opposed to our present separated ones? What should be the general location of such markets? what the general internal construction of the buildings? Should the ownership of the markets be vested in the public, or should they be under private control?

City reservoirs have long taken the place of the garden well; and city water, because of its distribution from a main source of supply, can be readily inspected for its purity. The furnishing of food-supplies must always remain a problem strongly distinct from the furnishing of the first-named great necessity; yet city water, entering at a single point and radiating out through different streets to individual houses, may furnish us with a valuable analogy. By a system of centralization comparable to that already employed with water, the establishment of centralized markets will do away with a large part of the difficulty of control. Such movements have proved direct magnets to trade. Such markets have become the centre of the food-movement of the city. Centralization has shown other merits besides the primary one of control. In the smaller city a single market may be used for wholesale trade in the early morning hours, and for retail trade during the day. In the greater city a division into parts, with a great wholesale market as a main source of supply, and a radial series of retail markets placed at sub-centres of population and fed by the central market, would seem to be the ideal arrangement. Such a hub-and-spokes arrangement should prove particularly effective when we consider its possibilities with regard to building markets for the poor, a matter to be considered in some detail a moment later.

The general location of the markets should be determined chiefly by the conditions of transportation. With vegetables and fruits, as with milk, it is essential to their purity to transmit them to the consumer in the shortest possible space after their preparation. Those markets accomplish the swiftest transfer of goods to the receiver where cold-storage cars can deliver directly to the doors, where the laden wagons from the adjacent country-side can most readily bring their fresh gathered goods, or where inland waterways or ocean docks are close at hand. Every such central market should have its cold-storage warehouse, and its devices for supplying cold storage to the tenants who rent the stalls. Convergence of transportation to a single point is one of the best safeguards of food. Swiftness of delivery, and continuance of low temperature, oppose the decomposing action of the plants of the garden of the air. The location of the sub-markets in a radial system must, of course, be controlled by the position of the centres of population. In these days of motor-wagons and tube systems of delivery, the problem of transportation from a central point to the minor marts becomes a by no means difficult matter.

Not the least argument in favor of centralization may be found in the increased facilities afforded as regards garbage re-

moval. The need for a satisfactory service of this kind may be readily recognized when two statements are placed side by side. The natural enemies of pure food flourish almost beyond belief in the organic wastes cleared from the food-shop. Some of our better ordered municipalities think it sufficient, even in mid-summer, to collect garbage but once a day. Other less progressive cities believe their duty done when the accumulated wastes are removed twice a week.

The construction of markets is, in its detail, a matter for architect and engineer; but since laymen must use the finished work, the simple details laid down by William Paul Gerhard, in his excellent work on the *Sanitation of Markets and Abattoirs*, may be quoted: —

"The chief constructional requirements [of markets] are the following: —

"1. The halls must have ample light.

"2. They must not be draughty, yet be well ventilated.

"3. They must afford plenty of floor space and storage-room.

"4. They must have plenty of exits and passage-ways, also driveways for the unloading and loading of wagons.

"5. They must be well and substantially constructed."

Those five sentences sum up the requirements well.

Now for the answer to the last of the four questions, public versus private control. If our modern theory is correct, which assumes that it is a part of the duty of the municipality to care for the health of its citizens, it is surely a legitimate function of the municipal government to undertake the building and ownership of public markets. The tradesman who rents the stall from the municipality comes, by that act, directly under the rules which may be laid down for the control of the market. The inspector who condemns goods in accordance with such rules has no mean moral support behind him. In consequence, the customer who buys his household supplies from the centralized municipal market has a better chance of protection than in buildings where private companies, seeking the largest dividends possible, may be in conflict with the officers of health. Nor need such a venture be an altruistic one. The ownership of public markets has proved no losing venture for many cities. Yet the municipality, if the movement is to prove of its utmost value, should not look for too large dividends, for the ultimate purpose of such ownership is not the immediate pecuniary gain, but rather that more general gain that results from the better health and greater energy of a well-nourished people. Beyond all else, markets so built and so controlled should result in advantage to the class which needs them most, the city's poor.

Few luxuries are more expensive than the five cents' worth of the poor. The cost of lodging and food, the two absolute necessities of community life, is a tremendous problem to the great majority of the city dwellers. To the poor the margin by which these are secured at all is scant indeed. It is the more pitiful, therefore, that only in the luxurious shops of the rich do foods cost as much as among the tenements. The small quantities consumed, the meagre variety, the hand-to-mouth method of buying, all combine to make the nourishment obtained far less than it should be for the money expended.

Municipal markets placed less to accommodate the rich or well-to-do than to reach the buyers of the tenement district, markets whose stalls offer the variety desired by the many races who make up our cosmopolitan whole, are a most immediate necessity. The Italian emigrant woman, bewildered for years by a new land and by strange customs, will seek the dirty Italian shop in the back street if there are no stalls in the public building where she can chaffer in her own tongue. The extortion of the small shop cannot continue where the entering buyer passes a hundred stalls offering the same quality of goods. Once more let us reiterate a salient point. The cost of stalls in such markets, the necessary run-

ning expenses for keeping up the business, should be distinctively lower than those charged by the tenement landlord outside. The municipality cannot afford to have its markets too profitable an investment. Sickness from poor food, lack of energy from insufficient nourishment, are fearful drains on a city's total resources. The proper control of markets is a step along the lines of preventive medicine.

The meat-stall of the market must buy its goods from the slaughter-house or abattoir. No other part of the providing of the city's food has come to the attention of the public as has this single trade. Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel *The Jungle;* the report of the commission named by President Roosevelt to consider conditions in the abattoirs; the work of the illustrated weeklies and the daily newspapers, — all have combined to stir the public deeply. The past is a matter of history, and the former conditions of many of the slaughter-houses have proved to be wretched beyond belief. The reforms accomplished have already been considerable, a result due largely to the fact that most of the abattoirs are engaged in interstate commerce, which fact places them under the control of the national government. Numerous smaller abattoirs catering to local trade still exist, however, and the same general statements that apply to the public ownership and control of markets may well apply to these.

Certain characteristics of the work of the abattoirs differentiate their problems from those of the markets. The very nature of their business is of a more filthy and disagreeable sort, and demands especial precautions with regard to cleanliness and the preservation of the products. The wholesale nature of the trade allows the abattoir and the stockyards, which normally are adjacent to it, to stand in a location outside the centres of population. Not only the unpleasant features of the slaughtering business, but also the odors due to utilization of the by-products, such as the making of soap and the handling of hides, horns, and hoofs, make it extremely inadvisable to locate abattoirs in residential sections of any class.

One model abattoir erected recently in New York has commonly been referred to of late as presenting an excellent example of what a plant of this type should be. Abattoirs may be divided into two general classes: those but a single story high and extending over a considerable ground area, and those which are several stories high and extend over a comparatively limited area. The abattoir of the New York Butcher's Dressed Meat Company is of the second type.

In this slaughter-house the cattle coming from the cars at the gates follow two white bell-wethers up long graded inclines, rising story after story, till the roof is reached, where the pens for the steers are located. Below the beef-pens are pens for calves, sheep, and lambs. All of these are open to the air. From the roof the operations of the abattoir go on in regular order downward from floor to floor. The floor below the roof holds the slaughtering-room, where all slaughtering is done in " kosher " fashion. Below are the refrigerating rooms, which are kept at a constant temperature of two degrees above freezing. Below these are rooms for the utilization of the various by-products of the slaughtering. Every part of the animal is used for one purpose or another, and cleanliness is the law of the establishment from start to finish.

The market stands before our eyes: the abattoir carries on its work beyond our vision. Yet the same need exists for both, — control brought into being and sustained by a firm public spirit, a reliant public opinion.

The bakery, a third general distributor of food-supplies, needs the same protection against the enemies of food as that claimed by the market and the abattoir; centralized municipal ownership is hardly practical in this case, but the need of civic regulation is a vital need which presses more urgently year by year.

The disappearance of the art and practice of cooking in the homes of the city

is one of the noteworthy signs of the age. The girl in employment, whether she gains her wage by labor in the mill, the department-store, or the office, has had little chance or inclination to take up the household sciences before marriage. Her mother, though of the generation before, is likely to have had much the same experience as the daughter, can offer but slight knowledge, and has little skill as a teacher. As an inevitable result, thousands of families fall back on the baker to make up in some part the deficiency in home training. City after city uses baker's loaves to the number of tens and hundreds of thousands. The enormous increase in the production of cooked food in the city is pregnant with matter for careful consideration.

Stand waiting for your car beside a corner bake-shop, when the mills are pouring out their living stream at night. Watch the long line entering the bakery, standing at the counter, receiving the evening loaf or leaving the doors laden with pastry and cake. Much of the bake-shop's wares offer a soil as fertile for bacterial hosts as the goods of the market can afford. The market's goods are commonly uncooked. They must pass through the antiseptic processes of cooking. The bake-shop's viands are cooked and ready to be eaten. Note the cloying, sickish smell about the ordinary bake-shop on a summer's day, and observe the herds of flies striving for entrance. Flies are notorious carriers of disease. The bake-shop, the source of most of the cooked food of the community, offers a problem distinct from, but no less important than, that of the market or the abattoir.

The salesroom of the bakery may or may not be attractive, but the real crux of the problem does not lie there. You will find that in the bake-room, commonly a close room situated behind the shop, or perhaps below it, in a dim cellar. Strange to say, the condition of the bakeries, with their possibilities of the direct transmission of disease, has been largely overlooked in the crusade that has gone on during the last few years. Grave possibilities of danger inhere in unclean bake-houses, heavy with fetid air, hot with the constant radiation of the ovens, and fouled by the burning of gas-jets that strive against the dusk at midday. Massachusetts has done good work in clearing up the wretched bakeries of the slums, and for this the commonwealth should be given credit. Here are two quotations from the state law on the subject which are aimed directly against certain of the chief evils which exist in this trade.

Chapter 75 of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts provides in Section 20: "All buildings which are occupied as biscuit, bread or cake-bakeries shall be provided with a proper wash-room and water-closets, having ventilation apart from the bake-room or rooms; and no water-closet, earth-closet, privy, or ash-pit shall be in, or communicate directly with, the bake-room of any bakery." Section 29 says: "Furniture and utensils in bake-rooms shall be so arranged that they and the floor may at all times be kept clean and in good sanitary condition."

Space is precious in the tenements. Air and light are costly. The sale-room shows. The bake-room is hidden. Only through municipal or state control and proper inspection can we be sure that the evils of the bake-shops are avoided. Nor should this subject be closed without reference to the individual public spirit of some of the men engaged in the bakery business on a large scale. Some of them have done excellent work in this regard, and their efforts should receive a greater support from the community. With the exception of the large biscuit or cracker bakeries, the national laws in general have nothing to do with these food-producers. Their trade is commonly carried on within the confines of the city which they serve.

The sinister threads which mark the pathway of the pathogenic organisms, of the germs of disease, run blackly through all the discussions of those common necessities of mankind—air, water,

and food. Ever at the gates, they watch for the chance opening which shall give them entrance. Control of the diseased employee, the tuberculous patient, should not be confined to his relation to air, water, and milk; every man who handles food-supplies in market or abattoir, every worker in the bake-shops, should undergo constant and vigilant inspection. The danger of food injured by decomposition may be somewhat less in the bakery than in the market or abattoir, but the danger to the public from adulteration, substitution, or the transmission of disease, is quite as great.

Back through the hurrying, home-bound crowds, into the dusk where the lamps are gleaming, returns the city worker at the close of day. Whether the weariness of the night gives place to rest and power in the morning depends largely upon the food that the home table provides; and the healthfulness of that food, gathered as it is from many different sources, must be controlled by the individual citizen, in the end. Only by the deterrence of the knowing criminal who furnishes impure food, and by the teaching of the ignorant, can general safety be secured. Nor is it enough to insure our own safety only. This complex latter-day organism, the city, when injured in one fibre, transmits the hurt throughout its frame. Whether we wish it or no, to keep ourselves we must be our brother's keeper. Only when we strive to guard our neighbors as ourselves are our own walls secure.

LINCOLN

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

Yon red orb, in fame's azure hung,
Is Alexander's; flushed and young,
The Sword of Macedon
In world-wars long agone.

Beyond it, poised where no clouds are,
Flashes, alone, the cold keen star
Of Cæsar, where it clomb
High over seven-hilled Rome;

Shine next, as naked greatness can,
The rival lights of Charlemagne
And that fair Saxon king
Who knew no wicked thing.

Brave stars, against the darkness bold
Shine for the mighty men of old,
Who, as the strength was given,
Leapt into memory's heaven.

But he that never thought to climb,
Our crownless king, of later time,
Who walked the humble way,
Coming as comes the day;

He that, for kings and princes all,
Would once more read the mystic wall, —
Spell out, there, what was meant
Whereso the Finger went;

He that, over the anvil lowered,
Would beat the plowshare from the sword,
Lest peace from man depart,
Yea, hope out of his heart; —

Earth held to him. The rough-hewn form,
Looming through that unnatural storm,
Hinted the rude, mixed mould
Ere chaos loosed her hold;

A lone, wind-beaten hill-top tree,
His that pathetic majesty;
Forlorn even in his mirth,
His roots deep in the earth.

Earth's is he yet. When from the hill
The warm gold flows, and hollows fill,
The sunlight shines his fame,
The winds blaze Lincoln's name.

Ay, Earth's he is; not hers alone.
Blood of our blood, bone of our bone,
Love folded him to rest
Upon a people's breast.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON THE HEN

NOWHERE in the lower creation does the better sex prevail so triumphantly, and maintain so clearly its segregated and individual self, as in the poultry-yard. Whatever else a hen may be, she is conscious femininity. She has a certain thrift of conduct, and a halo of all the proprieties, equal to that of any honored dame in a country parsonage. The arch debating eye with which she surveys a pleasant garden-plot after a rain is worthy of a Millamant choosing gems. Her gait and flutter while crossing before the highway wheels will remind you of some Early Victorian lady-love. She belongs to a gynæocracy, and consequently has no grievances. *Taceat mulier* does not keep her out of Parliament; if there be a Sunday meeting, she is there, starched and foremost; if Master Bantam be arrived at that manly period when he can be taught the discreet art of worm-hunting, it is Diana who tutors him.

The imperious gentleman who is pleased to call himself head of these stir-abouts may be as great a buck and braggart as he may; until the silent partner shall lay his first egg, he is indeed a minus quantity. He may offer, if so it please his soul, what the Carolian Duchess of Newcastle calls " the careless Neglects and Despisements of the masculine sex to the female," but his scorn cannot carry; a cohort of empresses shall smile him down. A cock seems to have no personal estate save his beauty and his challenge-cry; all that divine Philosophy has given him for stay, among many ills, are the faithful pennons of gold and purple on his tail, and so much vocabulary as his ancestors brought out of the ark: dramatic, but painfully tautologous. No human fop, airing his maiden eloquence, could point a farce and adorn a guffaw as doth this sophomore creature on his trial crow, a sound which must move tears from stones. In fine, the superfluous lord of the hen-house is born to be ridiculous. Like Nero, he means, at least, to be an artist; but his very underlings scoff his flatting tenor, and withdraw, at the mere hint of a solo, to remoter nooks.

Hens, who are somewhat plain of face and figure, must consider what we term good looks as the sign of imbecility, seeing these from one year's end to another on the irresponsible citizens of their commonwealth. To be fair, with them, must mean to be freckled, low of comb, beady of eye, economic of tail, and of a certain Chinese pudginess; everything, in short, that HE is not! On the same showing, a sprawling step must amount to a breach of morals, a loud accent to slander and mendacity; and a spur, once a baronial ensign, should imply nothing short of a profession of atheism.

For manners, our clucking friend takes the bell, with her air of polite semi-cynicism, born of a mood never too eager or gullible, and her strangely fascinating timidity. As in other houses where the husband and father lies heavily on the general conscience, the juvenility takes on an air of maturity and equipoise, unknown in a more even domestic atmosphere. A kitten may be a hoyden, and a young bee go over to Bacchus on his first flower; but the tenderest she-chick is a very mistress of etiquette. It talks much, in a silver key, softly, and never to the point; charming are the curvets and sallies with which it wins your eye; it would rather not feed of your delicacies, while lacking your references, but must needs fly to its parent, and first get her opinion concerning your character and the complexion of your set.

A hen's meal-hour is a matter of Napoleonic brevity, and is so distributed as to

leave her nigh twelve hours of the day for the study of chemistry and natural history, and for contemplation of the arduous affairs of state. Nothing is nicer than her choice of table dainties, nothing more delicate and epicurean, unless it be her aim, which is like that of an accomplished archer or salmon-catcher. She is not as we, who pause between the tricklings of soup for conversation, and affect languor at the entrées; or like Thoreau, of all dishes choose the nearest. With fine decisive candor, she sees what she wants, reaches for it, and, never missing her point, "nicks the flying goodies as they pass," two hundred neat engorgements to the minute; beautiful as the best jugglery, and, like that, never to be acquired by an alien.

Our own relationship with hens had a romantic opening: nothing less than a love-feast, in that first year of happy expatriation from town, when childhood in rural scenes was as childhood at the pantomime. Before long we became aware of the clumsy aviary, as of actors worth a glance and a nod. One day we discovered that the dressiest mother-hen had married again. She had grown uppish with her seven soprano children, to whom she had been, hitherto, kind and fond. It seems that a compliment from the pedigreed cock had turned her head. They were denizens of the same borough, though they had never been introduced. Domestic cares had engrossed her; and the sapient ladies who had made him all he was, fluttered, a beguiling bodyguard, about their prodigal prince. But he had strategies of his own. With a superb strut of approach, and a too genial wink of his long-baffled eye, he met her one morning alone, under the grapevine, and blurted out, in a tone which would have overturned the nerves of his schoolmistresses, "You are the most beautiful widow that ever I saw!" She giggled, and pattered off. Nevertheless, her family found her a changed little being from that moment. Inside a week, they sat, with their fourteen orphan wings pressed close together, on a separate roost; and they saw their country squire of a stepfather, snubbing all his former relatives, lead her in, and help her to crumbs and corn; and they knew that it was the wedding-breakfast.

Be it said that the young strolling audience at this curtain-raiser long looked upon the sun-saluting biped and his harem as upon the most absurd, puppet-like, and grotesque of creatures. But disdain is a ticklish sauce to first acquaintance. In the end the home-keeping fowl forced acknowledgments of their just deserts. We do, verily, take them still for odd gentry; something to be treated handsomely, if need be, and not questioned too closely. We have a true British attitude towards our foreigners, and are agreeably affected to find them alive, pert, and killable. Gravity, proper ambition, and prudence, the hen seems to possess, and admirable powers, not quite of irony, but certainly of sarcasm. But we cannot, for the life of us, get on sympathetic and clubable terms with her. Our animosities, like Tom the terrier, are ready at any moment to run full tilt into her downy shrewish synods. We are on a footing of affable courtesy — yet, one never knows! Those arched lips are but horny nippers, after all; that thin serpentine tongue is a remembrance of lost Eden; that golden hand, too, hath claws. They that can fly or swim are foes with resources. She is the *ewig weibliche:* one prefers to respect her.

Well, we give you joy, poor wayfarers, —

(Dominique, Langshan and Rock are ye,
Wyandotte, Cochin, whatever ye be), —

of any weapon in the midst of conspiracy, where life is but a losing fight, and every avenue looms terrible with the guillotine. Thy most hallowed ideals and uses, in our inhospitable star, are as naught, O Iphigeneia, to the Christmas market; thy very lights and livers are open to confiscation; the old largesses of eggs innumerable plead lamely, or not at all, for thee, at the farmer's bar; the selfsame family which once held relations with thee as with a friendly power, promotes thee to be

a dinner; the innocentest babe builds auguries on thy dried wish-bone; and the chance spectator (perhaps with the chicken-heart in him which thou hast outgrown) may watch thine indomitable severed mortality violently flying at a fence, or cackling posthumous defiance at this too barbarous world.

IN DEFENSE OF THE VERB

I HAVE just had the pleasure of reading, in the October Contributors' Club, a defense of the adjective. It is always balm to the soul of the professor of rhetoric, to hear the dignity of any part of speech insisted on. This defense of the adjective, however, is achieved largely by subtle animadversions upon the verb. The teachers of composition and rhetoric — I confess myself, here, of the clan that, over countless undergraduate themes, dies daily in defense of grammar — are accused of discrediting the adjective in these terms: "A thing is better described by a statement of what it does than by the attribution to it of qualities. Speak in verbs, that is, rather than in adjectives. Examine the works of the writers who move you. You will find that they write in words of motion, in verbs." I am conscious, myself, of having given some such advice, a score of times, in my own lecture-room. Perhaps, for the honor of all dispensers of marginal criticism, I may be allowed to speak briefly in defense of the verb.

In the first place, let me say that, to the practiced ear, the counsel quoted has the unmistakable ring of counsel addressed to the student, to the amateur, to the young writer eager to create. Practical advice is never the last word of theory, scientific or æsthetic. The superior importance of the verb to the adjective, in the sum of æsthetic effects, might perhaps be successfully defended; but this is not the place for an essay toward the psychology of style. Nor, save in rare instances, can one put — even to a group of embryonic novelists — the question, "Which is the most important part of speech?" One's aim is to get all the parts of speech wisely and effectively used. But there are times when the eager creator of literary effects himself puts the pathetic plain query, "How can I make this conventional stuff of mine convincing?" To such it is usually necessary to say, "Leave your friend the adjective, and cultivate the acquaintance of the verb."

The advocate of adjectives has, I am inclined to think, taken our practical advice too literally. Both verbs and adjectives, in any printed page, there must be. The only question sanely at issue is not of the mere presence, but of the preponderance, of the particular part of speech. Further, he confuses his literary *genres* as the detested "rhetorician" may not. One might fancy, from his quotations, that prose and poetry were subject to the same laws, and that literature, whether prose or poetry, consisted most legitimately of pure description. Prose and poetry are not subject to the same laws, as the weary lecturer knows. The critic admits satirically that the "New Narrative" may perhaps be the place of the verb. We grant that the tasks of description and narrative are originally different. But no description, save of dead things, can do without some of the vocabulary of change — and even after death there is decay. One has only to read Blair's *Grave*. πάντα ῥεῖ. A great deal of description, even, is done in the narrative spirit: the *English Mail-Coach*, for example, or the *Fall of the House of Usher*. Indeed, it is often difficult to say whether a page is preponderatingly descriptive or narrative. The critic has rested his argument, so far as possible, on passages so short that the narrative element is barely evident. Is it, indeed, quite fair to go to Shakespeare and Milton for consummate adjectives, and to invent a piece of fustian to illustrate the misuse of the verb?

Moreover — and it is here, perhaps, that one most feels the frivolity of the comment — the champion of adjectives has not seen that the fundamental dis-

tinction is not between adjective and verb, but between substantive-idea and verb-idea. It is a distinction that I think no "rhetorician," in uttering the quoted caution, would fail to point out as the real one. The adjective, like the noun, generalizes about the thing discussed. The verb and its adverb satellites particularize an aspect thereof. The noun names for you one definite thing; the *pure* adjective gives you of that thing one essential attribute. The verb and its attendant adverbs give you one incidental feat performed by the object named in the noun; there are a hundred verbs to the life of one noun, each selecting, separating, distinguishing, its moment from other moments. It is to be conscienceless again, as the rhetorician may not be, to refuse to see half our adjectives as verbal in derivation and idea; or even to consider, in this sense, a participle an adjective at all.

Of the authentic quotations made, let me take the only one really long enough to be considered in the nature of proof, — that from Walter Pater's *Leonardo da Vinci*. Let me requote it, italicizing, for the nonce, the words that are one form or another of the verb: —

"In him first *appears* the taste for what is bizarre or *recherché* in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, *ridged* reefs of trap-rock which *cut* the water into quaint sheets of light; all the solemn effects of *moving* water; you may *follow* it *springing* from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the Madonna of The Balances, *passing* as a little fall into the treacherous calm of the Madonna of The Lake, next, as a goodly river, below the cliffs of the Madonna of The Rocks, *washing* the white walls of its distant villages, *stealing* out in a network of *divided* streams in La Gioconda to the seashore of Saint Anne — that delicate place, where the wind *passes* like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the *untorn* shells are *lying* thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never *rise*, are green with grass *grown* fine as hair."

I will ask any reader to tell whether the italicized words, rather than the adjectives, are not, on the whole, the words that give the picture. "Examine the works of the writers who move you," the "sophisticated *literati*" are accused of saying; "you will find that they write in words of motion, in verbs." Does the critic, then, seriously not consider that the effect which Pater has here produced, he has produced rather by his reefs that "cut" the water, by the way in which he makes one "follow" the "moving" water, "springing," "passing," "washing," "stealing," "divided," than by his "bituminous" rocks, the "distant" source, the "little" fall, the "treacherous" calm? "Those adjectives," he exclaims, "cannot have been left there by mistake." Agreed: but they seem at the least as fortuitous as the verbs. One half wonders if the critic, moved by the passage in question, did not assume, quite without analysis, that his pleasure in it was induced by the adjectives it contains. It is certain that if I had been recommending the passage to a student of style, I should, in all innocence, have noted especially for him Pater's use of verbs.

To retort to Shakespeare with Shakespeare is, in any cause, only too easy. But listen to Keats, who surely cannot be said to have any grudge against adjectives: —

> Conspiring with him how to load and bless
> With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
> To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
> And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
> To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells."

Does it appear that this quintessentially "descriptive" poet undervalues the descriptive power of the verb?

I could almost wish that I had under my hand, and might insert here, any piece of "creative" literature from the pen of almost any clever undergraduate. It would instantly be made evident that the advice against adjectives is founded on necessity. The history of each human vocabulary begins with the noun: the object pointed at, and correctly denomin-

ated, by the precocious infant, to the wonder and applause of parents. Then come the verbs-of-all-work, — "is," "seems," "becomes," "grows," — with such variety alone as mood and tense can give. The youth first begins to "write" seriously on the day when he discovers the adjective. Second-rate literature is full of good adjectives; third-rate literature, of bad ones. But the verbs-of-all-work are kept. I should like to offer my own exercise in satire — but it would inherit too richly from generations of actual manuscripts. A mere shred of example, I might give. Mr. Kipling may be called one of those modern writers who are "our true models in technique" (as the critic says), because "we never doubt that they, like us, are men — men whom we may try to equal, not without hope of success." He is undoubtedly more imitable than Shakespeare. I chance to remember, at this moment, two sentences of his in *The Naulahka*, which illustrate the way in which the adjective-intoxicated amateur does *not* write: —

"The thing lay on the boy's shoulders, a yoke of flame. It outshone the silent Indian stars above, turned the tossing torches to smears of dull yellow, and sucked the glitter from the cloth of gold on which it lay."

There can be no doubt that under the pen of the average undergraduate, male or female, the impression would have been recorded thus: —

"The thing was like a yoke of flame on the boy's shoulders. It was brighter even than the silent Indian stars above; it made the tossing torches look like smears of dull yellow, and the cloth of gold, on which it lay, seem less glittering." And I have done the hypothetical student the preposterous grace of leaving him Mr. Kipling's own adjectives.

The critic says, finally, "It is well to advise the schoolboy to use fewer adjectives (for he generally dumps them on his page by the barrow-load); it is well to tell him to use more verbs (for that is where he is sure to be weak)." It is the concession of a diplomat; and almost leads us to think, for a moment, that we are quarreling about nothing. But we are not quarreling about nothing; and if the critic had had only such things to say as no one could disagree with, he would not have taken the trouble to write his interesting little article at all. If it were all a question of mere verbal temperance, both of us would have, for reason's sake, to be at one. No one takes the trouble to prove an axiom. The point is that, even though we grant the two parts of speech to be equally important, — and frankly, I do not; and obviously, he does not, — there can be no question as to where help is most needed. The adjective already has the unwavering allegiance of millions.

Still, we must remember that it is not merely a question of practical advice — not even of the ultimate psychology of style; least of all, of individual preferences and conceptions in the vexed matter of words. In a more important battle than any of these, the defender of adjectives and the defender of verbs are fighting on the same side. Ours is not unlike the secret free-masonry of alchemists, who might, none the less, passionately differ as to the composition of the great elixir. So, against the vast hordes for whom language exists only as a cheap signal-service between demand and supply, we are at one. Those have never exclaimed, —

> Créer: sentir les mots palpiter sur la page,
> Les entendre frémir d'amour, pleurer de rage,
> Et moi-même avec eux souffrir, vibrer, crier;
> Etre en eux comme Dieu dans le monde — créer!

Those might believe with the apocryphal prophet Enoch concerning the damnation of the angel Pênêmnê, of whom he says,

"He instructed mankind in writing with ink and paper, and thereby many sinned from eternity to eternity and until this day. For it was not intended, when man was created, that he should give confirmation to his good faith with pen and ink in such wise."

As against them, I may hope, we are heart and soul together.

INTENDED GREATNESS

I HAVE a friend who annoys me because he is so evidently bound to become great. Not that he says so — that would spoil the surprise; but I can see it in the glitter of his eye, in the set of his jaw, and in the way he scratches his head. When his consummation will take place I cannot predict, but, like rain in dry weather, it is sure to come. It cannot help coming. It has made up its mind to come, and nothing can hinder it. Greatness has this murderous quality — it will out.

Ordinarily I like completed great people, — chiefly because they never appear ostentatious near to. They have a universal quality in them which embraces even atomic me in friendly fashion. In the case of people about to become great, however, there is no hospitality unless you happen to be a means to an end. If you are that, you may escort incipient greatness to the path which leads to the front door of the Hall, but there, unless you too are to become great, you must part. Truly has it been remarked that greatness is solitary.

This particular friend who annoys me cannot now avoid the consequences of his actions even if he should try to — it is too late. The train is laid, and the match lit. He may think that he has forgotten that the explosion is due, and will pretend to be as surprised as the rest of the world (except me), when he wakes up to the roar of his own private salute. Then the reporters will interview him and ask him how he did it. He will consider thoughtfully, and suddenly, recalling that when but ten years old he had decided to become great, he will repeat this news to the astonished scribes, who will disseminate it to the principal cities of Christendom. All will then say (except me), " How easy it is to become great! He did it thus, why not we? "

Hence another infinitude of restless blind strivings, and more trouble for the biographers.

At this point a very small voice — usually still, but with a familiar ring when it does speak up — remarks, "Ha! ha! You are jealous; you know that you will never be as he is to be. You are very jealous."

To this accusation I make response, " No, I am not that which I was — namely, jealous. There is no good being jealous unless it impels you to do something. Jealousy is the electric button of ambition. Having no ambition, that is, being happy, the green eye is not upon me. Go to."

No. I am but amused and a bit distressed at my friend's hobby. I think he is making a mistake, and he will not listen to me. He is trying too hard to become great. He ought to let it grow naturally, like a beard or a first mustache, instead of pinching it. If it won't sprout of itself, he should try a rotation of crops, to change the figure. Perhaps — dare I say it? — perhaps he is not meant to be great. What, after all, is the use of being great? Why not be little, and be sure of holding your job? As I understand it, thrones and pedestals perpetually totter in an extremely terrifying fashion. Won't you sit with us on the Park benches, sir? 'T is more comfortable, we consider.

Perhaps the worst attribute of one about to become great is the rigor and stress of his Life — the capital seems called for. He never "has time" to be interested in what you are interested in, for he has been so deeply immersed lately in a task that he had to get out of the way (" Something great? " you almost ask). Also, he has to weigh accurately the measure of use he can get from a thing before he will attempt it. When, on a hot summer evening, such considerations are rampant, deliver me from the society of the would-be great!

He, my poor friend, and his tribe somehow compel attention. Thus it is that greatness fosters greatness. B, let us say, desires to become great. He tells C his wish. C then says privately to A, who is already great, " A, I know a man who would be even as you are! " A, thus flattered, meets B at a party and shines upon

him. Others in the alphabet, namely D, E, F, and G, observe the illumination of B's face, and say among themselves, "Behold B, he has something in him. Perhaps he too will be great! Let us be good to him!"

So B, like my friend, is now about to grow great. With care and pruning he should be ready by Christmas time.

The born great are admirable. I like to be shaken by their hand. Those thrust into the state usually rise nobly to the occasion, like the tramp in the play who, on receipt of an unexpected fortune, enters philanthropy at once. But those who achieve it, — let them be kept elsewhere than we are till their goal is reached! They know no speed laws, and they drive as Jehu did; for it was he who said, "What hast thou to do with peace? Turn thee behind me." Greatness is ever so.

A THEORY OF THE UNATTAINABLE

Charles Lamb's lively denunciation of the folly of early rising has never entirely convinced me. Somehow, I cannot quite believe that the happiest dreamer, even though he appreciate to the full the joy of thoroughly "digesting his dreams," ever quite approves of himself for lying in bed. I think it is the early bird, on the contrary, who, under all his self-importance, looks with something akin to admiration upon a prodigal waster of hours, "chewing the cud of his foregone vision," while the sluggard, habitually late for breakfast, anathematizes himself as he makes his toilet, and, though he lies abed, might almost be said to *love* early rising.

I may be wrong about this, but I have brooded many days upon the subject, and by dint of great reflection I have arrived at a theory which, for want of a better title, I call that of Unattainable Virtues (or Vices, as the case may be). Since its adoption, I have been able in some degree to understand the variance of my friends' habits of life as compared with their confessed preferences, and to explain away a few of the discrepancies between endowment and desire. Put sharply, the hypothesis might be set forth thus: Not only the qualities and attributes, but the actual accomplishments we admire in others, and the ones we are moved occasionally to extol in public, are those which we ourselves are destined never to attain. Reasoning so, I am able to comprehend why the orderly, methodical housewife, whose days are passed apart from the frivolities of books and writers, secretly marvels at, and sighs for, and wonders why she cannot gain, that facile something, which she in her simplicity calls "being literary." On the other hand, I no longer exclaim when those who devote themselves to literary pursuits rise up to murmur jocosely against the hazards and disappointments of their trade, and envy loudly the followers of other crafts, and even the followers of no craft whatever. If it be true that the unacquired vice or virtue hath indeed its singular charm, then the most prolific magazine contributor may sigh in moments of weakness for the ability to refrain from utterance, just as the sluggard envies his brother's ability to get up early.

Delving among old volumes of the *Atlantic* the other day, I chanced upon a Contribution to the Club which bore for its title "The Ballad of Refrain," the refrain of the ballad being to the effect that if most of the people who make out to write books would relinquish their desire for self-expression, the world would be a freer and more desirable dwelling-place. The writer's complaint, like so many similar ones, is quite justifiable. I am sure that the best of us often long to "slip the leash and escape from the traditional bondage to books."

When moribund novelists still rehearse
Their themes extinct and their passions dead;
When our shelves are weighted by recent verse
And our tables groan with their books unread;
When a mob is waiting to snatch the thread,
As it spins away from the whirring brain,
Before the ink from the pen is shed —
Then hey! for the hero who can refrain!

Nevertheless, if I had not had on hand

just then my theory as to the charm of the unattainable, I might have encountered in my own mind the insistent insulting, and yet quite pertinent, inquiry, "Why did not *he* refrain?" He tells us, this clever poet, what we presumably know already — namely, that there are too many printed words in the world, that we are swamped with unnecessary literature, that his own table is overloaded with unread books, and, doubtless we may add, unread magazines. He makes use for the expression of his resentment, of a coveted corner in a most coveted field. Through the length of two columns, — for which we may assume he received a stated sum of that lamentable gold, and a moiety of that fame, both of which he so deplores as stimulants to literary effort, — he asserts lyrically that there are too many people writing. This author extols some one else's gift of silence; he would fain keep silent himself, perhaps, — yet how improbable is the inference that he ever will! To refrain from utterance, to keep tightly lidded within his own brain those eager, seething thoughts which bubble up, defiant of repression, voluntarily to hold himself aloof — absurd, incredible sacrifice! He admires, he tells us, the hero who refrains, and so in truth, do I; yet he keeps on writing, and I keep on trying to write, and so shall all the rest of us continue to do, so long as we are able to manipulate the keys of a typewriter. Avaunt, thou unattainable gift of repression!

Stevenson, more than any other writer, grows confidential with his readers over the secrets of his own art. He makes out gayly enough to inform us how little it is worth, and how much better a man were employed learning to carry a pack-saddle, or to be "happy thinking." And again, he maintains that an author is not at all a genial person to marry. Yet if we turn the page, we find him describing his own untiring labors to gain "that proficiency of the writer," and the many weary years he "practiced to acquire it."

Just here, as I flutter familiar, well-loved pages, lingering with ever new delight over passages I already know by heart, a thought comes to me, imbecile enough of itself, yet of such poignant suggestiveness that I seize the book I have been reading and hold it close through a moment of swift apprehension — if Stevenson had refrained!

Ah, no. Permit us to go on making the books of which there is no end. They all serve their small purpose for a day, and then, if they are destined not to endure, they may, like Mr. Keith Rickman's book of verses, be just the right size to make cigar-lighters for a veteran author. While we may condemn the attitude of our friend Lamb, who remarked quite frankly, "I cannot think. Books think for me," still, we have not attained to that age or degree of experience when we can be "happy thinking." And so, are we to be harshly judged, if, lured by some ephemeral success, we venture rashly to suppose — how rashly, only authors know — that we may be happy writing?

THE REAL DOMESTIC PROBLEM

THERE once was a young writer who coddled himself with the notion that he had a mission. This mission consisted in the celebration of a section of society which he, curiously enough, knew a great deal about, because he had lived in it and belonged to it. The section had nothing to distinguish it except that it was genuine, and was as far away as possible from the Frozen North and the Woolly West. In fact it consisted of a quiet, normal, domestic people, who, the reader will know at once, do not exist in literary America. But in the young writer's opinion this very normality, besides being picturesque enough for the purposes of fiction, was doubly significant in that it was typical of society at large. For he had n't read much in the magazines, and at this early period had a naïve trust in the evidence of his senses.

Now, the writer had many personal friends, — for he had n't been writing

long, — and it was the advice served out by these that made him begin to doubt. They kept an eye on the mails, and when a thick envelope came, addressed to him in his own handwriting, they commended his editors, and urged him to cut loose from his false ideals.

Said one, "You never see that kind of stuff in the magazines. What you want to do is to go to New York or Chicago, and study the life in saloons, and tenements, and the tenderloin district. Study the great factories, live in a settlement, and attack the foreigner. You'll get a taste of real life there. That's what the magazines want. Look through them and see."

The writer did as he was bidden. He could not detect a note of serene home-life, — except, perhaps, as a prelude to disaster. He was still unconvinced, for it seemed to him that his whole life had been spent in the study of that very thing. But the words of an idealist are vain when rejected manuscripts have found a tongue of denial and reproach. Another friend came in, accepted a dose of the poor writer's cheap tobacco, and then, in revenge for what he really owed to his own indiscretion, he delivered the findings of pure reason.

"I'm afraid you have no imagination," he said. "Your people never die with their boots on. You ought to take an ocean voyage, or at least read a steamship circular, so that you'll know the position of the deck and the penal yardarm, — and then try a storm or a battle at sea, or a whaling voyage, with some ice-locked experiences in the Arctic. Go into a primitive forest, climb a mountain, thread the intricacies of a coal mine. That's where you find life, real life, and that's what the people want to read.

> "Lonely mountain in the north land,
> Misty sweat bath 'neath the line,

you remember, and

> "I see de track of hees botte sau-vage
> On many a hill an' long portage,
> Far far away from hees own vill-age
> An' soun' of de parish bell.

There's just a tip for you. Use it right and you'll escape the auctioneer and live to a good old age. Take your reader away from home, and you win his heart in the first paragraph."

He whipped out a periodical of fiction, as the cowboy of myth and fable would draw his revolver, and presented it straight at the writer's head. The latter glanced it over, and surrendered, conditionally. But when yet another friend had glorified the tragedy of war, and one the delirium of high society, and one had gone out offended because the young writer would not explain his use of the patent-medical sounding name, Penates, the victim of all this advice sat down seriously to think.

Is there no taste at all for the pastoral and the home-life? Must a man have slain his lion and his bear in order to be anointed king, and is there no virtue in being a simple shepherd? Are we so barbarous? Is there no interest in the *Private History of Tom Jones*, or in the genial domesticity of the good Vicar of Wakefield? Is there really no longer any humble happiness by

> The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
> The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
> The decent church that topped the neighboring hill?

In other words, are there no more mothers who act as genius of the bath, the patch, and the stubbed toe; or no fathers who wield the disciplinary rod, and buy school-books, and sit by the fire at night to "smoake and reade"? Is there not one young man who stays from Klondike to live with his mother and sisters; or one young woman who performs the duties of daughter and sister, instead of going abroad for brave adventure? Have we, in short, no families who sit comfortably at home, all together, eat fried bacon and eggs, drink package coffee, and talk about their neighbors, as a normal, healthy family should? Or has domestic life indeed vanished from the face of the earth? Surely, in a land so broad, said the writer, there must be one or more families who

live respectably and serenely, as those I have pictured in fancy.

But, after searching far and wide in magazines and late books, the poor writer concluded that he had been mistaken. There was no such life. Then he listened to the promptings of his ambition, and made a bid for posthumous fame. If he could preserve his manuscripts from fire and weather until the antiquarian should exhume them as a product of this age, so unlike would they be to any other contemporary writings that they would be styled the most grotesque and fanciful, or the most fundamental and searching work of genius the world has ever seen. Perhaps the writer had heard the story of Thoreau's library of seven hundred volumes, "written by himself." Thus he died, — for the probabilities are he did die early, — illustrating the old old story of the man who was disappointed, and so became a philosopher.

A CORRECTION

January 10, 1909.

To the Editors of the Atlantic.

Gentlemen: —

May I impose upon you for space to correct an injustice?

In my article on "Competition" in the October number, occurs the following passage: —

"I know very directly of a capable and prosperous man in Pennsylvania who was driven out of business by the Standard Oil Company, and touching whom one of the Oil magnates remarked, 'Oh, he was easy game.' And this case is said to be one of many."

I have since learned to my surprise that the circumstance alluded to occurred some twenty-five years ago, and that between its occurrence and my informant's apprehension of it, and his statement of it to me, and my apprehension of it, and my statement of it in the *Atlantic*, some of the facts not unnaturally became distorted.

It appears now that the man in question was not, in the ordinary sense, "in business," but was a "promoter," and that instead of being driven out of business by the Standard Oil Company, he was for many years interested with them in business, and to the satisfaction of all concerned, as one of the directors of the Standard Oil Company assures me. Therefore, so far as my statements in October are contradicted by the facts I have just recounted, I of course wish to withdraw those statements, and to express my regret at having unwittingly fallen into making them.

Your obedient servant,

Henry Holt.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1909

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PLAIN FACTS ABOUT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

WERE you ever a member of a school board? If not, then have hardly been revealed to you, in their fullest measure, the machinations and tendencies of the dual forces that combine to establish our public schools: the educational forces on the one hand, and the public or political forces on the other. To the thoughtful board member are revealed the inherent weaknesses of the public-school system as developed in America. To him are shown the foibles and fancies of the educationist, the heedlessness and pettiness of the more thoughtless element in the constituency, and, alas! the limitations of the teachers. And he is constantly comparing the ideal schools he supposed to exist before he got his intimate insight, and the schools he really discovered after his official relationship began. This disillusioning is distracting.

Just at present there is a stirring about in the public-school world. Some mild muckrakers have been busy with the rake, and are trying to find out "What is the matter with our public schools;" and a few conscientious critics are pointing out genuine weaknesses in the *results* of our public-school system. This commotion comes almost like a shock, after a long lull, which had put us to sleep in the pedagogical cradle, bringing us pleasant dreams about the great public-school system, the pride of the land, the glory of the nation, and so forth. For everybody was quite sure that these schools were the bulwark of our freedom, and that they somehow were too sacred to be criticised. At the same time, every one reserved the right to decided personal opinions about the way these schools should be run. For there is no other public institution so universally lauded in bulk, and so criticised *in parvo*, as the public-school system.

The results of the school system that are challenged in these newer indictments may be brought under three groups.

First, we are told that the pupil does not gain *real knowledge*. He studies about things, in an indefinite sort of way, but never learns the solid facts. The whole system, from the happy kindergarten to the mimic-college high school, is permeated with the haze of indefiniteness. There is present only the mirage of learning, not the substantial reality. The old-fashioned drilling has vanished. The line upon line and precept upon precept method, that builds real brain-substance, is replaced by pseudo-psychological "methods" taught in "normal" schools. The result is, the pupil is not trained in exactness and thoroughness.

Secondly, we are told that the pupil does not even learn to use his mind. Schoolmasters give as an excuse for the lack of exactness in their pupils, that the boys and girls have learned how to use their mental equipment even though they do not know very many facts. But here is a substantial arraignment of this supposed result of modern school methods. The school is an enslaver of memory instead of an emancipator of reasoning. Originality is tabooed, and servility demanded. The curse of the lawyer, the search for precedent, is written on the brow of pedagogy. Logic and reason are not encouraged.

And, thirdly, the results of our schools are not practical. This is heard on every hand. The schools do not fit for bread-and-butter earning, they rather make a boy or girl unfit for the hard tasks of life.

A fourth count in the indictment is sometimes added by the moralist, who claims that the moral traits of the child are hardly awakened, and that the boys and girls, especially those who break the ranks before the eighth grade is reached, are entirely unfit to meet the severe demands that the temptations of life make upon them.

These, briefly, are the charges. They may be summed up by saying that, in a very general and unsatisfactory way, the schools teach the elements of mental processes: that they, to this extent only, teach morals; and that they leave the aptitudes, manual and mental, in about as dormant a condition as they found them in.

These charges are made against the *results* of our public education. But these results are the outgrowth of *conditions*. I do not wish here to discuss the indictment, I wish only to describe frankly some of the conditions that prevail in our public schools, from which these undesirable consequences have grown. These plain facts I present, as they were unfolded to me while serving on the Board of Education in one of our large cities, where conditions are perhaps a little above the average.

I

And I begin with the teacher. For the teacher is the school. And in considering the teacher we must begin with the superintendent. The position of superintendent of schools is unique and anomalous. It demands the learning of a college president, the consecration of a clergyman, the wisdom of a judge, the executive talents of a financier, the patience of a church janitor, the humility of a deacon, and the craftiness of a politician. The position demands that the superintendent manage the schools purely as an educational investment for the public, without being in any degree influenced by the passions and impulses of the public. It is because of these requirements, which would tax genius and divinity, that there are so few real superintendents. If you should attend a meeting of the National Association of Superintendents, for the purpose of seeking one for your home town, you would be depressed by the scarcity of first-class material for so important a place. You would learn, on inquiry, that most of these men drifted into the superintendency, — they just happened into the job. Some were educated for the ministry, some for the bar, some for medicine, a few had been in business, all of them had been teachers, but only a small minority had started out in life by choosing the regal following of educational leader as a profession, and had persisted in their laudable ambition with courage and perseverance.

Until very recently, there was no college or university that paid any attention to school administration in its curriculum. Those great centres of learning to which the nation rightly looks for educational guidance were blind to the great needs of the common schools; so that a young man, ambitious to become a successful superintendent of schools, had to pick his own way, prepared by experience and inclination, but not by scientific guidance. The result was perfectly natural. The making of superintendents was left to chance, and to those interested forces which contrived to gain the mastery of the situation. Some superintendents were thus made by party politics, some by certain commercial interests, some by coteries of teachers or cliques of busybodies, and some, we may be very sure, by a happy and conscientious choice. These last have been, fortunately, the propulsive force in American public education, and the nation owes a large debt of gratitude to the great pioneer superintendents, who rose above the circumstances of their appointments and gave conscience and professional prowess to their tasks.

Happily there is now growing up in our

country a group of young men who have definitely chosen educational administrative work as their profession, who have been trained for their calling in colleges that have recognized their special needs, and who, it is hoped, will prove strong enough to withstand the temptations that are peculiar to public office. But ideal professional guidance in public-school affairs will not be possible until some of the conditions surrounding the office of superintendent are changed. The office must be entirely separated from the haphazard of politics. Formerly the superintendent was elected in many states by the people on party tickets. One of our large cities even to-day clings to this barbarous custom, to its shame and the great detriment of its school system. At present it is almost the universal custom to elect the superintendent through the board of education. Even under this practice he is still made to feel the insecurity of his tenure. For the board members are elected, and through them the people can strike at the superintendent. Every city is prone to have a superintendent war about every ten or twenty years. A man who has to direct so many teachers, placate so many parents, and come in practical contact with the public every day, will make enemies, especially if he is a robust and enterprising man. And these enemies will seek revenge at the polls. So, in order to raise a generation of professional superintendents, it will not be enough to have them trained in the technique of their profession. The tenure of office must be made long enough, and secure enough from interference by either the board or the public, to attract scholarly men.

While there has been so much of chance in the making of the superintendent, there has been a more earnest attempt made in the training of teachers, although even our normal schools are of comparatively recent origin. School-teaching is even now scarcely a profession. People still think that almost any one can be a teacher. In truth, any one who can pass the required examinations and get a certificate is legally qualified to teach. These requirements are usually so low that a graduate of an ordinary high school can pass them. Indeed, our cities maintain normal schools that are filled with girls taken green from the high school, who are given two years of seasoning in "method," and are then turned back into the public schools whence they came. This perpetual stream wends its never-varying circuit annually, swelled only occasionally by the addition of a few women or men who have had a college education.

This kind of hurry-up training emphasizes method, not character; memory, not logic. It tends to make education mechanical, impersonal. It leads the youthful pedagogue to teach arithmetic and reading, when she should be told to teach Johnny and Mary. For education that is not individual, that does not respond hopefully and joyously to the magic of personal association, results in mental palsy. Our meagre, starveling way of preparing teachers degrades the schools and the profession. The basis of teaching must be knowledge, and how shall they teach if they have not knowledge? The inspiration of teaching must be personality, but how shall they inspire if they have no soul for their work?

Moreover, this factory method of making teachers inclines to shrivel them. The exactions of their daily tasks, goodness knows, are severe enough to deaden their wider instincts. The stronger reason why their preliminary training should be of the greatest diameter. The natural propensities of all human beings are easily influenced by their vocations. Perhaps this is why some teachers are so apt to be narrow and unsympathetic toward persons and events that lie beyond the pale of their immediate work. There must be a broad, sympathetic spirit at the basis of every profession; and it is this spirit that marks the subtle distinction between a calling and a business, — a distinction that is important and potent.

Of course, the vast majority of public-

school-teachers are women. Probably this will always be true, though more men are surely needed. Thirty years ago it was almost the only occupation a woman could enter. To-day the call of many occupations reaches her ear. The result is that many of the ablest and most robust women who must work, avoid teaching, and the ranks of the public-school teachers must suffer from this loss.

The state has certainly not done its part to glorify the profession of teaching. It has not lured talent, either by offering preparatory schools equal to those of the other professions, or by offering adequate pay. Our school resources are too small on all sides. The maximum tax levy for school purposes is usually fixed by state law, and the harassed school board is continually confronted by the task of doling out the resources at hand among teachers, and buildings, and supplies, and playgrounds, and free lectures, and a hundred other things that call for money. They are, as a rule, as generous with the teachers as the state permits them to be. On the other hand, better pay should be contingent upon a broader preparation, more effective service, a more genuine spirit of helpfulness, less petty self-seeking, and a more liberal outlook on life. Money alone cannot create a profession.

II

Out of such educational conditions has come the course of study. What shall these teachers teach? This seems to be a universal enigma. The question was not asked seventy years ago. The itinerant schoolmaster, boarding round, and gathering his flock from the scattered huts of the pioneers, taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. And the refulgent halo of the three R's rests above the traditions of these early district schools. With a little history, geography, and spelling added, this remained the course of study until some educator suddenly awoke to the fact that, while science was eagerly and rapidly enlarging the domain of human knowledge, while human ingenuity was binding the continents into unity, and civilization was moving forward with swift strides, the course of study had remained quite stationary. So the process of "enriching" began. But alas! the enriching proceeded from books and theories, to the exclusion of the vital needs of the state. So much frosting has been put on the loaf, and so many raisins put within, that very little of the nourishing substance is left.

This course of study, being built by educators who have studied books rather than civilization, is bookish. Its creators being theorists rather than empiricists, it is transcendental. And the cry of an awakening nation is, "Back to the fundamentals. Make education practical." This is the extreme reaction on the part of the people from the extreme attempt on the part of educators to embellish their curriculum. The impulsive public, electing its school board, demands a "practical education," but fails to define what constitutes a practical education. So with the swaying pendulum we are bound to have either Day-Dreamer or Gradgrind.

Thus far we have been told not to meddle with the course of study. We, the laymen, must keep our hands off and let the professional educator arrange the schedules. And as a result every fad and fancy has been given a place, until the printed course of study resembles the menu card of a metropolitan restaurant. Modernly, every teacher has become a psychologist, and the beautiful science of child-study has been wounded and torn by thousands of clumsy, awkward amateurs, whose addenda to this "course" of study make the schools ridiculous to earnest, sensible men. These varied and all-embracing programmes of study presuppose every Tommy and Mary Ann to be a modern Lotze, capable of greater feats of genius than constructing, or even comprehending, a Microcosmos.

Of course it is all dealt out in homœopathic doses. There are pellets of anatomy and physiology, of painting and

drawing, of psychology and philosophy, of a little arithmetic and a little grammar. All the pellets are sugar-coated, for the whole pedagogical theory seems to command that the teacher make all these things easy for the pupil. So we have all kinds of patent devices for making the child's pathway one of velvet. There are wonderful new text-books that have all the lessons analyzed and classified, leaving very little for exertion. There are charts, multi-colored, that simplify the lessons, and pictures and cabinets that illustrate the charts. Everything is put in the pupils' hands. Genuine effort seems to be discouraged.

The vicious, immoral thing about all this is, that it enacts a great and terrible lie to the child. He is made to believe that superficiality is a substitute for thoroughness, and that effort is superfluous as well as unpleasant. And what is even more cruel, he is entirely unprepared for the school of life, where no teacher and no text are at his side to resolve his tasks from work into play.

And this hodge-podge of "essentials" and "enrichments" the teacher is told to dole out by "method." And mere method, technical routine, is the deadly enemy of individual work. And individual development is the supreme function of human life. Society could endure the crazy patchwork of an enriched course of study, and by the stern competition of life teach the youth the lessons of perseverance and application; but society cannot long endure the suppression of personality. Our machine-made teachers are, by machine methods, making of our splendid boys and girls, each one stamped with the divinity of individuality, mere machines.

Now that the educator has had his day in telling us what to teach and how to teach it, the taxpayer is beginning to teach the pedagogue. He approaches the question from the bread-and-butter side. He leaves the basic studies in the course, follows the child into the world, and asks for *results*. The danger from this is apparent.

In the technique of the course of study, America is just beginning to learn from Germany the lesson of differentiation. Heretofore we have crammed everything into one building, and into one course of study. For instance, the city high school, the offspring of the old academy, has had tacked on to it some work in manual training and also some few commercial studies. The product is a hybrid, neither a technical school, nor a commercial school, nor a classical school. The time has now come for separating the diverse organs, and developing their functions. Technical and commercial high schools, fully equipped and doing a splendid work, are now found in our most advanced cities.

Of the grades the same is true. The trade-school is coming into vogue rapidly. It has come to stay. But not as an adjunct to the present grade schools. It will be an entity by itself. As our country fills up, this differentiation will increase. It must become our national economic salvation.

III

These American schools are *public* schools. This lends to them at once their greatest significance, their greatest power, and their greatest handicap: is at once the source of their wonderful strength and their gravest weakness. The handicaps mentioned above are technical, and to a great extent can be remedied; probably in the course of fifty years they will be. But when shall the foibles of the people be consumed, and when their impulsiveness tamed? The schools belong to everybody, and everybody wants to keep his spoon in the educational porridge, and stir, and stir, and stir.

Of the hampering and intermeddling public, the most excusable portion is the unreasonable parent. Parents who may be reasonable about all their neighbors and about all other subjects, are not unlikely to become impatient and unreasonable about school matters that pertain to their own children. It becomes a ques-

tion of my Charlie versus your Charlie. Of course the variety of subjects that appeal to the unreason of such people is limitless. It may be a matter of discipline, or of transfer, or of personal pique against the teacher, or any one of a thousand different trivialities. But this particular species of parent immediately magnifies it into an astounding greatness, and usually makes a neighborhood issue of it. This may merely be annoying; always it is irritating; and sometimes, unfortunately, it becomes inflaming. Then it leads to written charges, to courts-martial by the superintendent, star-chamber sessions by the board, lawsuits in the courts, and to political issues at the polls. Superintendents have been ousted, principals discharged, teachers' hearts broken, by these unreasonable meddlers. Such instances will recur, in various guises, to the reader. One fractious parent can upset an entire neighborhood, and dispel that beautiful spirit of coöperation between the home and the school that forms the real potency of education.

When this unreasonable ire is poured out upon a board member, its results are far less deplorable, for he is not as essential to the welfare of the schools, and has weapons at his command. While his life is made a burden by all kinds of busybodies, he yet has the imperial privilege of talking back.

Then there are many groups of special interests which try to use the schools to further their enterprises or prejudices. Among these the party politician may be placed first. Happily he is a vanishing factor in school elections and administration. The boards are in some states still nominated by party machinery, and placed on party tickets, but the Australian ballot and nomination by petition are being widely adopted for the school ticket. This removes the board from party politics so far as such a thing is possible. But the party spoilsman, in some cities, still looks upon school janitors and employees as legitimate party spoils. And he even ventures to call on the superintendent and board members to suggest appointments for the teachers' roll, or to further the promotion of some teacher who may be related to an influential citizen, not infrequently accompanying his "request" with a mild threat. It is to the interest of the partisan, of course, to see that members are elected to the board whom he can use. Such men are ordinarily unfit for administering school affairs. It is an axiom that the usefulness to a community of a board-member increases directly as his political partisanship decreases. No doubt a purely political school board, particularly a large board, has been one of the great curses of our public schools. But they are almost a thing of the past, and with their departure will vanish the attempts to use the schools for purely partisan ends.

Of course, there is "politics" in everything, — in church, in business, wherever a group of men and women are contending for place and power. This instinct for playing the game of human nature is strongly developed in Americans, and forms the motive of our remarkable party organizations, and all our public institutions are peculiarly subject to these influences. This spirit lends itself very readily to trivial transactions. Old-time party politics are not nearly so destructive to school efficiency as are the petty "peanut" politics called forth by grievances, by revenge, by commercial cupidity, and a score of other petty potencies. Take, for instance, the question of retiring a superannuated teacher. Even in cities that provide a pension fund, this is a most delicate and hazardous undertaking for both superintendent and board. If the teacher of sixty or seventy years does not wish to retire gracefully and peacefully, she calls upon her hundreds of former pupils, many of them now leading business and professional men, she calls on the city editor of the daily papers, on her minister, her doctor, and her lawyer, on the members of her lodge and her church, and together they march in motley array, with grim energy, upon the school officials,

more determined than crusaders, and quite convinced that the welfare of the world is hanging on the outcome of their fight. If the school authorities yield, discipline goes wild. If they persist, the crowd threatens and plays politics when the term of the superintendent or board expires. And it is surprising what a fine class of citizens can be enlisted in these grievance campaigns. Men and women who surely ought to know better, who are expected to be self-possessed, allow themselves to be carried to ridiculous extremes over such matters.

Likewise the dismissal of incompetent teachers is made almost impossible in some communities by such over-zealous delirium on the part of good people. Sometimes lodges, business organizations, and even churches, are used as cudgels over the heads of the miserable school authorities. I have known a sewing society in a certain church in a small town to champion an unworthy superintendent and lead the fight to the polls, and, by virtue of the anomalous law that gives women the franchise in school questions, carry on a campaign of gossip and win an election.

In most of our cities there is a prevalent, provincial feeling that looks with disdain and disfavor upon the hiring of teachers from other towns. This sentiment makes of our schools semi-eleemosynary institutions, whose principal function is to give employment to the daughters and sons of the place. The bane of this in-and-in breeding is felt in every large city. So acute is the feeling that, if the superintendent goes abroad for a few alien teachers, he is decried as disloyal, and he is fortunate if the disgruntled ones fail in organizing a foolish opposition to his well-meant endeavor to infuse new life into his schools. There are instances on record where a determined parent has set out to elect a school board so that her daughter might be appointed a teacher, though she was lacking both in spirit and in knowledge. "I have lived here thirty years and paid taxes, and the city owes it to me to employ my daughter, rather than hire some one from out of town who never helped make this city," said an irate parent to me, after I had told him I could not interfere with the appointing of teachers by the superintendent. And this feeling is quite as prevalent as it is hurtful to the schools.

Another form of school politics found in every city emanates from those commercial interests which find it profitable to be able to control school administration. While I believe the methods of book companies and supply houses have been very greatly improved in the last twenty years, it still remains true that some of their methods are inscrutable, and their attempt at interference with the selection of school boards and superintendents is not conducive to the best educational results. The popular estimate of the amount and manner of this interference is vastly and grotesquely exaggerated; but the involved interests have only themselves to blame for this. Their competition often lacks that fair and broad-minded spirit that is usually found among business men, while any unwarranted attempts to control school elections and appointments are hurtful to the schools. Of course this can be said of any other public business.

Still more unfortunate is it when a clique of teachers forms a cabal against superiors for the purpose of furthering its own selfish interests. They succeed at times in allying themselves with a faction in the board, and a reign of terror follows their enthronement. Cheap pedagogical factionalism has crippled many a school system. Only heroic remedies help such a pathological condition.

The result of all this agitation and pot-boiling is increased manifold by the attitude of the sensational newspapers. Such papers find meat in quarrels, and are always tempted to distort the truth into a misshapen thing. Fortunately such newspapers are rare. Even the wildest among them profess a crocodile interest in the children of the schools and the teachers.

But even the best and most conservative newspapers often do an irreparable injury to the educational work of the schools by giving voice to the silly discontent and personal vindictiveness of the disgruntled. Thus they awaken the distrust of the people and lead to a loss of confidence, based on no adequate reason, that undermines the work of conservative educators. The carping, fault-finding newspaper, that never permits a cheerful, helpful adjective to escape its fonts, that is pessimistic by policy, always hinting at things sinister, and saying that thus-and-so affirms that this and that should have been done as it was not done, and that so-and-so would have been better if this or that had not happened, and so forth, — this newspaper is infinitely worse in its influence on the schools than the senseless busybody and self-seeking meddler.

It is always easier for a sore-head to get a big headline in the dailies than for the constructive conservative; and unfortunately for society, human nature is always more willing to listen to calumny than to praise, and to lend its strength to tearing down than to building up.

The consequence of all this multiformed political activity is, that turmoil unseats tranquillity, dark discontent stalks by the side of cheerful helpfulness, distrust dispels hope, and uneasiness and restlessness are felt everywhere in the schools. All these disgruntled forces, by working in unison, can usually elect at least one member to a board of education. Lucky is the city where it is not a majority. This member is the grievance member. He, or she, becomes the repository of all secret complaints. Dissatisfied teachers or parents or neighbors pour out their imaginings into his or her lap. Reporters, hard pressed for stuff, ply him or her with ingenious questions. The public is fed on a diet of "suppose" and "they say," while the poor schools are a-quiver, wondering what will happen next.

If these disgruntled ones succeed in carrying an election, and with it a majority of the board, then the voice of the sovereign people must of course be obeyed! Whatever was the issue, usually kept in reserve during the campaign, it must now be dragged out and the will of the people vindicated — sometimes by breaking the heart of a fine and cultured teacher; sometimes by discharging a superintendent of independence and courage who refuses to do the bidding of the unreasonable board, and dares to stand between the people and their enemies; sometimes by ripping up a course of study, or by dismissing a business manager, or by reinstating a delinquent official. Whatever the original grievance, by the time election is over it has grown, like a fast-rolling snowball, and the avalanche is rushing on its destructive course.

IV

In spite of these volatile, irresponsible, disgruntled elements; in the teeth of agitation about what to teach and how to teach it, and how to build and where to build; against restlessness and suspiciousness on the part of teachers and patrons, our free schools have vindicated the great wisdom of their founders. At heart everybody believes in them, and they are among our most cherished public possessions. We must not be blind to the handicaps that so universally beset them.

Before they can approach the idealized usefulness that so often is pictured of them, they must be placed under purely professional control, out of the reach of the mere agitator, the headless and heedless costermonger of educational panaceas, and the unreason of the multitude. Moreover, there must be a saner popular participation, finding expression in much more generous tax levies, and the election of the wisest and sanest men of the community to membership on the governing board. There must come a greater public interest in the educational work of the school. Some method will be devised, whereby the public will be enabled to infuse some of its energy and

practicalness into the school work. The dividing of the city into small districts and appointing a committee of visitors from each district, whose duty it is to visit the schools, and suggest to the board of education and the superintendent such changes as they deem wise, has produced good results in German cities. And there must certainly be more educational aggressiveness on the part of the pedagogue, more response to the actual needs of life, both cultural and vocational.

It appears that the public-school educator needs tranquillity, freedom, and enterprise. He needs tranquillity, because the development of his science requires the repose of the study. The rude jolting of suspicion, jealousy, vindictiveness, and bigotry are fatal to the growth of a sane pedagogical science.

He needs freedom, for an institution dependent upon the political vicissitudes of the day cannot be stable and well poised.

And, above all, he needs enterprise, the enterprise to match his schools with our civilization.

Maybe, if there were more genuine enterprise, not the make-believe, bustling kind, among the educators, there would be a great deal less carping and parsimoniousness on the part of the people. Maybe the public would hail with great joy and coöperation such an energizing of the schools. Maybe it is too much to hope that this tranquillity, freedom, and enterprise shall ever abide in the schools that belong to an impulsive public which often seems to prefer a self-complacent mediocrity to a virile efficiency.

FUR TRADERS AS EMPIRE-BUILDERS

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

Among the many interesting things which associate themselves with the year 1908 are the tercentenary of the beginning of the fur trade on the American continent, and the centenary of the organization of the first fur company in the United States which operated on a large scale. And, let it be remembered, the trapper, hunter, and fur-collector, even more conspicuously than the gold-seekers, were the path-blazers in exploring and civilizing North America.

Gold-hunting occupied most of the Spaniards' time during their early days on this continent. But the fur trade was the leading activity of the Dutch in their short period of supremacy, ending in 1664, both in the present state of New York and in adjoining territory. It was an important concern of the British during the first century of their dominance in the thirteen colonies. It was the chief interest of France in the days of her supremacy in Canada and the Mississippi valley, from Champlain's landing at Quebec in 1608 until Louis XV, at the end of the Seven Years' War in 1763, gave up Canada and the Mississippi watershed, and withdrew from the mainland of North America.

The fur trade sent St. Lusson in 1671 to Sault Ste. Marie, to "take possession" of the continent, from the great lakes northward to the Frozen Ocean, and west to the South Sea, for France; started the trader Joliet and the missionary Marquette down the Wisconsin and the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas in 1673; incited La Salle's descent of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico in 1682,

when he took over that stream's watershed, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, in the name of Louis XIV; gave the Verandryes the chief impulse which carried them over a larger part of the provinces of Manitoba and Assiniboia, and into our state of Montana, in 1731–49, when none of the English of the Atlantic coast region, except the fur traders, had become acquainted with the Ohio valley; and secured from Louis XV's Director-General Abadie, at New Orleans, for the fur-gathering firm of Maxent, Laclede & Co., the patent under which St. Louis, Missouri, was founded in 1764.

The three hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the fur trade in the western hemisphere was celebrated at Quebec last year, in connection with the exercises to commemorate the establishment of Champlain's settlement at that point. The centenary of the starting of the fur trade of the United States on a large scale is that of the formation of Manuel Lisa's Missouri Fur Company in 1808, with headquarters at St. Louis, to operate on the upper Missouri and its tributaries.

But in operations over a broad territory and with vast resources, the pioneer of all the enterprises in its field, and the one which to this hour is the largest fur-trading corporation in the world, is the Hudson's Bay Company. This article aims to tell when and why that association, and its great British and Canadian rivals of a later day, were formed; to name some of their leaders, and their methods; and to point out the more striking economic, sociological, and political consequences of their work.

I

Sailing from Gravesend, on the Thames, and carrying the Sieur des Groseilliers as its principal passenger, the brigantine Nonsuch, commanded by the Boston skipper Zachariah Gillam, crossed the Atlantic, picked its way through Hudson's Straits, swung down the big bay to its southeast corner, and landed at the mouth of a large stream. Gillam christened this stream Rupert's River, and "took possession" of the country in the name of his sovereign Charles II.

The day was September 29, 1668. It is an important date in British and North American history. Gillam had entered the great fur-producing country which Groseilliers and his brother-in-law Radisson had, a year earlier, told Prince Rupert about. This was Rupert's reconnaissance. Just as soon as the sun of the spring of 1669 lifted the ice-blockade from the bay and the straits, the Nonsuch sailed out into the Atlantic and back to England, and Gillam told Rupert that Groseilliers' story was true.

The imagination of Charles I's old paladin of the parliamentary war blazed when he heard the wonders which his expedition to the Northland disclosed. And well it might. Gillam handed over to his patrons a larger prize than Jason ever dreamed of. From the voyage of Gillam's Argos dates the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company. Rupert was then more than fifty years of age, and his fame as a dashing soldier had traveled over the whole of the world which had civilized inhabitants. But he was now to impress himself on the geography of a continent in a way that was to make his name live when Edgehill, Marston Moor, Naseby, and the rest of his battles were forgotten.

On May 2, 1670, Charles II incorporated Prince Rupert, General Monk, Sir Philip Carteret, and their companions, as "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay." In the expansive phraseology of the time they were granted the "sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance to the straits commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts and

confines of the seas, bays, etc., aforesaid, that are not already actually possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince or state." As the grant also specifically carried legislative, judicial, and executive powers, Charles passed over to "our dearly beloved Prince Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Cumberland," etc., absolute control, subject to England's overlordship, of more than a fourth (the Rupert's Land of the old maps) of the entire continent of North America. In area, what was the Rome of Trajan's days to this?

The names of some of the persons prominently associated with the Hudson's Bay Company read like a roll-call of England's illustrious men. Prince Rupert, the Duke of York, afterward James II, and John Churchill, afterward Duke of Marlborough, were, in this order, the company's earliest governors. Its present head is Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

In the company's charter the only compensation which the generous Charles asked for the empire he was giving away (which did not belong to Charles or to England, for the French already had settlements on the St. Lawrence and at some points on its northern tributaries, of which we shall hear in due time in this narrative) was "two elks and two black beavers." The beaver was the lure which led to the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, just as, in the absence of gold, he was the inciting cause of the planting of the French colonies on the St. Lawrence and the great lakes.

With characteristic dash, Rupert started out to take possession of his new domain. The ink was hardly dry on the charter before a new vessel, under the enterprising Gillam, set out for that territory, carrying Radisson and Groseilliers with him, and the work of starting the sway of the company in the northern regions began vigorously. Rupert's vessels would sail from the Thames in June of each year, pass into Hudson's Bay early in July, about the middle of the long summer Arctic day, pick up the furs collected at the various stations (and stations began to dot the southern shores of the bay quickly after operations started), set out homeward in the latter part of September, and reach London toward the end of October.

Here is an invoice of one of Rupert's cargoes outward to his Indian clients in the early years of the Company: "Two hundred fowling pieces, and powder and shot; 200 brass kettles, sizes from 5 to 16 gallons; 12 gross of knives; 1,000 hatchets." By the addition of tobacco, hand looking-glasses, coarse, highly-colored wearing apparel, and trinkets of various sorts, the list expanded in diversity and quantity as additional stations were started. These were bartered with the Indians for furs, the beaver-skin being the unit in the exchange. At the outset the rate was 12 beaver-skins for a gun, 2 for a pound of powder, 1 for 4 pounds of shot, 1 for a pound of tobacco, 1 for 2 pounds of glass beads, and so on.

Lowell was right: civilization sometimes rides on a powder-wagon. Guns and ammunition usually had a prominent part in the consignments of the Hudson's Bay Company to its wilderness posts. But in the sense of cutting down forests and building up towns, civilization had no part in the company's plans. It aimed to preserve the forests as breeding-places for animals and to keep the towns out. The explorations and discoveries, however, which its operations necessitated, and the competition which it eventually incited, began at last to open Rupert's Land to settlement.

On their voyage of reconnaissance in 1668 Gillam, Groseilliers, and their crew, with the aid of some Cree Indians, built a stone factory, or station, at the mouth of Rupert's River, in the six or seven winter months while they were there, which they called Charles Fort, in honor of the King. This was the base to which Gillam sailed on his second trip in 1670, when he was accompanied by Radisson as well as by Groseilliers.

The work of the next decade and a half registered itself in the names which began to write themselves along the whole south coast of Hudson's Bay — Albany River, Severn River, Hayes Island, Hayes River, Nelson River, and Churchill River. Near the mouth of each of these streams, and on some of the islands, was erected a factory, or fort, all of which were primitive at first, but all of which grew with the lapse of time, while some became the centres of a large trade. Churchill River was named for John Churchill, who became governor of the company in 1686. Prince Rupert, after an administration of twelve years, died in 1682, and was succeeded by the Duke of York, who vacated the office when, on the death of his brother Charles in 1685, he became King James II. Fort Churchill, on the west coast of the bay, was 700 miles northwest of Charles Fort. The explorations and operations of the company had covered that distance in sixteen years.

Down all these and other streams and their tributaries, in the spring and early summer of each year, came the Crees from near the coast, and Assiniboines, Algonquins, and other tribes from regions at that time never seen by white men, from 500 to 800 miles in the interior, in their canoes loaded with beaver, martin, mink, red, silver, and black fox, and other peltries. To Fort Churchill, and to York factory, at the mouth of the Nelson, came Esquimaux from above the Arctic Circle, bearing the skins of polar bears, otters, and moose. In the barter the Hudson's Bay Company established trade connections which in some instances, through all the social, economic, and political mutations of two and a third centuries, continue to this hour.

II

One dark June night in 1686, eighty Frenchmen and Canadian *coureurs de bois*, or forest rangers, led by the Chevalier de Troyes, Le Moyne d'Iberville, and the latter's brothers Maricourt and Sainte-Hélène, scaled the palisades of Fort Hayes, burst in the gate of the blockhouse, and captured the garrison before it could fire a shot. Troyes, Iberville, and their associates had left Montreal in March in their canoes, ascended the Ottawa, and, carrying their boats over the portages, traversed the other streams and lakes between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay. The fall of Fort Hayes told what they were there for.

When Charles II handed over to Rupert all that part of Canada " not possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince," he forgot that Louis XIV, with his base on the St. Lawrence, and with some posts to the northward, claimed all that territory as part of New France; or else he forgot that Louis was a " Christian prince." On that June night at Fort Hayes, Troyes and Iberville carried Louis's answer to Charles's challenge.

Twenty years earlier Radisson and Groseilliers told their king, Louis, about the rich fur country on the bay, and asked him to occupy it. But that monarch and his chief minister, Colbert, busy at the moment with larger concerns, gave no heed. Then the adventurers turned the prize over to Charles, incidentally renouncing their French allegiance and becoming British subjects. In the tempestuous days which followed, each of them swung back and forth several times between the two countries, Radisson in particular turning his political coat as often as Alcibiades. At the instant of the capture of Fort Hayes in 1686, the adventurers, in the midst of their oscillations, were in the service of England.

Immediately after they had stormed Fort Hayes, Iberville and his intrepid band set out to complete their conquests, and in the next few months Charles Fort, Gillam's original post at Rupert's River, and all the rest of the stations on Hudson's Bay, with the shipping in the harbors and all the valuable furs, passed into French hands. When this humiliation struck the company, Prince Rupert had been in his grave four years, his successor

was on the throne as James II, and the man who was to be the Duke of Marlborough, but who was still plain John Churchill, the husband of the brilliant and intriguing Sarah Jennings, was the company's chief executive.

During the world-wars of the next few years, which had England and France for their chief participants, the Hudson's Bay posts changed masters several times. As the largest figure in the northern region's land and sea battles in those volcanic days, Iberville struck telling blows for Louis. The end came with the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, which, for one of its features, had Louis's surrender of all his claims to Hudson's Bay.

Americans got a close acquaintance with Iberville through his dash down from Montreal in 1690, with a force of Indians and *coureurs de bois*, in which he burned Schenectady, the westernmost frontier post of the British settlements in New York, killed many of its inhabitants, and carried others off as prisoners to Canada. Under pleasanter auspices Americans knew Iberville later on, when he planted colonies at Biloxi, Mobile, and other places on the Gulf of Mexico, and, supplementing the work of Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, and others on the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, laid the foundations of that province of Louisiana which, in 1803, Bonaparte handed over to Jefferson. Iberville died of yellow fever in Havana in 1706, having crowded more events into his forty-five years of life than any other personage whose name down to that time was connected with the history of the New World.

By ratifying Charles II's pretensions of 1670, the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 brought to Hudson's Bay peace, exploration, expansion. It likewise brought cash. The wars between 1686 and 1713 hit the company hard. Its London head placed its losses at 200,000 pounds sterling, or $1,000,000. Peace sent the company's agents into the interior to hunt up trade. Down the Nelson, the Churchill, and the other streams, the Indians again brought their beaver-skins to the factories on the bay. The Council Board of the Adventurers at London once more declared dividends. And the company sent Britain's ensign into new seas. In Kipling's stirring words: —

What is the flag of England? Winds of the world declare?

. . . . .

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long arctic night,
The musk ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern light.

. . . . .

The dead, dumb fog has wrapped it — the frozen dews have kissed —
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow star in the mist.

But troubles of a new kind were just ahead of the company. London traders, jealous of the streams of cash which were rolling into its treasury, besieged Parliament to take away its monopoly, and grant a charter to a new corporation to exploit the northern regions. One of the purposes of the company, as set forth in its charter, was " the discovery of a passage to the South Sea." That short cut to Cathay, which navigators had been seeking since the days of John and Sebastian Cabot, and which Hudson imagined he found when he entered the straits which bear his name, was a very live issue in the three centuries immediately following Columbus, and it remained alive until long after Sir John Franklin's time, within the recollection of men still actively at work.

The opponents of the company, charging that it made no attempt to find this passage, fitted out vessels of their own to search for it. On the same quest the company sent out several ships through the Bay and the northwestern waters connecting therewith, beginning in 1719, and dispatched more of them after the new rivalry started. As we know, all these attempts failed until the British navigator McClure, in 1854, and the Norwegian skipper Amundsen, in 1906, drifted through the tortuous course, the former moving eastward from Bering Sea to

Baffin Bay, and the latter going from east to west. But Amundsen, as well as McClure, found that the northwest passage was valueless for commercial purposes. The Hudson's Bay Company's rivals failed to get a charter from Parliament, and the company's exploration work not only opened new fields for the collection of furs, but made some important additions to the world's knowledge of the arctic regions.

But during all those years the French, from their base on the St. Lawrence and the lakes, were, in their journeyings into the interior of the continent, far more enterprising and audacious than the British. Nicollet, Hennepin, Duluth, Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle dotted a large part of the United States and Canada with Gallic names, some of which persist to this day.

While the Hudson's Bay Company was making its unavailing search for a water outlet to the Pacific, Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Verandrye, a Canadian, who had been a soldier of Louis XIV in the War of the Spanish Succession, and was then a *coureur de bois*, attempted to reach it overland. The only assistance which the French government would give him was the privilege of selling all the furs he could get. Starting from Mackinaw, at the entrance to Lake Michigan, in the summer of 1731, he, with two of his sons and with a few Indians and *coureurs de bois*, made a series of wonderful journeys in the next few years. These took him to Rainy Lake, to the Lake of the Woods, to the upper Missouri and the Yellowstone, to the Rocky Mountains in our Montana, which his sons touched in 1743 (sixty-two years before Lewis and Clark, the United States' earliest pathfinders, reached there on their journey from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia), and northward far beyond the forks of the Saskatchewan, building posts in many places, trading and negotiating with the Sioux, Blackfeet, and Assiniboines, and fighting them when the necessity was thrust upon him. He paddled his canoe on waters which flowed by way of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic; on streams which passed into the Mississippi and down into the Gulf of Mexico; along the Nelson and the Churchill, which emptied into Hudson's Bay; and he stood at the headsprings of waters which made their way into the Columbia, and thus onward to the Pacific. At Quebec in 1749, at the age of sixty-four, death stopped this heroic old path-blazer just as he was about to set out on a journey which he believed would bring him to the Western Sea.

Even as Verandrye was dying, the collisions were beginning in the present lake region and in the Ohio basin, between England and her American colonies on the one side and France on the other, bringing on what we call the French and Indian War, which was the American projection of Europe's and Asia's Seven Years' War. As one of its results, France was driven from the mainland of North America, in 1763, and the whole of Canada was placed under the British flag.

III

"We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one!" exclaimed Horace Walpole near the end of the Seven Years' War. England's thirteen colonies joined in the rejoicing, for when Louis XV handed over Canada to George III in 1763, he also ceded all of his empire between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. The territory west of that river Louis gave to Charles III of Spain, one of his luckless allies in the war. Thus the treaty of Paris of 1763 completed the work of the treaty of Utrecht of 1713, and now all the region from the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean came into the hands of the British.

Unknown to themselves or to anybody else at the moment, the fur traders were altering the current of the world's history. The rivalries between the British and the

French dealers in peltries in America did as much as the strictly European issues to provoke the wars between England and France which ended in the expulsion of the French from the mainland of North America, and which resulted in England's conquest of India. Through Chatham, Wolfe, Clive, and their associates they made England, in Webster's swelling phrase, a "power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain" of her martial airs. They justified the pæan, effectively expressed by Skeat: —

> No foreign lands of alien speech
> Our broad domains divide;
> Our British ports speak each to each
> Across a friendly tide.
> From far Hong Kong to Singapore
> The course is safe and free;
> Quebec is joined with India's shore
> While Britain rules the sea.

By removing the pressure of the French against Britain's thirteen colonies, the fur-traders' wars precipitated the controversy between the colonies and England, which led to Lexington, Yorktown, and the creation of the United States.

When the year 1763 gave a free hand to the Hudson's Bay Company throughout the whole of Canada and a large part of the present United States, it soon placed many new streams, lakes, and mountains on the map. In the next few years the Mungo Park of the North, Samuel Hearne, an officer of the company, made as memorable contributions to the geography of the region west and northwest of the bay as Verandrye did to the southward a third of a century earlier. Tracing the Athabasca from near its headsprings in the Rocky Mountains northeastward into Lake Athabasca, which he named the Lake of the Hills, and smoking the calumet with Indians who had never seen the face of a white man before, he followed the stream up into Great Slave Lake, and discovered and pursued the Coppermine River into the Arctic Ocean. This remarkable exploration, which brought him to a point far above the Arctic Circle, where he saw the sun shine for twenty-four hours, was completed in July, 1771.

At strategic spots on all the waters which he passed, the company soon established trading-posts. These remote and widely scattered stations soon began to render their tribute of peltries to the factories at the mouth of the Churchill and the Nelson, giving a new activity and gayety to life on the bay during the July and August days of each year, when the company's vessels were taking on their cargoes for their voyage to London.

But more powerful competitors than the Hudson's Bay Company had encountered during the French occupation of Canada were soon to emerge; and, right here, 1783 becomes an important date in the annals of the company. That year saw the arrival in Baltimore of a German immigrant, one John Jacob Astor, who, a quarter of a century later, was to head the largest fur-trading company ever organized in the United States. That year saw the treaty of peace between the United States and George III, which eventually closed all the region south of the St. Lawrence and the lakes to the Canadian and British fur traders. But, what was of more immediate consequence, that year organized the Northwest Company, composed of Montreal merchants, the leading spirits among whom were Simon McTavish and Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher. A rival Montreal concern, the X Y Company, was absorbed by the Northwesters in 1805.

From 1783 to 1821, when it merged with the Hudson's Bay Company, the Northwest Company was by far the most alert rival that the old corporation ever met. With its headquarters at Montreal, and its principal collection point, first at Grand Portage, in our Minnesota, and afterward at Fort William, on the northern side of Lake Superior, the new

organization soon spread itself over a large territory. The Hudson's Bay Company's officers and employees were chiefly Scotch. The Northwest's officers were Scotch, English, and French, with the Scotch in the majority, but most of its employees were *coureurs de bois* who, during the French ascendency in Canada, had learned thoroughly the trade of hunting, trapping, and transporting furs to the trading-posts by dog-sleds, on snowshoes, or by canoes, along the chains of lakes and network of rivers which spread across the whole face of the northern land. The Northwesters were soon operating through the valleys of the Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan, and the Pembina, in the older company's territory, and planted posts on the upper Mississippi, and along the Missouri, the Columbia, and some of their tributaries.

Lewis and Clark met agents of the Northwest and Hudson's Bay companies at several points between the present North Dakota and Oregon and Washington, in 1804–06. Pike saw some of the Northwesters on the Mississippi from Prairie du Chien northward, in his attempt to trace out the sources of that river in 1805. Major Stephen H. Long, in exploring the country between the upper Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains in 1823, found British traders in Minnesota and North Dakota. The Hudson's Bay Company held posts in the present state of Washington until after the Anglo-American treaty of 1846 gave the United States undisputed possession of the Pacific coast to the 49th parallel.

A few years after it was organized, the Northwest Company's collection of peltries in a single twelve-month went up to 185,000. Of these, 106,000 were beaver, 32,000 martin, 17,000 muskrat, 12,000 mink, the rest being fox, otter, bear, raccoon, and other animals.

One of the Northwest's officers, a restless and audacious Highlander, Alexander Mackenzie, in 1788 built Fort Chippewayan, named for the Chippewa Indians of that locality, at Lake Athabasca, which Hearne, of the older company, had discovered twenty years earlier. With a small party of Canadian *voyageurs* and Indians, including a few Indian women, Mackenzie went by canoes in the summer of 1789 from Fort Chippewayan along the Slave River into Great Slave Lake, and thence into a stream since known as Mackenzie River, which he followed to the Arctic Ocean, striking that sea at a point 500 miles northwest of where Hearne reached it in 1771. In 1793, from his base near the head-waters of the Peace River, Mackenzie, with a few associates, crossed the barrier of the Canadian Rocky Mountains and reached the Pacific. He was the first man of the English-speaking race to strike the Pacific from the interior of the continent. This was twelve years before Lewis and Clark reached the Pacific by way of the Missouri and the Columbia. The best known of Mackenzie's companions on this trip of 1793 was Alexander Mackay, who, in 1811, as a member of Astor's American Fur Company, was killed by the Indians in their attack on Astor's vessel, the Tonquin, in the Pacific. Simon Frazer, David Thompson, John Stuart, and others of the Northwesters, also traced their names on Canada's geography.

The dash and vigor of the younger company culminated in war, in which it destroyed the Earl of Selkirk's Red River settlement of Scotch and Irish colonists, and built on lands in Manitoba obtained from the Hudson's Bay Company, and defended by that corporation. Then the man for the crisis came forward. This was Sir George Simpson, a young Scotchman, a newly appointed head of the older company. Simpson brought peace and union, in which the Northwesters lost their separate name and organization, and the Hudson's Bay Company once more dominated the field. This was in 1821.

Then the big monopoly held undisputed sway from the Arctic Ocean down to the United States line. But in the territory outside of Rupert's Land, the lo-

cality drained by the streams running into Hudson's Bay, the company's control was obtained by royal licenses, running twenty-one years. Pressure from the settlers who had located on the Red River, and here and there on the Pacific coast, constrained the British Parliament to refuse further contracts after that which expired in 1859, and in that year the fur trade of Canada outside of Rupert's Land was thrown open to the world's competition.

The growing national sentiment, which took shape in 1867 in the organization of most of the provinces of that day into the Dominion of Canada, also incited a desire on the Dominion's part to expand westward and northward. At last the company was induced to surrender all its rights to Rupert's Land, the Canadian government paying it $1,500,000, and allowing it to hold all its posts and ten acres of ground around each of them, as well as permitting it to retain a twentieth of all the land within the fertile belt between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains.

The transfer of Rupert's Land was made to the Dominion in 1870, just two centuries after Charles had granted the charter to Rupert and his associates. While the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay" has lost the political power which it wielded for two hundred years over a large part of North America, it still gains a great revenue from the trade in furs, and it shares with the Dominion government in the profits which the sales of lands bring through the extension of the area of settlement.

IV

Where are the champions every one,
The Dauphins, the counsellors young and old?
The barons of Salins, Dol, Dijon,
Vienne, Grenoble? They all are cold.
Or take the folk under their banners enrolled —
Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds (hey!
How they fed of the fat and the flagon trolled!)
The wind has carried them all away.

Where are the fairs and the festivals which began back in the spacious times of Louis XIV, at which hundreds of Indians from the interior lakes and rivers, decked out in war-paint and eagle-feathers, and scores of gayly attired forest rangers, gathered every July at Montreal and Three Rivers to barter the stores of furs collected during the previous winter for powder, bullets, traps, knives, and trinkets and garish finery for the squaws back in the wilderness awaiting the return of their red and white mates, and made the long days and the short nights at these trysting-places resound with their carousals?

What has become of the annual summer promenades of the "lords of the lakes and the forests" from Montreal, in their immense canoes, each manned by a dozen *voyageurs*, along the St. Lawrence and the lakes to the rendezvous at Fort William, and the wild welcome which greeted them there from their hundreds of savage retainers, red and white, — and the councils which they held there with their dozen or two dozen partners of the wilderness, in which they received reports of the work done in the previous twelve months and marked out the plan of campaign for the coming year, — and the days and nights of feasting, song, and revelry at the close of these gatherings, — and the rollicking songs of the *voyageurs*, as they sent their canoes speeding out from their mooring-places and started on their homeward journey to Montreal, — and the clamorous salutes from the shore by the Indians and the *coureurs de bois* as, bidding farewell to their patrons, they dispersed into the forest to make their way back to their hunting and trapping fields on the Severn, the Saskatchewan, and the Athabasca?

Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Along the routes on rivers and lakes traversed by the sultans of the fur trade of the old days, steamboats now carry their millions of passengers and their tens of millions of tons of grain, lumber, cop-

per, iron ore, coal, and other products every year. Through and around St. Mary's River, the rapids of which were an obstruction to the trappers and Indian traders from St. Lusson's days onward, now flows a commerce, in the seven months of the open season, three times as great as that through the Suez Canal in the twelve months of the year. The locomotive dashes along the trails blazed by Mackenzie, Mackay, Frazer, and Thompson. On spots on the portages across which Verandrye carried his canoes bustling towns have risen. Winnipeg, with 75,000 inhabitants, the largest of Canada's cities except Montreal and Toronto, has been built on the site of the old Hudson's Bay Company's trading-post of Fort Garry, at the junction of the Assiniboine and the Red River of the North.

"The inroads of civilization must inevitably drive the fur-bearing animals from their present pastures, though probably for many years to come the average collections will be fairly well maintained. Ultimately some of these animals must meet the fate of the buffalo." These were the words of Commissioner C. C. Chipman, the resident head of the Hudson's Bay Company, spoken to the writer of this article at the company's headquarters in Winnipeg a few months ago.

But not all the color, the glitter, and the gayety of the old forest life have departed. Although steamboats start out on the Saskatchewan, the Athabasca, and the Mackenzie, as soon as the ice leaves those streams in June or July, and carry supplies to the posts and collect the furs which are gathered there, down their tributaries still sail the canoe brigades, and from the far interior points come the dog-sleds or the ox-team caravans, as of old. The same animals are trapped as in the earlier day, with the same tools and in the same way.

At Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, which is touched by the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk, and the Canadian Northern railways, and which is the largest fur-collecting depot in the world, with electric lights and all the appliances of a present-day city, the Indian and the white or mixed-breed forest-rover are familiar sights, and the eighteenth century jostles the twentieth.

Lovers of the earth's great open spaces can still be gratified in Canada. Residents or visitors at Edmonton see a mail carrier leave there on horseback for fur-trading posts in the far north, delivering his missives at Fort Chippewayan (where he discards his horses and takes to Esquimaux dog-sleds), on Lake Athabasca, at Fort Resolution, near Great Slave Lake, at Fort Franklin, on Great Bear Lake, and other points up to Fort McPherson, near where the Peel River empties into the Mackenzie, the northernmost post of the Hudson's Bay Company, several hundred miles above the Arctic Circle and 1950 miles north of Edmonton, the journey each way consuming three months.

For ages to come the valleys of the Nelson, Churchill, Mackenzie, and Yukon, will be the home of the trapper and the hunter. Over 300 buffaloes are roaming the prairies west and southwest of Great Slave Lake, between the Peace and the Liard rivers, the largest number of bison in their wild state still extant, the next largest number being the twenty-five in our Yellowstone Park. The

> Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near and the daylight's past,

of Moore's "Canadian Boat Song" can still be heard by summer excursionists on Lake Winnipeg and Lake Athabasca, and the song bears a little, at least, of the suggestiveness which it carried in its earlier days.

The Hudson's Bay Company is selling more furs in 1908 than it ever did in the days of its monopoly. Its 250 factories, or collection stations, stretch from Labrador to and through British Columbia and the province of Yukon to the borders of Alaska, and it carries on its rolls an army of employees, white and red. In 1907 its profits, in excess of all its vast outlay, approximated $2,500,000, more than

half of which was from land sales. There is no need for surprise that its shares, of the nominal value of $50, sell for $400 on the London market. Its greatest competitors in the Canadian field are the Revillon Brothers, a corporation with a capital of $15,000,000, which was established back in 1723, which has its general headquarters at Paris, which has branches and collection and distribution offices at London, Leipzig, Moscow, Bokhara, Shanghai, Montreal, Edmonton, New York, and other places, and which operates extensively all over the world, but which did not establish itself in a large way in Canada until about a dozen years ago. The Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Brothers each has two steamers plying between Hudson's Bay and Europe.

From a statement of Canada's exports of furs (of furs dressed and undressed, of furs produced by fish or marine animals, and of furs in the various stages of manufacture), kindly furnished to me by F. C. T. O'Hara, of the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, the following table for recent years is made up:—

Exports of Furs.	*1905*	*1906*	*1907*
Dressed	$21,703	$49,357	$125,816
Undressed	2,358,880	2,414,980	3,063,947
Skins of fish or marine animals	214,495	273,730	182,574
Furs, manufactured	18,305	24,197	24,495
Total	$2,613,383	$2,762,264	$3,396,832
Exported to	*1905*	*1906*	*1907*
Great Britain	$1,534,658	$1,329,058	$1,926,532
The United States	1,058,710	1,422,667	1,348,059
Other Countries	20,015	10,539	122,241
Total	$2,613,383	$2,762,264	$3,396,832

The sea-otter and the seal are, at this moment, rapidly diminishing, a fact which accounts for the falling off in Canada's exportation of the skins of marine animals. In every other item in the list here cited, and also in the aggregate, there is an increase. And this statement does not cover the furs which remain for use in Canada, an item which, in the colder regions of that country, must amount to a large figure.

Vastness, color, movement, blend in the pageant of the fur trade as it unfolds itself in the great open spaces of the northern land. Speeding in and out of the straits and the bay, from June to September, the vessels of the Hudson's Bay Company deal with larger constituencies, red and white, than they dealt with in the past. At the council board of the Adventurers in Leadenhall Street, London, in these days of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, greater sums of money are divided than his predecessors, Rupert, Marlborough, and the Duke of York, ever saw.

Over in British Columbia, just below Alaska's southern projection, as these lines are being written, Boston landscape architects are laying out the town of Prince Rupert, the coming ocean terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. We are thus carried back in memory to the Boston skipper Gillam, who, at Rupert's River, laid the foundation of Rupert's Land; 1908 is linked with 1668, and the gulf between Edward VII and Charles II is bridged.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

BY ALICE BROWN

ONSLOW PERRY sat in the dusty, book-lined office of the Flywheel Publishing Company, his hand half-concealingly, half-protectingly on a letter he had just finished, and looked across the table at the soft-coal fire burning in the rusted grate. The *Flywheel* had selected an old house, falling into decay, in a quarter of the town forsaken by the sort of residents that had built it up grandly more than a hundred and fifty years ago. The mantels were so good, both sponsors of the *Flywheel* said gravely when they were chaffed about gravitating to the slums. So they put the house into fitting repair, and ceased to take any after-notice of it so far as dust and cobwebs went; they affected the attitude of leaving it to itself, to grow ancient again. There Dickerman, the editor and publisher, and Perry, his subordinate, received manuscript and made up the magazine. They had swallowed the house whole, it was said, for they also lived there and skirmished about, from inconsiderable eating-houses on their lean days to gilded cafés when their pockets ran over.

It was matter for amazement in a time when new magazines spring up and flourish briefly, that the *Flywheel* in particular should have sold; but even at first it did, and the wise declared they knew the reason. Dickerman was buying the most expensive and splendid contributors with his father's money, though he had the whim of making them publish anonymously. Dickerman himself, known in college as Crazy Ike, Dotty Dick, and half a dozen titles to the same shading and effect, could scarcely contain himself when the circulation ran unhaltingly up. It was, he felt, a personal tribute. He had planned the whole thing, and it was true that he had put his father's money into it, after coaxings colored by sanguine prophecies absurdly contrasted with his resultant surprise at their fulfillment. But there, at a good figure, the circulation hung. It could not be whipped or spurred, nor did it drop very startlingly below that first buoyant figure.

Dickerman was a favorite among his mates, and he had an enormous acquaintance. Perry, too, owned a vogue of another sort. Men who were not of their own kind, brokers, grave professional workers, or gamblers on the scent of money, having met the two at clubs and laughed at their stories, their wild play of imagination, and antiphonal abuse of each other, cherished a lively curiosity to see what they would say when they really had a medium like the *Flywheel*. The two men together were possessed of a trick of augmenting each other, to the general mirth; and the absent, who happened not to be creditors, always thought of them to the accompaniment of a smile.

Perry, who sat at the table, arms relaxed and face wistfully puckered, hardly looked like a ministrant to gayety. He was sinewy, and light of hair and eyes, six feet tall, with good broad shoulders and a swing and dash that made the ladies look at him demurely. His thick hair tumbled over his forehead in a blowzy way, because he rumpled it when the world went ill. To the casual eye, he was a handsome, virile animal, with no lines permanent enough as yet to tell careless tales. The time would come when, unless he hardened his face by the repeated hammer-strokes that mould and change, some one would see a blenching of the eye, when his more decided intimates called upon him to do or leave undone, — a sensitive quiver of the mouth.

The door from the inner office opened,

and Dickerman came in. He was short-legged, and cushiony in the shoulders, absurdly fat, with round eyes staring behind large horn-bowed spectacles. His hair stood straight up from his forehead in bristles aggressively cultivated. The frown also was a part of his equipment, lest the world should misprize him for the plumpness thrust upon him. He threw a manuscript on the table.

"Read that," said he.

"When I have time," Perry answered, as if he did not propose to use the time he had, at call.

"You've got time now. It's only four thousand words. Want to talk to you about it."

Perry only leaned back in his chair, and gazed thoughtfully at Dickerman, who, knowing this mood in him, affected not to recognize it, and sought about among the effects on the table, whistling cheerily. But he was of the nature that, having something to say, cannot defer it.

"I'm going to just electrify you, Perry," he burst forth. "They're on to us."

"Who are?"

"Everybody. They will be by day after to-morrow. I met Hunkins on the ferry, and he could n't contain himself. Said he'd discovered how we made the *Flywheel* so distinctive. Said he found five or six old numbers on the hotel table where he'd been to interview the mill-hands. Said he read 'em consecutively. Said he guessed the whole thing."

Perry was looking at him with a gravity that seemed to indicate an issue very bad indeed.

"What did you say?" he inquired.

"Asked him what he meant."

"Well?"

"Said he would n't tell. We could buy the Wednesday's *Trumpet* and find out."

"He has a weekly column."

"Yes. And when he'd said that, he just could n't hold in, and came back and sputtered and laughed the way he does, and said he was going to write the history of the magazine and name it *The Echo*. Then he called me a clever fellow."

"What did you call him?"

"An ass. Because that was the answer to it."

"Well," said Perry. He took up a pencil and began drawing whorls and circles with a clever hand. He had a certain facility in everything. At one time, when he was an intimate of an artistic set in college, there had been an impression that he was going to work miracles as a draughtsman of some sort.

Dickie began to grin. He had a wide mouth and beautiful teeth.

"I almost told him how I did it," he said, with a chuckling appreciation of his own folly.

"Told him how you invented the *Flywheel?*"

"Yes. It tickled me so I thought I'd have to."

"Fool," said Perry indulgently.

"I saw myself lying there — I was in bed, you know — and thinking how it's only discovery that counts. After anybody's found a new way of doing something or other, there'll be plenty of fellows that can do the trick as well as he can, or better. But he caught it while it was rushing by, and labeled it, and it stands in the museum in his name."

"Yes, I know all that. You said that when you came to rope me in. You reeled it off, and I knew it was a monologue you'd got up for the boys; and then you sprung it on me that you were going to start a magazine."

"With anonymous contributions."

"Which I was to write."

"Because you could write 'em. If I could have done it, do you s'pose I'd have summoned anybody else from the vasty deep?"

"Never mind whether you would or would n't. Anyhow, I've done it. I've ground you out an imitation of Kipling and an imitation of Shaw, and all the whole blooming push, and when you've given 'em a good plausible title and put 'em in without a name, blessed if the wise can tell whether it is n't Kipling and Shaw."

"No, they can't. But here's that prattler's article coming out, and it gives the whole thing away. I do hate an incontinent babbler. If a fellow's got something to say, why can't he keep his mouth shut?"

That sounded to them both like the verbal tricks they used to delight the groundlings, and it made them melancholy. Perry often declared that nothing so blighted them as the particular character of each other's babble.

"It might boom the *Flywheel*," he said after a time.

"Why, it's putting a knife into it! Poor little *Flywheel*. Poor itty sing."

"You can't tell. When it comes to advertising, attack's as good as reinforcement. As a matter of fact, you really never can tell."

Dickerman stretched out his short legs and regarded them with disfavor. After a period of incubation, he glanced up brightly.

"You know my system," he said.

Perry spoke brutally, out of the affectionate derision that counts itself exempt from casuistry. "You have n't any system except the one you're riddling with highballs and cigarettes."

"What do you mean by saying I've got no system? I live by the inner light."

"Inner grandmother!"

"No, inner light. I'm a very intuitive person. I take up the morning paper. I turn to the market. If my inner light sends a long shaft of radiance, 'mystic, wonderful,' to any particular name, I buy that stock."

"You never made enough in stocks in the whole course of your life to buy your shoe-strings with, and have 'em charged."

"What 's that got to do with it? The inner light goes on shining just the same. It's like the death of Paul Dombey. 'The light is shining on me as I go.' Well, it's shining on me now."

"Oh, you 'go' fast enough," commented Perry gloomily. "The bait is n't dug that you would n't nibble at."

"Now here we come to the *Flywheel*. When Hunkins told me he proposed showing up our methods, the inner light just coruscated, and I saw with my subconscious vision, 'Change your methods.' That's what we're going to do, my boy. We're going to change our methods."

"Then it happens at the right time," said Perry quickly, as if he found himself lacking in impetus to speak at all.

"'Psychological moment!' Have we got that on the *Flywheel's* taboo list? I must put down 'anent' and 'Frankenstein.' I thought of them this morning."

"It happens just right for me," Perry continued, "because you won't need me."

"Need you! Great Cæsar! you're the jelly in the tart. You're *it!*"

Perry played with his pencil, using it, by adroit touches, to thrust the stamped letter before him into a series of quick changes of place, as if it were a game. He glanced up from moment to moment, in a desultory way, to watch his friend.

"I've had an offer, Dickie," he said, "to go on the *Civilian* at fifteen per."

"Shameful! you shan't!"

Perry did not fight out that purely financial issue.

"I've written them I'd go," he said. "The letter's here."

Dickie made a dive for it, but Perry, by a ready counter-movement, as if this also were the game, caught it up and dropped it into a drawer.

"Don't you mail that letter," Dickie blustered.

"Maybe I shan't. Honest, I don't know whether I shall or not. But it 's written. I thought I'd like to see how it would sound."

Dickerman was staring at him with eyes ridiculously distended. He was white with surprised apprehension, white in patches that, beside the adjacent pink of his skin, had a droll distinctness.

"I never heard of such a thing," he declared. "Never! You know you can do what no other fellow can, and you propose to lock up your capital, refuse to

let it earn anything for you, and go out hod-carrying for so much a day."

Perry was returning his gaze with the rather appealing smile that made him younger than his years, the air of the boy that asks sweetly, unassumingly, for something he might easily be denied.

" The fact is, Dick, it's awfully bad for me to do your kind of thing. You see, it's a sort of high-class forgery."

" Bad for you? What do you mean? bad for your brains, or your pocket, or what? "

Now Perry looked absurdly conscious. His shamefaced mien said that he might be about to say something which could be used as a perennial text for jeering.

" It resolves itself," he deprecated, " into that question of the inner light."

But although Dickerman had himself introduced the inner light as a factor of illumination, somehow it became immediately different when Perry turned it on. It had ceased to disclose the merely humorous. It laid bare, with a most embarrassing distinctness, that earnest which is likely to be comedy's next neighbor. He shook his head.

" I have n't the least idea what you're driving at," he averred.

" No," said Perry. " I know you have n't. Did it ever occur to you that I'm a queer sort of chap? "

" You're as clever as they make 'em." Dickie flashed back, as if he were bidding for him.

" That's it. But it is n't my cleverness. It's the cleverness of the other man, the one that makes me talk, or write, — the author of the book I imitate. I'm a kind of a mirror. You hold up things to me and I reflect 'em." His face betrayed a keen mortification, the flush and quiver that might have sprung from some definite slight or indignity of the moment.

Dickie saw no way of following him, and frankly abjured the trouble of attempting it.

" Oh pshaw! " said he. " You're dotty. Come back! The *Flywheel's* got to be adjusted. I told you I meant to change the system. I'm going to have some clever original work. What we want is to discover somebody."

" Count me out. You can't discover me."

Dickie pointed dramatically at the manuscript he had brought in with him.

" He 's discovered," he remarked, with oracular certainty. " Behold! "

Perry stretched out his hand.

" Give it here," he bade him. " Let me see."

He took the paper and read it fast, frowning over it, and once he broke out.

" Good! oh, good! "

Dickie, nodding from time to time as he saw recognition of this or that distinction he remembered, smiled triumphantly. Perry turned back to the beginning and ran swiftly over it again. Then he slapped it down on the table and left it there, regarding it with a mixture of affection and abusive rallying, as one might a newly discovered and most bewildering person who is really so consummate that the finder shrinks from disclosing the full measure of his own extravagant approval.

" And the whole thing has been waiting round the corner ever since New York has had a foreign population," he said, in wonder. " One man does the Ghetto and another Little Italy, and just these people in here have been toting their bundles and marrying and burying, and nobody's photographed them. We're as dense as our cloud-capp'd granite hills."

" Well, we need n't be dense any longer," said Dickie. His eyes had that peculiar gleam that gathered when he came in after a particularly good night's sleep and declared the world looked so bright to him, and he found morning was so exactly at seven, that he'd bought five hundred shares of some stock with a picturesque name, because the sound of it invited him. " I want a series — six stories like that."

" Well, you've got the first. Going to order five others? "

"I'm going to order six others — of you."

"Me? What have I got to do with it?"

"My boy, you're the great and only imitator. You've read one story and you've seen how the trick was done. I'll bet a shoe-button you could tell me on the dot the names of the others that jumped into your brain since you read this."

Perry stirred uncomfortably in his chair.

"What's the use of talking like that?" he inquired testily. "You don't know what's in my brain, nor whether I've got a brain at all."

"Three thousand for six," Dickie was bidding. The color, a girlish rose flush, had overspread his cheeks. His eyes gained in light until they glittered with the gambling zest. "Daddy'll stand for it. He made golcondas in sugar last week. Three thousand! You can go abroad and tell Chesterton he's a paradox. You can go to China and drop a tear on the grave of Tsi-hsi. What do you say?"

The enemy within was beguiling Perry more insidiously than the persuader without. The six stories with the same complexion, every intimate touch to the life like this, were lined up beckoning to him. He put out his hand rather uncertainly toward the manuscript. He hated to dismiss them into oblivion, pretty, ingenuous, unborn children. His vague seeking for control and guidance was only stronger than his lack of personal initiative. Give him the right sort of captain, he had always known, and he could have made a faithful soldier.

"How about this girl?" he asked.

"Girl? That is n't a girl. It's a middle-aged man, knocked into shape by all the devilish things we know — competition and work and worry. Don't you see how middle-aged it is?"

"Don't you see how ideal it is?" Perry did lay his hand on the paper now, almost caressingly.

"I rather guess you can recall your ideals when you're middle-aged. They loom, too, you're so far in the ditch below them. Oh, no, Perry, no! This is mellow. There 's practice in it, disappointment. Nobody under thirty ever said a thing like that." He drew the manuscript from under Perry's unwilling fingers and whirled the pages to a halt. "Read that."

Perry evidently did not propose recurring to it. The impression made on him at the start needed no augmenting.

"What are you going to do with it?" he asked.

"Return it," Dickie responded, in a tone as conclusive as the words.

"Pick her brains of their secret and then chuck the shell of it back to her? Talk about the inner light! Dick, you're defeated. You're killed, but you don't know it."

"Fiddlededum!" said Dickerman, looking at his watch. "I've got to be up town in less time than I can get there. You can see the author. He's coming in this morning for his manuscript."

"This author? This manuscript?"

"Yes, he wrote he'd call. I fancied he had to consider the difference between one stamp or two, poor beggar! I depute to you the task of telling him we don't want the manuscript, and offering him a cigar. You'll see for yourself he's a man of forty."

Dickie was out of his chair, giving a characteristic hunch to his clothes, to adapt them the more graciously to his hateful chubbiness. Perry looked his helpless discomfort over the thankless job thrust upon him, and asked rather bitterly, —

"Shall I tell her you are returning the manuscript because I can write you six of the same pattern, now I've learned the way?"

"Tell him I refuse it, that's all. I do, lock, stock, and barrel, prologue and epilogue. I don't want it. No printee. Finis."

"Why not ask her to write you five more like it?"

"Because I don't want her to. Because" — he halted at the door and diffused the sunniest smile —"because you'll do the same thing better. You always improve on your pattern. That's why you're the man to do it. 'We needs must love the highest,' must n't we? I rather guess we must. If you can do a better job than this codger that's happened to stumble on a gold mine, are n't you the chap to do it? Bet you'll have three of 'em written before to-morrow morning. And — don't you mail that letter."

He whistled cheerily down the stairs, and Perry condemned him picturesquely. He pounced on a big envelope, as if it could help him, and dipped his pen. The story should be mailed to the author whose literary domain was threatened with invasion. It should be out of the office on the instant, so that it could tempt him no more with its beguiling limpidity, its human warmth, the perfection of form that might well be the despair of even a master imitator.

But when he returned to the manuscript for the address, he had the setback of finding none. Then he pushed it away from him, and, because his angry impulse had spent itself and he lacked even the spirit to go into the inner room to find a record of the story, he lay back in his chair with one idle hand hanging over the arm, and tried to fight down the certainty that this was destiny and that he was about to do the job of his nefarious imitating. Pen and ink seemed calling him with the force of a spell. Arguments began to chase through his mind, not for earning the money, but for proving to himself that he could do work as good as this, and better. He went back over the genesis of literature and reminded himself that one man could hardly do whatever he did save in the light cast over his shoulder by the other man who had gone before. Who except the scholar, reading certain verse, remembered who first made that metre his own and sealed it, as he had thought, with a golden seal of his recognized distinction? One man had opened the orient to western eyes by the talisman of his quick sight and hurrying pen, and the west had rushed into what had looked at first like preëmpted ground, and staked out splendid claims.

First, there is the discoverer. Then, when the trees are blazed by the pioneer axe, paths have to be made to river and spring. He remembered a poem that told, with a dignified but hurt emphasis, this same tale of the pioneer's sharing his discovery with after-invaders deputed, by the unvarying law of leveling, to develop the land. Once, in the midst of this inner colloquy, he paused, with a whimsical flirt of the mind, to wonder whether Dickerman, on his way uptown, was sending these arguments back to him by wireless; it was a part of his morbid self-consciousness, at this time, to regard Dickie, when he was not in the room offering his pinkiness and gayety for testimony to the wholesomeness of things, as mysteriously equipped with necromantic powers of evil.

Now, he felt, his mind was almost reconciled to the feat of leaping into the field and sowing magic seed of the plant that comes up in an hour, where the other mind had ploughed and furrowed and raised the stock that bore the bright new bloom: almost reconciled, but not quite. There was something within him, an unnamed personality, something more august than any mind, and either royal or timid, because it walked always veiled. On this inner person he was now laying a mandatory and beseeching finger, bidding it come out into the daylight and tell what it really had to say, when the door opened and the girl came in. That was what he called her at once, because he had prophesied her in relation to the story — the girl. She was dark and slender, very neat and yet not at first sight significant, because she looked like many other women dressed trigly for their work. But Perry, as he got out of his chair, noted distinctive things about her, a pallor that was yet wholesome, dark shining hair, and sincere gray eyes under a lovely line

of brow. She was not timid, he saw, for she advanced to his table at once, and said, —

"My name is Hartwell. I came to ask about a manuscript I sent in."

"G. Hartwell?" he inquired. He went round the table, and pulled out Dickie's chair. "Won't you sit down, Miss Hartwell? I have the manuscript here."

She took the chair with a quiet acceptance of its being the thing to do; but her eye did light when it followed his to the little pile of paper there on the table.

"I hope," she began, and then dropped into a form of speech that should make it easier for him: "I'm afraid you're not going to take it."

"Have you been writing long?"

He had gone back to his seat, and now reproved himself for the futility of his beginning when it was so evident that she was too young to have been doing anything long.

"I don't write. I teach school. But I want to leave it, and do writing altogether."

"Journalism, or — this?" He touched the manuscript again with a kind of approving intimacy.

"I've already done some journalism, book-notices and reading manuscript. But this," her eyes, too, sought the story, "this is what I really want to do."

At once he saw that it stood for exactly what it did in his own longings, — one of the free, splendid masteries, a craft to be studied with devotion for a lifetime perhaps, if only one could say at the close, "I have served one thing well." He wanted to have his brutal task over as soon as possible.

"He's not going to take it," he threw at her.

A look of almost terrified surprise shot into her face, to be quelled as swiftly under a patience that looked as if it had been learned through much rebuff.

"Then you're not Mr. Dickerman?" she asked.

"No." He sacrificed Dickie without an instant's scruple. "He does n't think he can use it. He believes he may have more of the same kind."

She made a movement to take the story, but he closed his hand upon it. Thereupon she waited for anything further he might have to say. His inexplicable mortification impressed itself upon her then, and she tried to help him.

"I can't wonder," she said. "It's presumption in me to jump into a pool where there are such big fish. Of course nobody'd see me. The other tails and fins are flashing so!" Her big, sweet mouth broadened into a smile. "No magazine has such a list of contributors as yours. And they do their best work for you. You must offer them big bribes, to publish such good stuff anonymously."

Perry felt his face crimsoning with pleasure. He could hardly help rising to make her a bow, and murmur his delighted appreciation.

"You like it then?" he speciously inquired. "You like the *Flywheel?*"

She answered without an instant's pause.

"Oh, it's superb! But I can't help thinking — you'll pardon me, won't you? — it's a mistake to keep the contributors anonymous. Folks are so stupid, most of them. They don't recognize the master hand unless it signs its name. Some of us do, and it makes us fearfully conceited. But you can't build up a circulation out of the elect, now, can you? There are n't enough of us."

Then she laughed unaffectedly over her cockiness, and he joined her, taking up the current number of the *Flywheel*, and asking, with a shamefacedness she could not penetrate, —

"Run over the contents, will you, and name the contributors?"

She did it without reflection. There were a dozen names, four of them as significant as the modern list affords, and the others of the well-known best in an inferior circle. As she ran them rapidly through, Perry felt himself tingling with the pleasure of it. This he had done; if he could not create, he could at least dup-

licate the best makers so that fine eyes and fine ears could hardly tell the difference, which might, after all, be sometimes in his favor.

"Thank you," he said soberly at the end, but she could not know exactly what his gratitude was for. Suddenly he found he was throwing prudence and a dozen lesser bits of ballast overboard, and admitting her to the inside of his mind where he conceived and plotted. "See here," he said, "do you want me to tell you what I should do with this story?" His hand had not left her manuscript. Now it beat upon it with an indicating finger.

She nodded.

"I should give it to the *Councillor*."

"The *Councillor!* I should n't dare. It is n't for the likes of me."

"The *Councillor* will jump at it."

"But you did n't jump."

He temporized. "It's a bully story," he said. "There's been nothing like it in a year's issue of all the magazines, the whole posse of them."

"But there's an out about it or you'd take it yourself."

"I don't say there is n't — for the *Flywheel*. But you try the *Councillor*. And —" he looked her straight in the eye, to make her, if he could, share his conviction — "and not alone. With five others like it."

"A series?"

"Yes. The minute I'd read this I saw what they could be. Don't you see, you could take the sixteen-year old girl and put her into the shop, to substitute for her sister, so the sister can make her wedding-clothes. The family need never know who it was the sister was engaged to, but when Rosa gets into the shop she finds it's that frightful Lecorescor —"

One by one they went over them, from the grandfather to the child, and stabbed the tragedy of each. Now the girl talked faster than he. Color came into her face; she flashed and charmed unconsciously.

"Of course I can," she kept saying. "Of course! Why, it's the story of the family. This little sketch only begins it. How stupid I was!"

Then only did he give her back her manuscript.

"Got any more in your head?" he asked, with a misleading lightness. It covered an almost fatherly anxiety. He wanted her to succeed. It seemed worth any sacrifice.

She laughed back at him out of that new brilliancy.

"Lots!" she said almost defiantly, as if she challenged him to dispute it. "If I could only get time, I should glut the market. The supervisors keep us frightfully busy doing fool things. But —" she lifted her head to its little willful pose — "I shall get time. I'm determined."

Perry was looking at her narrowly, partly because it was evident that she would soon go and it seemed desirable to learn her face by heart, and also to come to some understanding of a will so secure that it predicted what must be.

"Do you always do what you determine on?" he asked, so seriously that she answered, not out of her whimsical mood of the previous moment, but with a soft earnestness, —

"I try to, when it's right."

Then, as his face continued to interrogate her with its painful appeal, she saw that more was required of her. "We must," she ventured, from the shyness of the unaccustomed preacher. "We must, must n't we?"

"Must what?"

"We must determine on things and then just do them."

He stared down at his hand playing with the papercutter, and did not look up even though he knew, by the little preparatory rustle, that in an instant she would go.

"Sit still," he said. "I want to ask you something."

So she kept her seat and was very quiet, watching his face grow graver than the moment seemed to warrant.

"It's about a story," he began. "I

want you to tell me what you think could be done with it."

"You want me to do it?" she asked alertly.

"I don't know. Maybe I do. Maybe I want you to collaborate. I fancy I've got to have a hand in it myself. We might call it 'The Mirror,' or something of that sort. It's the story of a man who found he could only reflect things. He could n't give out any light of his own. Understand?"

"No," she answered frankly.

"Well, to illustrate, here are you, writing stories. You think of 'em —"

"They come to me."

"It's all one. But so far as you know, the story springs, in the form you finally use, from your own brain. Of course you're indebted to previous observation, a million hints from without. But you take those million hints and fuse and color and shape in your own private workshop — your brain. That's what you do, or think you do; for after all none of us knows really much about it."

"That's what I think I do."

"Now take another kind of brain, the brain of the man we spoke of. That's a workshop, too, but it's different. The tools are about the same, for he turns out the brand of article you do; but the beginning, the inception, is different. You work — or you think you work — without a pattern."

She had fallen in with the fancy.

"I make my own pattern," she said quickly. "But I do it only because I've seen so many thousand patterns cut by master workmen before me. Still I think my pattern is my own."

"Exactly! but the man we're dealing with can't make his pattern. He can only work after somebody has given him a model. He can do it then, stunning stuff, you know, but it's never anything but a copy. It's the difference between Cellini and a clever silversmith who is merely clever. You take him a vase of Cellini and he can copy it exquisitely, but he could n't have designed it."

"Is n't that the difference between an artisan and an artist?"

"I fancy so. Well, now, an artisan may be honest, usually is. But if he stole patterns whenever he got a chance, and said, 'They're mine. They're the real thing,' he would n't be honest, now, would he?"

"Oh, no. He'd be a scamp."

"He might do it at first as a kind of a joke, and because he was really rather vain and it tickled him to see he could do the trick as well as anybody, only show him how. But one day it might occur to him that he was too much of a copyist. It had ceased to be a question of filling orders in the intellectual workshop. It was everything now."

"It had gone into his life."

"Yes, he was getting to be obedient to the chaps that were stronger than he. I don't know that they're stronger. Only they have such an infernal way of seeming original and bossing from that side of things. And he's made only to reflect, and he can't help reflecting. What's he going to do?"

He looked up at her now, and found she was resting both elbows on the table and had propped her chin on her hands, in the attitude of deep reflection. She did not answer him with a glance. The hypothetical man evidently seemed of enormous importance to her, sufficient to demand the most earnest thought; but her air also said that she found no definite personal issue in the case.

"He was meant to be a private soldier," she half-declared, half-inquired for confirmation.

"It would seem so."

"Nothing but his own will would make him a leader?"

"I doubt if his will could do it. I told you he was n't altogether weak, — at least, he does n't seem so to me, — but he's no initiative. He's simply got to copy, in his work, and, I almost think, he's got to obey in his life. Now what's going to prevent him from sagging more and more, leaning on other wills, coming

at call, even doing the things he knows ought not to be done? There's a kind of a dry rot in it. That's what I'm asking you to save him from."

She took her elbows off the table and sat up straight, looking at him now as he looked at her. Their eyes met, and each recognized the spirit behind the darkening pupils.

"He must n't do the things that ought not to be done," she said concisely. "He simply must n't."

"But he's a private soldier. We began with that."

"He must n't serve under any captain that is n't — oh, is n't perfectly splendid! He must n't fight in any cause that is n't just."

"Then it's the question of the captain?"

"Yes. At first, until he's trained and trained, and fought and fought, until he's got his will tempered — oh, well, then, you know, I think he'd be promoted."

"You do?"

She nodded. The laughter ran into his face, and hers answered it.

"Do you know," he said confidentially, "I'm not sure he'd want to be promoted. I think it would scare him."

"It's my opinion half of them are scared," she answered, — "the leaders. That's why they are so big. They're brave enough to fight the foe within at the same time they're fighting the one without."

She had risen now, and he did not try to keep her.

"I wonder," he was musing, "whether it is a question of captains! Strong-willed — " He looked at her as if he inventoried her qualities, and she gazed innocently back at him, waiting to say good-by. "Strong-willed, sound-hearted, kind — and beautiful."

Then he seemed impatiently to put that by, as if he were talking foolishness she could not yet be trusted with. He came back to his everyday look of accessible, charming good humor.

"Would you mind," he asked, in an off-hand fashion, "leaving me your address? I have an idea I shall want to see you again about this — or something."

She wrote the address in a firm hand, putting the sheet of yellow paper he gave her flat against the wall.

"Thank you," he said, and she responded, at the door, with a kind little smile and a good-by. She was over the sill, when he bent quickly, opened the drawer, and took out the letter he had tossed there an hour ago. He strode after her, holding it outstretched.

"Would you mind," he asked, in a laughing earnest, "would you mind mailing this?"

She took it with no appearance of surprise.

"Delighted," she said. "Good-by again."

He was at the head of the stairs looking down at her nodding plume.

"I had a fancy," he called, in an exhilaration she did not understand, "to have you mail it. It's for luck."

PHYSICAL SCIENCE OF TO-DAY

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE

In a rapid review of physical science of to-day, I should doubtless disappoint many if I did not give the first place to wireless telegraphy, and to the surprising report that the dreams of the alchemists are being realized by the actual transmutation of one metal into another. I will, therefore, accede to what I believe is the desire of the majority of my readers. Wireless telegraphy undoubtedly seems to the unscientific person the most marvelous achievement of modern physical science; but to the scientific man it assumes far less importance than some recent discoveries to which I propose to call attention.

The theory of the transmission of messages without wires is contained in a paper by Hertz, a late professor of physics at Bonn, and if he were alive he might say, as Faraday did of his great experimental work which led to all the practical employments of electricity to-day, "We will now hand this over to the calculators." The calculators have certainly developed Faraday's gifts with eminent skill, and they are fast making wireless telegraphy a practical art.

I lately sat in a corner of the smoking-room of an Atlantic steamer, — that repository of inaccurate information, — and heard an apparently well-informed gentleman, gifted with a flow of language, inform a group that it would be well to invest in wireless telephony, for it promised to displace present methods of transmission of messages. I kept a discreet silence, remembering how often Dr. Lardner is quoted in regard to the impossibility of crossing the Atlantic in a steamer, and there I was with the voyage nearly consummated. There is, however, at present, no practical transmitter for wireless telephony. The art is in the condition of that of the telephone before Francis Blake invented his transmitter; and in a worse condition, for one could speak with the unaided telephone, without the carbon transmitter, fifty to a hundred miles. The distance to which speech can be transmitted by wireless telephony in commercial practice is about ten miles. It is said that a distance of a thousand miles has occasionally been reached; but it required the expenditure of many horse-power.

Can I also dismiss the report of the transmutation of metals in as brief a manner? Sir William Ramsay has shown that the emanation from radium inclosed in an air-tight vessel changes from its peculiar spectrum into an entirely different one, — that of the gas helium — which, as its name implies, is found in the sun. This discovery has been confirmed by other observers, and Ramsay, continuing his studies, has stated that, under the influence of radium, copper is transmuted into the metals lithium, sodium, and potassium. This result was received by the scientific world with much skepticism; for it was thought that various impurities in the containing vessels might account for the startling result. Madame Curie, who, in collaboration with her husband, discovered radium, has lately repeated Ramsay's experiments, taking precautions in regard to impure substances by conducting the necessary operations in platinum vessels, and has failed to confirm Ramsay's result.

The subjects of wireless telegraphy and the transmutation of metals are certainly the most sensational ones in the physical science of to-day, and I shall do well if I succeed in interesting the reader in those phases of my subjects which are of supreme interest to scientific men. In con-

versing on recent advances in physics with unscientific but otherwise well-educated friends I find a striking intellectual peculiarity. Many are interested to know what are the practical results of recent discoveries. They desire to know how far one can send wireless messages, and whether there is a possibility of transmuting the baser metals into gold; but one quickly loses their attention when one enters into the most elementary discussion of the scientific aspects of the questions.

This indolence of mind is perhaps due to the lack of power of concentration, a power which might be cultivated by a more scientific education. The reader may say that it is more probably the result of the use of technical terms by the physicist. I confess that when I ask an astronomer how large Mars appears in his telescope, and he answers that it subtends so many degrees of arc, I hesitate to pursue my inquiries further. I shall therefore endeavor to avoid scientific jargon in this paper.

I have said that the marvelous achievement of wireless telegraphy seems, to the scientific man, of less importance than many recent developments of physical science. The wonder and mystery in regard to the passage of messages without wires is far less than in the transmission of an ordinary telephonic message over a copper wire. In the case of the wireless message we know that there are unimpeded waves through the ether of space, and granting the supposition of the ether, the mathematical discussion of the waves is comparatively simple; but in the passage of electricity over or through a copper wire we are dealing with very complex conditions, and we have no reasonable theory of its action unless we adopt the hypothesis that there are minute charged particles called electrons, which act and react in a very complicated manner upon the particles of metal, much as a swiftly-moving athlete acts in forcing his way through a dense crowd. The wireless wave is an athlete in the open.

I speak of a theory of electrons, which may lead to an explanation of the mystery of the manner of the passage of electricity through matter; and I am led to the subjects of ionization and radioactivity, which are now the most prominent topics in physical science. By ionization we mean the breaking up of a liquid, air, or gas into minute particles which are charged with electricity. This ionization can be produced by electricity, by ultra-violet light, — that is, light of very short wave-length which is invisible to the eye, — and also by radium. The literature of the subjects of ionization and radioactivity — that is, the ionization produced by radium — is far greater than that of the entire subject of electricity fifty years ago.

In these two subjects we are dealing with the smallest body which has been recognized in the world — the electron. It is one one-thousandth the size of the hydrogen atom, and the hydrogen atom is far too small to be seen under the most powerful microscope. The electron is also called the negative particle, for it is charged with negative electricity, — it may be negative electricity itself; and it plays the predominant part in all the new theories of electricity and matter. I propose to call the reader's attention to one of its manifestations which promises to revolutionize our views of matter, — a manifestation which is attracting more attention from physicists than even the change of the spectrum of radium bromide to that of helium; for it leads to a new conception of the stuff of this world, and, according to some philosophers, makes that stuff as thin as the baseless fabric of a vision.

Before entering into an account of this manifestation, let us ask ourselves if, in our theories of atoms and electrons, we have really advanced beyond the ideas of the ancients. Democritus certainly advanced a theory of atoms, and Epicurus taught that an infinite number of atoms, existing from all eternity in infinite space, continually in motion, were the elements

of that matter of which the universe is composed. It is true that our modern theory of atoms, at first sight, seems to resemble closely that of these two philosophers; for in the air of a room we suppose billions of atoms; we believe in the continuity of matter, and therefore that all matter is ultimately made up of atoms. The ancients' conception of atoms was a flight of the imagination, but the modern theory is supported by measurements of weight, magnitude, and speed.

I wish, however, to call attention to the matter of speed, for in regard to it we have advanced far beyond the highest flight of imagination of the ancients. The greatest speed known to the Greeks or Romans was that of an athlete, a horse, or a dart. To them the earth was at rest, and the stars fixed in space. They would be appalled, if they should revisit the earth, by the speed of an express train. They never conceived, in their theories of atoms, of infinite collections of minute particles aggregated into the sphere of our earth, which is spinning on its axis with such speed that we on its circumference at the equator are traveling from night to morning with a speed of seventeen miles a minute — the velocity of a cannon-ball; and that this earth, this collection of atoms, is traveling through space about the sun, from month to month, from summer to winter, with a velocity of nineteen miles a second, seventy-five times the speed of a cannon-ball. The average man of to-day, I venture to say, is in the mental attitude of the ancients in respect to the realization of great speed. To him the world is moving with a velocity which he cannot measure, and therefore does not realize. Indeed, I cannot call to mind any poet who sings of great speed. It is true that in Milton's *Paradise Lost* there are the following lines descriptive of the fall from Heaven of Mulciber: —

> "From morn
> To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
> A summer's day, and with the setting sun
> Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
> On Lemnos, the Ægean isle."

A simple calculation will show that in the space of fourteen hours — the time mentioned — he would have attained a final velocity of over three hundred miles a second — a velocity of nearly twenty times that of our progress through space. The poet, in correcting an ancient fable, and in striving for accuracy, is not restricted in his flights of imagination by a consideration of the heat which would have been developed by impact. When Vulcan was headlong sent, with his industrious crew, to build in Hell, could there have been a prophetic physical conception in Milton's mind of a generation of heat which would have fitted the objects of Heavenly wrath for their future abode?

The chief characteristic of modern physical science is its development of knowledge of the consequences which follow from changes in or cessation of great speed. A cannon-ball by its impact can raise a steel plate to a white heat; the earth striking another heavenly body, not a comet, might instantly become a fiery furnace.

It is related of a late professor in Harvard University that he was invited to deliver lectures on astronomy in a town not far from Boston, in the days when lyceum courses on high topics had not been supplanted by stereopticon shows. The selectmen said that the town was too poor to give him the fee he asked, and he finally agreed to deliver the course of lectures for half the sum he had originally demanded. In those lectures he proceeded to enlarge upon the terrible catastrophes which might arise from a possible disturbance of the equipoise of the earth. At the conclusion of the course the selectmen offered him the other half of the sum he had demanded, if he would show how the equipoise would probably be maintained. This he did, and gained the sum he had originally asked.

While the earth spins on and pursues its path without collisions, modern physicists are occupied in the study of countless atoms in disturbed orbits, and in con-

siderations of the impact of innumerable invisible particles which are moving with velocities infinitely greater than that of the earth. It is as if some being should survey the moon, earth, and sun — yes, the entire universe of stars — from an infinite distance, and should discover planets in orbital movements and stars in collision. Maeterlinck can conceive of a Higher Being studying us as we study an ant-heap.

We are beginning to have a realizing sense of the effect on matter of great speed, for until now it has been impossible in laboratories to experiment on matter moving faster than a rifle-ball — perhaps fifteen hundred feet a second. We soon reach the point of rupture of a steel disc when we attempt to revolve it with such an angular velocity that a point on its rim moves only three times faster than the swiftest express train — or three miles a minute. The resistance of the air is a powerful factor which we have to overcome. To obtain an idea of this resistance, an interesting experiment consists in attaching an ordinary newspaper to an axle, and endeavoring to flatten it into a disc by a rapid revolution of the axle. The experiment requires the expenditure of at least ten horse-power. It is said that the Wright brothers found no facts on record which could aid them in their efforts to construct and manage an aeroplane; they were obliged to make their own experiments.

One can conceive that matter might assume an entirely different aspect if it should move with a velocity of many thousand miles a second. Since it is impossible to experiment with visible objects, — such as those we measure on an ordinary balance, — it remained to discover an invisible particle of infinitesimal weight, to which could be communicated an enormous velocity. We must bear in mind that a body of infinitesimal size moving with a velocity of many thousand miles a second can develop by impact a considerable and measurable amount of heat, for energy is proportional to the product of the mass by the square of the velocity. Such a body has been discovered, and the analysis of its behavior while traveling many thousand miles a second is the most remarkable result obtained from radium. The latter substance shoots forth a particle which is called an electron, — for it is charged with electricity. I have said that it is one one-thousandth of the size of the hydrogen atom. A statement of enormously large or infinitely small dimensions, with which science is concerned, often transcends our power of apprehension; but I will endeavor to give some idea of the size of the electron.

It is estimated that 250,000,000 hydrogen molecules in line measure an inch. A cube having a side of one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch — the *minimum visible* under the most powerful microscope — contains from sixty to a hundred millions of molecules of oxygen or nitrogen, and more of hydrogen. If one could magnify a drop of water to the apparent size of the earth seen from a distance at which a small orange is just visible, we could see its molecules. The electron is the smallest body we have recognized in the universe, and it is certainly a wonderful proof of the fineness and accuracy of modern scientific methods that an invisible particle of such almost inconceivable minuteness can be isolated, and its mass and velocity measured.

I have dwelt at some length upon the subject of speed, in order to lead the mind of the reader to what I consider the most significant fact in modern physical science; and the fact is this: the mass of the electron increases as it flies with a velocity of over fifty thousand miles a second. The physicists are asking themselves, "Is this increase in mass a true increase, or is it an electrical phenomenon?" If it is the latter we have, so to speak, a new hold upon the ether which is supposed to fill all space, for we can study its commotions if we cannot weigh it while it is at rest. It is only through the phenomena of light that we have recognized the necessity of

an ethereal medium for the transmission of light waves, and Maxwell has shown that electromagnetic waves are propagated from the sun by the same medium. Wireless telegraphy depends upon these electrical waves, which are transmitted with the velocity of 180,000 miles a second — the velocity also of light.

The electron has another remarkable manifestation. It is capable of producing by its motion the phenomenon of magnetism, and we are moving toward a theory of magnetic activity on the sun which may enlighten us in regard to the cause of the magnetism of the earth. This invisible particle is also changing our views in regard to the probable age and future duration of the sun. Physicists and geologists no longer dispute over the age of the earth, and the length of time which will elapse before the sun is extinguished. The discovery of radium and the electron have made us mute.

To radium we owe a great extension of the theory of ionization, that is, the breaking up of a liquid or gas under the effect of electricity or radium into small particles, which are called ions. This new development of physical science is called radioactivity. The great volume of investigations on the subject of ionization and its allied subject, radioactivity, may induce some future physicist to rewrite Tyndall's epoch-making book entitled *Heat as a Mode of Motion*, which appeared nearly fifty years ago. The new treatment of energy will consist, not, as in Tyndall's treatise, mainly of a discussion of the heat developed by motion of tangible bodies, but of a treatment of the heat and radiations which result from the impact of invisible particles. The new treatise should be written by one gifted with scientific imagination, controlled by a sense of exactness; and the reading public will be fortunate if the author should possess Tyndall's power of exposition. Physical science, however, is advancing so fast that no competent scientific man would think of undertaking the task at present; for the book would have to be rewritten before it had been published a year. The university lecturer is now compelled to rewrite his lectures on energy and radiations from month to month.

In our conception of the action of electrons we seem to be reviving, in a certain measure, Sir Isaac Newton's corpuscular theory, which supposed that light was caused by the motion of infinitely small particles called corpuscles; and also Benjamin Franklin's one-fluid theory of electricity, which taught that negative electricity is due to a deficit of something which appears as an excess in positive electricity. In the modern theory of the electron, the negative charge may be regarded as the state of the positive charge after the electron has been detached from it. A distinguished English physicist said to me lately that there is a mine of suggestions in Franklin's electrical work. The latter, however, had no conception of an interaction between invisible particles and a universal ether.

I have said that wireless telegraphy should excite less wonder than the transmission of an ordinary telephonic message over a copper wire. We have abandoned all electrical fluids, and have in their place waves in the ether and swiftly moving electrons. These electrons can be weighed and their speed can be determined, but the ether is thoroughly intangible; even the earth, in its swift motion, causes no commotion in it. We must reflect, however, that until now we have not been able to study the behavior of this ether toward matter in motion under a speed greater than that of a point revolving on the surface of the earth. It seems probable that future knowledge of the properties of the ether will come from the study of the behavior of electrons moving through it with velocities many thousand times greater than the speed of the earth on its axis. The study of electrons and that of the ether must be pursued together. But progress in the study of the ether advances very slowly. Lord Kelvin made many attempts to conceive of its structure and its behavior under

strain; but his powerful mind, aided by all the mathematical knowledge of his time, failed in the attempt. The only new fact in regard to it that has been discovered during the last fifty years is that light exerts a pressure in the direction of its propagation; and a distinguished physicist has hazarded the suggestion that this pressure may carry germs of life to remote parts of the stellar universe. It may be that we shall adopt a hypothesis of the aggregation of these invisible particles or germs into visible forms. This hypothesis would be indeed a nebulous one.

In considering the theories of modern physical science, and the mass of facts which have been obtained, do we not wonder at the flights of imagination of scientific men, and at the results they obtain by following the lead of the faculty of imagination? Imagination is the greatest moving force in the world. In saying this, I am merely repeating a remark of Disraeli's, and to prove the strength of his conviction I will repeat a story Mr. Lowell told me when he was minister to England. It is the custom of the Royal Academy of Painters to hold a private view of their pictures before the public exhibition. Disraeli, walking arm in arm with Browning through the galleries, said, "What strikes me most forcibly here is the lack of imagination;" and he proceeded to enlarge upon the power of imagination, declaring it to be the greatest force in the world. In responding to a toast at the banquet which followed the private exhibition, he dwelt upon the wealth of imagination in evidence on the walls about him, and again expressed his conviction that imagination is the moving force in the world. Browning repeated Disraeli's first remark to Gladstone, who sat beside him, and he muttered, "The Devil!"

If I paused here the reader might conclude that considerations of speed form the chief characteristic of modern physical science. But the factor of time underlies the factor of speed. It is only by thought of time that we measure speed; we always speak of so many feet a second, so many miles an hour. Time is an ultimate consideration.

In this rapid review of modern physical science I should be remiss if I did not refer to the effect that physical research is having upon contemporaneous thought. Physicists have apparently reduced matter to a possible whirl in the ether, and the ether is intangible. The discussion of the meaning of matter, speed, and time brings the physicists into the field of the philosophers, who claim that the former, in their late theories, are steadily approaching the views of the scholastic philosophers. The world is an illusion of the senses; matter, speed, and time have no objective reality.

This article may be read by a philosopher who is delighted that a smug physicist is approaching his appropriate field, and who would be pleased to have me enlarge further upon the fleeting illusions of physical science. I am reminded of the old Scottish woman who asked the distinguished preacher Irving to sit down beside her and "gang over the essentials." All true physicists, however, should decline to discuss with philosophers the actuality of matter, of speed, and of time.

The function of the scientific man is to measure and to generalize from facts. The measuring worm is safe so long as it confines its progress to its continent, — the top of a table, — but when it reaches the edge it finds an unfathomable abyss. While the physicist is measuring the specific gravity of lead to the sixth place of decimals, the philosopher has written a volume to prove the nonexistence of matter. When a physicist ventures into philosophy he is in the condition of a man who steps in the dark over a precipice.

In the new subject, too, of psychology physical science is having a dominant influence. Emerson says, "The human heart concerns us more than peering into microscopes, and is larger than can be

measured by the pompous figures of the astronomer." In saying this he expresses only a half-truth, for it is recognized today by the best trained psychologists that it is only by the employment of the refined methods of the physicist that psychology can become a science; moreover, is not the high ideal of scientific honesty inculcated in physical research an important factor in the study of man's deepest impulses? The greatest attribute of the Creator is strict accuracy and honesty. One per cent error in the law of gravitation would cause the reader of this paper to cease its perusal and prepare for a catastrophe. The nearer we approach strict honesty the nearer we approach Divinity.

THE HOTEL

BY HARRIET MONROE

THE long resounding marble corridors, the shining parlors with shining women in them.

The French room, with its gilt and garlands under plump little tumbling painted loves.

The Turkish room, with its jumble of many carpets and its stiffly squared un-Turkish chairs.

The English room, all heavy crimson and gold, with spreading palms lifted high in round green tubs.

The electric lights in twos and threes and hundreds, made into festoons and spirals and arabesques, a maze and magic of bright persistent radiance.

The people sitting in corners by twos and threes, and cooing together under the glare.

The long rows of silent people in chairs, watching with eyes that see not while the patient band tangles the air with music.

The bell-boys marching in with cards, and shouting names over and over into ears that do not heed.

The stout and gorgeous dowagers in lacy white and lilac, bedizened with many jewels, with smart little scarlet or azure hats on their gray-streaked hair.

The business men in trim and spotless suits, who walk in and out with eager steps, or sit at the desks and tables, or watch the shining women.

The telephone girls forever listening to far voices, with the silver band over their hair and the little black caps obliterating their ears.

The telegraph tickers sounding their perpetual *chit — chit-chit* from the uttermost ends of the earth.

The waiters, in black swallow-tails and white aprons, passing here and there with trays of bottles and glasses.

The quiet and sumptuous bar-room, with purplish men softly drinking in little alcoves, while the bar-keeper, mixing bright liquors, is rapidly plying his bottles.

The great bedecked and gilded café, with its glitter of a thousand mirrors, with its little white tables bearing gluttonous dishes whereto bright forks, held by pampered hands, flicker daintily back and forth.

The white-tiled, immaculate kitchen, with many little round blue fires, where white-clad cooks are making spiced and flavored dishes.

The cool cellars filled with meats and fruits, or layered with sealed and bottled wines mellowing softly in the darkness.

The invisible stories of furnaces and machines, burrowing deep down into the earth, where grimy workmen are heavily laboring.

The many-windowed stories of little homes and shelters and sleeping-places, reaching up into the night like some miraculous, high-piled honeycomb of wax-white cells.

The clothes inside of the cells — the stuffs, the silks, the laces; the elaborate delicate disguises that wait in trunks and drawers and closets, or bedrape and conceal human flesh.

The people inside of the clothes, the bodies white and young, bodies fat and bulging, bodies wrinkled and wan, all alike veiled by fine fabrics, sheltered by walls and roofs, shut in from the sun and stars.

The souls inside of the bodies — the naked souls; souls weazen and weak, or proud and brave; all imprisoned in flesh, wrapped in woven stuffs, enclosed in thick and painted masonry, shut away with many shadows from the shining truth.

God inside of the souls, God veiled and wrapped and imprisoned and shadowed in fold on fold of flesh and fabrics and mockeries; but ever alive, struggling and rising again, seeking the light, freeing the world.

THE INDUSTRIAL DILEMMA

II

THE RAILROADS AND EDUCATION

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

As time goes on, the embarrassment of the authorities, and of public opinion, in dealing with the industrial situation in railroads and elsewhere is certain to resolve itself into action along definite and reasonable lines. As a matter of fact, the result of years of agitation and study can be accurately forecasted, and is known in advance. Certain impressions and lessons are being constantly imprinted on the mind of the community, and the doctrine of the survival of the fittest applies with equal significance to the world of ideas and to animal life. Looked into closely, we find this principle of the survival of best-fitted ideas to be the anchor to which democracy attaches, and always has attached, its optimism.

At the beginning, and looking ahead, the democratic idea proclaimed to the world, not " I rule," or " I serve," but " *I trust.*" And the reason for the faith that lies at the root of democratic institutions is known to all. Through good report and evil report the faith of democracy in education, and in the social conscience as director of ways and means, has never wavered. In the present century, it is true, the fundamental truth and supremacy of democratic principles are being tested up to the hilt. But all this " knocking " and " raking " means purification. The faith of the great mass of the people in the solution of industrial and social problems by educational methods knows no shadow of turning. To sneerers and doubters, democracy responds by increasing her educational facilities, and by widening the sphere of her activity. Above all the turmoil and the controversy, she calmly abides the issue.

The determined and well-directed effort of present-day educators to keep in close touch with industrial progress is certainly one of the healthiest signs of the times. Schools and colleges no longer pride themselves exclusively upon the scholars, the poets, and the theologians they send forth into the world. Not to mention the professions, marked attention is now being paid to the industrial arts, and to the requirements of commercial life; in fact, honors are bestowed with impartiality upon excellence in almost every branch of honest human endeavor.

Once impressed with the importance of the educational problem in the social and industrial life of the nation, one turns instinctively to the railroads for illustrations of its work and principles. There are very good reasons for directing our efforts and study in this direction. For the railroad is probably the most important industry in the country, not alone as an employer of labor and a purchaser of material, but on account of its intimate relation to the every-day needs and safety of society.

Day by day the railroads are getting closer to the homes and the pockets of the people. It can no longer be asserted that five or six capitalists own or control the destinies of any railroad. They are now nearly all subject to the influence of an army of stockholders. For example, to illustrate the distribution of railroad stock among the homes of the people, it is worth noting that nearly half of the $9,437,839 which the Pennsylvania Railroad lately

distributed as the semi-annual dividend on its $314,594,650 of capital stock, was paid to women. There are now 58,739 stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose average holdings are 107 shares. Of these, about 28,000, or 47 per cent, are women, who, the figures show, own a total of over $148,000,000 of Pennsylvania stock. The November dividend last year was paid to 52,622 stockholders. The increase since then has been 6117, or at the rate of twenty new stockholders in the Pennsylvania Railroad for each business day of the present twelve months. Consequently it is eminently the concern of the general public to see to it that both as regards the physical condition of a railroad, and as regards the means employed for the efficiency of its service, the very best material and the highest quality of leadership and workmanship are insisted upon.

To begin, with then, and very naturally, the topic "Education and the Railroads" divides itself into two main sections, namely, the enlightenment and instruction of the public in regard to actual conditions and methods of operation; and, on the other hand, the enlightenment and instruction of employees and employers in regard to their responsibilities and duties. As it seems to me, the first and more important of these considerations relates to the education and enlightenment of public opinion. To this end, we must have a fearless description and analysis of present-day conditions and tendencies. But for a number of reasons those who are best posted and informed, whether on the side of labor or of capital, have actually two sets of opinions: that which they know in their hearts to be true and right; and, on the other hand, a modified statement of these real opinions, which alone they are willing to publish over their own signatures.

It thus becomes evident that the knowledge of the public in regard to present-day conditions on our railroads is derived from incomplete and modified information. Neither the worker, the manager, nor the capitalist can be depended upon to forget self-interest, and to publish the whole truth in the interests of the community. Studying the history of the case, which includes the contents of the employee's schedules or bill of rights, and the absolute silence of railroad managers, one must be pardoned for arriving at the conclusion that in the past, at any rate, these forces have been actually in combination or tacit agreement to keep the public in ignorance of the actual ways and means by which the business of the common carrier is being transacted on American railroads. The only way the railroad manager can dispose of this charge is by coming out in the open and frankly explaining his position. He, the manager, is in a position of public trust and responsibility. The public look to him for a sane and safe administration of the railroad business, in the interest of the whole people.

In the process of enlightening and educating public opinion on these matters the time has come for the manager to give an account of his stewardship. In a word, is he nowadays to be called a manager or simply a slave to a cut-and-dried schedule of arrangements which he has entered into with organizations of his employees, and in which, it is claimed, the public interests have been sacrificed? Is the manager willing to publish and comment on these agreements for the information and education of the traveling public? In the business of the common carrier, what reason or excuse can be advanced for secrecy? These are questions which the railroad manager is now called upon to answer, for they relate to the social standing and to the moral health, not only of the worker and the manager, but with positive emphasis to the self-respect and the social conscience of the community.

At the present day the public is utterly and unaccountably ignorant of the nature of the points at issue between labor and management on the railroad. There seems to be little disposition in any quarter to enlighten or educate the public on

topics in which they are vitally interested.

Under date of December 4, 1908, a mediation pact was signed in Washington by representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Dr. Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, were the mediators. From the published report of the proceedings it is evident that the engineers are dissatisfied with the discipline that is administered to the members of its brotherhood, while the managers complain of the interference with the regulations of the road which they try to enforce in the interest of the traveling public. Sooner or later public opinion is always called upon to throw the weight of its influence on one side or the other; consequently the details of the controversy, with concrete illustrations of the points at issue, should receive the widest possible publicity. To furnish the public with as much of the inside information as possible, is the primary purpose of this article.

In the *Santa Fé Employees' Magazine* for November, 1908, one of a series of very seasonable articles on the relations that obtain on our railroads, between the man and the manager, was written by a well-posted and conscientious employee of that system. To begin with, he made the following statement:—

"It is very evident we railroad men have rendered a very poor account of our stewardship." In discussing the failure of employees to report transgressions, the writer insists that they "often run the risk of dismissal, rather than comment officially on the conduct of a fellow employee. Many of them have a peculiar sliding scale which they use when the necessity confronts them for reporting their fellows. Upon this scale appears (in unwritten letters) the enormity of the violation, the standing of the delinquent among his comrades, and last, but greatest of all, the chances of the officials' finding it out. These matters are all weighed before a decision is arrived at as to whether to make a report or not.

"That such a condition of affairs exists is not hard to believe, when we take into consideration that the vast majority of enginemen and trainmen are members of railway brotherhoods, *bound together by secret ties in an endeavor to promote their interests as a body*, and to render mutual assistance and relief. And then, back of this lies the fact that an employee who makes it a practice to report, or who will report another when it might have been covered up, is in a fair way to become an outcast, deprived of the confidence of his friends and co-workers. Between the attitude of employees who will not report the shortcomings of their fellows, and the inability of the officials to learn of the transgressions of these men, poor old Safety is between the devil and the deep sea."

This is one of the most important contributions that has yet been written and signed by a railroad employee. The traveling public must understand from this information that the business of the common carrier is being conducted by employees who, for unstated reasons, are bound together by secret ties. Without pausing to discuss the nature of these secret ties, or their relation to the safety of the traveling public, it will, I think, be allowed that no special privileges can be granted by the community, either to corporations or to brotherhoods of railroad men, in regard to their methods of serving the public in this business of the common carrier.

The same law that applies to a traffic arrangement should also be in force in regard to the railroad man's schedule. This should not only be a theoretical fact or condition, but the making of the schedule itself should actually be looked upon as an affair in which the public is a vitally interested factor, and nothing should be allowed to appear in it that can be shown to interfere with the maintenance of discipline, with the safety of travel, or with the industrial and ethical ideals of the

American people. At the present day, the party most concerned, the principal sufferer in this secret contract between the man and the manager, has no voice in its composition, and is kept in total ignorance of its stipulations and their social significance.

The following illustration will be sufficient to demonstrate the wide and important significance of this branch of my subject: Some time ago the adjustment committee of one of the largest unions of railroad employees paid an official visit to a railroad manager, and said to him in substance, "For the future we desire to establish the rule that no employee in our department shall be permitted to consult or confer with a superintendent on matters relating to his work except through the medium of the adjustment committee."

The thoughtful reader is invited to think over this proposition, and if possible to reconcile it with his ideas of personal liberty and the first principles of American civilization. According to my light, the only way to enlighten the public in regard to the significance of this and similar situations in the industrial world, is to furnish concrete illustrations of actual work and behavior, and to call attention to the lessons contained in them.

Some time ago the general manager of perhaps the largest railroad system in the United States, said to me, "I hope to live to see the day when a railroad manager, as an individual responsible to the public for the safety of travel, shall be able to remove a man for the simple reason that in his opinion the employee is actually unsafe to run an engine or conduct a train."

The manifest meaning and the lesson for the traveling public contained in this statement cannot be too strongly emphasized. The safety of travel at the present day is actually at the mercy of a system that has eliminated the very first principles of sane supervision and executive control. Just how this principle lives, moves, and conducts itself on an American railroad, cannot but make the judicious grieve. Let us look into this matter with all seriousness.

Some time ago, on one of the most important railroad systems in the country, an engineman, while backing his train into a yard, called in his flagman before the train was in to clear. As the result his engine was "side-swiped" by a passenger train and several employees were injured. After a thorough investigation into the accident itself, and considering the previous record of the man, the superintendent of the division, his assistant, and the superintendent of motive power, reported to the general manager that the man in question, in their opinion, was unfit to be in charge of an engine. In the words of the superintendent, "We might just as well have saved ourselves the trouble and time given to the matter. The usual number of marks that apply to his offense was added to the man's record, and that is all there was to it. We now watch the going out and coming in of that man with fear and trembling; but we are helpless."

The traveling public is to-day at the mercy of the railroad man's schedule. It is not so much this clause or that clause that is objectionable, but the simple power and practice of a powerful organization to dispute and appeal from the decision of the management, not only in matters of discipline, but actually in every verdict that happens to rub any individual railroad man the wrong way.

With a view to enlightening public opinion on the widespread nature of this evil, illustrations must not be spared.

One of the best-known methods employed by railroad managers at the present day to ascertain the vigilance and obedience of road men, is what is commonly called the surprise test. This is, perhaps, the best out-on-the-road inspection yet inaugurated, for it places all employees on an equality so far as observance of the rules is concerned. When this system of surprise tests was first inaugurated on a western railroad, on whose pay rolls there are upwards of fifty thousand

employees, the management encountered a very strange experience, which will serve to illustrate another phase of the railroad man's schedule, and the principles which are involved.

One day two of the chief executive officers of this railroad took a trip out on the road. Alighting at a way station, they walked along the track for a mile or two until they came to a long wooden trestle. Taking all necessary precautions, they built a fire in close proximity to the bridge and then secreted themselves in the bushes to watch the effect of their surprise test. Before long an express passenger train came along, and although a cloud of smoke was ascending through the rafters of the bridge and right in the face and eyes of the engineman on the passenger train, he failed to pay the slightest attention to it, but kept on his way with undiminished speed.

The test officers remained at their posts in the bushes. Very soon another train came along, but the engineman of the second train had no sooner caught a glimpse of the smoke than he blew the customary fire-signal. He then whistled out his flagman, brought his train to a standstill, and with the assistance of the train crew he quickly extinguished the flames. At the end of his trip he reported the matter to his superintendent on the usual form.

A few days later, the general manager, who had been one of the test officers in the bushes, called the engineman of the first train into his office. The evidence was altogether too strong for the engineman to question the existence of the fire, so he fell back upon the simple excuse that he did n't or could n't see it. The manager said to him, in substance, " I am very sorry that I am unable to remove you from your engine for inexcusable carelessness. You are just as well aware as I am that every trestle and wooden bridge on your run is actually a fire-risk or a fire-trap. It is surely not too much to ask you to remember this every time you approach or run over a bridge with the lives of hundreds of passengers in your charge and keeping. In my opinion you are not a safe man to be in charge of an engine; that is all I have to say to you; you may go." Then the engineman of the second train was called into the office. The manager thanked him and complimented him in flattering terms for his conduct in regard to the fire under the bridge. Finally, he said to him, " As a slight acknowledgment of your prompt action and praiseworthy conduct in the interests of the passengers and the road, I grant you a month's leave of absence, with full pay."

So far, so good. But before long the grievance committee of the brotherhood took the matter up, and informed the manager that he would have to cancel his disposition of the case. In plain English, it was against the principles and rules of the brotherhood to pick out and signalize any man's conduct in this way. No allowance, either in time or money, would be sanctioned by the brotherhood to any man for doing his duty. It creates a distinction where no distinction is recognized. It makes a difference in the pay schedule, where no variation is permitted in favor of any man. This was the decision of the adjustment committee, and so far as the public and the management are concerned, it remains the law on the subject.

Nevertheless, public opinion is invited to study this illustration, and to think it over from a wider standpoint than that contained in the fiat of a grievance committee, or the unwilling consent of a railroad manager.

But now just a word or two about my illustrations in general. It is, of course, a noticeable fact about these illustrations that I seldom mention the road upon which the incident occurs, and still less the names of the managers or the men concerned in them. There is at bottom a deep-rooted reason for this omission. It is a matter of common knowledge that, so far as educating the public into a knowledge of the internal management or conduct of the railroad business is concerned,

every employee who is connected with an organization, and every superintendent who has a position he cares anything about, is virtually and practically under an implied oath of secrecy. Thus the man is supposed to be loyal to his union, the superintendent to the management of his road.

It would appear from this that we have something to conceal, or that we do not care to submit many of our methods and regulations to public criticism. Few of us have stopped to think of our behavior in this light, and yet there can be no other excuse or reason for secrecy in a business that so closely concerns the public interest and welfare as this business of the common carrier. We are all under the spell of Mr. Carnegie's old maxim, "Richard, if you want to succeed in this business you will have to keep your mouth shut, and always remember that a close mouth is always the sign of a wise head."

In considering the industrial dilemma with which we are confronted at the present day, and in proposing and inviting a new and better order of things on American railroads, the breaking of the ice contained in the secret platform of the manager and the employee is a matter of the first importance.

It is of little use to ask the writer of this article to prove the truth of his illustrations while the manager remains silent. What the writer knows is but a drop in the bucket to what the manager is aware of, and won't tell. To tell the truth, the manager has the best of reasons at the present day for keeping his mouth shut, and for allowing the public to worry itself out of the dilemma as best it can.

Some time ago I asked the president of a Western railroad to account for this seeming indifference of railroad managers. He replied, "Silence is the last stand of the American railroad managers. To express opinions or assert ourselves in any way would cost millions. The revenues of the railroads to-day are at the mercy of the political schemer, who, upon occasion, makes a deal at our expense with our own flesh and blood, that is to say, with our employees. It is the apathy of the public to its real interests that is the actual cause and root of inefficient management. For example, if I were to make a public statement that the inspectors employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission are nearly all of them discharged employees, do you think it would shock the public's sense of fairness? Not a bit of it. Stranger things are happening every day. Take another illustration. A piece of machinery, a self-dumping ash-pan, was invented. Legislation was sought to compel the railroads to adopt the invention. The cost, of course, figured little in the matter. After hearing from all sides, the congressional committee to whom the matter had been referred concluded not to report the bill favorably. Thereupon, within a day or two of the closing of the session, both Speaker Cannon and Vice-President Fairbanks were bombarded with telegrams to the effect that 75,000 firemen demanded that the ash-pan law should be passed. This could only be done by unanimous consent, but it was done thereupon, and the law passed in both the House and the Senate, and was signed by the President, who sent the pen to Grand Chief Hanrahan. The railroads must now foot the bills."

But so far as the public is concerned the paralysis and silence of the railroad manager can be brought still nearer home. At a station on a certain railroad, the change of men was supposed to take place at 11 P. M., but on account of the train service the relief man was always five minutes late. The man he relieved objected to this, and insisted upon leaving the office at 11 P. M. The matter was taken up by the union, and considerable feeling was manifested on both sides. Finally, the business was taken to the manager of the road for settlement. But neither conciliation nor arbitration had any effect whatever, and so at last, in despair, the manager changed the schedule of the train.

How does a settlement of this kind suit the traveling public? What is to be said about their convenience and their connections? Should any fifty merchants in a city desire to change the time of a train they would soon discover that they had quite a job on their hands. In talking to a manager about this case, he informed me he could furnish a dozen illustrations of a similar nature. From this statement we may infer that when the manager, by means of public recognition and support, can be persuaded to come out in the open and tell his story, strange revelations may be expected.

Continuing my illustrations of methods and ideals on American railroads, another interesting phase has to be noticed.

In one of the articles of a former series which appeared in this magazine, I had occasion to refer to the painstaking and successful management of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Previous to writing the article I paid a visit to the road. I collected a mass of statistics, and conversed with many of the employees. I was very much impressed with the healthy *esprit de corps* that seemed to me to be a marked characteristic of the work and conversation of the employees. On all sides there seemed to be a spirit of coöperation, which was fostered by a marked liberality of treatment on the part of the management toward the employees. The actual results, in efficiency of service and freedom from accidents, were known to railroad men all over the country, and recorded in the newspapers. Over and over again, employees of the Chicago and Alton informed me that in those days serious accidents were almost unheard of, and injuries to passengers and trainmen were few and far between.

But now, within a year or so, a change has come over the spirit of the scene. New methods of management are now in force. According to the talk and understanding among the men, the watchword of the former administration was efficiency of service: that of the latter is economy of operation and a reduction of the working force to the lowest possible limit. The men very quickly catch on to the ideals and policy of a management. To secure efficiency of service, a wide sympathy and consideration for the interests of the employees must actually be the first consideration. To cut a gang of men in half, reduce the wages of the survivors, and then preach the doctrine of coöperation in the interests of efficiency, is questionable policy. It is not necessary to take my ideas on the subject as warrant for applying the story to the Chicago and Alton Railroad.

For some time past the superintendent of the road has made a feature of lectures and talks to employees, and has been calling attention to the unsatisfactory state of affairs. One of his circulars reads as follows: "We are having too many mishaps, the offered excuse for which has been, 'We have been doing that way right along, and nothing has ever happened.' This is following out customs and practices with utter disregard to rules. The safety of yourselves and all your fellow employees, as well as the economical operation of the road, is directly proportionate to the rules being carried out."

In one of his talks to the men, Superintendent Mulhearn dwelt largely upon the subject of ambition. He appealed to every employee to keep advancement in view, and to think of something else besides six o'clock and pay-day. He declared that the careful, conscientious, loyal employee would be in the front, and help make up the family of officials and others in the executive positions, while the drone and don't-care variety would always remain at the bottom. He said that he was anxious that every employee try to make himself valuable to the company, so that mutual interests might be conserved, and that all might profit.

These confidential talks, and the general policy of Superintendent Mulhearn, will perhaps be considered as decidedly healthy and satisfactory. From the viewpoint of public education and the real interests of the men, the railroad, and the

community, however, a little analysis of the coöperative doctrine will not be out of place.

I spoke to one of the subordinate officials of the Chicago and Alton about it. This man was in charge of fifty or sixty men. I said to him, "I notice the officials on the Chicago and Alton have inaugurated a campaign of instruction and education, with a view to interest the men in their work, and to induce them to coöperate with the management in the interest of efficiency and economy. I would like to know what this means," I continued; "is it a real gospel you are preaching, or is it only a method adopted to secure economy and efficiency of operation without any positive and real regard for the interests of the men? For example, when your superintendent says that on his railroad drones will remain at the bottom and conscientious employees be advanced over their heads, is the statement a fact, or a mere figure of speech? Are you yourself at liberty to handle your men in this way? Is there any way, so far as you know, by which you can single out a good man and favor him? Can you increase his pay, promote him, or distinguish him above, or at the expense of, the shiftless worker? If not, what does all this preaching amount to? The doctrine is hollow to the core if, after all your preaching, your superintendent, and you yourself, deliberately advance a man, perhaps a drone, regardless of his qualifications, over the heads of good men, simply because he happens to be their senior."

The foreman I spoke to confessed his inability to answer me in a satisfactory manner. While he was willing to admit the truth of my contention, he blamed the schedules for the unsatisfactory relations that exist, on all railroads, between the men and the management.

Unfortunately, however, the men are unable to look upon the seniority rule in this light. They seem to think the very existence of the unions on the railroads is dependent upon the enforcement of the seniority idea to the letter. And they are right, while the men and the management continue to be antagonistic forces. While this feeling of separate interests and objects remains in force, coöperation is a mere will-o-the-wisp. The men themselves are quick to appreciate this fact.

Some time ago I met an engineman who is employed on the New Haven system. He was more or less familiar with my essays and arguments. He considered them quite plausible in theory, but useless as to any practical application. He said to me, "Can you give me one reason why a railroad man should interest himself in the management or the welfare of his road?"—"Your pocket-book, and your self-respect," I suggested.—"Not at all," he replied. "You must give me a definite, a concrete illustration. I must get some actual return for any special interest I take, over and above the routine of my work. But we want this as a body, and not separate illustrations as individuals. For example, I say to my railroad, 'One shovelful of coal in every four that is handled on a locomotive is wasted. Make a bargain with us and we will actually save you twenty-five per cent of your coal bill. Moreover, there are a score of other ways in which economy can be exercised in our department, and quite as many in which the comfort and convenience of the traveling public can be increased. As individuals, we decline to consider the matter either with you or the public: but if you, the railroad, will set aside a block of your stock of a value equivalent to the saving we are prepared to guarantee to you, and place this stock in the hands of our unions, we will at once talk and act coöperation with you to some purpose. At the same time, we candidly confess to you that we desire to hold and control this stock with the ultimate object of getting a share in the management.'"

At the present day, without doubt, the most interesting single topic connected with the industrial situation on railroads is contained in the word *schedule*. What is this schedule we hear so much about?

What is the nature of this interesting agreement which defines the rights of a railroad man, and the powers of the superintendent? Generally speaking, the schedule is a very simple and comprehensible document. The schedule of the Boston and Maine trainmen, for example, contains no less than seventy-three rules or stipulations. From the moment when a trainman goes on duty in the morning until he puts up at night, every move he makes, every circumstance he encounters, or is liable to encounter, is outlined in some clause of his schedule, and the remuneration for his services connected therewith is distinctly defined. With the changing of conditions and the constant expansion of business, new clauses are added to the schedule. It is hardly too much to say that nine out of ten of the stipulations in the trainman's schedule can actually be called the righting of wrongs. Take the following, for illustration: —

No. 6. Crews will not be required to work with more than one inexperienced man.

No. 11. Men shall, if they so desire, upon leaving the service, be given a letter stating the nature and time of service and reason for leaving the same.

No. 19. Men released from duty between terminal stations will receive pay for full run.

No. 28. Regular conductors, doing the work of an assistant conductor, will receive regular conductor's rate of pay for the day.

No. 45. Men doubling hills, or obliged to follow the engine in going for water or coal, will be allowed mileage in addition to trip.

The agreement covers every conceivable phase of the railroad man's work. His overtime, his promotion, his pay for attending court; when he is called for duty and not required; his leave of absence, his right to employment after being injured in the service, his emergency service, his extra service, his wreck-train service, — not an item is forgotten, every detail in regard to his work and pay is down in black and white, and he carries the agreement, signed by the general manager, in his pocket.

No little admiration and praise must be accorded to organized labor for this crowning result of years of agitation and courageous effort. But nevertheless there are one or two clauses in this schedule which very closely concern the public interests; their nature, and their effect on the community at large, should be thoroughly understood.

Among the general rules of the trainman's schedule, No. 1 reads as follows:

" Promotions will be governed by merit, ability, and seniority; all things being equal, preference will be given to men longest in the service, the superintendent to be judge of qualifications."

This rule is altogether in the best interests of the men, the management, and the community at large. The superintendent is placed in charge of the promotion department. He is empowered to overlook seniority in favor of merit and ability. In this rule there is actually no appeal from his decisions. He is distinctly named as judge of qualifications for every vacancy or appointment in the train service. But in actual practice the rule is useless and unworkable. One rule in the schedule is played against another, and in the mêlée the judge is turned into a cipher.

Rule No. 7 is as follows: —

" In case of discipline, right of appeal will be granted if exercised within ten days, and a hearing will be given as promptly as possible, at which men may be accompanied by fellow employees of the same or superior class. If the investigation finds the accused blameless, his record will remain as previous thereto, and he shall receive pay for all time lost."

Here again, standing by itself, is a fairly good rule, which does away with any possibility of unprincipled management. But unfortunately the employee, through his organization, has seen fit to enlarge

the right of appeal from the verdict of the management in matters of discipline to a general right of appeal from anything that displeases him in every nook and corner of the railroad business. In this way the superintendent, as final and absolute judge of qualifications, is blotted out. At the present day if he should exercise his prerogative and place merit and ability above seniority, he would raise a veritable storm in railroad circles. As a direct result of this state of affairs, merit and ability, as qualifications for promotion, have been banished from the train service of American railroads.

From the educational standpoint the contents of the railroad man's schedule, and its effect upon the efficiency of the service, are in little danger of being overemphasized.

According to John Ruskin, there are two important mottoes in the industrial world: the employers', which says, "Every man in his place," and the employees' which demands for "Every man his chance." Mr. Ruskin adds the following comment: —

"Let us mend the employees' motto a little and say, 'Every man his certainty,' —certainty, that if he does well he will be honored and aided and advanced, and equal certainty that if he does ill he will by sure justice be judged and corrected. For the only thing of consequence is what we *do*; and for man, woman or child, the first point of education is to make them do their best. It is the law of good economy to make the best of *everything*. How much more to make the best of *every creature*."

So far in this article, from the educational standpoint, my object has been to call attention to actual conditions and methods of operation on the railroads. Next in order comes the attempt to interest all concerned in certain practical reforms, to the end that we may secure better work and a better understanding between the men, the management, and the community.

CAVOUR AND BISMARCK

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I

THE seeds of birth lie so mysteriously hidden in death that historians are still disputing whether the French Revolution and Napoleon's régime mark the close of one epoch, or the beginning of another; but there can be no doubt that the twenty-five years between the meeting of the States-General and the battle of Waterloo had to precede the transformation which Europe has undergone.

On the Continent the major constructive works of the nineteenth century were the Kingdom of Italy and the German Empire. To these achievements many forces, many men, many parties contributed; but, as always happens in historical crises of deepest human significance, the struggle in each country was directed, and in a fashion embodied, by a mighty personality. For convenience' sake, we depersonalize history, assume that we are watching abstract movements, talk of the *Zeitgeist*, reduce the course of a nation's growth to a few formulas. Destiny, however, takes care to remind us ever and anon that human history is the product of men and women. Passions are not abstract, motives are not abstract, deeds are not abstract: they are the manifestations of human will, — the most concrete thing of which we have any knowledge. And throughout the course of man's evolu-

tion we come upon a few commanding personages — Cæsar, Mahomet, Hildebrand, Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington — each of whom seems to collect and unite the vital forces of his time or nation, and to transmit them, modified and energized by his individuality. So light streams colorless into a prism, and pours out from it, perhaps broken up into iridescent rays, perhaps focused into burning intensity. The unification of Italy and the creation of Imperial Germany had each its symbolic man, Cavour and Bismarck, who appear to have pursued similar ends; in fact, however, they used different means, and arrived at different goals. Let us first look briefly at their personal equipment.

II

Through his father, who was a marquis, Camillo Benso di Cavour, born in 1810, came of the ancient Piedmontese aristocracy. Legend gave him a Crusading ancestor, a Teutonic companion of Frederick Barbarossa; records show that for six centuries at least the Bensi lived the life of the Subalpine people, neither French nor Italian, but a blend which both Frenchmen and Italians regarded as an inferior strain. Piedmont was the only corner of Italy that had escaped the wonderful flowering of the Renaissance, and its appalling decay. Cavour's mother was born Swiss and brought up Protestant, and one of his aunts married the French Duke of Clermont-Tonnerre. Thus from his childhood, which he passed in the city of Turin at its time of most hopeless reaction, he had cosmopolitan contacts: at home, his kinsfolk came and went, and brought with them tidings of the great world beyond the horizon; or he paid visits to his mother's people at Geneva, where dwelt an enlightened liberty-loving community, somewhat puritanical, perhaps, but staunch in character and friendly to progress.

Being a younger son, he was placed in the Military Academy at Turin. At sixteen he was graduated, most proficient in mathematics, into the Engineer Corps; at twenty, he resigned, apparently under a cloud of royal displeasure, for he had already earned the reputation of detesting despotic reaction in Church and State, and of speaking his mind without prudence. Shut out from a career under the crown, he took charge of a remote farm which had run down through neglect. Having made the farm pay, in a few years he was managing a great estate at Leri, where he learned every detail of agriculture. He traveled often, — to Switzerland, to France, to England, — and with wonderful ease passed from his peasantry at Leri into the company of the cosmopolitan frequenters of the first *salons* of Paris.

Having a passion for contemporary politics, he studied the questions that were agitating society, sought the principles behind them, observed the personal quality of men leading or going to lead, and confirmed the faith, which seems in some strange way to have been born in him, that Liberty was the key to the new age. But, as his Liberalism made him hateful to King Charles Albert and the Retrogrades, the only outlet for his intellectual ferment was in essays, political and economical, which had to be printed in foreign reviews because Piedmont was garroted by five sets of censors.

Otto von Bismarck, born in 1815, belonged to the Prussian landed gentry. He sprang from a family which in old days had helped to defend the Eastern marches against heathen invaders, men who loved fighting better than thinking, voracious eaters and unquenchable drinkers, who passed on from sire to son a mastiff's fidelity to their sovereign. On both his father's and his mother's side, Bismarck's roots struck deep into the army and into the bureaucracy, — typical Prussian soil. He grew up to be the despair of his stiff kinsfolk. At the university, which he quitted without a degree, he distinguished himself by his capacity for beer-drinking rather than for scholar-

ship; and afterwards, he soon found both the law and a bureaucratic position too irksome for his independent nature. He figured as a boisterous rural knight, — "mad Bismarck," — whose horse-play and pranks shocked his conventional neighbors. "His wine-cellar was his first care. . . . He quaffed huge cups of mixed champagne and porter, he awoke his guests in the morning by firing off pistols close to their ears, and he terrified his lady-cousins by turning foxes into the drawing-room." He too had a small country-place thrust upon him after his father's death, and he plunged into the life of country gentleman with all the zeal of a nature that could do nothing by halves. He "attended fairs, sold wood, inspected timber, handled grain, drove hard bargains, gathered rents, and sat as deputy in a local diet." It is recorded that "his first speech in the annual assembly treated of the 'excessive consumption of tallow in the workhouse.'"

Occasionally, his biographer says, revels gave way to reflection; and there is plenty of evidence to show that he was a promiscuous reader. His position as magistrate and as captain of the dikes put upon him certain small duties, but he spent most of his time in hunting or idleness, with one or two trips to France and England. Very few who saw the tall, blond Junker in those days, suspected that beneath his Borussian roughness — a roughness which was the natural trait of a race that had never been really softened by culture — there lay the strength of genius. In his narrow political creed, which glorified the Prussian system of despotism and made no pretense of sugar-coating it for the sake of popularity, and in his apparent scorn of erudition, in which Germany had recently come to the front, he seemed simply to reflect the prejudices of the rural nobility among whom he ranked in the lowest class.

In 1847, when Cavour founded *Il Risorgimento* newspaper at Turin, and Bismarck was chosen an alternate deputy to the Landtag, nobody foresaw that these two were the predestined creators of Italian and of German unity.

III

Very different problems confronted them. Never in modern times had Italy been either united or free. Her brilliant medieval republics, torn by the world-conflict of Pope and Emperor, and lacking, as in that age they were fated to lack, a sufficient basis of democracy, sank inevitably into despotisms. Venice alone pursued her imperial way, age after age; but Venice was an oligarchy. The amazing unfettering of the intellect and of conduct which distinguished the Renaissance produced a people among whom individualism ran riot. It was individualism without moral restraints or religious ideals. Degeneracy followed. The Italians seemed only too clearly a played-out race, far gone in fossilization. They were practicing a sort of ancestor-worship — a languidly-boastful telling over of the glories of their past — when Napoleon I awakened them.

But after Waterloo, although again reduced to political servitude, and split up into seven states, over which, except in Piedmont, Austria lorded it, the Italians could not be coerced into acquiescence. The urge to become a nation, free and independent, gave them no rest. They groped for liberty; they made many sacrifices; they plotted; they dared — and after tragic failures, which showed the futility of such attempts, they understood that *liberty*, based on a constitutional government, could not be secured without *independence*. Then other heroic sacrifices, and other tragic defeats, taught them that independence itself could be achieved through *unity* only. But what sort of unity — federal, monarchical, or republican? If federal, what should serve as the common bond? If monarchical, who should be king? If republican, who should be president? Each of these alternatives had many supporters and many opponents. Individualism, which

rulers and circumstances had always aggravated, blocked the way to harmony. One thing, however, fixed itself in the minds of all patriots — unity, of whatever form, could be reached only through the previous expulsion of the Austrians.

Germany also was granulated into many political units — more than forty independent states and autonomous cities — and fierce was the rivalry, not to say hatred, among them. Nevertheless, material interests led them to maintain a customs union, which strengthened the national sentiment; and behind this there was the memory of the old Empire which, in spite of its imperfections, lived in imagination as the symbol of the oneness of the Germans, — of a people who had a common heritage of glory, and a common destiny. Still, the pettiest German state or free city clung to its independence.

This German Particularism was the fruit of Feudalism, that is, of a system which is the negation of individual liberty; whereas Italian Individualism was derived from the municipal practices of the Roman Empire, practices which, revived by the medieval republics and abused by them, ended in license, but which in their origin had established some sort of fair compromise between that craving for local liberties and those demands of the central powers, which are the contradictions that every government must deal with.

One cardinal difference to be noted between the Italians and the Germans was their relative prestige. The Italians, I have just said, seemed an exhausted stock. The Germans, on the contrary, had not yet reached their prime. Civilization had penetrated to them comparatively late; if they had not yet adopted its graces, they had also been saved from its accompanying vices. Since about 1760 the German genius had taken a marvelous flight. In poetry, in letters, in history, in science, in philosophy, in music, Germany was leading the world. Her soldiers enjoyed a high reputation. Her men and women were robust, sober, patient, persevering, industrious; they possessed the Teutonic instinct for hard facts, and the Teutonic preference for truth-telling; and a magnificent system of education, the masterpiece of Stein and Wilhelm von Humboldt, was carrying enlightenment into every hamlet. The Italians, on the other hand, had known for centuries the heel of Frenchmen and Spaniards, of Germans and Austrians. With too much reason, they were supposed to be incapable of governing themselves. The Jesuits had devitalized their schools. The world wrote them down as effeminate, ignorant, superstitious, the dupes of an effete priestcraft, or the victims of a shallow and sterile atheism.

Politically, the most important difference between the two countries lay in the fact that Germany was independent. Since the War of Liberation in 1813 no foreigner had ruled over a foot of her soil, or even dictated the policy of her feeblest prince. So the first aim of the Germans was unity, not independence. Among their states, Austria held first place. Prussia could hope to unify Germany only after Austria had been excluded. As to liberty, although among the compatriots of Schiller and of Fichte many yearned for it, the majority, saturated in feudal tradition, did not look upon it as essential.

Most Germans found in Goethe, rather than in Schiller, their spokesman. "Freedom is an odd thing," said Goethe to Eckermann, "and every man has enough of it, if he can only satisfy himself. What avails a superfluity of freedom which we cannot use? . . . If a man has freedom enough to live healthy, and work at his craft, he has enough: and so much all can easily obtain. Then, all of us are free only under certain conditions, which we must fulfill. The citizen is as free as the nobleman, when he restrains himself within the limits which God has appointed by placing him in that rank. The nobleman is as free as the prince; for, if he will but observe a few cere-

monies at court, he may feel himself his equal. Freedom consists, not in refusing to recognize anything above us, but in respecting something which is above us; for, by respecting it, we raise ourselves to it, and by our very acknowledgment make manifest that we bear within ourselves what is higher, and are worthy to be on a level with it."

Bred in their bone and distilled in their marrow, Feudalism is the chief political contribution of the Teutons to civilization — a system which expresses the Teutonic nature as exactly as the oligarchic patriciate expressed that of the Venetians, or constitutionalism embodies that of the Anglo-Saxons. Now, the ideal of Feudalism was not liberty, but privilege — the dependence of class on class by a graduated scale; always the servitude of the weaker, who by their service bought the protection of the stronger. The love of liberty which meant independence of foreign domination was ancient in the German heart; intellectual liberty, typified in Luther and in Kant, was the breath of life to her literature and her philosophy; but the theory of political liberty, which comes at last to the granting of equal rights to all citizens, had never strongly appealed to the German mind, with its feudal obsession.

Now, the problem agitating Europe for more than a century has been how to effect the transformation from Feudalism to Democracy. The supreme modern instrument, whether in politics, in social interests, or in morals, is Liberty; the supreme feudal instrument was Authority. The special conditions of the first half of the nineteenth century gave further to the principle of Nationality an extraordinary potency. After Napoleon broke up feudal Europe, the fragments instinctively felt kinship to be the logical basis of statehood. Thenceforward, the centripetal virtues of race, of language, of environment, of common interests, and manifest destiny, were magnified, until the principle of Nationality came to be regarded as if it were an inalienable right and a cosmic law. In Italy and Germany alike it operated to stimulate the craving for Unity.

IV

Granting that these are the main lines which political evolution was following, although, like all generalizations, these also would need to be qualified in certain applications, let us see how Cavour and Bismarck dealt with them. Italy and Germany both sought Unity, as the fulfillment of their national instinct; they both realized that Austria must be got rid of before Unity could be attained; but Italy had to win also Liberty and Independence. First, as to Liberty, the instrument of the new order: how did the future creators of United Italy and Germany regard it?

From boyhood, Cavour had a passion for Liberty which cannot be explained by his bringing up. As soon as he could reason, he welcomed it as the master principle which could solve every difficulty. His was no passing enthusiasm, but a conviction planted in the depths of his moral nature, and nourished by whatever he read or observed. He believed that Liberty should be applied to trade, to education, to politics and government, and to the Church. Nor was he blind to its dangers. He knew that the perfect fruits of Liberty can ripen only when men are educated, moral, and civilized — and that no people had yet reached that state of excellence. He knew that half-liberty may lead either to anarchy or to license — but the risk did not frighten him. He held that the best way, the only way to fit men for freedom, is to make them free. So, for Cavour, the drawbacks of even incomplete freedom were preferable to the utmost benefits of Feudalism.

There was no wavering in Cavour's allegiance to Liberalism. Once, when some one told him that under an absolute régime, he could already have carried out a measure which he deemed most important, he replied, " You forget that under such an absolute government I would

neither have cared to be minister nor could I have been. I am what I am because I have the chance of being a constitutional minister. . . . Parliamentary government, like other governments, has its inconveniences; yet, with its inconveniences it's better than all the others. I may get impatient at certain oppositions, and repel them vigorously; and then, on thinking it over, I congratulate myself on these oppositions, because they force me to explain my ideas better, to redouble my efforts to win over public opinion. . . . An absolute minister orders; a constitutional minister, to be obeyed, needs to persuade, and I desire to persuade that I am right. . . . Believe me, the worst of chambers is still preferable to the most brilliant of antechambers."

At another time, when a Jesuit candidate was reported elected to the Chamber, he said, that if there were Jesuits in Piedmont it was right that they should be represented in Parliament. These were his principles, declared at prime. On his death-bed, almost his last coherent words were: "Above all, no martial law [at Naples], none of those measures of absolute governments! Everybody can govern by martial law. I will govern them with liberty, and will show what ten years of liberty can do for those fine provinces."

Bismarck, on the contrary, regarded Liberty as a chimera, almost as a madness. In every walk of life, he maintained, the expert should control, — above all, in government, one of the most intricate tasks man has to undertake. He withered with sarcasm, of which he was master, the pretense that the opinion of the masses, whether they are counted by thousands or by millions, could have any value. As well appeal to the dice-box as to the ballot-box to decide a problem in government. Stretch a line of ciphers as far as you choose, their sum is still zero. Liberty, he was fond of declaring, is the demagogue's watchword. With great adroitness, Bismarck would have us believe that liberty and tyranny are identical, and that the worst times for Germany were the free times. I do not recall that he ever, in speech or writing, acknowledged that Liberty had a bright side. He habitually showed up its weaknesses, follies, and excesses, or imputed base motives even to its heroes and martyrs. Contrast this with Cavour's maxim: "There is no great man who is not a Liberal. The love of Liberty in every one is proportioned to the moral altitude to which he has climbed."

During the last century Liberty diffused itself by two principal channels — by constitutional government, and by the press. Cavour accepted the constitutional system without reserve. He looked upon Parliament, elections, discussions in the journals, and debates, as so many organs for the political uplifting of the nation. If in the modern world a system is to be sought in which all classes shall come to their own, and no class shall be allowed to enrich itself at the expense of the others, then it follows that all classes must be admitted to political rights and taught the intelligent practice of citizenship. Cavour took for his model English constitutionalism, then passing from the aristocratic to the democratic stage. In his speeches, not less than in his acts as politician and as minister, he aimed always at training his countrymen in parliamentary life. But here, too, he was at the opposite pole from the doctrinaire. He knew only too well that this organ of political progress, being human, must have its defects.

Bismarck, on the other hand, half-hated and half-despised constitutionalism, as a system which would curtail the power of the monarch and the privilege of the aristocracy. In the first years of his ministry he showed his contempt for the constitution by proceeding to reorganize the army, and incur debts, without the consent of the Prussian Diet. Many years after, when the Empire was complete, and the Chancellor's autocratic position secure, he declared that he had tolerated, nay, had even preferred the constitution

in those days; but that if he had found it an impediment, he would have smashed it to pieces, and chosen even a dictatorship instead.

This is not exactly the state of mind of a believer in constitutionalism. But we can understand why Bismarck so often professed his respect for the Prussian constitution if we remember that, in certain circumstances, it practically annulled the liberty of the Diet, by making the King supreme in fact. Now Bismarck controlled the King, therefore he could cheerfully proclaim himself a constitutionalist, although he and the King might be defying the Diet. The constitution, as he understood it, was a warrant for authority, and not a safeguard of individual rights.

He naturally detested Parliament, which simply opened a free field for wheedlers, demagogues, "professional deputies," as he called them opprobriously, and intriguers. A bottle of ink, a pen, some paper — and unlimited brass: behold their qualifications! As they are not obliged to own property, they have no tangible interest in the State, but are irresponsible as well as incompetent. And yet this rabble enjoyed in Parliament the right of criticising, of prodding, of opposing him, — Bismarck, the Chief Minister, the Chancellor, who knew so much better than all of them put together how to run the administration. When they harassed him, he never wearied in casting back at them the errors which they had championed, — errors which, but for his veto, would have wrecked the country. Where would United Germany be, he constantly asked, but for him? If these speech-mongers and "phrase-sprinklers" could be proved so palpably wrong throughout the past, why should he respect their judgment in the present? "Up to my last breath," he said solemnly in the Reichstag, in 1884, "I will combat this phantasmagoria of the possibility of parliamentary domination." And in his old age he expressed the doubt, perhaps with a malign chuckle, whether the parliamentary system would hold out fifty years longer.

For Bismarck, we see, modern constitutionalism, instead of being a beneficent organ of progress, was a stumbling-block, an antagonist, almost a form of insanity. Far from him any idea of teaching parliamentary practice. He tolerated the system, and when it pressed him too close he never hesitated to circumvent it. He did not listen willingly to the speeches of his critics, but poured upon them sarcasm, petulance, wrath; nor did he refrain from personal abuse. He bullied Mommsen, he bullied Virchow, he bullied Lasker, and all the other heads of the Liberal party. Now, Mommsen was the greatest historian Germany has ever produced, and Virchow was then the foremost German man of science, and Lasker a politician of serious views and sterling character; and it ill-became the real head of the German Empire to blackguard such men. It was easy to raise a laugh by asking how any one who had spent his life among old archives, or in a laboratory, could know anything about practical government; it was easy, when Virchow accused him of willfully misrepresenting facts, to challenge Virchow to a duel instead of producing evidence to confound him; but such behavior bespoke the political demagogue, and not the parliamentary statesman. Even more dangerous was his habit of prosecuting his opponents in the courts, and of adding the crime of *lèse*-Bismarck to the already over-burdened criminal statutes of Germany.

Still, we must not misjudge him by inferring that he felt any obligation to argue or persuade. In all he did, he lived up to his ideals. He had no party: he was himself party and platform. His sole duty, as he saw it, was to clear the track, by any means whatsoever, for his own policy. To secure the passage of a measure, he would purchase the temporary support of any parliamentary group: a practice which did much to demoralize party government in the Reichstag, and to give to the various groups the character

of mercenaries. Persons who see in representative government the way of progress, must deplore those thirty years of the anti-parliamentary influence of Bismarck; they retarded by so much the political education of the Germans. They set up many false ideals of parliamentary procedure, and false views of the very scope of parliamentary government. This was particularly grievous as happening to the Germans, the people whose blood is so saturated with feudal instincts that they are less accessible to modern political ideals than are the English, the French, or the Italians.

The Press, the second powerful instrument of progress, Cavour welcomed with enthusiasm. In 1847, he founded *Il Risorgimento*, and for several years was its chief editor. He contributed to it leading articles which, for durable qualities, have rarely been surpassed. In the midst of the uproar of a ministerial crisis, or of the hysterics of an impending invasion, they may have seemed too sober: but, after sixty years, it is to them, and not to the ebullitions of the moment, that we turn for the best witness to that courage, tenacity of purpose, foresight, and sound sense that brought Piedmont through the great gulfs of revolution, and made her the ark of Italian independence. For Cavour, the profession of editor was a mission. He wished to teach, to enlighten, to guide, to convince. He put his conscience and his principles into every line. Other editors have been more brilliant, more fiery, more fascinating; others have known better than he how to inebriate: but we should have to go back to the writers of the *Federalist* to find a match for Cavour as a presenter of vital principles. "I too have been a journalist, and I am proud of it," he told the Chamber, as minister, when some one attacked the newspapers.

Nevertheless, although he held a free press to be indispensable to liberty, he knew well the abuses it may commit. Not being a doctrinaire, he discriminated between the substance and the shadow, and after the French *coup d'état* he forbade the Piedmontese journals to vilify Louis Napoleon. They cried "Tyranny," and easily proved Cavour inconsistent, but they could not shake him. It would be insensate, he replied, to allow irresponsible journalists to hurl insults at a foreign ruler whose friendship might be of incalculable service to Piedmont. "Abuse me all you choose," he said over and over again, and they needed no urging. Being a practical man, persuaded of the power of the press, he maintained official and officious newspapers, and caused to be prepared articles which were printed at Paris and London, in Germany, Switzerland, and even in Spain.

Bismarck was one of the main props of *Die Kreuz-Zeitung*, the most reactionary of the Prussian journals in the Revolutionary time; but, then and later, he never tired of denouncing the press. In his estimation, journalists and editors were a perverse, irresponsible crew, now venal, now frivolous, now lying, now sanctimonious, now fawning, now arrogant — and always corrupting. If sincere, they were zealots, capable of doing as much harm by their fanaticism as the unprincipled did by their intentionally wicked propaganda. Journalists and deputies by profession were two phases of the same evil, often of the same person: for in Germany, as elsewhere, journalists glided easily into Parliament, or self-seeking deputies found means to set up newspapers of their own. Where else shall we find a criticism of the press more pungent, — or more just, — served up with unfailing sarcasms, than that which overflowed from Bismarck? And yet, in his editorial articles, and especially in his private dispatches from Frankfort, he showed himself a publicist of great ability. Bismarck, in the pessimism of his old age, used to prophesy that the Empire which blood and iron created would be ruined by journalism. But scold as he might, he, too, like a practical man, subsidized a reptile press of great proportions, and, after his fall from power, he availed himself of newspapers — *even of French newspapers!* —

to pour out his rage and scorn, or to justify himself before the world. Has the power of the press ever been paid a greater tribute, — for this was the involuntary tribute of an inveterate and remorseless enemy?

V

In parliamentary eloquence, Cavour and Bismarck belonged to the new school of orators. Rejecting flowery periods and Ciceronian flights, they spoke simply, like men of affairs, usually more intent on making statements than on stirring the emotions. Some of Cavour's speeches, however, — for example, that of March 7, 1850, on the abolition of the ecclesiastical courts, and that on "Rome, the Capital," — are models of a lofty eloquence which appeals to the reason and the conscience, and sets the heart throbbing. In their fundamental simplicity and in their instinctive trust that certain truths need only to be stated, they remind us of Lincoln's utterances; but Cavour lacked Lincoln's apparently unpremeditated felicity of phrase. Although Bismarck has left little or nothing in this vein, he had a remarkable talent for summing up in an epigram an entire political transaction, or for hitting off a personality in half a dozen words. These sayings of his have passed into proverbs among the Germans, who do not come racially by the terse, dartlike phrase, or the humorous touch (Heine, be it remembered, was Jew by race, and French by wit). Beer, and not champagne, is the German's national drink, and their humor has a beery quality.

Cavour said, "Remember that I never harm any one, not even my enemies. . . . I am accustomed to forget injuries, perhaps even too much; but services rendered me are never canceled from either my memory or my heart." Bismarck, on the contrary, never forgot an injury; he hounded his enemies into the grave, and then persecuted their memory. "I am a Christian," he said, "but when anybody smites me on one cheek, I assuredly don't turn the other to him." This is not precisely the Christianity which Jesus of Nazareth preached.

In statecraft, both Cavour and Bismarck were opportunists of the first rank, children of the brood in which Cæsar and Napoleon were elder brothers. Their opportunism was not a vulpine prowling to and fro, not a cringing to public opinion, nor a demagogic parade of wisdom and virtue, — the characteristics of the mere politicians of all times and tongues; it was, instead, an unlimited capacity for conceiving vast purposes, indefectible patience to wait, address in shaping or in coercing men and means to the desired end, a sure instinct for seizing the favorable moment, and audacity to dare the utmost when men would not bend and conditions remained stubborn. Cavour said that when he encountered an insuperable obstacle, he did not beat out his brains against it, — he went round it. Bismarck said, "I have been too long in practical politics to busy myself much with conjectural politics." And later he added, "Politics is not a science, — as many of these professors imagine, — but an art. It is as little of a science as are sculpture and painting." Such opportunism, needless to say, depends for its successful use on the statesman who employs it. It perpetually contradicts those doctrinaires who assert that in history men count for nothing, and that the abstract course of events is everything. The same move proved a masterpiece of statesmanship in Cavour's hands, and an ignominious and foolish blunder in Rattazzi's. It was Bismarck's insight that detected when events warranted Prussia's onslaught upon Austria; it was not those events that created Bismarck's insight.

Cavour's opportunism was much more closely attached to his fundamental principles than Bismarck's. There were certain things he would never do, certain compromises he would never make. But Bismarck, in the course of his long career, took up with as strange bedfellows as any pot-house politician. In order to pass

a bill, he would unblushingly purchase the support of Catholics, Jews, or other groups, against whom at the next emergency he might turn without compunction. If he adopted some of the agents of the modern régime, it was not because he preferred them, but because he believed in fighting fire with fire. Equally alert in seizing an advantage, Cavour often employed methods which the moralist may question, but he refused to sacrifice his principles. He fought the Reds, he fought the Blacks, but he never yielded a hair's breadth to either.

VI

As to the Machiavellism with which Bismarck and Cavour have both been charged, there would be much to say, but to say it would require an examination of the concept of the State, with its duties, privileges, and immunities from age to age. Such a survey might lead us to conclude that governmental or collective morality no more represents the morality of the average man, than the mob spirit, which explodes in panic or in hysteria, represents the nervous stability of the average man. This at least seems indisputable, that the standard of morals which individuals try to live up to in their mutual relations, was not applied to international affairs in that generation, nor is it so applied in ours.

Cavour and Bismarck are to be judged, primarily, by the usage of their time; were they better or worse, more scrupulous or less, than their contemporaries? Cavour has been criticised for equipping the Crimean expedition against a nation which had not overtly injured Piedmont; he has been censured for the way in which, by amazing exertions, he brought about the War of 1859, and for his lack of candor towards the King of Naples in 1860. Against Bismarck stand the black records of the brutal dismemberment of Denmark, of the trickery that led to the conflict of 1866, and of the Mephistophelian adroitness with which, having forced France to fight, he made her seem to be the guilty provoker. If we are to credit the revelations published since Bismarck's death, he reached, during the last twenty-five years of his life, such a pitch of cynicism and misanthropy that he believed that neither men nor governments are actuated by any save the basest motives, and he was ready at a moment's notice to plunge Europe into war, if he could persuade himself that Germany might thereby win a fleeting advantage.

Cavour used to remark, smiling, "Now I know the art of deceiving the diplomats: I speak the truth, and I am certain that they do not believe me." This saying, borrowed by Bismarck, now passes current as his. The extent to which it is true measures the moral advance of Cavour's diplomacy over that of his immediate predecessors — the Metternichs, the Talleyrands, and the Nesselrodes; and much more over that of such shameless masters of guile and force as Frederick and Napoleon. The instinct of self-preservation which permits states, through their rulers and governments, to practice every crime, has been hallowed from time immemorial by patriotism, the noblest of the civic virtues. Evidently, the blame should not fall wholly on the "Machiavellian" agents, and not at all on the populations, which smugly benefit by their agents' iniquities. The receiver of stolen goods and the thief belong in the same family.

VII

Thus did Cavour, employing the agents of Liberty, and trusting them, strive to construct Italy on a modern plan. But no epoch can shake itself wholly free from the past. Cavour found Italy, hypnotized into inanition by her past, lying like a beautiful woman in a trance. Religion could not arouse her; she mumbled from time to time in her sleep the names of her mighty artists dead, but her arts still slumbered on; the appeals of philanthropy and enterprise did not awaken her;

patriotism alone, the winning of a political soul, independent, integral, and free, caused her to open her eyes, and to arise.

Bismarck, on the contrary, created the German Empire with the intent of preserving all that he could of feudalism and of medieval tradition. He planted his feet irremovably on the rock of Authority. He resisted " to his last breath " the champions of modernity. He saw — none more clearly — how the instruments of the new age might be perverted to serve the adherents of the old. When he fell back on Authority, he knew that he had the strongest instinct of his race, the momentum of ten centuries, behind him. Artfully using the spirit of Nationality, while relying on the conservative elements and on the army, he created the Empire. Although there were many Liberals in Germany, and a constantly increasing group of Radicals, Bismarck took care that German unity should rest under no obligation to them. He went so far in this that the unification of the Fatherland appears less and less a national undertaking, to which all Germany contributed, than a Prussian undertaking for the aggrandizement of Prussia, and the glory of the Hohenzollerns. In his later years he declared himself an All-German and not a Prussian; but earlier he thwarted every attempt in the direction of German unity until the paramountcy of Prussia was assured.

More than a third of the Germans very reluctantly accepted Prussia's hegemony, some, in fact, only under compulsion. During the reaction after 1848 the German states were purged of Liberals; and as Prussia rose toward the zenith, thousands and scores of thousands of freedom-loving Germans emigrated to America, to become sterling republicans. Who can say how much the cause of liberty in Germany has suffered by being deprived of the most progressive section of her yeoman population? We are reminded of the forcible expulsion of the Huguenots from France. No nation is to be envied which secures uniformity by getting rid of the very element which is most accessible to new ideas, and best adapted to resist the tendency toward despotism that every government develops unless it be checked by a courageous opposition.

Having made Prussia strong enough to smash any coalition of German states, Bismarck imposed the Empire upon them. But German Particularism would neither bend nor break before even his iron will. The best that he could do was to establish an imperial federation, in which the constituent parts preserved their own governments and sovereigns. The unification of Italy, however, resulted in one nation, wholly fused in its political nature, acknowledging only one sovereign and one parliament.

In nothing does the difference between the two achievements show more strikingly than in the heroes honored in each country. In Italy there is universal reverence for the four supreme leaders, — Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel. After them there follow many popular heroes: every province, almost every city, has its special sons of glory. But Germany raises statues only to William I, to Bismarck, to Moltke, and perhaps to a few generals. No popular representatives emerge to wear the laurel of national gratitude. The monuments are official; unification seems to have been a bureaucratic-military enterprise.

On the scale of historic evolution, the unification of Italy represents a much more advanced process than that of Germany, in which the fusion of the constituent parts is not yet complete. The German Empire stands where France and Spain stood before their respective kings had absorbed the independent princes in their kingdoms. Analogies are not laws; and it may turn out that the German federal Empire, commandeered by the House of Hohenzollern, will never become politically fused. Yet for Germans the federal Empire may prove itself to be the form best fitted to hold together the Particularist elements, with a tendency towards Absolutism. But the student of

government must be impressed by the fact that German unity was accomplished on a lower level than the Italian. Cavour had the skill to enroll all parties — except the violent Reds and irreconcilable Blacks — under the Italian flag. So, republicans and monarchists, moderates, radicals, and patriotic clericals, all contributed to the great revival. The historic Individualism which had sundered Italians for centuries, proved more plastic than the German Particularism; perhaps because, since the Italians had a much harder task than the Germans, they consented the more willingly that everything should be made over on new models; perhaps because Cavour was so much more supple, patient, and affable than Bismarck in manipulating every one, — even his adversaries. Cavour, having very little brute force at his command, was compelled to use ingenuity and persuasion; Bismarck's methods were blood and iron.

VIII

How shall we measure the relative greatness of these men? Cavour, with means far inferior, overcame greater difficulties, and reached the goal he set out for. At the outset he could count only on Piedmont, a state of four million inhabitants, utterly beaten in two recent wars, to serve as fulcrum to his lever. He had to struggle, not only with political, but with clerical enemies, who masked the decrepitude of the Papacy behind a show of arrogance. He was obliged in almost everything to begin at the beginning, — even to teach the alphabet to two-thirds of the people who were to help him make Italy. Bismarck counted from the start on eighteen million Prussians, every one of whom was educated. Cavour, coming first, showed the Prussian the way. Bismarck's audacity in 1866 did not require so much courage as Cavour's audacity in 1859; for Bismarck, studying Cavour's victories, read clearly in the Prussian sky, *In hoc signo vinces.*

Cavour died before he could lay the key-stone of the national structure, but he left plans for his successors to follow, and he built with such foresight that none of the parts which he designed have had to be altered. The claims of Liberty do not rest on sentiment. Democracy is the ideal toward which humanity gravitates, because it is the only system which requires for its realization the highest development of all the faculties of every man and woman. And Liberty is its way, — just as sunlight is the way of Nature's renascence in spring.

Bismarck's empire is stupendous; but, unless Europe is to retrograde to medievalism, all the medieval survivals he built into it will crumble. Time will inevitably destroy much which only the overwhelming will of the Iron Chancellor was able to save temporarily. German unity will probably endure, because modern conditions demand that the vast political, commercial, and social forces which men have organized shall function through the medium of great nations, and not through a large number of little states. Posterity will find Bismarck's prototype in Richelieu, but will note this striking difference: Richelieu succeeded where Bismarck failed, — he not only unified and consolidated France, but he made his king the sole and absolute monarch of the nation. Bismarck had to be content to see the kings of the Hohenzollern dynasty the heads of a federal empire, and not of a fused nation. If the comparison seem slighting to the Titan who has filled so large a space during the past fifty years, we must reflect that Richelieu played relatively as imposing a part among his contemporaries. When Bismarck has been dead two hundred and sixty years, he will be fortunate if he still looms as large as Richelieu does now; and the German Empire can hardly expect so long a career of primacy as the France which Richelieu centralized. Nevertheless, if the German Emperors have enjoyed a position almost autocratic, and certainly paradoxical, in a state that pretends to

be constitutional, they owe this to Bismarck. He established the norm. Had he been less masterful in genius or less devoted to autocracy, the Emperor in Germany since 1871 would not have grown so swollen, and parliamentary life would have expanded more healthily.

By one of the most tragic sarcasms in history, Bismarck, after laboring forty years to create this prodigious sort of sovereign, became his victim. A stripling autocrat, with the arrogance of inexperience and of boundless self-conceit, discharged like a lackey the aged Chancellor, but for whom the Hohenzollerns might still be merely kings of a second-rate realm. Time was when, if Bismarck smote, the Emperor of Austria fell down in the dust; or if Bismarck tightened his grasp, the French Empire collapsed and perished; and now the hand of a 'prentice Emperor swept him into disgrace. So Frankenstein succumbed to the monster he had spent years in constructing.

The true parallel between Cavour and Bismarck should stop just previous to the war of 1870. Cavour died in the midst of his state-building, whereas Bismarck lived nearly thirty years after German unity was achieved, to see himself a legendary personage, a blending of Hector and Ulysses. Had Bismarck died in 1867, how would his reputation stand to-day? He would probably be regarded as a reactionary statesman of unusual ability, fearless, unscrupulous, and unyielding, who succeeded in setting Prussia, instead of Austria, at the head of the German federation. It required the victory over France, and the creation of the Empire, to show the world Bismarck's real magnitude.

Cavour died young, with his task still uncrowned; had he lived until 1880, when he would have been only seventy years old (Bismarck lived to be eighty-three), how greatly the history of Italy and of Europe might have changed! But perhaps he too, like Pericles and Lincoln, is to be regarded as happy in the opportuneness of his death. Like them, he left a void unfilled and unfillable. Of him, as of them, posterity has gone on thinking that, had he only lived, he would have saved his country from many disasters.

To Bismarck was allotted the opposite fate. As Chancellor, he had forced upon him many economic problems, which he could not solve; he became entangled in a long quarrel with the Pope, which, although he was technically the winner, brought him only vexation. His inveterate reliance on Authority showed more and more clearly in his rejection of modern ideals. He magnified the Emperor and the army, raising militarism to such a height that for thirty years past Germany has seemed to exist for the army, and not the army for Germany. The military ring there controls budgets, foreign relations, and society. We are reminded of Machiavelli's description of the later Roman emperors who sacrificed everything to " the cruelty and the avarice of the soldiers; " although the cruelty in Germany is less open, and the avarice has been carefully legalized.

Bismarck's twenty-five years as administrator darkened his magnificent reputation as state-builder. As soon as the Empire was founded, men came to take its founding as a matter of course; but they chafed at arbitrary interference in their daily affairs, and they learned that he was not infallible. He was, in truth, one of the most powerful dynamic statesmen of whom we have any record, a very Thor in international transactions; but neither as an economist, nor as a financier, nor as a social reformer, entitled to rank with several of his contemporaries. After 1870, however, it was in these very fields of economics and social reform that most of his activity had to lie, and so his inferiority showed itself the more clearly.

As Foreign Minister he encountered and overcame his country's enemies; as Chancellor, he had his own countrymen for his adversaries. Two instances will illustrate. Bismarck framed laws against the Social Democrats comparable in their ruthless-

ness to those of the Spanish Inquisition against heretics. What was the result? At the elections in 1871 to the first German Parliament, the Socialist votes numbered only about 100,000; in 1893, the Socialist vote was nearly 1,800,000, or more than a quarter of the total, and the number of deputies had risen from 2 to 42. These figures simply proved that Bismarck had failed. He had not stamped out Socialism; he had not even checked it; he had relied on measures as antiquated as the thumbscrew or the boot, and they would not work. Again, Bismarck framed restrictive press laws which the Czar might have envied; and these laws enabled Bismarck (and the neurotic Kaiser after him) to keep a thousand or fifteen hundred persons in prison on the charge of *lèse-majesté:* but these very imprisonments attest the impotence, and not the efficacy, of the laws through an entire generation.

The primacy of United Germany since 1870, like that of Austria between 1815 and 1848, has meant a general reaction, marked by the recrudescence of autocracy, by the mounting insolence of militarism, and by the widespread casting of doubts and suspicions on the Liberal System. The evangel of this epoch, proclaimed by a German madman, Nietszche, is summed up in two words — Egoism and Megalomania. The Germans who rebel against such a consummation seek refuge in Socialism — in a system which, like Feudalism, aims at stifling individual liberty. After ten centuries the Teutonic instinct breeds true.

I am aware that, in this Plutarchian parallel, I may be accused of painting Bismarck too dark; but Bismarck himself would certainly not complain. What some readers may regard as his defects, he gloried in as proofs of his strength and acumen. Coming on the scene when the flood-tide of Liberalism seemed to be sweeping everything before it, — when multitudes were inspired by the thought of human brotherhood, when philosophers and poets were announcing the perfectibility of man, when dreamers stood rapt in ecstasy before the mirage of universal peace, when downtrodden peoples saw in the principle of Nationality the secret of liberty and union, when the expansion of industry was bringing comfort even to the peasant in his cottage, when among white peoples the serf became an anomaly and the slave a reproach, — Bismarck prided himself on keeping a cool head. Enthusiasms, spiritual yearnings, visions, were all very well, but they were not the everyday stuff by which states were permanently held together. Inequality, and not equality, is the adamantine fact in human nature. Providence sends the many into the world saddled and bridled, and the few with whip and spurs to ride them. Authority, and not Liberty, is the final word in political and social relations. Thus he would interpret all history as a confirmation of his creed; and he would predict that, under varying forms, the future must reproduce the past, because human nature will remain essentially the same.

What hope, then, for genuine Democracy, which presupposes a human nature completely transfigured, capable of producing men with the unselfishness of saints, with the brotherly love of angels, with the wisdom of seraphs, and with the practicalness of a Bismarck?

His sarcasms on Democracy are tonic reading, especially for optimists. The most thorough-going democrat will frankly admit that parliaments and newspapers and politicians and cabinets, under Democracy, have grievously fallen short; he would grant that, until these evils are cured, Democracy can never function ideally; but he would declare, as Mill declared of De Tocqueville, that Bismarck attributes to Democracy many defects which really belong to Civilization. There are moods in which we get from Bismarck the same sort of sardonic satisfaction that Goethe's Mephistopheles gives us — he is so witty, so penetrating, so plausible! he shows up so remorselessly the foibles and sins, the mean am-

bitions, gullibility, and worthlessness of men!

But though the world cannot live by sarcasm alone, Bismarck performs a great service in standing at the parting of the ways to prick the bubbles of easy optimism, to challenge almost every hope, every ideal, every method, every reform, by which the partisans of the New plan to raise mankind to a higher plane. He stands there, a grim, Titanic figure, the counterpart of the mitred hierarch who denounces modernism in religion, and bids the world turn back for salvation to the medieval worship of Authority. Napoleon, modern at heart and lifted into power by the Revolution, tried to reconcile the New Régime and the Old, to unite Liberty and Authority: hence his bastard empire, and his fall. Bismarck worked consistently for Authority, Cavour worked consistently for Liberty, and thus each of them carried to its highest expression one half of Napoleon's divided nature. Metternich, who came in between Napoleon and the later statesmen, relied wholly on Authority; but he had only talents, though they were talents of unusual range and ductility, employed by him with unusual address. Truly, the fortunes of men ebb and flow like the tides of the sea!

To reach their full potency, principles must be embodied in a human being. The second half of the nineteenth century in Europe had the rare distinction of seeing Liberty and Authority embodied in two colossal exemplars. Of these principles, Liberty serves equally to measure the nobility of an individual, and the collective civilization of a people. Up to the present, it has had only a partial exploiting in government; but it rests on the assumption of the worth and meliorability of the individual. Authority deduces from the shortcomings, inequalities, and failures of human nature, that only a handful of men are to be trusted to use their free-will; that the salvation of the masses lies in obedience to the few; and that the few have a right to special powers and privileges as a compensation for their labor in keeping society from chaos.

Liberty trusts instinctively in growth, evolution, progress; Authority relies on custom, revelation, immutability. Since human error seems as long-lived as human hope, the champions of Authority will not be routed soon; but they will more and more regard Bismarck, as we now regard Richelieu, with astonishment for his genius, and for his large measure of success, while they recognize that his principles, intended for a single undertaking and a particular epoch, have no universal applicability. Cavour's principles, like the fundamental laws of health, will inevitably tend, wherever they are put in force, to rejuvenate, to uplift, and to liberate citizens, peoples, and humanity itself, which

> Goes seeking liberty, that is so dear.

THE LADDER

BY ERNEST POOLE

SHE was born five blocks from Fifth Avenue. They were long blocks, even in those days, leading down into another world, a humble gossipy region of cheap frame houses, close to the North River docks.

At the age of eight she was already marked by two deep traits: an utter contempt for all the small girls on her block, and a love for her dolls, so intense that even the solemn wee matrons on neighboring doorsteps frowned disapprovingly, said she was spoiling her children. Once, when her mother noticed a blissful dreamy look on her face, and asked her what it was all about, she made this remarkable statement: —

"I'm going to have nine children! One boy and eight girls. And when they all have the measles *at once*, what on earth am I going to do? Bless their little hearts!" And she plunged again into the ecstatic future.

Her name was Bess. She was thin and dark, and she had a lofty little nose. She had two dolls, and both were prim undeniable ladies.

Her sister Sally, who was light, curly-headed, freckled, and stout, had only one doll, a jovial unkempt rag affair whose life was spent on tops of sheds. Sally was a tomboy. She could walk the most rickety fences, she always led one army in the game of "Prisoner's Base." She called her sister Bess "stuck up," and often challenged her to fight.

As the years passed, and Bess regretfully laid aside her dolls, she transferred her care to babies. She became a volunteer nurse, gladly accepting the infant brothers and sisters of Sally's chums, who were delighted to be so easily rid of their burdens. The neighborhood's babies were dumped at her feet; and selecting as her favorites three of the feminine sex, with infinite patience and tact she strove to bring them up "genteel."

But when, as this stage passed in its turn, all three of her children, despite her grieved remonstrance, became jolly recruits to Sally's gang, Bess sternly renounced the whole vulgar scampering world. She drew into herself and began, slowly at first but with a fast deepening hunger, to read what were known as "society novels." They were bound in paper, and could be purchased secondhand, some for ten cents, others for seven.

She was fifteen now, and the care she bestowed on her looks and dress was not in vain. Little by little, her sister Sally's oldest male friends, office-boys, shrewd men of the world, began to cast not unromantic glances. But Bess scorned them all. The more she read, the more bright and clear did her visions become.

At seventeen she took her place behind the glove counter of a Sixth Avenue department store. There, as the years drew on, working hard to please, and watching her wealthier customers close, by degrees she caught the details of their dress, their manner of walking, standing, and sitting, their facial expressions, the very tones of their voices. By anxious planning, keeping to the simplest styles, she achieved what she herself modestly called "an across-the-street imitation." In the newspapers she read the society columns, and grew so well versed in society gossip that she could smile amusedly at the mistakes which were made by some of her colleagues, equally eager but not half so clever as herself.

At twenty-one she became engaged to the assistant floor-walker of her department.

Despite all her resolute isolation since

the days of her " children," Bess had not lost that old fierce hunger for human affection. And Jimmy, this dapper lover of hers, was so thoroughly clean and honest and safe, so deeply imbued with the same ambition as hers, and above all so head-over-heels in love, so proud of this spruce, quiet lady of his, so anxious to please her, that in the weeks that followed, the gay theatre evenings, the long delighted plans for the future and talks about the great people above them, she grew radiantly happy. And in her own joy, she felt with a sudden sting of remorse that she had neglected her sister. She tried to see more of Sally, gave delicate hints as to manners and dress, even offered to introduce her to some of the floor-walker's friends. And when Sally laughed in her face, and said that she had a " beau " of her own, *a common pilot,* whose ignoble " job " it was to bring in ocean liners, even then Bess managed to conceal the shock it gave her, smiled forgivingly, turned her attention to her old father (her mother had died), and strove in every possible way to make the break easy. For she felt that it was a break, a gap of tremendous proportions.

At the wedding, standing beside her husband, who was more dapper than ever, arrayed in a spick-and-span frock suit, she beamed upon all the family friends in such a gracious, well-bred, affable way, that the neighborhood buzzed wrathfully for one entire week, and frankly told their good chum Sal that her sister was a hopeless snob.

Bess never heard of this. She had betaken herself to her climbing.

She was not blind. Long ago she had seen the absurdity of hoping to reach the great goal at the top. But in her glove-counter days she had watched the procession toward that goal, a procession of thousands, each with more or less wealth, each with more or less aptness in imitating the clothes, the manners, and speech of the great ones. At least so they seemed to Bess. For what else could they be trying to do? What else could a real lady want in life? To get into the procession, to play the game, to struggle up as far as one could — this made life worth living.

To begin with, money must be had. Her own earnings had been spent, week by week, to the last penny — on clothes. So in her little husband's desperate effort to rise, Bess was a staunch, untiring helper. In the four years of work in his department, her quick eye had not been idle; she went there often now; she racked her brains for possible ways of augmenting the sales. At night they had long, eager discussions. And when, as a result of all this, Jimmy's commissions were slowly increased, his admiring love for his wife deepened to blind adoration.

Still, the rise was painfully slow, and meanwhile she made the most of their income. After weeks of searching, she had chosen a small flat, dark and sunless by day but making a fairly good showing at night, — and only *three* blocks from the Avenue. Jimmy's greatest pleasure in life had been to go to the theatre twice every week. Such delights were now sternly suppressed, and the money went into " entertaining."

The first entertainments were awkward affairs, for Jimmy had but a meagre assortment of friends. But her reading helped her. Years ago she had discarded the paper novels, smiling at the gross ignorance they displayed. In their place she studied a far more practical book, *The Art of Life in Décolleté.* From this she had taken the hint that where money and social assurance are lacking, " a little Bohemian touch " may often save the evening. And so it did. Her Sunday-night suppers were not only much less expensive than dinners, but they allowed a certain jovial laxity in dress, manners, and speech, most reassuring to guests whose scant incomes and knowledge of what was correct kept them constantly fearful of " making a break." She carried it off with a spirit and dash so unlike her old accustomed self that it would have amazed her sister Sal. And only now and then, by a smile, a glance, some careless

remark, she reminded them all that this boisterous fun was really only make-believe, and that behind every guest was a kind of a Newport background.

The weekly soirées had swift success. And as the adoring Jimmy, swelling with hope and pride, worked valiantly to gather acquaintances of a "tonier" grade, and some of these consented to come, and came, and were charmed by his affable wife, — then little by little, reaching cautiously for the next rung on the ladder, feeling her way, taking time to be sure of her hold, she began the process of "weeding out." What quiet exultation! The journey had begun.

About this time, her sister Sally married the pilot. And at the wedding, deep under the amused pity Bess felt as she watched uproarious jollity, not make-believe here but shamelessly real, came again that quiet sensation. How far she had already climbed!

Five years passed.

Bess was twenty-seven, Jimmy twenty-nine. And although both looked somewhat thin and worn from overwork and the hiding of work, over-scrimping, over-scheming, and even at times so bored that a careless observer might have said their eyes looked into a great dreary emptiness in place of a human world, the observer would have been wrong. They both believed in their struggle, in fact saw nothing else. They had climbed safely through several weedings-out, were still watching and working bravely, patiently on.

Jimmy had aged, grown carefully genial. In the five years, twice he had been sick, but had kept himself up and about by sheer grit. And by his own efforts and his wife's he had forced his earnings up to over a hundred dollars a month.

Then something amazing happened. In the space of one year he saw this wonderful wife of his change, change in a way that left little Jimmy humbled, staggered, dazed. A boy was born.

Into the pretense of those sunless rooms the reality of life seemed to flash with a blinding power, seemed for a time to sweep out all the shams and the schemings. No more "entertaining" now. Lucky the excuse they had, for they needed every cent. As Bess grew slowly stronger, Jim spent long evenings by her side. And though little was said, watching her face sleeping and waking, for the first time he felt the *second inborn passion* of her life. Sometimes the contrast between this and the other bore him up into another world — almost. But the happiness was too simple, strange. He wondered if he were dreaming.

The awakening came at last, but only after another year's delay. And what a distance had been lost. Not only had "friends" climbed out of their reach. Jimmy seemed somehow to have reached the top notch of his power. During the dream, eager to give Bess and the boy every comfort he could find, he had gone into debt. Enthralled as she was in her new motherhood, Bess had paid no heed. He had borrowed more and more. And now the burden weighed like lead.

Once awakened, rack her brains as she would, appeal as she did to his ambition, his love for her and the child, by every means she could think of — it was all in vain. Jimmy worked nights till the debt was paid off. But that took another precious two years. And it left him with just enough vigor to keep the position to which he had climbed.

From the point of view of the ladder, that boy had been a grave mistake.

But as Bess thought it out, over the cradle, she decided otherwise. Although she had changed, grown *half real* and suddenly older, she took up again her visions of grandeur, she valiantly struggled for what she had lost; and regaining a part, she resumed her climbing — only now at a slower pace. Her eyes were fixed on a time far ahead. That old passion of hers had not been lost, but only harnessed fast to the new, postponed for one generation, transferred to Jimmy Junior.

A woman now of thirty-one, with something strongly magnetic in her dark slen-

der face and firm, smiling eyes, she jealously watched his growth, striving to guard him from everything " vulgar " — to an extent at times that made even the correct Jimmy Senior smile.

She was his only chum; for the few of her friends who had children were scattered far over the city and had no nurses to take them about. So up in the Park in fair weather, and again in the tiny nursery which she had made at home, she " played " nurse: laughed and scolded and punished and petted him, as she had done to three other urchins twenty years before, in the endless striving to bring him up " right."

She was intensely happy. Only, as in the days long ago, there was one ominous shadow.

Bess had kept up, by occasional stiff duty calls, her relations with her sister. When the boy was born, the motherly Sally, once so disdainful of dolls, but now the fond mother of four lively youngsters, had suddenly smothered old resentments, warmed to the little newcomer. And in the first five years of his life, she had been so kind and helpful (scenting the tragedy in the flat), that Bess could do no less than accept at last the warm invitations. She took him one Saturday afternoon to his aunt's frame house down by the docks, the same battered old home where Bess had been born.

And the wee Jimmy, so shy and solemn at first with his awkward society manners, secretly scared and breathless as he watched the rough romps of his cousins, but mustering courage at last and joining in, went all at once wild with joy.

He barely slept that night. He talked of it excitedly all the next day and the next, and repeatedly through the week. When his mother tried to omit the next visit, he pleaded so hard that she could not resist. And for another blissful Saturday afternoon he tasted again the forbidden fruit. From attic to cellar they scampered and shrieked, led on by Sally the Second. Jimmy's childhood was begun!

There was no stopping it now. " Aunt Sally's " became the home of his dreams, those weekly jubilees like so many Christmas Eves.

As Jimmy happily dreamed aloud, his mother's jealousy deepened. She carefully planned all sorts of household mishaps to prevent her taking him to his aunt's. But Sally the First, recalling her own old tomboy days, and pitying tiny Jim in his struggle, determined that he should have his fling. She made plans of her own. And Jim made plans. And the two became allies.

Noticing this with sudden alarm, his mother gave up her obstructions and tried another course. How were " well-bred " boys amused? She consulted her friends, scrimped harder, saved, bought many enticing toys and games.

And Jimmy was delighted. To her vast relief, he played with them by the hour. And then, choosing the best, he took them along to " Aunt Sally's," where they were received with shouts of glee and played into wrecks in one afternoon.

She took him once to the theatre. Jim watched the performance with shining eyes. And at " Aunt Sally's " that week, with the help of his cousins, he gave a " show " that made the other one look like a ghost.

She took him to the country, taxed her prim imagination to people the woods with fairies, giants, tigers, bears. And later, at " Aunt Sally's," he led a bear hunt over the sheds, and nearly broke his leg.

Once when he gleefully told of a romp in the streets that made Bess think of the days gone by, she sternly forbade him to play with any but his cousins. But when on the next visit he tried to obey, his cousins and their " gang " promptly chased him home. He stayed away the next week. The thought of his shame brought silent scowling spells. He said nothing, but she could feel that he blamed her. And as the second week of exile drew to an end, things grew more and more strained, till she gave in and told him to

go. Tears came in her eyes, she held him tight, and begged him not to behave like a " micky." And Jim, in a tumult of love and wrath, feeling vaguely that something big ought to be done, promised in choking tones that he would " lick 'em all! "

The years went by. Jim grew up, thin, wiry, working and playing alike with a nervous intensity that kept him near the head of his class at the public school and a leader in play hours. He still went often to Aunt Sally's. But, at home in the evenings, his mother helped him study, read with him aloud; and as that boisterous stage, of which she knew so little, passed, she began again to feel her ground, and the two drew steadily closer.

In school, and later in high school, each time that he carried off honors, his mother was so delighted, celebrated the event by such a feast in the little flat, that Jim worked harder and still harder.

She began to dream of college, one of the great universities where the sons of gentlemen went, where he might make " useful " friends. To gather the money to send him, she worked for a Woman's Exchange, sewing, embroidering, making preserves, managing somehow to hide it all from Jim and his father.

But this was painfully slow. And long before she was ready to unfold her plan, Jim found it out, and refused to touch a penny.

" Look here, mother," he said indignantly, " I'm eighteen now. Is n't it about time I supported myself? You bet it is! I thought so long ago. I've been trying to plan things out so I could, and I've got a scheme at last! "

He told of the plan in minute detail, with a keen relish. He had found a chance to work half the day, so earning his share of their living expenses. The rest of his time, for the next three years, he meant to put in at the free City College.

" But Jim! " cried his mother, her face blank with disappointment. " The free City College! Why — what — what chance will you have — to make friends? "

Jim smiled grimly.

" The way it looks now," he said, " there won't be much of a chance for anything but grind. I'll be lucky if I can skin through at all. You see, mother, it's the scientific course I'm after. I want to be an engineer."

" An engineer! Jimmy! " She caught her breath. When she spoke again, her voice was almost a whisper: " What on earth — "

Jim's puzzled stare suddenly cleared. He started to laugh, but stopped short at sight of her face.

" No, little mother," he said, with all the grave protecting tenderness of his youthful age, " I don't mean that I'll spend all my life in bad-smelling overalls up in the cab of an engine. The kind of engineer I mean is different."

He spent the rest of the evening in glowing accounts of tremendous achievements, of men grown famous in building of ships, tunnels, skyscrapers, and bridges.

She listened in deep relief. And when later she learned that engineers of this kind even found their way sometimes to the great goal at the top of the ladder, she gave an eager assent.

In the years that followed, she set her mind fiercely upon his success. As he mounted by slow degrees up into the unknown regions of higher mathematics, where she could not hope to follow, she still watched his course with such unflagging zeal, her anxiety so plain, her happiness so deep at each advance he made, that Jim leaned on her more and more, gradually dropped " Aunt Sally's " out of his life, worked on with increasing intensity.

In the spring of the third year, he broke down, and lay for five weeks a nervous wreck in bed.

At the end of that time the doctor told her that if her son were to be any good as a worker again, he must spend the summer in life out of doors.

The illness had taken all their scant savings. The constant worry and loss of

sleep had severely taxed her strength. But with a grim resolve that Jim should have that summer's vacation in spite of it all, she began a desperate hunt for work. She found it at last, began again in secret, worked on through May and part of June, — and then she in her turn broke under the strain, was taken with brain fever.

It was over a month before consciousness returned.

She lay on a hospital bed, and Jim was standing beside her. Too weak to move even a finger, she lay a long time staring up, her mind groping. A troubled look came in her eyes.

"Why, Jim," she whispered, "how are you getting that — "

"Now, dearest," he said soothingly, "you must n't worry. You've done too much of that. That money you saved, I used it — on a vacation. Can't you see? Look — how strong I'm getting."

She noticed the wholesome color on his cheeks, smiled happily, closed her eyes. "My money — mine," she thought. She drew a long sigh of utter content, dropped into a dreamless sleep.

It was not until three weeks later, when he had taken her to a small seaside place and the rough salt air was beginning to bring back her strength, that she began to question him more closely. He paid her only brief visits of a few hours each. Where was he in the time between?

At last the truth came out. There had been no vacation. His uncle, who was now third officer on one of the big Sound steamers, had helped Jim to get a job on the boat. And the salt-water life had worked wonders.

"A job" — and with his uncle. It sounded suspiciously vulgar. She pressed her question further. Was he an officer too? Jim laughed. Not yet. Then came a horrible thought. A cabin steward? A waiter? No. Then what did he do? He "just worked around on the decks."

As she stared at him, her face grew slowly red.

"Oh — son!"

"Oh — son!" he repeated, his underlip twitching. "Now, mother, be sensible. — Don't look at me like that! This is n't my funeral, not by a long shot! It's making a man of me!"

"A common — deck-hand."

"Yes, but a deck-hand is one of the healthiest critturs alive! And that's what I want, is n't it, strength enough so I'll never break down again."

"Yes," she admitted. Her face brightened. "But Jim," she added, pleadingly, "you'll soon be strong enough to stop, won't you?"

This hope cheered her through the next few weeks. She returned to the city soon, for she was unwilling to use any more of his wages. To her friends at home she said that her son was "roughing it, under doctor's orders." And in increasing anxiety she waited till the roughing should be ended.

"He certainly looks rough enough," she thought. He certainly did. Week by week his face grew darker tanned, the skin more coarse, with even a scar on his forehead. His hands she could feel growing constantly harder, more calloused. His chest was broadening by degrees, and into his voice came a ring it had never had before. His appetite was frightful. Rough enough, indeed! Even his talk, his interests, seemed to be more and more of the sea.

The autumn advanced, and still he did not stop. He evaded her questions. He had but two nights a week ashore, and even these he spent absorbed in ponderous books, of which she could make nothing.

Late one night in December, she noticed a gleam of light from the crack beneath his bedroom door. She went in. He was sitting up in bed, his chin in his hands, scowling down over one of those books.

"Jim!" she asked sharply. "What are you reading?"

"Navigation," he said simply. Her face set in a puzzled frown.

"But, son! I thought you were only on

that boat to get back your health!" Her lip curled. "Aren't you about *healthy* enough?"

"Well, mother," he cried impatiently, "suppose I am. Is it a crime to be healthy? — *Please* don't look so worried. Where's the harm? I never knew what it was to feel like this. *You* never knew. What a lot I'd give if you had! You'd understand then. I love the salt air, the waves at night, the whole glorious business! I know all the lighthouses now, I'm learning something from charts. The whole ocean job seems to kind of take hold in a way nothing else ever has. That's all. Where's the harm?"

"You mean," she asked slowly, "you're going to be just a sailor?"

"No, no — why, mother, there's no end to the different kinds of work on one of these big boats. Some of 'em, the most important, belong to an engineer. And that's where I come in. I'm beginning low of course, till I get hold. But can't you see, no matter what branch of engineering I'd gone into, it would have been the same. Not having a pull, I'd have *had* to begin at the bottom! Can't you see?"

Slowly his mother turned to the door.

"I'm afraid I can't, Jim," she said. "Not yet. I'll try to think it out."

She said little about it that winter. The struggle to readjust herself was hard.

How long the old ladder seemed now, the top how hopelessly distant, receding high into the clouds. Her mind traveled back over the last thirty years, years of unceasing struggle. She saw here and there the mistakes she had made, and bitterly she blamed herself for not having managed better. What had she done for Jim? What kind of a start had she given him? "No pull," he had said. None at all. And the best part of her life, the vital part, was already gone.

She turned to her husband, but found little comfort there. Jimmy Senior was kind, he did his best to raise her hopes. But in the small flat he had long ago been relegated to a third place. The knowledge that in his wife's eyes he was a failure, had brought a humility which not all his gay little worldliness could conceal. Besides, he had been badly frightened by that desperate illness of hers. He felt small, weak; he was already growing stooped; his hair was slightly tinged with gray. And his evident anxiety for his son's swift success as a breadwinner was by no means reassuring.

And Sally's husband — what a contrast! This was the bitterest pill of all. He, the common pilot, was a ship officer, high over Jim. She imagined the triumph Sally must feel. She knew instinctively that during her illness Jim had consulted his aunt, that Sally must have arranged it all, the hospital, the "job." And was she not now doing her best to plant in him this dangerous love of the sea? Bess imagined all this to herself, though she never went to her sister's house, and when Sally came to the flat, "to pat herself over all she had done," the reception Bess gave her was frigid. Coldest of all when Sally tried, in what seemed the kindest, most patient manner, to cheer her sister by the hope that some day Jimmy might *rise to his uncle's position. Indeed!*

Jim brought his uncle to see her one night. Bess at once scented a plot. And by an elaborate graciousness she strove to make the bluff seaman thoroughly ill at ease. But he had changed since the old pilot days. She felt it with a shock of surprise. There was no polish, not the sign of anything "genteel." But he forced the conversation to his own ground. And as he talked of Jim's work, the chances ahead, of ocean-liners, the fast-growing immensity of the part ships played in the work of the world, he displayed a strength and assurance that appealed to Bess in spite of herself. Here was a man who had succeeded in what he had set out to do, even though the goal was not high.

His solid assurance acted like a strong tonic upon her. If such a man had come so far, what might Jim not do, with his education? She hinted this in the questions she asked. And the good-natured

officer, half-pitying, half-admiring her for the fierce hunger so plainly shown, took the hint, and despite the protests of his nephew, he laid stress on the difference between them, regretted the education he himself had missed, envied Jim his boundless chances.

From that night on, those old hopes of hers came back one by one. She began to read about ocean-liners. She learned at last of certain men in control of the great shipping interests, men whose wives stood high as society leaders.

The readjustment was complete.

Jim had already gained a slight promotion, through his own vigilance and his uncle's favor. His work was now in the engine-rooms. In reality he was there only one of the humblest helpers. But his mother told her friends that her son was an " under-officer, studying navigation."

Still, the distance to be climbed was appalling. Even in her wildest dreams she knew that long weary years must elapse before he could rise from the odors and grime. And in the meantime she felt that her part, the one service she could render to atone for her failure in the past, was to keep bright before his eyes the *true goal* of it all, to keep him from growing uncouth like his uncle, above all else to keep him away from " Aunt Sally's."

He had been at the old house often lately. Even now he was there at least once a week.

She set about the task of breaking again the warm relations between them. From the few fairly successful friends that she herself still had, she secured an " entrée " for " the young officer " into their circle. She persuaded him to go out once or twice, " to get some fun out of life." And when he came back in disgust and vowed he would never go again, even this did not make her despair.

She changed her tack. She forced herself to learn more of his work. Each night that he was ashore, they spent together reading aloud, about engines of every shape and kind. Long after Jim's father had dismally gone to bed, his mother sat on, reading and listening by turns, with the most wonderful imitation of interest, though half the time she understood barely a word.

As in the old school days, so again she had her reward. For Aunt Sally had neither mind nor time nor inclination for such things. She frankly yawned when Jimmy talked of his great dreams, of twin screws and turbine engines. And his visits at her house grew less and less frequent. Bess breathed easier. That danger at least was left behind.

At the end of another year, his young cousins and their friends had given him up. He went to see them barely at all.

But in the autumn Bess noticed a change. A change so sudden it took her quite off her guard, struck her in distinct separate shocks, for which at first she could find no connection, no meaning.

His appetite, which during the three bracing years of sea-life had continued enormous, now began to show the most unaccountable ups and downs. He still had but two " shore nights " a week. One night he would come home silent, gloomy, preoccupied, and would eat nothing. Again he would appear radiant, eat recklessly, noticing none of the dainties she had so carefully prepared. He would gladly consent to her reading anything under the sun; and while she read, by sharp glances over her book she could see that he heard not a word.

She put it down to ambition. And in this she had reason; for into his talk of his work there had come a new fervor. But here again were the same bewildering ups and downs.

While she was still puzzling over these spells, they stopped as suddenly as they began.

And little by little, watching him closely with ever sharpening suspicion, as before she had seen the ocean-life take hold of him body and soul, so now she saw the life of the city, the teeming " common " life of four millions of mortals crowded

together, take hold. To his slowly opening eyes, the very streets at night seemed taking on new interests, new meanings; he noticed the most amusing things and the most tragic, recounting them in the evenings. And on his boat, by day and by night, he seemed seeing his work in the most curious way, no longer as a ladder alone, but rich with human relations. He was making friends down among the crew, listening to common sailors spin their world-wide yarns.

Last and most baffling of all, he began to talk about his school days, not of the college or even the high school, but of the common public school, which the most " ordinary " child was forced by law to attend. He had read or heard somewhere about immense improvements in the school system, the new roof-gardens, the gymnasiums, playgrounds. He even spoke of " the rights of the kids." He gave one of his two weekly nights of leisure to a boys' athletic club, told her funny things they said, chuckled over their very toughness, described certain tragic poverty cases, and spoke of them all as his chums!

In the midst of all this, when his mother's whole correct little world seemed tumbling about her ears, one night he brought home a novel by Dickens, and proposed that they read it aloud. In the weeks that followed, struggling through as best she could, trying hard to smile at the jokes which to her seemed decidedly vulgar, to simulate sympathy in the grim scenes that filled her only with disgust, his chuckles and his comments opened a gap between them which filled her with dismay.

What was the cause of it all? She racked her brains to find the reason. But this absorption in the ill-bred human millions, without even a glance at the chosen few above, their dazzling entertainments, their weddings and thrilling divorces, was so strange to her eyes, so wholly ludicrous, in such shocking taste, that all her groping was blind. She could find not a clue.

None — except the old one — Aunt Sally's.

He was going there again. He admitted it shamelessly. As an excuse, he gave her the news of the fast approaching wedding of his young cousin Sally the Second. He said that at such a time a girl certainly had a right to expect her own flesh and blood to stand by her. He spoke in this tone so often, seemed so anxious to effect a reconciliation, that his mother's suspicions took a new turn. And when, evidently expecting a struggle before he should win his point, he begged her to go with him to the wedding, she surprised him by a prompt assent.

The wedding of Sally the Second was in quite as " bad taste " as had been that of Sally the First. And in that hilarious scene, she saw Jim, her carefully nurtured Jim, *decidedly at home, having the time of his life.*

And even this was not the worst.

Suddenly she caught her breath, and looked again to make quite sure. Jim stood in the one quiet nook at the end of the room. Beside him was a dark-haired girl, simply, almost severely dressed, but with an outrageous look in her eyes. And the look in Jim's eyes in one flash gave the clue to the whole wretched business.

A rush of giddiness came over her. She rose quickly, slipped out unobserved, put on her hat and cloak and started home.

Once there, she sank into a chair, feeling numb and cold, staring out of the narrow window into the twinkling city below.

When at last she heard him at the door, without warning and despite her angry attempts at control, two hot tears started slowly down her cheeks.

He entered, humming gayly to himself. He saw her by the window in the dark.

" Why, mother," he cried, " what made you leave like that? There was somebody — two or three people — I wanted you to meet." He turned up the light, caught sight of her face. " I say! " he cried. " What's wrong? "

She passed quickly by him into her

bedroom and shut the door. And she did not sleep that night.

She saw that this was final.

When next he came home, she had gathered herself for the struggle. And her attack was so unexpected, her questions came so swift and searching, that she soon broke through his guard.

The girl was a niece of his uncle's. She had taught school in the country, had come to teach in a public school here, was living at Aunt Sally's. He had met her there, had seen her often, and she had "opened his eyes to things."

"Queer," he said, "how I'd never seen it before. What an infernal snob I've been, how narrow, talking of nothing but schemes for pushing myself. What a bore I must have been! I don't see how you stood it, mother! Why on earth did n't you stop me?"

His mother was looking at him with a curious drawn expression.

"Because," she said, "I was just like you. And I am still. 'An infernal snob — narrow — pushing myself.' What a bore this friend of yours would find me."

"Mother!"

"Oh yes! All of that! Do you believe it, Jim? Is this girl going to succeed in making you despise your mother, so that the way will be clear for *her?*"

Jim started, reddened, turned, and walked to the window. When he spoke at last, his voice shook slightly: —

"Is n't that a little small — when you've never even talked with her?"

"Small? Yes. But I am, Jim. And 'narrow' — and 'scheming.' It has been a long time, twenty-six years since you were born, all spent in 'schemes' to give you half a chance. They have n't been easy, these schemes, I'm getting old these days, and weary from the fight. I'd rather hoped you would stay with us, for a time at least, instead of taking a wife to support. — Such a wife!" The last words came out sharply. She felt at once the mistake.

Jim turned abruptly back from the window.

"I've asked her already," he said.

His mother winced.

"I'm waiting for her answer," he continued, trying hard to control his voice. "But you're wrong about my supporting her, — I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because she says that even if she marries me — she won't give up her school."

"Jim!"

She gave him one blank look, then burst into a peal of unsteady laughter.

"A school-teacher," she cried harshly, "a common school-teacher all her life! What a blessing! What a chance for you — and your children! What breeding, what refinement!"

"Look here, mother!" His face was suddenly gray. "I would n't talk like that! I did n't say 'for all her life.' But if she loves her work, and the kids, and wants to keep on with them till the time when she's a mother herself — is that so low? What do you mean by breeding? Is n't there anything in it but what you read in the papers — balls, divorces, Newport scandals — shoes, clothes, hats, gloves, smiles, tact, lies? What are *you?* Have n't *you* done anything else? Did n't *you* work before you married, have n't you worked ever since? Did n't you half kill yourself once, just to give me a summer's vacation? — Mother!" He bent over her, trembling. "Give me a chance to show you what she really is — a woman — like you. The same! Quite the same!"

Her grip on his arm tightened till it shook.

"No!" she whispered. "Not the same! So different — that if she succeeds, I'll lose you! Jimmy! I love you! It's going to be hard — hard!"

And so it was.

She did not easily give up the work and the purpose of her life. There were many stormy scenes in the next few weeks. There were times when she seemed old and weak and desperate, times when she was harsh and bitter, times when she

lay all night awake, staring dry-eyed into a dreary nothingness. The gap was widening fast.

Three months later, at the wedding, in the same old house where she herself had been married thirty years before, at the beginning of the long, slow climb — she saw it all come to an end.

And when the ordeal was over, she went back with her husband, the old Jimmy who had failed, back to the flat, to live out the years that were left.

Her pride remained, and a spark of the old vigor. She kept up a few of her friends. She was kind to the man now growing so old. She dreamed back over the years of struggle, privations, plannings, hopes.

She was lonely. In spite of all her pride, she was hungry for that son of hers, counted the days between his visits.

He came only once a month. She had forbidden him to come oftener, she had declined to see his wife, she had indignantly refused all money aid. When he came they avoided the present, spoke only of old times.

She had kept a few relics, baby things, battered toys, badges he had won at school. And little by little, dreaming over these scant reminders, her mind traveled back even farther, to the days of dolls, of that fierce maternity which had made the wee matrons on neighboring doorsteps frown, and say she was " spoiling her children."

As the months wore on and the loneliness grew, this elemental passion rose, till her few remaining friends shook their heads, said she was getting " unbalanced " — till even the great ladder was almost lost to view.

One night when Jimmy came, she saw at once that he was intensely excited. He stayed until long after midnight.

And after that evening, for weeks and weeks she was so silent, her husband grew afraid for her mind. To quiet his fears, she told him the reason. But when in a rush of glad relief he began to plead in Jim's behalf, she begged him not to speak of it again. And the struggle went on as before.

Here was a last readjustment. There had been many since Jim was born, but none so deep as this. The two old passions of her nature were set now one against the other. And there was little thinking. Only a matter of instinct. The issue was so clear.

As the months drew on toward summer, a new element crept in — anxiety. Jim came often, bringing news, now good and now decidedly bad. Anxiety — it rose steadily, slowly but surely pushing all else aside. It ended late one evening, when Jim came in, quiet and pale, and asked his mother to come.

The night was long. There was little time for thinking. But when the strange new light of an April dawn came sifting into a quiet room, and fell on a gray-haired woman bending over a cradle, it showed how completely the struggle of a lifetime had been left behind. For these things come by instinct.

Time, in that slow silent way it has, did the rest.

From the point of view of the ladder — that boy had been a grave mistake.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES

II

September 12, 1862.

A BRIEF meeting of the Cabinet. Seward was not present. Has met with us but once in several weeks. No cause assigned for this constant absence, yet a reluctance to discuss and bring to a decision any great question without him is apparent.

In a long and free discussion on the condition of the army and military affairs by the President, Blair, Smith and myself, the President repeated what he had before said to me, that the selection of McClellan to command active operations was not made by him but by Halleck, and remarked that the latter was driven to it by necessity. He had arranged his army corps and designated the generals to lead each column, and called on Burnside to take chief command. But Burnside declined and declared himself unequal to the position. Halleck had no other officer whom he thought capable, and said he consequently was left with no other alternative but McClellan.

"The officers and soldiers," the President said, "were pleased with the reinstatement of that officer, but I wish you to understand it was not made by me. I put McC[lellan] in command here to defend the city, for he has great powers of organization and discipline, — he comprehends and can arrange military combinations better than any of our generals, and then his usefulness ends. He can't go ahead, he can't strike a blow. He got to Rockville for instance last Sunday night, and in four days he advanced to Middlebrook, ten miles, in pursuit of an invading enemy. This was rapid movement for him. When he went up the Peninsula there was no reason why he should have been detained a single day at Yorktown, but he waited and gave the enemy time to gather his forces and strengthen his position."

THE "WEST POINT" POLICY

I suggested that this dilatory, defensive policy was partly at least the result of education. That a defensive policy was the West Point policy. Our government was not intended to be aggressive, but to resist aggression or invasion, to repel, not to advance. We had good engineers, and accomplished officers, but that no efficient, energetic, audacious fighting commanding general had yet appeared from that institution. We were all aware that General Scott had, at the very commencement, begun with this error of defense, the [West Point] theory; was unwilling to invade the seceding states; said we must shut off the world from the rebels by blockade and by our defences. He had always been reluctant to enter Virginia or strike a blow.

Blair said this was so — that we had men of narrow, aristocratic notions from West Point, but as yet no generals to command. That there were many clever second-rate men, but no superior mind of the higher class. The difficulty, however, was in the War Department itself. There was bluster, but not competency. It should make generals, should search and find them, and bring them up, for there were such somewhere, — far down perhaps; the War Department should give character and tone to the army and all military movements. "Such," said he, "is the fact with the Navy Department which makes no bluster, has no blowers, but quietly and intelligently does its work, inspires its officers and men, and brings forward leaders like Farragut, Foote, and Dupont."

When we left the Executive Mansion,

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Blair, who came out with me, remarked that he was glad this conversation had taken place. He wanted to let the President know we must have a Secretary of War who can do something besides intrigue, — who can give force and character to the army, administer the Department on correct principles. Cameron, said he, had got into the War Department by the contrivance and cunning of Seward, who used him and other corruptionists as he pleased, with the assistance of Thurlow Weed. That Seward had tried to get Cameron into the Treasury, but was unable to quite accomplish that, and after a hard underground quarrel against Chase, it ended in the loss of Cameron, who went over to Chase and left Seward. Bedeviled with the belief [that] he might be a candidate for the Presidency, Cameron was beguiled and led to mount the nigger hobby, alarmed the President with his notions, and at the right moment, B[lair] says [that] he plainly and frankly told the President he ought to get rid of C[ameron] at once, — that he was not fit to remain in the Cabinet, and was incompetent to manage the War Department, which he had undertaken to run by the aid of Tom A. Scott, of Philadelphia. Seward was ready to get rid of Cameron after he went over to Chase, but instead of bringing in an earnest, vigorous sincere man, like old Ben Wade, to fill the place, he picked up this black terrier who is no better than Cameron, though he has a better assistant than Scott in Watson. Blair says he now wants assistance to " get this black terrier out of his kennel."

AN ESTIMATE OF STANTON

I probably did not respond as he wished, for I am going into no combination or movement against colleagues. He said he must go and see Seward. In his dislike of Stanton, Blair is sincere and earnest, but in his detestation he may fail to allow Stanton qualities that he really possesses. Stanton is no favorite of mine. He has energy and application, is industrious and driving, but devises nothing, shuns responsibility, and I doubt his sincerity always. He wants no general to overtop him, is jealous of others in any position who have influence and popular regard, but he has cunning and skill, dissembles his feeling, and to a certain extent is brusque, over-valiant in words. Blair says he is a double-dealer. That he is now deceiving both Seward and Chase; that Seward brought him into the Cabinet after Chase stole Cameron, and that Chase is now stealing Stanton. Reminds me that he exposed Stanton's character, and stated an instance which had come to his knowledge and where he has proof of a bribe having been received; that he made this exposure when Stanton was a candidate for Attorney for the District. Yet Seward, knowing these facts, had induced and persuaded the President to bring this man into the War Department. The country was now suffering for this mistaken act. Seward wanted a creature of his own in the War Department, that he might use, but Stanton was actually using Seward.

Stanton's appointment to the War Department was in some respects a strange one. I was never a favorite of Seward, who always wanted personal friends. I was not of his sort — personally or politically, Stanton knowing his creator sympathized with him. For several months after his appointment he exhibited some of his peculiar traits towards me. He is by nature a sensationalist, has from the first been filled with panics and alarms in which I have not participated, and I have sometimes exhibited little respect or regard for his mercurial flights and sensational disturbances. He saw on more than one occasion that I was cool when he was excited, and he well knew that I neither admired his policy nor indorsed his views. Of course we were courteously civil, but reserved and distant.

The opposition in the early days of the Administration was violent against the Navy management, and the class of

Republicans who had been secretly opposed to my appointment joined in the clamor. In the progress of events there was a change. The Navy and my course, which had been assailed and which assaults he countenanced, grew in favor, while my mercurial colleague failed to give satisfaction. His deportment changed after the naval success at New Orleans, and we have since moved along harmoniously at least. He is impulsive not administrative, has quickness, often rashness, when he has nothing to apprehend, is more violent than vigorous, more demonstrative than discriminative, more vain than wise; is rude, arrogant and domineering towards those in subordinate positions if they will submit to his rudeness; but is a dissembler in deportment and language with those whom he fears. He has equal cunning, but more force and greater capacity than Cameron, yet the qualities I have mentioned and his uneasy restless nature make him, though possessed of considerable ability of a certain sort, an unfit man in many respects for the War Department in times like these. I have sometimes thought McClellan would better discharge the duties of Secretary of War than those of a general in the field, and that a similar impression may have crossed Stanton's mind, and caused an increase of his hate of that officer. There is no love lost between them, and their enmity towards each other does not injure McClellan in the estimation of Blair. Should McClellan in this Maryland campaign display vigor and beat the rebels, he may overthrow Stanton as well as Lee. Blair will give him active assistance. But he must rid himself of what President Lincoln calls the "slows." This I fear is impossible. It is his nature.

September 13, 1862.

The country is very desponding and much disheartened. There is a perceptibly growing distrust of the Administration and of its ability and power to conduct the war. Military doubts were whispered on the Peninsula by McClellan's favorites before his recall, and when he was reinstated public confidence in the Administration throughout the country was impaired. It is evident, however, that the reinstatement of McC[lellan] has inspired strength, vigor, and hope in the army. Officers and soldiers appear to be united in his favor, and willing to follow his lead. It has now been almost a week since he left Washington, yet he has not overtaken the enemy, who are not distant. There is doubt whether he is thirty miles from Washington. Perhaps he ought not to be until he has gathered up and massed the dispersed elements of his command. I shall not criticise in ignorance, but insist it is the duty of all to sustain him. I am not without hopes that his late experience, and the strong pressure of public opinion, will overcome his hesitancy and rouse him to thorough work. He is never rash — I fear he is not a fighting general. Stanton is cross and grouty. A victory for McClellan will bring no joy to him though it would gladden the whole country.

[A confidential despatch from Lee to D. H. Hill, found by a Federal private wrapped around some lost cigars, is evidently referred to in the next entry of the Diary. On this same 13th of September, McClellan telegraphed jubilantly to the President, "I think Lee has made a gross mistake, and that he will be severely punished. I have all the plans of the rebels, and will catch them in their own trap." The next day McClellan won the battle of South Mountain, a minor engagement preliminary to Antietam.]

September 15, 1862.

Some rumors yesterday and more direct information to-day are cheering to the Union cause. McClellan telegraphs a victory — defeat of the enemy with loss of 15,000 men, and that "General Lee admits they are badly whipped." To whom Lee made this admission so that it should be brought straight to McC[lellan] and telegraphed here does not appear.

A tale like this from Pope would have [been] classed as one of his fictions. It may be all true coming from McClellan, but I do not credit Lee's confession or admission. That we have had a fight and beaten the rebels I can believe. It scarcely could have been otherwise. I am afraid it is not as decisive as it should be, and as is the current belief, but shall rejoice if McC[lellan] has actually overtaken the rebels, which is not yet altogether clear.

LINCOLN'S DEFERENCE TO SEWARD

At the Executive Mansion the Secretary of State informed us that there was to be no Cabinet meeting. He was authorized by the President to communicate the fact. Smith said it would be as well perhaps to postpone the Cabinet meetings altogether and indefinitely, — there seemed no use latterly for our coming together. Others expressed corresponding opinions. Seward turned off a little annoyed.

An unfavorable impression is getting abroad in regard to the President and the Administration, not without reason perhaps, which prompted Smith and others to express their minds freely. There is really very little of a government here at this time, so far as most of the Cabinet are concerned. Certainly but little consultation in this important period. Seward when in Washington spends more or less of each day with the President, absorbs his attention and I fear to an extent influences his action, not always wisely. The President has good sense, intelligence and an excellent heart, but is sadly perplexed and distressed by events. He to an extent distrusts his own administrative ability and experience. Seward, instead of strengthening and fortifying him, encourages this self-distrust, but is not backward in giving his own judgment and experience, which are often defective expedients, to guide the Executive. A conviction of this state of things stirred up Smith to make his remark. The President has, I believe, sincere respect and regard for each and every member of the Cabinet, but Seward seeks and has at times influence which is sometimes harmful. The President would often do better without him were he to follow his own instincts, or were he to consult all his advisers in council. He would find his own opinions confirmed, and be convinced that Seward's suggestions are frequently unwise and weak and temporizing. No one attempts to obtrude himself, or warn the President, or even to suggest to him that others than S[eward] should be consulted on some of the important measures of the government. In fact, they are not informed of some of the measures which are of general interest until they see them in operation, or hear of them from others.

Chase is much chafed by these things, and endeavors and to some extent succeeds in also getting beside the President, and obtaining information of what is going forward. But this only excites and stimulates Seward, who has the inside track and means to keep it. The President is unsuspicious, — or apparently so, — readily gives his ear to suggestions from any one. Only one of his Cabinet, however, has manifested a disposition to monopolize his attention, but the discussion of important measures is sometimes checked almost as soon as introduced; and, without any consultation, or without being again brought forward, [they] are disposed of, the Secretary of State alone having had sometimes certainly a view, or ear, or eye in the matter. He alone has abbreviated general consultation in many cases. With greater leisure than most of the Cabinet officers, unless it be Smith of the Interior, he runs to the President two or three times a day, gets his ear, gives him his tongue, makes himself interesting by anecdotes, and artfully contrives with Stanton's aid to dispose of measures without action, or give them direction independent of his associates.

Under the circumstances, I perhaps am,

latterly, as little interfered with as any one, though the duties of the State and Navy Departments run together; yet I am sometimes excessively annoyed and embarrassed by meddlesome intrusions and inconsiderate and unauthorized action by the Secretary of State. The Navy Department has, necessarily, greater intimacy or connection with the State Department than any other, for, besides international questions growing out of the blockade, our squadrons and commanders abroad come in contact with our ministers, consuls, and commercial agents, and each has intercourse with the governments and representatives of other nations. Mutual understanding and coöperation are therefore essential and indispensable. But while I never attempt to direct the agents of the State Department, or think of it, or of meddling with affairs in the appropriate sphere of the Secretary of State, an entirely different course is pursued by him as regards the Navy and naval operations.

SEWARD'S ITCH FOR AUTHORITY

Seward is anxious to direct, to be the Premier, the real Executive, and give away national rights as a favor. Since our first conflict, however, when he secretly interfered with the Sumter expedition and got up an enterprise to Pensacola, we have had no similar encounter, yet there has been an itching propensity on his part to have a controlling voice in naval matters with which he has no business, which he really does not understand; and he sometimes improperly interferes, as in the disposition of mails on captured vessels. The Attorney General has experienced similar improper interference, more than any other; perhaps, none are exempt. But the Secretary of State, while meddlesome with others, is not at all communicative of the affairs of his own department. Scarcely any important measures or even appointments of that Department are brought before us, except by the President himself or by his express direction. The consequence is that there is reticence by others and the government is administered in a great measure by departments. Seward is inquisitive, and learns early what is doing by each of his associates, frequently before we meet in council, while the other Cabinet officers limit themselves to their provided duties, and are sometimes wholly unadvised of his.

[Captain Wilkes, whose patriotic but rash course in forcibly removing the Confederate Commissioners from the Trent had given him immense popularity, was a particularly difficult problem for the Department. His prominence before the country obliged the Secretary to give him active employment, while his hot-headedness was a source of continued anxiety so long as he was in an independent command.]

I have administered the Navy Department almost entirely independently of Cabinet consultation, and I may say almost without direction of the President, who not only gives me his confidence but intrusts all naval matters to me. This has not been my wish. Though glad to have his confidence, I should prefer that every naval movement should pass a Cabinet review. To-day, for instance, Wilkes was given the appointment of Acting Rear Admiral, and I have sent him off with a squadron to cruise in the West Indies. All this has been done without Cabinet consultation or advice with any one, except Seward, who wished Wilkes, between whom and himself, since the Trent affair, there seems to be an understanding, to have a command, without specifying where. In due time our associates in the Cabinet will learn the main facts and infer that I withheld from them my orders.

My instructions to our naval officers, commanders of squadrons or single ships, cruising or on blockade duty, have never been submitted to the Cabinet, though I have communicated them

freely to each. I have never read but one of my letters of instructions to the President, and that was to Captain Mercer of the Powhatan in command of naval expedition to Sumter a few weeks after I entered upon my duties, and those instructions were, covertly, set aside and defeated by Seward.

So in regard to each and all the departments. If I have known of their regulations and instructions, much of it has not been in Cabinet consultations. Seward beyond any and all others is responsible for this state of things. It has given him individual power, but often at the expense of good administration.

THE WANT OF A MILITARY POLICY

In everything relating to military operations by land, General Scott first, then McClellan, then Halleck, have directed and controlled. The government was virtually in the hands of the General-in-Chief, so far as armies and military operations were concerned. The Administration had no distinct military policy; was permitted to have none. The President was generally advised and consulted, but Seward was the special confidant of General Scott, was more than any one of McClellan, and, in conjunction with Stanton, of Halleck. With wonderful kindness of heart and deference to others, the President, with little self-esteem and unaffected modesty, has permitted this, and in a great measure has surrendered to military officers prerogatives entrusted to himself. The mental qualities of Seward are almost the precise opposite of the President. He is obtrusive and never reserved or diffident of his own powers; is assuming and presuming, meddlesome and uncertain, ready to exercise authority always, never doubting his right until challenged; then he becomes timid, uncertain, distrustful and inventive of schemes to extricate himself, or to change his position. He is not so mindful of what is due to others as would be expected of one who aims to be always courteous towards equals. The President he treats with a familiarity that sometimes borders on disrespect. The President, though he observes this ostentatious presumption, never receives it otherwise than pleasantly, but treats it as a weakness in one to whom he attributes qualities essential to statesmanship, whose pliability is pleasant, and whose ready shrewdness he finds convenient and acceptable.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD

With temperaments so constituted and so unlike, it is not surprising that the obsequious affability and ready assumption of the subordinate presumes on, and to an extent influences, the really superior intellect of the principal, and makes himself in a degree the centralizing personage. While the President concedes to the Secretary of State almost all that he assumes, not one of his colleagues make that concession. They treat his opinion respectfully, but as no better than the opinions of others, except as it has merit; and his errors they expose and oppose, as they deserve. In the early days of the Administration the Cabinet officers were absorbed by labors and efforts to make themselves familiar with their duties, so as rightly to discharge them. Those duties were more numerous and trying in consequence of the overthrow of old and the advent of new men and organizations, with the great rupture that was going on in the government, than had ever been experienced by any of their predecessors.

Whilst the other members of the Cabinet were absorbed in familiarizing themselves with their duties, and in preparing for impending disaster, the Secretary of State, less apprehensive of disaster, spent a considerable portion of every day with the President, patronizing and instructing him, hearing and telling anecdotes, relating interesting details of occurrences in the Senate, and inculcating his political party notions. I think he has not very profound or sincere convictions. Cabinet meetings, which should,

at that exciting and interesting period, have been daily, were infrequent, irregular and without system. The Secretary of State notified his associates when the President desired a meeting of the heads of departments. It seemed unadvisable to the Premier, as he liked to be called and considered, that the members should meet often, and they did not. Consequently there was little concerted action.

HOW CABINET MEETINGS WERE CONDUCTED

At the earlier meetings there was little or no formality: the Cabinet meetings were a sort of privy council, or gathering of equals, much like a senatorial caucus, where there was no recognized leader and the Secretary of State put himself in advance of the President. No seats were assigned or regularly taken. The Secretary of State was invariably present some little time before the Cabinet assembled, and from his former position as the Chief Executive of the largest state in the Union, as well as from his recent place as a Senator, and from his admitted experience and familiarity with affairs, assumed and was allowed, as was proper, to take the lead in consultations and also to give tone and direction to the manner and mode of proceedings. The President, if he did not actually wish [it], readily acquiesced in this. Mr. Lincoln, having never had experience in administering the government, state or national, deferred to the suggestions and course of those who had. Mr. Seward was not slow in taking upon himself to prescribe action, and doing most of the talking without much regard to the modest chief, but often to the disgust of his associates, particularly Mr. Bates, who was himself always courteous and respectful, and to the annoyance of Mr. Chase, who had, like Mr. Seward, experience as a chief magistrate. Discussions were desultory and without order or system, but in the summing up and conclusions the President, who was a patient listener and learner, concentrated results, and often determined questions adversely to the Secretary of State, regarding him and his opinions, as he did those of his other advisers, for what they were worth and generally no more. But the want of system and free communication among all as equals prevented that concert and comity which is really strength to an administration.

Each head of a department took up and managed the affairs which devolved upon him as best he could, frequently without consulting his associates, and as a consequence without much knowledge of the transactions of other departments; but as each consulted with the President, the Premier from daily, almost hourly intercourse with him, continued, if not present at these interviews, to ascertain the doings of each and all, though himself imparting but little of his own course.

Great events of a general character began to impel the members to assemble daily, and sometimes General Scott was present, and occasionally Commodore Stringham; at times others were called in. The conduct of affairs during this period was awkward and embarrassing. After a few weeks the members, without pre-concert, expressed a wish to be better advised on subjects for which they were all measurably responsible to the country. The Attorney General expressed his dissatisfaction with these informal proceedings and advised meetings on stated days for general and current affairs, and hoped, when there was occasion, special calls would be made. The Secretary of State alone dissented, hesitated, doubted, objected, thought it inexpedient — said all had so much to do that we could not spare the time; but the President was pleased with the suggestion, if he did not prompt it, and concurred with the rest of the Cabinet.

The form of proceeding was discussed: Mr. Seward thought that would take care of itself. Some suggestions were made in regard to important appointments which had been made by each head of department, the Secretary of State taking the

lead in selecting high officials, without general consultation. There seemed an understanding between the Secretaries of State and Treasury, who have charge of the most important appointments, of which understanding the President was perhaps cognizant. Chase had extensive patronage; Seward, appointments of high character. The two arranged that each should make his own selection of subordinates. These two men had political aspirations (which did not extend to their associates, with perhaps a single exception that troubled neither). Chase thought he was fortifying himself by this arrangement; but he often was overreached, and the arrangement was one of the mistakes of his life.

Without going farther into details, the effect and probably the intention of these proceedings in those early days was to dwarf the President and elevate the Secretary of State. The latter also circumscribed the sphere of [the President] so far as he could. Many of the important measures, particularly of his own department, he managed to dispose of, or contrived to have determined, independent of the Cabinet.

THE RIVALRY OF SEWARD AND CHASE

Between Seward and Chase there was perpetual rivalry and mutual but courtly distrust. Each was ambitious. Both had capacity; Seward was supple and dexterous, Chase was clumsy and strong; Seward made constant mistakes, but recovered with a facility that was wonderful and almost always without injury to himself. Chase made fewer blunders but persevered in them when made, often to his own serious detriment. In the fevered condition of public opinion, the aim and policy of the [men] were strongly developed: Seward, who had sustained McClellan and came to possess, more than any one else in the Cabinet, his confidence, finally yielded to Stanton's vehement demands and acquiesced in his sacrifice. Chase from [being] an original friend and self-constituted patron of McC[lellan] became disgusted, alienated, an implacable enemy, denouncing McClellan as a military imbecile. In all this he was stimulated by Stanton, and the victim of Seward, who first supplanted him with McC[lellan] and then gave up McC[lellan] to appease Stanton and public opinion.

[Stonewall Jackson, who had been detached by Lee to capture Harper's Ferry, had been allowed to rejoin his chief before McClellan brought on the general engagement at Antietam, September 17 — "the bloodiest single day of fighting in the war."]

September 18, 1862.

We have authentic news that a long and sanguinary battle has been fought. McClellan telegraphs that the fight between the two armies was for fourteen hours. The rebels must have been in strong position to have maintained such a fight against our large army. He also telegraphs that our loss is heavy, particularly in generals, but gives neither names nor results. His despatches are seldom full, clear or satisfactory. "Behaved splendidly," "performed handsomely," — but wherein or what was accomplished is never told. Our anxiety is intense.

General Mansfield is reported slain. He was from my state and almost a neighbor. He called on me last week, on his way from Norfolk to join the army above. When parting, he once shook hands, there was a farther brief conversation and he came back from the door after he left and again shook hands. "Farewell," said I, "success attend you." He remarked with emphasis and some feeling, "We may never meet again."

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION READ TO THE CABINET

["The greatest historical significance of the Battle of Antietam," says Rhodes, "is that it furnished Lincoln the victory he was waiting for to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation." This, as we have seen, had been laid aside until military success should support the policy.]

Monday, September 22, 1862.

We had to-day a special Cabinet meeting. The subject was the Proclamation concerning emancipating slaves after a certain date, in States that should then be in rebellion. For several weeks the subject has been suspended, but, the President says, never lost sight of. When the subject was submitted in August, and indeed in taking it up, the President stated that the question was finally decided, but that he felt it to be due to us to make us acquainted with the fact and to invite criticism on the Proclamation. There were some differences in the Cabinet, but he had formed his own conclusions and made his own decisions. He had, he said, made a vow, a covenant, that if God gave us the victory in the approaching battle (which had just been fought), he would consider it his duty to move forward in the cause of emancipation. We might think it strange, he said, but there were times when he felt uncertain how to act; that he had in this way submitted the disposal of matters when the way was not clear to his mind what he should do. God had decided this question in favor of the slave. He was satisfied it was right — was confirmed and strengthened in his action by the vow and by the results, his mind was fixed, his decision made, but he wished his paper announcing his course to be as correct in terms as it could be made without any attempt to change his determination. For that was fixed — we must emancipate the slaves or be ourselves subjugated. The slaves must be with us or against us. They were used against us.

He read the document, and Seward suggested one or two unimportant amendments that were approved. It was then handed to the Secretary of State, to publish to-morrow. After this Blair remarked that he considered it proper to say he did not concur in the expediency of the measure at this time, though he approved of the principle, and should therefore wish to file his objections. He stated at some length his views, which were that we ought not to put in greater jeopardy the patriotic element in the border states. He apprehended that they would go over to the secessionists as soon as they had seen the proclamation. It would be well also to remember that the army was not united on the subject, and that there was a class of partisans in the free states endeavoring to revive old parties, who would have a club put in their hands of which they would avail themselves to beat the Administration.

The President said he had considered the danger to be apprehended from the first objection, which was undoubtedly serious, but the objection was certainly as great not to act; as regarded the last, it had not so much weight with him; they would use their clubs, do what he might.

The question of power, authority in the government to set free the slaves was not much discussed at this meeting, but had been canvassed by the President in private conversation with the members individually. Some thought legislation advisable before the step was taken, but Congress was clothed with no authority on this subject, nor is the Executive, except under the war power, — military necessity, martial law, — when there can be no legislation. This was the view which I took when the President first presented the subject to Seward and myself last summer, as we were returning from the funeral of Stanton's child, — a ride of two or three miles from beyond Georgetown. Seward was at that time not at all communicative, and I think not willing to advise, though he did not dissent from the movement. It is momentous both in its immediate and remote results, and an exercise of extraordinary power which cannot be justified on mere humanitarian principles, and would never have been attempted but to preserve the national existence. The slaves must be with us or against us in the war. Let us have them. These were my convictions, and this is the drift of the discussion.

The effect which the Proclamation will have on the public mind is a matter of some uncertainty. In some respects it would, I think, have been better to have issued it when formerly first considered.

There is an impression that Seward has opposed and is opposed to the measure; I have not been without that impression myself, chiefly from his hesitation to commit himself, and perhaps because action was suspended on his suggestion; but in the final discussion he has [as] cordially supported the measure as Chase.

Wednesday, September 24, 1862.

Secretary Smith called this morning; said he had just had an interview with Judge Advocate Turner, who related a conversation which had taken place between himself [Turner] and Colonel Key, one of Halleck's staff. T[urner] had expressed to K[ey] his surprise that McClellan had not followed up the victory last week, by pursuing the rebels, and capturing them or cutting them in pieces. That, said K[ey], is not the policy. Turner asked what then was the policy. Key said it was one of exhaustion, that it would have been impolitic and injudicious to have destroyed the rebel army, for that would have ended the contest without any compromise, and it was the army policy at the right time to compel the opposing forces to adopt a compromise.[1]

Smith assures me that Turner made to him this communication. It is most extraordinary, yet entirely consistent with current events and what Wilson and others have stated. While I can hardly give credit to the statement, the facts can be reconciled with every action or inaction — with wasted energies, fruitless campaigns and barren fights. Smith fully believes it.

As I write, 9 P. M., a band of music strikes up on the opposite side of the square, — a complimentary serenade to the President for the Emancipation Proclamation. The document has been in the main well received, but there is some violent opposition, and the friends of the measure have made this demonstration to show their approval.

[1] Major John J. Key was summarily called upon by the President to account for his language, stingingly rebuked, and forthwith dismissed from the service.

CHASE'S FINANCIAL POLICY

Thursday, September 25, 1862.

Had some talk to-day with Chase on financial matters. Our drafts on Barings now cost us twenty-nine per cent. I object to this as presenting an untrue statement of naval expenditures, unjust to the Navy Department, as well as unjust in fact. If I draw for $100,000 it ought not to take from the naval appropriation $129,000. No estimates, no appropriations by Congress, embrace the $29,000 brought on by the mistaken Treasury policy of depreciating the currency. I therefore desire the Secretary of the Treasury to place $100,000 in the hands of the Barings to the credit of the Navy Department, less the exchange. This he declines to do, but insists on deducting the difference between money and inconvertible paper, which I claim to be wrong, because in our foreign expenditures, the paper which his financial policy forces upon us at home is worthless abroad. The depreciation is the result of a mistaken financial policy, and illustrates its error and tendency to error.

The departure from a specie standard, and the adoption of an irredeemable paper currency, deranges the finances and is fraught with disastrous consequences. This vitiation of the currency is the beginning of evil, a fatal mistake — which will be likely to overwhelm Chase and the Administration if he and they remain here long enough.

Had some conversation with Chase relating to the war. He is much discouraged; believes the President is disposed to let matters take their course; deplores this state of things, but can see no relief.

CHASE'S OPINION OF STANTON

I asked if the principal source of the difficulty was not in the fact that we actually had not a War Department. Stanton is dissatisfied, and he and those under his influence do not sustain and encourage McClellan, yet he needs to be constantly stimulated, inspired, and pushed forward. It was, I said, apparent to me, and I thought to him, that the Secretary of War, though arrogant and often offensive in language, did not direct army movements; he appears to have something else than army operations in view. The army officers here, or others than he, appear to control military movements. Chase was disturbed by my remarks. Said Stanton had not been sustained, and his department had become demoralized, but he (Chase) should never consent to remain if Stanton left. I told him he misapprehended me. I was not the man to propose the exclusion of Stanton, or any one of our Cabinet associates, but we must look at things as they are, and not fear to discuss them. It was our duty to meet difficulties and try to correct them. It was wrong for him, or any one, to say he would not remain and do his duty if the welfare of the country required a change of policy or a personal change in any one department. If Stanton was militarily unfit, indifferent, dissatisfied, or engaged in petty personal intrigues against a man whom he disliked, to the neglect of the duties with which he was entrusted, or had not the necessary administrative ability, [if he] was from rudeness or any other cause, offensive, we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact.

It is evident that Chase takes pretty much the same views as I do, but has not made up his mind to act on his convictions.

The President has issued a proclamation on martial law — suspension of Habeas Corpus, he terms it — meaning of course a suspension of the privilege of the writ of Habeas Corpus. Of this proclamation I knew nothing until I saw it in the papers, and am not sorry that I did not. I question the wisdom or utility of a multiplicity of proclamations striking deep on great questions.

Friday, September 26, 1862.

It is now almost a fortnight since the battle near Sharpsburg (Antietam) — the rebels have recrossed the Potomac — but our army is doing nothing. The President says Halleck told him he should want two days more — to make up his mind what to do. Great Heavens! — what a General-in-Chief!

Wednesday, October 1, 1862.

Called this morning at the White House, but learned the President had left the city. The porter said he made no mention whither he was going, nor when he would return. I have no doubt he is on a visit to McClellan and the army; none of his Cabinet can have been aware of this journey.

EARLY ESTIMATE OF DAVID D. PORTER

Relieved Davis and appointed D. D. Porter to the Western Flotilla, which is hereafter to be recognized as a squadron. Porter is but a commander. He has, however, stirring and positive qualities, is fertile in resources, has great energy, excessive and sometimes not overscrupulous ambition, is impressed with and boastful of his own powers, given to exaggeration in relation to himself (a Porter infirmity), is not generous to older living and superior officers whom he is too ready to traduce, but is kind and patronizing to favorites who are juniors, and generally to official inferiors. Is given to cliquism, but brave and daring, like all his family. He has not the conscientious and high moral qualities of Foote to organize the flotilla, and is not considered by some of our best naval men a fortunate officer; has not in his profession, though he may have personally, what the sailors admire, "luck." It is a question, with his mixture of good and bad traits, how he will succeed. His selection will

be unsatisfactory to many, but his field of operation is peculiar, and a young and active officer is required for the duty to which he is assigned. [It] will be an incentive to juniors. If he does well, I shall get no credit; if he fails, I shall be blamed. No thanks in any event will be mine. Davis, whom he succeeds, is more of a scholar than a sailor, has gentlemanly instincts and scholarly acquirements, is an intelligent but not an energetic, driving, fighting officer just [such] as is wanted for rough work on the Mississippi; is kind and affable, but has not the vim, dash, — recklessness perhaps is the better word, — of Porter.

Dahlgren, whose ambition is great, will I suppose be hurt that Porter, who is his junior, should be designated for the Mississippi command, and the President will sympathize with D[ahlgren], whom he regards with favor while he has not great admiration or respect for Porter. Dahlgren has asked to be assigned to the special duty of capturing Charleston, but Dupont has had that object in view for more than a year and made it his study. I cannot, though I appreciate Dahlgren, supersede the Admiral in this work.

THE CABINET ON EMANCIPATION

The Emancipation Proclamation has, in its immediate effects, been less exciting than I had apprehended. It has caused but little jubilation on one hand, nor much angry outbreak on the other. The speculations as to the sentiments and opinions of the Cabinet in regard to this measure are ridiculously wild and strange. When it was first brought forward some six or eight weeks ago, all present assented to it. It was pretty fully discussed at two subsequent Cabinet meetings, and the President consulted freely, I presume, with the members individually. He did with me. Mr. Bates desired that deportation, by force if necessary, should go with emancipation. Born and educated among the negroes, having always lived with slaves, he dreaded any step which should be taken to bring about social equality between the two races. The effect, he said, would be to degrade the whites without elevating the blacks: demoralization, vice, and misery would follow. Mr. Blair, at the second discussion, said that while he was an emancipationist from principle, he had doubts of the expediency of such a movement as was contemplated. Stanton, after expressing himself earnestly in favor of the step proposed, said it was so important a measure that he hoped every member would give his opinion, whatever it might be, on the subject. Two had not spoken, — alluding to Chase and myself.

I then spoke briefly of the strong exercise of power involved in the question, the denial of executive authority to do this act. But [I argued] the rebels themselves had invoked war on the subject of slavery, had appealed to arms, and they must abide the consequences. It was an extreme exercise of war powers, and under the circumstances, and in view of the condition of the country and the magnitude of the contest, I was willing to resort to extreme measures and avail ourselves of military necessity, always harsh and questionable. The blow would fall heavy and severe on those loyal men in the slave states who clung to the Union and had most of their property in slaves; but they must abide the results of a conflict which we all deplored. The slaves were now an element of strength to the rebels, were laborers, producers, and army attendants. They were considered as property by the rebels, and, if *property*, were subject to confiscation; if not property, but *persons* residing in the insurrectionary region, we should invite them, as well as the whites, to unite with us in putting down the rebellion. I had made known my views to the President, and could say here I gave my approval of the proclamation. Mr. Chase said it was going a step farther than he had proposed, but he was glad of it, and went into a very full argument on the subject. I do not attempt to report it or any portion of it, nor that of others, farther than to define the position of each

when this important question was before us. Something more than a proclamation will be necessary, for this step will band the South together, make opponents of some who now are friends, and unite the border states firmly with the cotton states in resistance to the government.

Thursday, October 2, 1862.

Admiral Dupont arrived to-day; looks hale and hearty. He is a skillful and accomplished officer. Has a fine address, is a courtier with perhaps too much finesse and management, resorts too much to extraneous and subordinate influences to accomplish what he might easily attain directly, and, like many naval officers, is given to personal cliques, naval clanship. This evil I have striven to break up, and, with the assistance of secession, which took off some of the worst cases, have thus far been pretty successful.

STANTON'S THREAT TO RESIGN

Friday, October 3, 1862.

Chase tells me that Stanton has called on him to say he deemed it his duty to resign, being satisfied he could no longer be useful in the War Department. There are, Chase says, unpaid requisitions on his table at this time to the amount of $45,000,000 from the War Department, and things are in every respect growing worse daily. Perhaps he really believes Stanton, who no more intends resigning than the President or Seward does.

I remarked that the disagreement between the Secretary of War and the generals in command must inevitably work disastrously, that I had for some time foreseen this, and the declaration of Stanton did not surprise me. He could scarcely do otherwise. He could not get along if these differences continued, but sooner or later he, or the generals, or the whole must go. My remarks were, I saw, not expected nor acceptable. Chase said if Stanton went, he would go. It was due to Stanton and to ourselves that we should stand by him, and if one goes out, all had better go — certainly he would.

This I told him was not my view. If it were best for the country that all should go, then certainly all ought to leave without hesitation or delay; but it did not follow because one must leave for any cause that all should. That I did not admire combination among officials, preferred individuality, and did not think it advisable that we should all make an action dependent on the movements or difficulties of the Secretary of War, who like all of us had embarrassments and might not, himself, be exempt from error. There were many things in the Administration which he and I wished were different. He desired me to think the matter over. Said, with much feeling, things were serious, that he could not stand it, that the army was crushing him and would crush the country. Says the President takes counsel of none but army officers in army matters, though the Treasury and Navy ought to be informed of the particulars of every movement. This is Stanton's complaint infused into Chase, and has some foundation, though it is but part of the evil. This demonstration of Stanton's is for effect, and will fail.

Governor Andrew of Massachusetts called upon me this morning, and we had a frank, free, and full interchange of views. He is impatient under the dilatory military operations and the growing ascendancy of the army in civil affairs. Our views did not materially differ on the points discussed, though he has been impressed by Stanton who dislikes many army officers.

DAHLGREN'S AMBITIONS

[Since April, 1861, Commodore Dahlgren had been in command of the Washington Navy Yard. He had recently been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, a branch of the service in which he was deservedly rated at the head of his profession in America, but he was now much dissatisfied at not receiving the grade of rear-admiral. The following February he actually received this promotion, and ultimately realized his ambition of succeeding Dupont as com-

mander of the fleet attacking Charleston.]

Dahlgren is grieved with my action in his case. He desires, beyond almost any one, the high honors of his profession, and has his appetite stimulated by the partiality of the President, who does not hesitate to say to him and to me, that he will give him the highest grade if I will send him a letter to that effect, or a letter of appointment. Title irregularly obtained cannot add to Dahlgren's reputation, yet he cannot be reasoned with. He has [as] yet rendered no service afloat during the war, has not been under fire, and is not on the direct road for professional advancement. The army practice of favoritism and political partyism cannot be permitted in the Navy. Its effect will be more demoralizing than that of the military, for it is bad enough. I am compelled therefore, to stand between the President and Dahlgren's promotion, in order to maintain the service in proper condition. Dahlgren has the sagacity and professional intelligence to know I am right, and to appreciate my action though adverse to himself. He therefore now seeks service afloat. Wants an opportunity to acquire rank and distinction, but that opportunity must be a matter of favor. His last request was to be permitted to capture Charleston. This would give him *éclat*. I told him I could not rob Dupont of that honor, but that if he wished I would give him an opportunity to participate, and understood from him it would be acceptable. I therefore tendered him an iron-clad, and the place of Ordnance Officer; he retaining his position at the head of the Bureau with leave of absence as a volunteer to fight.

My proposition has not been received in the manner I expected. He thinks the tender of a single ship to an officer who has had a navy yard, and is now in the Bureau, derogatory, yet wishing active service as the means of promotion, intimates he will accept and resign from the Bureau. This I can't countenance or permit. It would not meet the views of the President, would do wrong to the service, and great wrong to the country, for him to leave the Ordnance Bureau where he is proficient and can be most useful. His specialty is in that branch of the service, he knows his own value there at this time, and for him to leave it now would be detrimental to the object he desires to attain. He is not conscious of it, but he has Dahlgren more than the service in view. Were he to be present at the capture of Charleston as a volunteer who had temporarily left the Bureau for that special service, it would redound to his credit, and make him at least second to Dupont in the glory of the achievement.

[On October 8, Buell, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, defeated the Confederates under Bragg at Perryville, Kentucky, but was soon after superseded by General Rosecrans.]

Tuesday, October 10, 1862.

Some vague and indefinite tidings of a victory by Buell in Kentucky in a two days' fight at Perryville. We hear also of the capture of batteries on the St. John's, in Florida, but have no particulars.

A telegram from Delano, at New Bedford, tells me that the pirate or rebel steamer 290,[1] built in Great Britain and manned by British seamen, fresh from England, has captured and burnt five whaling vessels off the Western Islands. The State Department will, I suppose, submit to this evidence that England is an underhand auxiliary to the rebels, be passive on the subject, and the Navy Department will receive as usual torrents of abuse.

STUART'S RAID

[The dissatisfaction of the administration with the inactivity of McClellan was greatly intensified by the news that the Confederate cavalry, riding ninety miles in twenty-four hours, had made a complete circle of the Federal Army, rejoining Lee's forces without loss.]

[1] The Alabama.

Saturday, October 11, 1862.

We have word which seems reliable, that Stuart's rebel cavalry have been to Chambersburg in the rear of McClellan, while he was absent in Philadelphia, stopping at the Continental Hotel. I hope neither statement is correct, but am apprehensive that both may be true.

Monday, October 13, 1862.

We have the mortifying intelligence that the rebel cavalry rode entirely around our great and victorious army of the Potomac, crossing the river above it, pushing on in the rear beyond the Pennsylvania line into the Cumberland valley, then east and south, re-crossing the Potomac below McClellan and our troops, near the mouth of the Monocacy. It is the second time this feat has been performed by J. E. B. Stuart around McClellan's army. The first was on the York Peninsula. It is humiliating, disgraceful.

Stanton read a dispatch from General Pope, stating that the Indians in the Northwest had surrendered, and he was anxious to execute a number of them. The Winnebagoes who have not been in the fight are with him, and he proposes to ration them at public expense through the winter. He has, Stanton says, destroyed the crops of the Indians, etc. I was disgusted with the whole thing, the tone and opinions of the despatch are discreditable. It was not the production of a good man or a great one. The Indian outrages have, I doubt not, been horrible — what may have been the provocation we are not told. The Sioux and Ojibways are bad; but the Winnebagoes have good land which white men want, and mean to have.

A letter has been shown about, and is to-day published, purporting to be from General Kearney who fell at Chantilly. The letter is addressed to O. S. Halstead of New Jersey. It expresses his views and feelings towards McClellan, who, he says, "positively has no talents." How many officers have written similar private letters is unknown. "We have no generals," says this letter of Kearney. It is, I fear, too true.

Saturday, October 18, 1862.

The ravages by the roving steamer 290, alias Alabama, are enormous. England should be held accountable for these outrages. The vessel was built in England, and has never been in the ports of any other nation. British authorities were warned of her true character repeatedly before she left.

A HOAX ON SEWARD

Seward called on me in some excitement this P. M., and wished me to meet the President, himself, Stanton, and Halleck at the War Department, relative to important despatches just received. As we walked over together, he said we had been very successful in getting a despatch which opened up the whole rebel proceedings, — disclosed their plans and enabled us to prepare for them. That it was evident there was a design to make an immediate attack on Washington by water, and it would be well to buy vessels forthwith if we had not a sufficient number ready for the purpose. When we entered Stanton's room, General Halleck was reading the document alluded to and examining the maps. No one else was present. Stanton had left the Department. The President was in the room of the telegraph operator.

The document purported to be a despatch from General Cooper, Ass't Sec'y of War of the Confederates, to one of the rebel agents in England. A question arose as to the authenticity of the despatch. Halleck, who is familiar with Cooper's signature, doubted, after examining the paper, if *this* was genuine. Adjutant General Thomas was sent for, and requested to bring Cooper's signature for comparison. Seward then took the papers and commenced reading aloud. The writer spoke of "the mountains of Arlington," — "the fleet of the Potomac," — "the fleet of the North," etc. I interrupted Seward and said it was a clumsy manufacture; that the despatch could have

been written by no American, certainly not by General Cooper or any person conversant with our affairs, or the topography of the country: that there were no "mountains of Arlington," no "fleet of the Potomac," or "fleet of the North." General Halleck mentioned one or two other points which impressed him that the despatch was bogus. The President came in while we were criticising the document, the reading of which was concluded by Seward. When the President took the papers and map to examine them, General Thomas soon brought a number of Cooper's signatures, and all were satisfied at a glance that the purported signature was fictitious.

Seward came readily to the opinion that the papers were bogus, and that the consul, or minister, — he did not say which, — had been sadly imposed upon. The despatch had, he said, cost a good deal of money. It was a palpable cheat. It may be a question whether the British authorities have not connived at it, to punish our inquisitive countrymen for trying to pry into their secrets.

It is just five weeks since the battle of Antietam, and the army is quiet, reposing in camp. The country groans, but nothing is done. Certainly the confidence of the people must give way under this fatuous inaction.

McClellan is not accused of corruption, but of criminal inaction. His inertness makes the assertions of his opponents prophetic. He is sadly afflicted with what the President calls the "slows." Many believe him to be acting on the army programme avowed by Key.

Saturday, October 25, 1862.

General Wadsworth,[1] Mr. Fenton, and others urgently insist on some changes, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, of masters who, they claim, are active partisans; but they made no clear case. Told them, I was opposed to the policy of removals of competent officers unless for active, offensive partisanship; that any man was entitled to enjoy and exercise his opinion without molestation. General Wadsworth concurred with me, but understood there were such matters within the prescribed rules. Told them that from any facts I had received I would only remove Fairion, master machinist, who, it is shown, is so immersed in politics as to neglect his business, and is a candidate for comptroller. As he manifests a willingness and intention to leave the service for another place, I think he can depart a few days in advance without detriment. This taking advantage of an excited election to thrust miserable partisans into places they are often indifferently qualified to fill, I dislike, and so expressed myself to General Wadsworth, who assented fully to my views.

Tuesday, November 4, 1862.

Further news of the depredations by the Alabama. Ordered Dacotah, Ino, Augusta, etc., on her track. The President read in the Cabinet to-day his sensible letter of the 13th of October to Genl. McClellan, ordering him to move, and to pass down on the east side of the Blue Ridge. McClellan did not wish to move at all; was ordered by Halleck, and when he found he must move said he would go down the west side of the mountain, but when he finally started, went down the east side, without advising Halleck or the President.

Stanton, whose dislike of McClellan increases, says that Halleck does not consider himself responsible for army movements or deficiencies this side of the mountains, of which he has had no notice from General McClellan, who neither reports to him or to the Secretary of War. All his official correspondence is with the President direct, and no one else.

The President did not assent to the last remarks of Stanton, which were more sneering in manner than words, but said

[1] Major-General James S. Wadsworth, United States Volunteers, in charge of the defense of Washington, and later a defeated candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.

Halleck should be, and would be, considered, for he (the President) had told Halleck that he would at any time remove McClellan when Halleck required it, and that he (the President) would take the entire responsibility of the removal.

Mr. Bates quietly suggested that Halleck should take command of the army in person. But the President said, and all the Cabinet concurred in the opinion, that Halleck would be an indifferent general in the field, that he shirked responsibility in his present position; that he, in short, is worth but little except as a critic and director of operations, though intelligent and educated.

December 3, 1862.

It is a month since I have opened this book and been able to make any record of current events. A pressure of public business, the preparation of my Annual Report, and domestic sorrows, have consumed all my waking moments. A light, bright, cherub face which threw its sunshine on our household when this book was last opened, has disappeared forever. My dear Hubert, who was a treasure garnered in my heart, is laid beside his five brothers and sisters in Spring Grove. Well has it been for me that overwhelming public duties have borne down upon me in these sad days. Alas, frail life — amid the Nation's grief I have my own!

(*To be continued.*)

A TIME WITHDRAWN

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I

Can I, with a wandering rhyme,
Bring again, in years to come,
This dear day, this precious time
Plucked from weariness and strife,
From the city's pain and stress,
And heartbreak of the myriad life —
Autumn in this mountain home!
  Strive, my Song! so to bring back
This dual joy down memory's track —
Rest in Nature's restlessness:
Roaring winds and rushing clouds;
Leaves that fly in circling crowds
From trees all silver, that no rays
Hide of moon, or star, or sun;
Golden tints and shadows dun;
The Dawn's lily, Evening's rose;
Starbright nights and dazzling days;
In nature's restless heart repose; —
And, when tumult turns to calm,
For tired souls a deeper balm

In that loveliest hour and best,
With its low light in the west.

II

Wandering Song! be eloquent
Of these browns and purples blent
Into one bewilderment
Of beauty, ever melting slowly
To new beauty, hushed and holy;
And, to fix the flying year,
Song! remember, strangely near,
Ere the dawn, ringed Saturn came,
Tremblingly, with mystic flame,
Close to Jupiter's large ray,
Making night a dream of day.

III

Wandering Song! record, I pray,
Not alone the outward day,
But the inward life and light
By the hearth-fire in the night.
Tell what sovereign spirits drew
Close to ours, with accents true;
How, in intercourse sublime,
Passed the consecrated time;
How of that endearèd host
Two starry souls had welcome most —
He who, since Milton's voice was still,
Highest climbed the sacred hill,
And he who to our new world came
To light and lift an equal flame.

IV

Memorial Song! be this thy sign,
Bringing back, in sadder hour,
Perfume of one perfect flower
And memory of a day divine —
Happiness scarce hoped for in
Mid-life's stress, and pain, and din:
A time withdrawn, a golden rest,
A low light in the purple west.

THE DELUSION OF MILITARISM

BY CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON

THE future historian of the first decade of the twentieth century will be puzzled. He will find that the world at the opening of the century was in an extraordinarily belligerent mood, and that the mood was well-nigh universal, dominating the New World as well as the Old, the Orient no less than the Occident. He will find that preparations for war, especially among nations which confessed allegiance to the Prince of Peace, were carried forward with tremendous energy and enthusiasm, and that the air was filled with prophetic voices, picturing national calamities and predicting bloody and world-embracing conflicts.

Alongside of this fact he will find another fact no less conspicuous and universal, — that everybody of importance in the early years of the twentieth century was an ardent champion of peace. He will find incontestable evidence that the King of England was one of the truest friends of peace who ever sat on the English throne, that the German Emperor proclaimed repeatedly that the cause of peace was ever dear to his heart, that the President of the United States was so effective as a peacemaker that he won a prize for ending a mighty war, that the Czar of Russia was so zealous in his devotion to peace that he called the nations to meet in solemn council to consider measures for ushering in an era of universal amity and good will, and that the President of France, the King of Italy, and the Mikado of Japan were not a whit behind their royal brethren in offering sacrifices on the altar of the Goddess of Peace. A crowd of royal peacemakers in a world surcharged with thoughts and threats of war, a band of lovers strolling down an avenue which they themselves had lined with lyddite shells and twelve-inch guns, this will cause our historian to rub his eyes.

In his investigations he will find that the world's royal counselors and leading statesmen were also, without exception, wholeheartedly devoted to the cause of conciliation. He will read with admiration the speeches of Prince Bülow, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. H. H. Asquith, Mr. John Hay, and Mr. Elihu Root, and will be compelled to confess that the three leading nations of our Western world never in the entire course of their history had statesmen more pacific than these in temper, or more eloquent in their advocacy of the cause of international good will. A galaxy of peace-loving statesmen under a sky black with the thunder-clouds of war, this is certain to bewilder our historian.

His perplexity will become no less when he considers the incontrovertible proofs that never since time began were the masses of men so peaceably inclined as in just this turbulent and war-rumor-tormented twentieth century. He will find that science and commerce and religion had coöperated in bringing the nations together, that the wage-earners in all the European countries had begun to speak of one another as brothers, and that the growing spirit of fraternity and cooperation had expressed itself in such organizations as the Interparliamentary Union, with a membership of twenty-five hundred legislators and statesmen, and various other societies and leagues of scholars and merchants and lawyers and jurists. He will find delegations paying friendly visits to neighboring countries, and will read, dumbfounded, what the English and German papers were saying about invasions, and the need of increased armaments, at the very time that twenty

thousand Germans in Berlin were applauding to the echo the friendly greetings of a company of English visitors. And he will be still more nonplussed when he reads that, while ten thousand boys and girls in Tokio were singing loving greetings to our naval officers, there were men in the United States rushing from city to city urging the people to prepare for an American-Japanese war. It will seem inexplicable to our historian that when peace and arbitration and conciliation societies were multiplying in every land, and when men seemed to hate war with an abhorrence never known in any preceding era, there should be a deluge of war-talk flowing like an infernal tide across the world.

His bewilderment, however, will reach its climax when he discovers that it was after the establishment of an international court that all the nations voted to increase their armaments. Everybody conceded that it was better to settle international disputes by reason rather than by force, but as soon as the legal machinery was created, by means of which the sword could be dispensed with, there was a fresh fury to perfect at once all the instruments of destruction. After each new peace conference there was a fresh cry for more guns. Our historian will read with gladness the records of the meetings of the Hague Conference, and of the laying of the foundation of a periodic Congress of Nations, and of a permanent High Court. He will note the neutralization of Switzerland, Belgium, and Norway; the compact entered into by the countries bordering on the North Sea, to respect one another's territorial rights forever; the agreement of the same sort solemnly ratified by all the countries bordering on the Baltic; the signing of more than eighty arbitration treaties, twenty of these ratified by the United States government; the creation of an International Bureau of American Republics, embracing twenty-one nations; the establishment of a Central American High Court; the elaboration and perfection of legal instruments looking toward the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

He will note also that, while these splendid achievements of the peace-spirit were finding a habitation and a name, the nations were thrilled as never before by dismal forebodings, and the world was darkened by whispers of death and destruction. While the Palace of Peace at The Hague was building, nations hailed the advent of the airship as a glorious invention, because of the service it could render to the cause of war. This unprecedented growth of peace sentiment, accompanied by a constant increase of jealousy and suspicion, of fear and panic, among the nations of the earth, will set our historian at work to ascertain the meaning of this strange phenomenon, the most singular perhaps to be met with in the entire history of the world.

It will not take him long to discover that the fountains from which flowed these dark and swollen streams of war-rumor were all located within the military and naval encampments. It was the experts of the army and navy who were always shivering at some new peril, and painting sombre pictures of what would happen in case new regiments were not added to the army and additional battleships were not voted for the fleet. It was Lord Roberts, for instance, who discovered how easily England could be overrun by a German army; and it was General Kuropatkin who had discernment to see that the Russo-Japanese war was certain to break out again. The historian will note that the magazine essays on "Perils" were written for the most part by military experts, and that the newspaper scare-articles were the productions of young men who believed what the military experts had told them. Many naval officers, active and retired, could not make an after-dinner speech without casting over their hearers the shadow of some impending conflict.

It was in this way that legislative bodies came to think that possibly the country was really in danger; and looking

round for a ground on which to justify new expenditures for war material, they seized upon an ancient pagan maxim, — furnished by the military experts, — "If you wish peace, prepare for war." The old adage, once enthroned, worked with the energy of a god. The love of war had largely passed away. The illusion which for ages it had created in the minds of millions had lost its spell. Men had come to see that war is butchery, savagery, murder, hell. They believed in reason. Peace was seen to be the one supreme blessing for the world; but to preserve the peace it was necessary to prepare for war. This lay at the centre of the policy of the twentieth century. No guns were asked for to kill men with — guns were mounted as safeguards of the peace. No battleships were launched to fight with — they were preservers of the peace. Colossal armies and gigantic navies were exhibited as a nation's ornaments — beautiful tokens of its love of peace. And following thus the Angel of Peace, the nations increased their armaments until they spent upon them over two billions of dollars every year, and amassed national debts aggregating thirty-five billions. The expenditure crushed the poorest of the nations and crippled the richest of them, but the burden was gladly borne because it was a sacrifice for the cause of peace. It was a pathetic and thrilling testimony of the human heart's hatred of war and longing for peace, when the nations became willing to bankrupt themselves in the effort to keep from fighting.

But at this point our historian will begin to ask whether there might have been any relation between the multiplication of the instruments of slaughter and the constant rise of the tide of war-talk and war-feeling. He will probably suspect that the mere presence of the shining apparatus of death may have kindled in men's hearts feelings of jealousy and distrust, and created panics which even Hague Conferences and peaceful-minded rulers and counselors could not possibly allay. When he finds that it was only men who lived all their life with guns who were haunted by horrible visions and kept dreaming hideous dreams and that the larger the armament the more was a nation harassed by fears of invasion and possible annihilation, he will propound to himself these questions: Was it all a delusion, the notion that vast military and naval establishments are a safeguard of the peace? Was it a form of national lunacy, this frenzied outpouring of national treasure for the engines of destruction? Was it an hallucination, this feverish conviction that only by guns can a nation's dignity be symbolized, and her place in the world's life and action be honorably maintained?

These are questions which our descendants are certain to ponder, and why should not we face them now? If this preparing for war in order to keep the peace is indeed a delusion, the sooner we find it out the better, for it is the costliest of all obsessions by which humanity has ever been swayed and mastered. There are multiplying developments which are leading thoughtful observers to suspect that this pre-Christian maxim is a piece of antiquated wisdom, and that the desire to establish peace in our modern world by multiplying and brandishing the instruments of war is a product of mental aberration. Certainly there are indications pointing in this direction. The world's brain may possibly have become unbalanced by a bacillus carried in the folds of a heathen adage. The most virulent and devastating disease now raging on the earth is militarism.

The militarist of our day betrays certain symptoms with which the student of pathology is not altogether unfamiliar. There are obsessions which obtain so firm a grip upon the mind that it is difficult to banish them. For example, a man who has the impression that he is being tracked by a vindictive and relentless foe is not going to sit down and quietly listen to an argument the aim of which is to prove that no such enemy exists, and that the sounds which have caused the panic

are the footfalls of an approaching friend. The militarist will listen to no man who attempts to prove that his "perils" are creations of the brain. Indeed, he is exceedingly impatient under contradiction; and, here again, he is like all victims of hallucinations. To deny his assumptions or to question his conclusions, is to him both blasphemy and treason, a sort of profanity and imbecility worthy of contempt and scorn. He alone stands on foundations which cannot be shaken, and other men who do not possess his inside information, or technical training for dealing with such questions, are living in a fool's paradise. The ferocity with which he attacks all who dare oppose him is the fury of a man whose brain is abnormally excited.

Recklessness of consequences is a trait which physicians usually look for in certain types of mental disorder, and here again the militarist presents the symptoms of a man who is sick. What cares he for consequences? The naval experts of Germany are dragging the German Empire ever deeper into debt, unabashed by the ominous mutterings of a coming storm. The naval experts of England go right on launching Dreadnoughts, while the number of British paupers grows larger with the years, and all British problems become increasingly baffling and alarming. The naval experts of Russia plan for a new billion-dollar navy, notwithstanding Russia's national debt is four and one-quarter billion dollars, and to pay her current expenses she is compelled to borrow seventy-five million dollars every year. With millions of her people on the verge of starvation, and beggars swarming through the streets of her cities and round the stations of her railways, the naval experts go on asking new appropriations for guns.

The terror of a patient who is suffering from mental derangement is often pathetic. Surround him with granite walls, ten in number, and every wall ten feet thick, and he will still insist that he is unprotected. So it is with the militarist. No nation has ever yet voted appropriations sufficient to quiet his uneasy heart. England's formula of naval strength has for some time been: The British navy in capital ships must equal the next two strongest navies, plus ten per cent. But notwithstanding the British navy is to-day in battleships and cruisers and torpedo boats almost equal to the next three strongest navies, never has England's security been so precarious, according to her greatest military experts, as to-day. It has been discovered at the eleventh hour that her mighty navy is no safeguard at all, unless backed up by a citizen army of at least a million men. It was once the aim to protect England against *probable* combinations against her. The ambition now is to protect her against all *possible* combinations. In the words of a high authority in the British army, she must protect herself not only against the dangers she has any reason to expect, but also against those which nobody expects.

Like many another fever, militarism grows by what it feeds on, and unless checked by heroic measures is certain to burn the patient up. Men in a delirium seldom have a sense of humor. The world is fearfully grim to them, and life a solemn and tragic thing. They express absurdities with a sober face, and make ridiculous assertions without a smile. It may be that the militarists are in a sort of delirium. At any rate, they publish articles entitled, "Armies the Real Promoters of Peace," without laughing aloud at the grotesqueness of what they are doing.

The militarist is comic in his seriousness. He says that if you want to keep the peace you must prepare for war, and yet he knows that where men prepare for war by carrying bowie knives, peace is a thing unheard of, and that where every man is armed with a revolver, the list of homicides is longest. He declares his belief in kindly feelings and gentle manners, and proceeds at once to prove that a nation ought to make itself look as ferocious as possible. In order to induce nations to

be gentlemen, he would have them all imitate the habits of rowdies. To many persons this seems ludicrous, to a militarist it is no joke. He is a champion of peace, but he wants to carry a gun. The man who paces up and down my front pavement with a gun on his shoulder may have peaceful sentiments, but he does not infuse peace into me. It does not help matters for him to shout out every few minutes, "I will not hurt you if you behave yourself," for I do not know his standard of good behavior, and the very sight of the gun keeps me in a state of chronic alarm. But the militarist says that, for promoting harmonious sentiments and peaceful emotions, there is nothing equal to an abundance of well-constructed guns.

A droll man indeed is the militarist. What matters it what honeyed words the King of England and the German Kaiser interchange, so long as each nation hears constantly the launching by the other of a larger battleship? And even though Prince Bülow may say to Mr. Asquith a hundred times a week, "We mean no harm," and Mr. Asquith may shout back, "We are your friends," so long as London and Berlin are never beyond earshot of soldiers, who are practicing how to shoot to kill, just so long will England and Germany be flooded with the gossip of hatred, and thrown into hysteria by rumors of invasion and carnage.

Like many other diseases, militarism is contagious. One nation can be infected by another until there is an epidemic round the world. A parade of battleships can kindle fires in the blood of even peaceful peoples, and increase naval appropriations in a dozen lands. Is it possible, some one asks, for a world to become insane? That a community can become crazy was proved by Salem, in the days of the witchcraft delusion; that a city can lose its head was demonstrated by London, at the time of the Gunpowder Plot; that a continent can become the victim of an hallucination was shown when Europe lost its desire to live, and waited for the end of the world in the year 1000. Why should it be counted incredible that many nations, bound together by steam and electricity, should fall under the spell of a delusion, and should act for a season like a man who has gone mad? But it is not true that the world has gone mad. The masses of men are sensible; but at present the nations are in the clutches of the militarists, and no way of escape has yet been discovered. The deliverance will come as soon as men begin to think and examine the sophistries with which militarism has flooded the world.

Certain facts will surely, some day, burn themselves into the consciousness of all thinking men. The expensiveness of the armed peace is just beginning to catch the eye of legislators. The extravagance of the militarists will bring about their ruin. They cry for battleships at ten million dollars each, and Parliament or Congress votes them. But later on it is explained that battleships are worthless without cruisers, cruisers are worthless without torpedo boats, torpedo boats are worthless without torpedo-boat destroyers, all these are worthless without colliers, ammunition boats, hospital boats, repair boats; and these all together are worthless without deeper harbors, longer docks, more spacious navy yards. And what are all these worth without officers and men, upon whose education millions of dollars have been lavished? When at last the navy has been fairly launched, the officials of the army come forward and demonstrate that a navy, after all, is worthless unless it is supported by a colossal land force. Thus are the governments led on, step by step, into a treacherous morass, in which they are at first entangled, and finally overwhelmed.

All the great nations are to-day facing deficits, caused in every case by the military and naval experts. Into what a tangle the finances of Russia and Japan have been brought by militarists is known to

everybody. Germany has, in a single generation, increased her national debt from eighteen million dollars to more than one billion dollars. The German Minister of Finance looks wildly round in search of new sources of national income. Financial experts confess that France is approaching the limit of her sources of revenue. Her deficit is created by her army and navy. The British government is always seeking for new devices by means of which to fill a depleted treasury. Her Dreadnoughts keep her poor. Italy has for years staggered on the verge of bankruptcy because she carries an overgrown army on her back. Even our own rich republic faces this year a deficit of over a hundred million dollars, largely due to the one hundred and thirty millions we are spending on our navy. Mr. Cortelyou has called our attention to the fact that while in thirty years we have increased our population by 85 per cent, and our wealth by 185 per cent, we have increased our national expenses by 400 per cent.

It is within those thirty years that we have spent one billion dollars on our navy. And the end is not yet. The Secretary of the Navy has recently asked for twenty-seven new vessels for the coming year, four of which are battleships at ten million dollars each, and he is frank to say that these twenty-seven are only a fraction of the vessels to be asked for later on. We have already, built or building, thirty-one first-class battleships, our navy ranking next to Great Britain, Germany standing third, France fourth, and Japan fifth: but never has the naval lobby at Washington been so voracious and so frantic for additional safeguards of the peace as to-day.

The militarists are peace-at-any-price men. They are determined to have peace even at the risk of national bankruptcy. Everything good in Germany, Italy, Austria, England, and Russia is held back by the confiscation of the proceeds of industry carried on for the support of army and navy. In the United States the development of our resources is checked by this same fatal policy. We have millions of acres of desert land to be irrigated, millions of acres of swamp land to be drained, thousands of miles of inland waterways to be improved, harbors to be deepened, canals to be dug, and forests to be safeguarded, and yet for all these works of cardinal importance we can afford only a pittance. We have not sufficient money to pay decent salaries to our United States judges, or to the men who represent us abroad. We have pests, implacable and terrible, like the gypsy moth, and plagues like tuberculosis, for whose extermination millions of money are needed at once.

On every hand we are hampered and handicapped, because we are spending two-thirds of our enormous revenues on pensions for past wars, and on equipment for wars yet to come. The militarists begrudge every dollar that does not go into army or navy. They believe that all works of internal improvement ought to be paid for by the selling of bonds, even the purchase of sites for new post-offices being made possible by mortgaging the future. They never weary of talking of our enormous national wealth, and laugh at the niggardly mortals who do not believe in investing it in guns. Why should we not spend as great a proportion of our wealth on military equipment as the other nations of the world? This is their question, and the merchants and farmers will answer it some day.

This delusion threatens to become as mischievous as it is expensive. Every increase in the American navy strengthens the militarists in London, Berlin, and Tokio. The difficulty of finding a reason for an American navy increases the mischief. There is a reason why Japan has a navy, for she was driven to it by Russia. There is an excuse for Germany encasing herself in armor, for she has done things which awaken fears of retribution. One can find justification for England covering the ocean with her guns, for her policy

has been domineering and exasperating, and being an island kingdom she might be starved to death if she did not have command of the sea. But why should the United States have a colossal navy? No one outside the militarists can answer. Because there is no ascertainable reason for this un-American policy, the other American countries are becoming frightened. Brazil has just laid down an extravagant naval programme, for the proud Republic of the South cannot consent to lie at the mercy of the haughty Republic of the North. The new departure of Brazil has bewitched Argentina from the vision which came to her before the statue of Christ, which she erected high up amid the Andes, and has fired her with a desire to rival in her battleships her ambitious military neighbor. We first of all have established militarism in the Western world, and are by our example dragging weaker nations into foolish and suicidal courses, checking indefinitely the development of two continents.

Our influence goes still further. It sets Australia blazing, and shoves Japan into policies which she cannot afford. But we cannot harm foreign nations without working lasting injury on ourselves. The very battleships which recently kindled the enthusiasm of children in South America, Australia, and Japan, also stirred the hearts of American boys and girls along our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, strengthening in them impulses and ideals of an Old World which struggled and suffered before Jesus came. It is children who receive the deepest impressions from pageants and celebrations; and who can measure the damage wrought upon the world by the parade of American battleships? Children cannot look upon symbols of brute force, extolled and exalted by their elders, without getting the impression that a nation's power is measured by the calibre of its guns, and that its influence is determined by the explosive force of its shells. A fleet of battleships gives a wrong impression of what America is, and conceals the secret which has made America great. Children do not know that we became a great world-power without the assistance of either army or navy, building ourselves up on everlasting principles by means of our schools and our churches. The down-pulling force of our naval pageant was not needed in a world already dragged down to low levels by the example of ancient nations, entangled by degrading traditions from which they are struggling to escape. The notion that this exhibition of battleships has added to our prestige among men whose opinion is worthy of consideration, or has made the world love us better, is only another feature of the militarist delusion.

There are delusions which are fatal, and this may be one of them. The most important drama to be acted within the next five hundred years will be played around the Pacific. In this drama our republic is destined to take an important part. At present we are the most influential nation bordering on its waters. It is for us chiefly to determine what the future shall be. We can make the Pacific what it is in name, a peaceful sea. Both the Japanese and the Chinese are peace-loving peoples. They will not fight unless driven to it. They need all their money for schools and internal improvements. We can make treaties with both countries which will render war an impossibility. The Philippines can be neutralized as Switzerland has been neutralized, so that they shall be safe without the protection of a single gun. Why not do this? We cannot flourish a deadly bludgeon without Japan doing the same. What Japan does, China must do also. She is already adding yearly twenty-five thousand soldiers to her army, and by and by she will build a fleet which will rival those of the United States and Japan combined. An empire of four hundred million people will not lie supine indefinitely, allowing armed nations to trample upon her at their own sweet pleasure. Our present policy will compel China to build battleships, and into these ships will go the

bread of millions of Chinamen, and the education of tens of millions of Chinese boys and girls. And then what? One never knows what a peaceable nation may do when once the slumbering devils of the heart are stirred to action by the sight of guns and the thought of blood. China has suffered grievous wrongs. She, like other nations, may find that revenge is sweet.

Militarists assure us that some day a clash between the white and yellow races is inevitable. They say, "Whet your swords, multiply your battleships, prepare your shells, get ready for the fateful hour." The militarists have good reason to be frightened if America must meet the Orient on the battlefield. Gunpowder and lyddite obliterate social and racial distinctions, and put men on an equal footing. The Chinese coolie can, after a little practice, shoot a gun as accurately as can the graduate from Yale or Harvard. The follower of Confucius is the peer of the follower of Jesus when both men are armed with rifles. In the realm of force intellectual distinctions count for little, and spiritual attainments are less than nothing. If the Christian West consents to fight the Pagan East with swords and guns, she abdicates the advantage which she has won by the struggle of a thousand years, and comes down to fight upon the same level on which men stood in the days of Cæsar. Array a thousand Christian boys against a thousand Confucian boys, give the order, "Fire!" and when the smoke has cleared away you will find among the dead as many Christian boys as boys whose skin is yellow. In the realm of carnage, victory goes to superior numbers, and not to character and culture. We have the culture, China has the numbers, but numbers outweigh the virtues and graces of a Christian heart.

The yellow peril is indeed portentous if we propose to meet China on the battlefield. Why not make such a meeting an impossibility? Why not do for the Pacific what our fathers did for the Canadian border? They prepared for peace and got it. Why not spend millions of dollars in cementing the friendship of Orient and Occident, and work without ceasing to keep the temper of the two worlds fraternal and sweet? Instead of sending on battleships, at an enormous cost, a few thousand young men who represent neither the brain nor the culture of our country, why not send to China and Japan at governmental expense delegations of teachers and publicists, editors and bankers, farmers and lawyers, physicians and labor leaders, men who can give the Orient an idea what sort of people we are? We can send a thousand such representatives across the Pacific every year for the next hundred years for less money than we are spending this year on our navy. No such blundering and extravagant method of exchanging international courtesies has ever been devised as that of sending to foreign capitals naval officers and sailors on battleships and cruisers.

Countries never fight whose influential citizens know one another. Why not get acquainted with our Eastern neighbors? In the arts of peace we are their superior. In the art of war China can become our equal in a single generation, just as Japan in one generation has risen to the military level of Russia. Military virtues are simple, and can be rapidly developed. They run through the stages of their evolution swiftly and come to perfection early. The virtues of a Christlike spirit are the beautiful growths of a thousand years, and we are insane if we are willing to jeopardize what we have gained by infinite sacrifice and effort, by entering a field upon which victory depends upon neither beauty of spirit nor nobility of heart, but upon the shrewd manipulation of physical forces. The thing we ought to say to the Orient again and again, both by word and by deed, is, "We believe in peace! We abhor war! It is contrary to our nature, opposed by our religion, hostile to our ideals and traditions. We do not believe in settling disputes by force. We believe in reason.

See our hands, we carry no bludgeons. Search us, we own no concealed weapons. Trust us, for we are going to trust you. Let us work together for our mutual advantage, and the progress of humanity! "

But, delusion or not, can one nation hold aloof from this dance of death so long as other nations keep on dancing? Of course, America will limit her armament provided other nations do the same. But — we are asked — is it wise or safe for our republic, isolated and alone, to say boldly, " We will go no further in this business. Let other nations do what they will, America at any rate is going to pour her gold hereafter into the channels of education and economic development." Why not say this? To be sure it would be a risk, but why not run the risk? We are incurring far greater risks by our present policy. We are running the risk of changing the temper of our people, introducing structural changes in our form of government, and embroiling ourselves with nations which are now friendly. Preparing for war is hazardous business. It is not time, we all admit, for disarmament. America must do her part in the policing of the seas. It is not the hour to discuss even a reduction in armaments. Our battleships are not going to be sold at auction. We all agree that America must have a navy adequate to her needs. But has not the time arrived to call a halt in this indefinite expansion of an ever bigger navy? The militarists are just now asking Congress for 26,000-ton battleships carrying 14-inch guns, and a high naval authority says that the advisability of building even 40,000 or 50,000 or 60,000-ton battleships is " the mature opinion of many of the ablest and most conservative officers of our navy to-day." What the radicals want is not yet disclosed.

Much has been written about the horrors of war; the time has come to write of the horrors of an armed peace. In many ways it is more terrible than war. War is soon over, and the wounds heal. An armed peace goes on indefinitely, and its wounds gape and fester and poison all the air. War furnishes opportunity for men to be brave; an armed peace gives rise to interminable gossip about imaginary goblins and dangers. In war, nations think of principles, but in an armed peace the mind is preoccupied exclusively with devising ways of increasing the efficiency of the implements of slaughter. War develops men, but an armed peace rots moral fibre.

It is possible to buy peace at too high a price. Better fight and get done with it than keep nations incessantly thinking evil thoughts about their neighbors. Playing with battleships is a sorry business. The magnetic needle, disturbed by metal, loses its fidelity to the north, and the ship may go to pieces on the rocks. The heart of a nation, pressed close to steel armor, becomes abnormal in its action. Battleships blind the eyes to ideals which are highest. They draw the heart away from belief in the potency of spiritual forces. They quench faith in the power of justice, mercy, love. They minister to the atheism of force. They blur the fact that America became a world-power without a navy. They educate men to put reliance on reeds, which will break when the crisis comes. They fan the flames of vanity and self-seeking. They are deceivers. They seem to be the dominating forces of history, when in fact they are bubbles blown on a current which they did nothing to create. They delude men by inducing them to accept them as solutions of problems, whereas they create problems more serious than any already on hand. They strain international relations and fill the papers with gossip, debilitating to adults and demoralizing to the young. They feed the maw of panic-mongers, and darken the heavens with swarms of falsehoods and rumors.

Militarism has foisted upon the world a policy which handicaps the work of the church, cripples the hand of philanthropy, blocks the wheels of constructive legislation, cuts the nerve of reform, blinds statesmen to dangers which

are imminent and portentous, such as poverty and all the horde of evils which come from insufficient nutrition, and fixes the eyes upon perils which are fanciful and far away. It multiplies the seeds of discord, debilitates the mind by filling it with vain imaginations, corrodes the heart by feelings of suspicion and ill-will. It is starving and stunting the lives of millions, and subjecting the very frame of society to a strain which it cannot indefinitely endure. A nation which buys guns at seventy thousand dollars each, when the slums of great cities are rotting, and millions of human beings struggle for bread, will, unless it repents, be overtaken soon or late by the same divine wrath which shattered Babylon to pieces, and hurled Rome from a throne which was supposed to be eternal.

The world is bewildered and plagued, harassed and tormented, by an awful delusion. Who will break the spell? America can do it. Will she? To ape the customs of European monarchies is weakness. Why not do a fine and original thing? Our fathers had an intuition that the New World should be different from the Old, that it had a unique destiny, and that it must pursue an original course. That is the spiritual meaning of the Monroe doctrine, — that no foreign influence shall be permitted to thwart the development of America along original lines. Alas, the Old World has broken into our Paradise, and we are dethroning ideals for which our fathers were willing to die.

> "Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than war,"

said Milton to Cromwell long ago, and humanity is waiting for a nation which will win the victories that Milton saw. Will America devote herself to the work of winning these victories of peace? Will she spend half as much the next ten years in preparing for peace, as she has spent the last ten years in preparing for war? Experience has demonstrated that swollen navies multiply the points of friction, foster distrust, foment suspicion, fan the fires of hatred, become a defiance and a menace, and lie like a towering obstacle across the path of nations toilsomely struggling along the upward way. The old policy is wrong. The old leaders are discredited. The old programme is obsolete. Those who wish for peace must prepare for it. Our supreme business is not the scaring of rivals, but the making of friends.

Will America become a leader? At present we are an imitator. How humiliating to tag at the heels of Great Britain in the naval procession, haunted always by the fear that we may fall behind Germany! Why not choose a road on which it will be possible to be first? Why not head the procession of nations whose faces are toward the light? This is America's opportunity. Will she, by setting a daring example, arrest the growth of armaments throughout the world? The nation which does this is certain of an imperishable renown.

THE HEART OF THE RACE PROBLEM

BY QUINCY EWING

"And, instead of going to the Congress of the United States and saying there is no distinction made in Mississippi, because of color or previous condition of servitude, tell the truth, and say this: 'We tried for many years to live in Mississippi, and share sovereignty and dominion with the Negro, and we saw our institutions crumbling. . . . We rose in the majesty and highest type of Anglo-Saxon manhood, and took the reins of government out of the hands of the carpet-bagger and the Negro, and, so help us God, from now on we will never share any sovereignty or dominion with him again.'" — Governor JAMES K. VARDAMAN, Mississippi, 1904.

DURING the past decade, newspaper and magazine articles galore, and not a few books, have been written on what is called the "Race Problem," the problem caused by the presence in this country of some ten millions of black and variously-shaded colored people known as Negroes. But, strange as it may sound, the writer has no hesitation in saying that at this date there appears to be no clear conception anywhere, on the part of most people, as to just what the essential problem is which confronts the white inhabitants of the country because they have for fellow-citizens (nominally) ten million Negroes. Ask the average man, ask even the average editor or professor anywhere, what the race problem is, the heart of it; why, in this land with its millions of foreigners of all nationalities, *the* race problem of problems should be caused by ten million Negroes, not foreigners but native to the soil through several generations; and in all probability you will get some such answer as this: —

"The Negroes, as a rule, are very ignorant, are very lazy, are very brutal, are very criminal. But a little way removed from savagery, they are incapable of adopting the white man's moral code, of assimilating the white man's moral sentiments, of striving toward the white man's moral ideals. They are creatures of brutal, untamed instincts, and uncontrolled feral passions, which give frequent expression of themselves in crimes of horrible ferocity. They are, in brief, an uncivilized, semi-savage people, living in a civilization to which they are unequal, partaking to a limited degree of its benefits, performing in no degree its duties. Because they are spatially in a civilization to which they are morally and intellectually repugnant, they cannot but be as a foreign irritant to the body social. The problem is, How shall the body social adjust itself, daily, hourly, to this irritant; how feel at ease and safe in spite of it? How shall the white inhabitants of the land, with their centuries of inherited superiority, conserve their civilization and carry it forward to a yet higher plane, hampered by ten million black inhabitants of the same land with their centuries of inherited inferiority?"

To the foregoing answer, this might now and again be added, or advanced independently in reply to our question: "Personal aversion on the part of the white person for the Negro; personal aversion accounted for by nothing the individual Negro is, or is not, intellectually and morally; accounted for by the fact, simply, that he is a Negro, that he has a black or colored skin, that he is different, of another kind."

Now, certainly, there are very few average men or philosophers, to whom the answer given to our question would not seem to state, or at any rate fairly indicate, the race problem in its essence. But, however few they be, I do not hesitate to align myself with them as one who does not believe that the essential race pro-

blem as it exists in the South (whatever it be in the North) is stated, or even fairly indicated, in the foregoing answer. In Northern and Western communities, where he is outnumbered by many thousands of white people, the Negro may be accounted a problem, because he is lazy, or ignorant, or brutal, or criminal, or all these things together; or because he is black and different. But in Southern communities, where the Negro is not outnumbered by many thousands of white people, the race problem, essentially, and in its most acute form, is something distinct from his laziness or ignorance, or brutality, or criminality, or all-round intellectual and moral inferiority to the white man. That problem as the South knows and deals with it would exist, as certainly as it does to-day, if there were no shadow of excuse for the conviction that the Negro is more lazy, or more ignorant, or more criminal, or more brutal, or more anything else he ought not to be, or less anything else he ought to be, than other men. In other words, let it be supposed that the average Negro is as a matter of fact the equal, morally and intellectually, of the average white man of the same class, and the race problem declines to vanish, declines to budge. We shall see why, presently. The statements just made demand immediate justification. For they are doubtless surprising to a degree, and to some readers may prove startling.

I proceed to justify them as briefly as possible, asking the reader to bear in mind that very much more might be said along this line than I allow myself space to say.

I

That the Negro is not a problem because he is lazy, because he declines to work, is evidenced by the patent fact that in virtually every Southern community he is sought as a laborer in fields, mills, mines, and that in very many Southern communities the vexing problem for employers is not too many, but too few Negroes. In certain agricultural sections, notably in the Louisiana sugar district, quite a number of Italians ("Dagoes") are employed. The reason is not dissatisfaction with Negro labor, but simply that there is not enough of it to meet the requirements of the large plantations. There is, perhaps, not one of these plantations on which any able-bodied Negro could not get employment for the asking; and as a rule, the Negroes are given, not the work which demands the lowest, but that which demands the highest, efficiency: they are the ploughmen, the teamsters, the foremen. If any one doubts that Negroes are wanted as laborers in Southern communities, very much wanted, let him go to any such community and attempt to inveigle a few dozen of the laziest away. He will be likely to take his life in his hands, after the usual warning is disregarded!

II

The small politician's trump-card, played early and late, and in all seasons, that the Negro is a black shadow over the Southland because of his excessive criminality, serves well the politician's purpose,—it wins his game; but only because the game is played and won on a board where fictions, not facts, are dominant. Nothing is easier than to offer so-called proofs of the contention that the Negro's tendency to crime is something peculiar to his race; there are the jail and penitentiary and gallows statistics, for instance. But surely it should not be difficult for these so-called proofs to present themselves in their true light to any one who takes the trouble to consider two weighty and conspicuous facts: this, first, that the Negroes occupy everywhere in this country the lowest social and industrial plane, the plane which everywhere else supplies the jail, the penitentiary, the gallows, with the greatest number of their victims; and secondly this, that in the section of the country where these penal statistics are gathered, all the machinery

of justice is in the hands of white men.

No Negro is a sheriff, or judge, or justice of the peace, or grand or petit juryman, or member of a pardoning board. Charged with crime, again and again, the black man must go to jail; he is unable to give bond; he is defended, not by the ablest, but by the poorest lawyers, often by an unwilling appointee of the court; he lacks the benefit of that personal appeal to judge and jury, so often enjoyed by other defendants, which would make them *want* to believe him innocent until proven guilty; he faces, on the contrary, a judge and jury who hold him in some measure of contempt as a man, regardless of his guilt or innocence. He is without means, except occasionally, to fight his case through appeals to higher courts, and errors sleep in many a record that on review would upset the verdict. In the light of such considerations, it would seem impossible that criminal statistics should not bear hard upon the Negro race, even supposing it to be a fact that that race of all races in the world is the *least* criminal.

Let it be admitted without question that in most Southern communities the crimes and misdemeanors of the Negroes exceed those committed by an equal number of white people, and we have admitted nothing that at all explains or accounts for the race problem. For is it not equally true that in every other community the doers of society's rough work, the recipients of its meagrest rewards, are chargeable, relatively, with the greatest number of crimes and misdemeanors? Is it not true, as well in Massachusetts and Connecticut as in Louisiana and Mississippi, that the vast majority of those occupying prison cells are members of the social lowest class? that the vast majority condemned, after trial, to hard labor with their hands were accustomed to such labor before their judicial condemnation? Nothing is more preposterous than the idea that the race problem means more Negroes hanged, more Negroes imprisoned, more Negroes in mines and chain-gangs, than white people! If the Negro did not furnish the great bulk of the grist for the grinding of our penal machinery in the Southern states, he would constitute the racial miracle of this and all ages!

My own conviction is, and I speak with the experience of forty years' residence in Southern states, that the Negro is not more given to crimes and misdemeanors than the laboring population of any other section of the country. But be this as it may, it is abundantly certain that no race of people anywhere are more easily controlled than the Negroes by the guardians of law and order; and there are none anywhere so easily punished for disobedience to the statutes and mandates of their economic superiors. Courts and juries may be sometimes subject to just criticism for undue leniency toward white defendants; but that courts and juries are ever subject to just criticism for undue leniency in dealing with black defendants is the sheerest nonsense.

The frequent charge that the Negro's worst crimes partake of a brutality that is peculiarly racial, is not supported by facts. I need not enlarge upon this statement further than to say that the Negro's worst crimes, with all their shocking accompaniments, are, not seldom, but often, duplicated by white men. Let any one who doubts the statement observe for one week the criminal statistics of any cosmopolitan newspaper, and he will have his doubt removed.

Assuredly we do not hit upon the essence of the race problem in the Negro's propensity to crime!

III

Do we hit upon it in his ignorance, in the fact that an immense number of the black people are illiterate, not knowing the first from the last letter of the alphabet? Hardly. For, almost to a man, the people who most parade and most rail at the race problem in private conversation, on the political platform, and in the pages of newspapers, books, and periodicals,

are disposed rather to lament, than to assist, the passing of the Negro's ignorance. Ex-Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, used the following language in a message to the legislature of that state, January, 1906:—

"The startling facts revealed by the census show that those [Negroes] who can read and write are more criminal than the illiterate, which is true of no other element of our population. . . . The state for many years, at great expense to the tax-payers, has maintained a system of Negro education which has produced disappointing results, and I am opposed to the perpetuation of this system. My own idea is, that the character of education for the Negro ought to be changed. If, after forty years of earnest effort, and the expenditure of fabulous sums to educate his head, we have only succeeded in making a criminal of him and impairing his usefulness and efficiency as a laborer, wisdom would suggest that we make another experiment and see if we cannot improve him by educating his hand and his heart. . . . Slavery is the only process by which he has ever been partially civilized. God Almighty created the Negro for a menial, he is essentially a servant."

This is the reply of an ex-governor of one of our blackest states to those who contend that the Negro is a problem, a "burden carried by the white people of the South," because of his ignorance and consequent inefficiency; and that the lightening of the burden depends upon more money spent, more earnest efforts made, for the schooling of the black people. According to this ex-governor, and there are thousands who agree with him in and out of Mississippi, the race problem is heightened, rather than mitigated, by all attempts to increase the Negro's intellectual efficiency. The more ignorant he is, the less burdensome he is to the white man, provided his heart be good, and his hands skillful enough to do the service of a menial. Nothing but slavery ever partially civilized him, nothing but slavery continued in some form can civilize him further!

IV

If we listen vainly for the heart-throb of the race problem in the Negro's laziness, and criminality, and brutality, and ignorance, and inefficiency, do we detect it with clearness and certainty in the personal aversion felt by the white people for the black people, aversion which the white people can no more help feeling than the black people can help exciting? Is this the real trouble, the real burden, the real tragedy and sorrow of our white population in those sections of the country where the Negroes are many, — that they are compelled to dwell face to face, day by day, with an inferior, degraded population, repulsive to their finer sensibilities, obnoxious to them in countless ways inexplicable? Facts are far from furnishing an affirmative answer. However pronounced may be the feeling of personal aversion toward the Negroes in Northern communities, where they are few, or known at long range, or casually, there is no such thing in Southern communities as personal aversion for the Negro pronounced enough to be responsible for anything resembling a problem. How could there be in the South, where from infancy we have all been as familiar with black faces as with white; where many of us fell asleep in the laps of black mammies, and had for playmates Ephrom, Izik, Zeke, black mammy's grandchildren; where most of us have had our meals prepared by black cooks, and been waited on by black house-servants and dining-room servants, and ridden in carriages and buggies with black hostlers? We are so used to the black people in the South, their mere personal presence is so far from being responsible for our race problem, that the South would not seem Southern without them, as it would not without its crape myrtles, and live-oaks, and magnolias, its cotton and its sugar cane!

It is very easy to go astray in regard to the matter of personal aversion toward the members of alien races, to magnify greatly the reality and importance of it. What seems race-aversion is frequently something else, namely, revulsion aroused by the presence of the strange, the unusual, the uncanny, the not-understood. Such revulsion is aroused, not only by the members of alien races, alien and unfamiliar, but as certainly by strange animals of not more terrifying appearance than the well-loved cow and horse; and it would be aroused as really and as painfully, doubtless, by the sudden proximity of one of Milton's archangels. It was not necessarily race-aversion which made Emerson, and may have made many another Concord philosopher, uncomfortable in the presence of a Negro, any more than it is race-aversion which makes the Fifth Avenue boy run from the gentle farmyard cow; any more than it is race-aversion which would make me uncomfortable in the presence of Li Hung Chang. The Negro, simply, it may be, was a mystery to Emerson, as the farmyard cow is a mystery to the Fifth Avenue boy, as the Chinaman is a mystery to me.

The Negro is *not* a mystery to people whom he has nursed and waited on, whose language he has spoken, whose ways, good and bad, he has copied for generations; and his personal presence does not render them uncomfortable, not, at any rate, uncomfortable enough to beget the sense of a burden or a problem.

It may be very difficult for Northern readers, to whom the Negro is in reality a stranger, a foreigner, to appreciate fully the force of what has just been said; but appreciated by them it must be, or they can never hope to realize the innermost meaning of the race problem in the South.

So much for what the race problem is not. Let me without further delay state what it is. The foundation of it, true or false, is the white man's conviction, that the Negro as a race, and as an individual, is his inferior: not human in the sense that he is human, not entitled to the exercise of human rights in the sense that he is entitled to the exercise of them. The problem itself, the essence of it, the heart of it, is the white man's determination to make good this conviction, coupled with constant anxiety lest, by some means, he should fail to make it good. The race problem, in other words, is *not* that the Negro is what he is in relation to the white man, the white man's inferior; but this, rather: How to keep him what he is in relation to the white man; how to prevent his ever achieving or becoming that which would justify the belief on his part, or on the part of other people, that he and the white man stand on common human ground.

That such is the heart of the problem should be made evident by this general consideration alone: namely, that everywhere in the South friction between the races is entirely absent so long as the Negro justifies the white man's opinion of him as an inferior; is grateful for privileges and lays no claim to *rights*. Let him seem content to be as the South insists he shall be, and not only is he not harshly treated, not abused, and never boycotted, but he is shown much kindness and generosity, and employment awaits him for the asking. Trouble brews when he begins to manifest those qualities, to reveal those tastes, to give vent to those ambitions, which are supposed to be characteristic exclusively of the higher human type, and which, unless restrained, would result in confounding the lower with the higher. The expression "Good Nigger" means everywhere in the South a real Negro, from the Southern standpoint, one who in no respect gets out of focus with that standpoint; the expression "Bad Nigger" means universally one who in some respect, not necessarily criminal, does get out of focus with it. So, stated differently, the race problem is the problem how to keep the Negro in focus with the traditional standpoint.

But we are very far from needing to rely

upon any general consideration in support of the proposition advanced above. It is supported by evidences on every hand, waiting only the eye of recognition. Scarcely a day passes but something is said or done with this end in view, to emphasize, lest they forget, the conviction for both white man and Negro that the latter is and must remain an inferior. Let me instance a few such evidences.

Consider, first, the " Jim Crow " legislation in the manner of its enforcement. Such legislation is supposed to have for its object the separation of the races in trains, street-cars, etc., to save the white people from occasional contact with drunken, rowdy, ill-smelling Negroes, and to prevent personal encounters between the whites and blacks. How is this object attained in the street cars of Southern cities? Members of the different races occupy the same cars, separated only by absurdly inadequate little open-mesh wire screens, so tiny and light that a conductor can move them from one seat to another with the strength of his little finger. Needless to add, these screens would serve to obscure neither sound, sight, nor smell of drunken rowdies who sat behind them! In summer cars black and white passengers may be separated not even by a make-believe screen; they are simply required, respectively, to occupy certain seats in the front or the back end of the cars.

In Birmingham, Alabama, the front seats are assigned to Negroes in all closed cars, and the back seats in all open ones. Why the front seats in the one case, and the back seats in the other, it is not easy to understand in the light of the letter and alleged spirit of the Jim Crow law! The underlying purpose of the law is clearly not the separation of the races in space; for public sentiment does not insist upon its fulfillment to that end. The underlying purpose of it would seem to be the separation of the races in status. The doctrine of inequality would be attacked if white and black passengers rode in public conveyances on equal terms; therefore the Negro who rides in a public conveyance must do so, not as of undoubted right, but as with the white man's permission, subject to the white man's regulation. " *This place you may occupy, that other you may not, because I am I and you are you, lest to you or me it should be obscured that I am I and you are you.*" Such is the real spirit of the Jim Crow laws.

Why is it that in every Southern city no Negro is allowed to witness a dramatic performance, or a baseball game, from a first-class seat? In every large city, there are hundreds of Negroes who would gladly pay for first-class seats at the theatre and the baseball game, were they permitted to. It can hardly be that permission is withheld because theatres and baseball games are so well attended by half the population that first-class seats could not be furnished for the other half. As a matter of fact, theatre-auditoriums and baseball grand-stands are seldom crowded; the rule is, not all first-class seats occupied, but many vacant. Surely as simple as moving from seat to seat a makeshift screen in a street-car, would it be to set apart a certain number of seats in the dress-circle of every theatre, and in the grand-stand of every baseball park, for Negro patrons. The reason why this is not done is perfectly obvious: it would be intolerable to the average Southern man or woman to sit through the hours of a theatrical performance or a baseball game on terms of equal accommodation with Negroes, even with a screen between. Negroes would look out of place, out of status, in the dress circle or the grand-stand; their place, signifying their status, is the peanut-gallery, or the bleachers. There, neither they nor others will be tempted to forget that as things are they must continue.

How shall we account for the " intense feeling " (to quote the language of the mayor of New Orleans) occasioned in that city one day, last July, when it was flashed over the wires that the first prize in the National Spelling Contest had been

won by a Negro girl, in competition with white children from New Orleans and other Southern cities? The indignation of at least one of the leading New Orleans papers verged upon hysterics; the editor's rhetoric visited upon some foulest crime could hardly have been more inflamed than in denunciation of the fact that, on the far-away shore of Lake Erie, New Orleans white children had competed at a spelling bee with a Negro girl. The superintendent of the New Orleans schools was roundly denounced in many quarters for permitting his wards to compete with a Negro; and there were broad hints in "Letters from the People" to the papers that his resignation was in order.

Certainly in the days following the National Spelling Contest the race problem was in evidence, if it ever was, in New Orleans and the South! Did it show itself, then, as the problem of Negro crime, or brutality, or laziness? Assuredly not! Of the Negro's personal repulsiveness? By no means! There was no evidence of Negro criminality, or brutality, or laziness in the Negro child's victory; and every day in the South, in their games and otherwise, hundreds of white children of the best families are in closer personal contact with little Negroes than were the white children who took part in the Cleveland spelling bee. The "intense feeling" can be explained on one ground only: the Negro girl's victory was an affront to the tradition of the Negro's inferiority; it suggested — perhaps indicated — that, given equal opportunities, all Negroes are not necessarily the intellectual inferiors of all white people. What other explanation is rationally conceivable? If the race problem means in the South to its white inhabitants the burden and tragedy of having to dwell face to face with an intellectually and morally backward people, why should not the Negro girl's triumph have occasioned intense feeling of pleasure, rather than displeasure, by its suggestion that her race is not intellectually hopeless?

Consider further that, while no Negro, no matter what his occupation, or personal refinement, or intellectual culture, or moral character, is allowed to travel in a Pullman car between state lines, or to enter as a guest a hotel patronized by white people, the blackest of Negro nurses and valets are given food and shelter in all first-class hotels, and occasion neither disgust nor surprise in the Pullman cars. Here again the heart of the race problem is laid bare. The black nurse with a white baby in her arms, the black valet looking after the comfort of a white invalid, have the label of their inferiority conspicuously upon them; they understand themselves, and everybody understands them, to be servants, enjoying certain privileges for the sake of the person served. Almost anything, the Negro may do in the South, and anywhere he may go, provided the manner of his doing and his going is that of an inferior. Such is the premium put upon his inferiority; such his inducement to maintain it.

The point here insisted on may be made clearer, if already it is not clear enough, by this consideration, that the man who would lose social caste for dining with an Irish street-sweeper might be congratulated for dining with an Irish educator; but President Roosevelt would scarcely have given greater offense by entertaining a Negro laborer at the White House than he gave by inviting to lunch there the Principal of Tuskegee Institute. The race problem being what it is, the status of any Negro is logically the status of every other. There are recognizable degrees of inferiority among Negroes themselves; some are vastly superior to others. But there is only one degree of inferiority separating the Negro from the white person, attached to all Negroes alike. The logic of the situation requires that to be any sort of black man is to be inferior to any sort of white man; and from this logic there is no departure in the South.

Inconsistent, perhaps, with what has been said may seem the defeat in the Louisiana Legislature (1908) of the anti-miscegenation bill, a measure designed

to prohibit sexual cohabitation between white persons and Negroes; to be specific, between white men and Negro women. But there was no inconsistency whatever in the defeat of that bill. In all times and places, the status of that portion of the female population, Lecky's martyred "priestesses of humanity," whose existence men have demanded for the gratification of unlawful passion, has been that of social outcasts. They have no rights that they can insist upon; they are simply privileged to exist by society's permission, and may be any moment legislated out of their vocation. Hence the defeat of an anti-miscegenation measure by Southern legislators cannot be construed as a failure on their part to live up to their conviction of race-superiority. It must be construed, rather, as legislative unwillingness to restrict the white man's liberty: to dictate by statute the kind of social outcast which he may use as a mere means to the gratification of his passion. To concede to Negro women the status of a degraded and proscribed class, is not in any sense to overlook or obscure their racial inferiority, but on the contrary, it may be, to emphasize it. Precisely the same principle, in a word, compasses the defeat of an anti-miscegenation bill which would compass the defeat of a measure to prohibit Negro servants from occupying seats in Pullman cars.

At the risk of reiteration, I must in concluding this article take sharp issue with the view of a recent very able writer, who asks the question, "What, essentially, is the Race Problem?" and answers it thus: "The race problem is the problem of living with human beings who are not like us, whether they are in our estimation our 'superiors' or inferiors, whether they have kinky hair or pigtails, whether they are slant-eyed, hook-nosed, or thick-lipped. In its essence, it is the same problem, magnified, which besets every neighborhood, even every family."

I have contended so far, and I here repeat, that the race problem is essentially *not* what this writer declares it to be. It is emphatically not, in the South, "the problem of living with human beings who are not like us, whether they are in our estimation our superiors or inferiors." It may be, it probably is, that in the North, where the Negro is largely a stranger, a foreigner, very much to the same degree that the Chinese are strangers and foreigners in the South; and where, consequently, the Negro's personal repulsiveness is a much more significant force than it is in the South. Assuredly there would be no race problem anywhere, were there no contact with others unlike ourselves! The unlikeness of the unlike is everywhere its indispensable foundation. But we get nowhither unless we carefully distinguish between the foundation of the problem and the problem itself. There is nothing in the unlikeness of the unlike that is necessarily problematical; it may be simply accepted and dealt with as a fact, like any other fact. The problem arises only when the people of one race are minded to adopt and act upon some policy more or less oppressive or repressive in dealing with the people of another race. In the absence of some such policy, there has never been a race problem since the world began. It is the existence of such a policy become traditional, and supported by immovable conviction, which constitutes the race problem of the Southern states.

There was an immensely tragic race problem distressing the South fifty years ago; but who will suggest that it was the problem of "living with human beings who are not like us?" The problem then was, clearly, how to make good a certain conviction concerning the unlike, how to maintain a certain policy in dealing with them. What else is it today? The problem, How to maintain the institution of chattel slavery, ceased to be at Appomattox; the problem, How to maintain the social, industrial, and civic inferiority of the descendants of chattel slaves, succeeded it, and is the race problem of the South at the present time. There is no other.

Whether the policy adopted by the white South, and supported, as I have said, by immovable conviction, is expedient or inexpedient, wise or unwise, righteous or unrighteous, these are questions which I have not sought to answer one way or another in this article. Perhaps they cannot be answered at all in our time. Certain is it, that their only real and satisfactory answer will be many years ahead of the present generation.

In the mean time, nothing could be more unwarranted than to suppose that the race problem of one section of this country is peculiar to that section, because its white inhabitants are themselves in some sense peculiar; because they are peculiarly prejudiced, because they are peculiarly behind the hour which the high clock of civilization has struck. Remove the white inhabitants of the South, give their place to the white people of any other section of the United States, and, beyond a peradventure, the Southern race problem, as I have defined it, would continue to be — revealed, perhaps, in ways more perplexing, more intense and tragic.

ON THE WATER FRONT

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

THE sails of the scallop fleet across the harbor gleamed white against the Monomoy shore, honest dories bobbed at the moorings in place of the summer pleasure-boats, and the old wharf stretched its gray length comfortably in the October sun, free at last from alien feet. Obed, a fisherman, was carrying salted cod out of his little fish-house, and spreading it in the sun to dry, and as he worked, he sang snatches of songs he had heard the summer people sing when he sailed them in his boat. There is always plenty of time on an island, and he worked slowly, spreading his cod with an absent hand. It had only one-third of his mind, though it should have had it all, being good cod, freshly caught, and well salted; of the remaining two-thirds one had to do with his newly painted dory, the other lingered on the eyes of a girl.

He was a handsome fellow, slim and strong in his blue sweater and high fisherman's boots; the old men on a bench, who grow on the ends of old wharves, watched him at his work, and compared him with his remote ancestors, and summed up his probable chances in life for better or worse. The Island does not recognize development or change, and believes that no man can escape his grandfather's weaknesses; soon or late he must succumb; there is plenty of time on an island to wait for hidden things to come to light, foibles, follies, and sins. Such things will sleep in a corner for years until their time arrives, while virtues have a way of going off in a huff, if they are kept waiting for a moment.

Obed had finished his cod; he stood looking at his dory, green and white, in broad longitudinal bands, as is the fashion for dories. He had painted her, himself, with leisurely care, thinking between strokes of the girl who had said she liked green-and-white boats. Obed, lounging at the wheel, had looked at her the length of the boat away, and their eyes had met.

One of the scalloping boats had come in close by.

"Did n't get out to-day, Obed," said one of the men.

"I was so drove with them cod," Obed explained.

"That's right," said the other sym-

pathetically. "Don't do to hurry cod — spiles 'em!"

The old men on the bench looked out to sea; Obed was pulling out into the harbor, with short, quick strokes. In the stern of the dory sat a girl, a thread of a girl; all eyes she looked. Obed had wrapped his coat about her knees to shield her from the October wind.

"Where 's she from?"

"Som'ers on the continent."

Sound carries far on the water. The girl smiled. "They're talking about us, Obed. Suppose they say something bad, what would you do?"

"Heave the hull bench of 'em overboard, if they say anythin' bad about you."

She bent a listening ear. "They say they don't think I'm much to look at, Obed!"

Obed looked at his thread of a girl, looked in her clear eyes, brown with the sunlit brown of a hemlock brook, where the light strikes through the trees.

"You're pretty enough for me, Mary. Let 'em talk. They're past work; they've nothin' to do but talk."

"Poor things! There is n't much for them to do here, is there?"

"What do old men do up — there?"

"Do! Why there's always something going on, people coming and going, and ever so many trains a day. Old men like to watch the trains come in. And the mountains — why, Obed, we're right by the White Mountains. You'll love them. You never saw such trees."

"There's han'some trees on the Main Street, Mary, an' you know when we went over to the South Shore, — you remember the pines we druv through, hundreds of 'em. Some wind-blown they be, but that's natural on an island."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, you poor Obed! You hate to leave it all, don't you? Never mind. Once you get there, you'll like it. You'll do splendidly in the market, knowing everything about fish the way you do. I should n't wonder but father'd give up to you in a few years. He's getting on, and I'm all he has. Once you get away from this island, you'll be glad. I know you will!"

"Scallopin' 's a good payin' business," said Obed doggedly. "I could make enough to keep you comfortable, Mary. An' there's cod, an' the Off-Islanders in summer. They all like the Kitty. She ain't never in."

"Do you remember the first time I went out in her?"

"I guess I do."

"Some young ladies at the boarding-house got up a sailing party, and asked me if I'd be one. I'd never been in a sail-boat before, and I was so scared — until I saw you, — then I was n't ever scared again."

"There you sat, all scrooged up, between two girls big enough to eat you, an' I was beatin' out to the buoy, an' lookin' under the sail at you, an' sayin', 'Heads!' Your little head wan't high enough to hit no boom!" cried Obed, swept by a wave of tenderness that carried his will away from him, and left him powerless.

"'High as your heart,' dear."

"You've got pretty talk, Mary."

"It is n't my talk — it's — never mind. I was n't real strong when I was growing up, and I used to sit and read, — father used to say he guessed I thought more about what I read in books than I did about what I saw in the streets. A man would n't have time to read that way. I don't know as I ever knew a man to read any," said Mary, anxious for her lover's feelings.

They were not hurt; if she had sailed a boat better, or brought in more scallops, or read more skillfully the signs of the sky, — they might have been.

"You look real rugged now," he said, fondly. "When are you goin' to marry me, Mary? I'm about tired waitin'."

Mary hesitated. In the sight of God, it is likely there is little difference between the man who catches fish and the man who sells it comfortably over a counter.

To Mary the gulf was both wide and deep. All the more had she determined that her love should make a bridge across it, by which her lover might come to her. But he must cross, not she; not for her own sake, for she was an unselfish soul, but for his. Mary was an idealist. The present Obed was hers, and she loved him, but the Obed of the future, still and indissolubly hers, was to be a New Obed, an Earnest Obed, and a Strong, with the salt-water stains all washed out of him.

"When are you goin' to marry me, Mary? I've waited a terrible time."

"Six weeks!"

"Seven — and a half. When? How soon?"

Mary's heart fluttered, but her will held fast.

"When you give up here."

"I thought I mought go up an' get married, an' then you an' me could come back here, an' I could go scallopin' until the harbor froze up, an' *then* sell out an' go."

"No."

"You're set, Mary."

"I've got to be."

They were well up the harbor by this time; the distant town was thinly veiled in purple haze, no longer broken and old; it looked like an enchanted city, belonging to a fairy world.

"Pretty, ain't it?" said Obed, rowing slowly.

Mary turned and looked, and looked again.

"Lovely — more than lovely. I don't wonder you love it better than anything else. I don't wonder!"

She looked very little and frail in the stern of the big dory. Obed swung the boat around, and pulled for home with vigorous strokes.

"You don't look so terrible rugged, Mary. Be you cold? We'll soon be in. I'll sell 'em both, the Kitty and the dory. What's them to you!"

Word ran on the Water Front that the big cat, Kitty, was for sale. High-booted, amphibious beings, who looked as if they might be a remove or so from a big cod-fish, turned the item over slowly, like a cud, and chewed it. There is not so much news on the Water Front that one receives it with indifference. There is news enough; nobody wants any more, — but there is no use in wasting it.

"Calculatin' to get another craft?" said a bearded one, who looked like an unconverted apostle.

"Some."

"Bigger 'n the Kitty?"

"Some smaller," admitted Obed.

"Off-Island, I s'pose."

"Yes."

"Carry much sail?"

"All I kin handle."

"Calculate to run her alone?"

"Sure."

"I guess you goin' call her Mary," said Obed's mate.

"That's her name. Was you thinkin' about buyin' the Kitty?" said Obed suddenly to the Apostle.

"Some," he admitted, and proceeded to take away the Kitty's character with cautious civility, as is the custom on the Water Front, where no man willingly makes an enemy.

But the Kitty's reputation was established, her worth was proved; what Obed had paid for her, what he had done to her, what he would ask for her, was all known, as well as if it had been written in letters of fire over his scallop shanty. The Apostle might have settled the matter in six words, had he been so minded, and Obed could have clinched the bargain with a nod, if he had chosen.

"Where is she?" said the Apostle, though he knew.

"At her moorin's."

"I'd like to look over her."

"Sure."

Obed sculled him out in the green-and-white dory, and the two went over the Kitty as slowly and as carefully as if she had been an ocean steamer. Yet the Apostle had sailed her all of one summer, and knew her as well as he knew the wife

of his bosom, and understood her much better.

This done, they sculled back again to an expectant row of silent fishermen, waiting on the wharf.

"I'd like to go over her again some day."

"Just as you say."

"I'd like to go codfishin' in her."

"Sure, Silas."

"To-morrow mornin'? Say three."

"Sure — no — I got to go drivin' to-morrow mornin'."

"What fur?" said Silas suspiciously.

"What the hell is that to you!" Obed broke out so furiously that the Apostle backed into a heap of smelly scallop-shells to get out of his way. "If you don't want the Kitty you can leave her, damn you!"

"He's some sore about sellin' the Kitty," commented the Water Front sagaciously. "Wonder what he wants a smaller boat fur?"

And it looked askance at Joseph, the Portuguese mate.

But Joseph sat down on a pile of old boards, and looked at the green-and-white dory. He wanted a dory, and though he was not in Obed's confidence, he worked with him all day and every day, and he guessed a good deal more than he was told.

He sighted Obed the next morning, steering a horse and runabout carefully along an empty street, and hailed him.

"Wants to come about all the time," complained Obed. "I never see no such a horse."

"He wanta go back stable," explained Joseph. "I know him. He tired horse after summer. Say! You wanta sell dory. What you ask?"

"Who said I wanted to sell the dory?"

"I thought," said Joseph sullenly. He was a steady, sulky, decent sort of lad, but with no strain of the gentle blood that betrayed itself in Obed now and then by some brief scruple, some unlooked-for fineness, that flashed, and flickered, and went out, like the flame of a dying fire. Joseph had no such weaknesses to thwart his purpose and undo his will; he was wholly of his world.

Some years ago the sea, for reasons of her own, and with no thought of man, broke open a short way to the fishing grounds, and swept it with her tides, to the great easement of the fishermen, who were thereby saved miles of rough water, and hours of valuable time. Quite recently she has closed it up again, with a few winter storms and a handful of sand, and the fishermen have returned to the road their fathers traveled, and the hours their fathers kept; as a matter of necessity and without more complaint than is the habit of men who are used to the caprices of the sea.

It was three o'clock of a starlit morning when the Kitty slipped out of the harbor, with three fishermen aboard her, Obed and Joseph and Silas. Joseph grumbled a little at the hour, according to the nature of the man and the race, but Silas chewed and spat in silence. Obed at the wheel smoked his pipe with an open mind, through which floated at intervals pleasing images of vast, submissive cod hauled into the boat, hand over hand, and taken home to an admiring Water Front, or visions of right little, tight little barrels, well packed with well "plumped" scallops, and sold to advantage to a generous dealer. They were the outcome of longtime habit of work and thought, and came unbidden, claiming his mind as their rightful dwelling-place. Yet, with them, he thought of Mary, his little Mary, with her brown eyes and firm mouth, her curious hot and cold way of loving him, her Off-Island fancy for progress and change, and laughed softly to himself at the thought.

"We not gettin' what we ought to get." It was Joseph and he spoke of the price of scallops, which is no more just than the judgment of man.

"That's so," said Obed warmly.

Silas spat voluminously. "Sailin' close," he said unwillingly. As a matter of business he did not wish to commend the Kitty; as a matter of civility, he did

not choose to admit Obed's skill in handling her.

Obed spun the wheel with a caressing hand; he and the Kitty understood each other; she seemed to say she would do so much for no other man; to comment on his dealings with her was like interfering between man and wife, but Silas was unacquainted with the finer feelings. What he thought he said.

"Good boat, good cap'n," said Joseph.

"I wan't sayin' nothin' about no boat, nur no captin," said Silas. "I said she was sailin' *close*."

Joseph laughed, and Silas said something to his beard about Portygees, and their ultimate dwelling-place.

The stars were setting, the northeast wind blew fresh and sweet, without chill, or hint of harm.

"Lord! but this is goin' to be a great day," said Obed happily.

"I'll buy her, Obed," said Silas, acting on impulse for the first time in his life, "at your price."

Obed's hands stiffened on the wheel; his dreams vanished before a wind of rage.

"It's damned cold," he said. "Give me the bottle, Silas, s'posin' you've left anything in it!"

"How about it?" urged Silas.

"I ain't ready to part with her yit," said Obed. "That's all there is about it."

"Jest ez you say," said Silas.

Never had the Kitty seemed so fair.

"Trouble is the boats," said Obed.

He and Mary were sitting side by side on the old men's bench. It was a foggy Sunday afternoon, and its rightful occupants, being old and cold, were tucked away by kitchen stoves.

"Can't you sell them?"

"I kin — but I hate to."

"I know it's hard for you."

"I been thinkin' I'd kind o' taper off by sellin' one, but I can't make up my mind which."

"Tapering off 's a bad thing; breaking off 's the only way," said Mary, out of the inexperience of youth.

"That's so, I s'pose," assented Obed. "I ain't spoke about goin' to no one yet. Joseph suspicions it, I kin tell by the way he talks, an' he'd tell Isabella. But they won't tell no one."

"Who's Isabella?"

"She's his sister. She's a pretty girl for a Portygee, an' a good girl, as fur as I know, an' I'd know if she wan't. She thinks a good deal of Joseph. Gen'ally comes down to meet him, when we've been out."

"Tell me more about her," said Mary, with a troubled brow.

"There ain't no more. She's a real good cook. If you'd have come here to live, an' I'd have had money enough to keep a girl for you, I'd have tried to get Isabella," said Obed, soaring suddenly on unaccustomed wing into the realms of fancy.

He put out a big brown hand, and gathered Mary's into it. She made no demur.

"Why Mary!" said Obed, "you would n't let me hold your hand last Sunday, scared of folks seeing you! When the fog comes in a little thicker, I'm goin' to kiss you."

"I'm not afraid of your doing anything to make folks laugh at me. You would n't, Obed!"

"There's no tellin' what I'd do. I mought."

Mary's eyes searched her lover's face; clear eyes and kind they were, wise in the things of the spirit, ignorant of the things of the flesh.

"Don't be scared, Mary. I ain't goin' to shame you."

"I'm not afraid. Oh, I know — I know it's hard for you to leave the boats and the harbor, but I'll make it up to you. You shan't be sorry, once you come," said Mary, with prescient vision of her fisherman's heart.

"Seems queer," said Obed, "there should be places with no harbors to 'em. Makes it unhandy gettin' there."

" Why, there are trains! "

" I know," said Obed, rather hurt at being told. " I know. Sure. But a harbor's more convenient. I don't never feel real easy on a train. Makes me feel 's if I'd been drinkin' the night before. Trains ain't got beam enough, Mary, that's what."

" I guess you don't drink very much," said Mary, meaning not at all.

" Well, I don't," said Obed, meaning what he said.

Mary gave him an adoring look of absolute assurance that he did not drink, absolute forgiveness if he ever had.

" Father lived down east when he was a young man. The waves used to wake him up nights breaking on the rocks, when he first went there, he says. He'll be pleased to tell you about it."

" That's the way they do at the South Shore," said Obed; though it is the unvarnished truth that there are no rocks at the South Shore, only soft sand. " Some folks admires 'em. What I like 's a harbor. You don't have no trouble gettin' your boat out, it don't knock everythin' to pieces winters, it don't make no roarin' noise, it — What's the matter, Mary? "

Mary was staring out into the thickening fog as if she saw a ghost there.

" What's the matter, Mary? "

" I can't see you anywhere but here! "

" Well, I ain't anywheres but here."

" No — no — no! I don't mean that. You won't come, Obed. You'll never come. You can't! You will come, won't you? Promise me you will."

" Sure. Soon's I sell the boats I'll come. Don't cry, Mary. Why, Mary! "

He slid an awkward arm around her waist. " It's pretty thick now. Folks can't see us."

" I don't care if they do."

" Why, Mary! "

That women should cry and melt the hearts of men was a law of nature with which he was not unfamiliar, but he had never heard anything like this despairing sobbing. He had always been a little afraid of his Mary, looked up to her, yielded to her as a big, gentle dog defers to a fierce little one, whom he could crush with a paw, as far as physical strength goes. What he recognizes, and obeys, is not size but character.

" I would n't cry like that, Mary, if I was you. You've got no call to cry," he said with surpassing gentleness.

Mary's head, wet with the clinging fog, drooped against his shoulder; her carefully built plans were crumbling to pieces before her eyes, her hopes were but vanity; she was no longer confident, no longer strong, no longer wise. Now was the time for Obed to assert himself, and settle his way of life once for all, as a man should do, to exact obedience as his right. He knew; there was no lack of brain in his small, compact head, but some impulse, far away and faint, forbade him to take advantage of a moment's weakness in the woman he loved; perhaps, too, his own irresolute heart withheld him; it is not so uncommon for a fault to shoulder a virtue over a difficult place.

He drew away roughly, and rose to his feet.

" Quit cryin', Mary. Quit it now," he said. " You've no call to cry like that! "

Had he lost the battle, or had he won it? Victory is in the eye of the beholder, a debatable thing; he had lost his sweetheart, though neither of them guessed it; but on the whole he had borne himself well, and been proved not unworthy of that valiant line of deep-sea sailors from which he had sprung.

Mary began to pull herself together, a prophetess no longer, and spoke, brokenly: " I don't know what — made me act so. Going away — so soon — and the fog — it came in so thick — all of a sudden, it scared me. I could n't see anything. It — seemed as if everything was gone."

" Lost your reckonin' — kind o'."

" Oh! you and your sea-talk," said Mary. She was entirely herself again, with no lingering doubts as to the course and conclusion of things. " Let's go up

to the house and sit by the stove. It's awful damp down here."

"Just as you say, Mary. Just as you say," Obed said in Water-Front parlance.

She nodded approval of the phrase and the sentiment; if he would hold by that, she was sure she could carry their affairs to a happy conclusion. Yet it was not to be, and her heart's desire was to be withheld from her in mercy, the depths of which she should not fathom until the breaking of a brighter day.

The tides come and go on the shores of that Island, and the old wharf shakes beneath the fury of the winter gales. Daily the fishermen put out to sea; their talk is of wind and storm, this one's boat, and that one's catch; of the outside world they take small heed. To the northward it lies; sometimes a trick of the air lifts it into sight, a gray shadow on a far horizon; then the sky changes, and it drops back again and vanishes, and is forgotten, as if it had not been.

THE DISORGANIZATION OF THE BOOK-TRADE

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

I HAVE just come home from a delightful trip on the European Continent, in which there was never any chance to be homesick for America. America was visible everywhere! American acquaintances at every inn, and at every turn of the road, American goods strewn over every land. From the Ohio cash-register and the Connecticut typewriter and the California fruit and the Massachusetts shoe and the New York chorus-girl, down to the little devices with the United States stamp, every American product seems to welcome the traveler on the other side. There is only one thing he had better pack beforehand into his trunk if he wants ever to see it: an American book.

The American book is practically unknown on the European Continent. I went to the special bookstores of foreign literature; they had a hundred excuses in store, but never the books I wanted. I made my pilgrimage to the large libraries, and could not find such American books as no village library in America would wish to be without. I went to scholarly congresses and talked there with hard-reading men of all nations, and they spoke of the writings of American scholars as of the Rocky Mountains, which they certainly accept as existing, and which may be splendid and wonderful, but which they have never had a chance to see in the original. And on expressing my astonishment, I usually received the reply that it is too bothersome to get American books, as the book-trade of the United States seems without order and system: nobody knows where to find what is wanted. I saw it with my own eyes. An important book by a Columbia professor had appeared in New York in March; in the following August, a German bookstore wrote to the English representative of the American house, and ordered the book for a customer. I saw the reply card which laconically announced from London that the book had not yet appeared in print. I was in Berlin when a little paper of mine in a popular New York magazine stirred up some discussion in America; the discussion went over into the German papers, but the magazine did not follow over the ocean. After hunting for it in vain in the bookstores, where the English magazines were heaped up, I was almost surprised to discover at last a forlorn copy on a hotel news-stand, purchasable for about three times the regular price.

It is easy to make light of this failure of the American book abroad: what does it amount to, — we are asked, — if our latest novel is sold at home in hundreds of thousands, and if our magazines reach every village of America? But even if the dollars and cents in the case may be a trifling matter, there is a more important issue involved. The world-influence of the American mind must suffer if the chief messengers of American thought, the books, are hampered on their way, and if the American scholar and poet and essayist and author cannot be heard in every land. The mist of prejudices against the crudeness and materialism of the New World is still thick and heavy; how can it be dispelled, if those who interpret American ideals and express American endeavors are kept in silence outside of the home boundaries? In our times, when the civilized world has become one, and every newspaper of Europe has its long cables about the most trivial American events, it is a wrong to the world-influence of American culture if our writers are banished from the European Continent by our own carelessness.

Of course, it would seem that good translations might overcome the evil. But what a pitiful tale is made by the haphazard selections of the translators! It often seems as if the French, the German, the Italian translators had carefully chosen the least important and least significant products for their interpretative efforts. In German, for instance, it is true that Mark Twain and Bret Harte and Poe, and, to some extent Emerson, are well known by translations, but beyond that all is chaos; and among American writers of the last years, Andrew Carnegie and Helen Keller appear most often in the window of the German bookshop. The great tendencies of modern American writing do not show at all in the chance translations of the day. It must not be forgotten that the just anger of the European publisher plays an important rôle in this, and erects a barrier against many an American author. The European publisher sees his works practically unprotected against American pirates. He is not aware that American authors and publishers would greatly welcome acceptance by the United States of the international copyright laws of Europe, and that it is the typographical unions which are the centre of opposition. He knows only that his novels are reprinted in German-American papers, and that his text-books are published in American translations without any profit to him, and he takes his vengeance by refusing to print anything American. The Americans are hardly aware how quickly this feeling of spite is growing among European publishers.

Before me lies a beautiful German book, the first page of which contains the well-known American copyright formula. Below it the following words appear: "The United States demands the reprinting of this formula for the insufficient protection, limited to one year, which they give to foreign books; they demonstrate by it that with the majority of Americans the idea of the intellectual property of other nations is not so highly developed as with us." Hundreds of thousands read this note, and become painfully conscious that a German book is indeed protected in America for one year, while every American book is protected in Europe for thirty years after the author's death. It is truly not surprising that the good will of the Continental publishers towards the American author is faint, and that there is no other sure way for the propagation of American ideas abroad than the pushing forward of the American book and magazine themselves.

And yet the gloomy view of our American book-trade which I brought back from my European travels has, after all, a much more serious meaning. The failure abroad may not count for much, but the impressions in Europe brought more clearly to my mind than before that the American book to a high degree is not less a failure in our own country; here, too, it does not really reach the readers. Of

course, the American buys many books, and pushes the latest novel to its third hundred thousand, but no one who watches the selection closely can doubt that haphazard methods determine the demand and supply, and that superficiality and aimlessness prevail; and the guilt for all of it lies in the disorganization of the book-trade. A change somewhat after the European example is needed, and such a change would be not simply a commercial problem, but truly a social reform. That is the reason, and the only reason, why an observer of American social traits asks for a hearing; a serious injury to the people's mind is imminent — that it is an injury also to the publishers' pocket is secondary.

The well-adapted book at home is, after all, the strongest agency for national culture. It is the only reliable remedy for the saloon and its miseries, and it is the only antidote to the benumbing chase for mere wealth and its pseudo pleasures and excitements. The newspaper with its sensationalism cannot stem the longings of the mind, and the chances are great that those who are not in the habit of reading good books will benefit little even from the rich treasures that the magazines put before them. They glance perhaps at the pictures, they rush through a story, they peep into an article, — they have lost the repose needed for that reading which the library at home suggests and sternly demands. Of course, we are near the truth in blaming for all this the hurry of our up-to-date life. To rush through the world in automobiles means to accustom the eye to the rapid flight of impressions, and spoils the inner eye for the fancies of repose. The woman who wastes her time with bridge whist loses the energy for the old-fashioned habit of continual serious reading. But, however true that may be, is not perhaps the other side equally responsible? Is the book defeated only because the rush of superficial life has become so wild, or has not perhaps the rush become so passionate, and the automobile and the whist so absorbing, because the book was too weak, and did not force itself sufficiently into the foreground?

I point at once to the core of the trouble: in Europe the bookstores are the centre of the reading community, and their number increases steadily, — America's bookstores are dying out, and their influence is insignificant; outside of the largest cities you seek them almost in vain. If I go in Germany, for instance, to a town of a hundred thousand inhabitants, I find from a dozen to a score of attractive well-supplied bookstores. A rich assortment of books from all fields — new and older books, literary and scholarly books, popular editions and costly works — is easily accessible to the customer, and by the splendid organization of the trade, every book that is not at hand can be supplied from the central reservoirs in a day. Each store has its ample display in the windows, constantly changing; each one gladly sends to its customers for inspection all the new books which might have for him special interest. The books there come to you and attract you and tempt you and take hold on you.

The average American town of a hundred thousand inhabitants may have a dozen jewelry stores, but not a single true bookstore. Of course there are plenty of chances to buy the stories of the month, and some books on birds and on travel, a golden treasury and a book for the boy; but a full supply in all lines, as it is found next door in the grocery or the cigar or the glove or the ribbon store, is practically unknown outside of the largest cities. The books are sold either in the small stationer's, with ink and leather goods, if not with candy, or in the huge department store, between bathing-suits and trunks. In the one case, there is no backing of capital; all is done with the narrowest means. In the other case, there is no profit, as the books are on the whole added to attract the people who might happen to buy an umbrella and shirt-waist after being drawn into the big place where the latest novel is given away below the publishers' wholesale price. In

both cases there is nothing at hand which has not the probability of pretty immediate sale, and in both cases all real interest in literature is absent; an adjustment to the subtler needs of the community is thus impossible.

You might reply: That does not matter, as we Americans order our books directly from the publisher, which saves us the profit of the middleman; the book can be sold so much cheaper because there is no local trade which adds the profit of the dealer to the price. What the publishers have to offer we know sufficiently from their advertisements in the papers, and from their pretty, attractive catalogues, and from the reviews and critical articles. And finally, there are the subscription agents, who certainly lack no patience in bringing their books to the prospective readers. We have therefore stationery shops, and department houses, and publishers' advertisements and selling agents, and in addition the railroad counters and the hotel-stands, — what more can be desired?

All this is granted. But what is the result? Buying books has become to a high degree a matter of passing fashions, and these fashions are essentially determined by the advertisements of the publishers. Everybody buys the latest book which the fashion pushes forward, and the chances are great that it is just that kind of a book which five years later nobody will read, and which will be a dead weight in the home library. No publisher can afford to give equal chance to all his publications. To bring a book, only for a few weeks, to the attention of the magazine or newspaper readers is extremely expensive; it is possible only for the books which, by the name of the author or by sensational features or by special timeliness, promise unusual sale. Any other book, too, might be brought forward by extensive advertising, but it would be ruinous; it may not be difficult to sell a one-dollar book if a two-dollar bill is laid in every copy, but the publishers do not like that method. As a result, most authors complain that their publishers do not take enough trouble with the announcement of their particular writings, and that they therefore sell in unsatisfactory figures. They may well envy the German author whose books are supplied on request to every bookstore in the country free of charge for a year's display. With us here a book that is not widely advertised, or widely criticised, does not indicate its existence to the average reader. And yet this advertising system itself makes the idea of reducing the price of books by eliminating the bookstore entirely hopeless; it is more expensive than the profit of the middleman, and serves only the few favorites.

The immediate consequence of this whole situation is the rapid disappearance of the books after their noisy appearance for a few months. Débutantes in our society are allowed to dance at least more than one winter before they withdraw; but in the catalogues which pile up on our breakfast-tables the débutante books of the season are alone admitted, the output of the foregoing year is forgotten. A book which does not win favor in the first weeks seldom has a second chance. But that is a waste of intellectual labor which no nation can afford. Europeans are often surprised to find how wasteful the American household of moderate means is: the kitchen makes use only of the best slices, and does not understand the art of making the less favored parts appetizing by dainty cooking, and thus serviceable to the household welfare. The literary kitchen of the nation is much more wasteful, without being rich enough to be able to afford such luxury. To live ever from new books means in this case simply underfeeding.

This hasty rhythm is all the more ruinous because America does not believe in new editions, — one of the saddest features of American bookmaking. In Germany, for instance, a book outside of fiction is usually revised by the author when one thousand copies have been sold. It is thus kept living, in steady contact with the progress of knowledge, and in steady

adjustment to criticism; thoroughness demands it. In the United States I know students' text-books sold up to more than fifty thousand copies in the last twenty years with never a word in them changed. If the book has once found favor, it goes on, by mere tradition, unchanged, however antiquated its statements may be. The European publisher in such cases would have demanded from the authors a revision at least every second year. The reason for the difference is clear. The European book is printed from type for the purpose of making new editions easy, as the type is destroyed after the printing of a limited number. The American book, on the other hand, is printed from plates, which allow an unlimited reprinting if the book is successful. If the plates are once made, it is of course much cheaper to go on with unchanged reprinting than to set up a really new edition. The publisher too often tempts the author into such superficial usage by contracts which allow increasing royalty with the growing sale, and in this way the financial advantage of both author and publisher has made the custom of new editions unusual. Yet the best chance to bring an old book to new light is in this way thrown away; in Europe each new edition is circulated and reviewed like a new book. In short, very different factors work together to make American books melt away with the "snows of yesteryear."

The well-advertised books disappear too quickly, and the books which do not justify extensive advertisement have no chance, — but all this is the poor fate of books which have had at least the good fortune to appear. Can there be any doubt that this whole situation works from the outset against the appearance of many other books? Not every book has the desire to be a best seller, not every book is written for large crowds, and yet if it had a chance to reach the inquiring booklovers in every home, and to remain for their perusal in the bookstores, it might slowly find a little audience, and might thus in the long run pay the publisher. But the American publisher knows that there is no long run for the book which is not expensively advertised, or which does not appeal to large circles. He cannot risk, therefore, manufacturing the plates, and the elaborate manuscript remains unprinted. The lack of good bookstores, which are just adapted for selling the slow-moving books, thus inhibits the literary production of the whole ocuntry. The young or unknown author is pushed into the newspapers and magazines, while his thoughts perhaps demand the book for adequate expression; or he is forced to keep his product unpublished if his work is unsuited to the popular channels.

Scholarship and academic activity suffer immensely from this unwillingness of the publishers to risk the publication of a modest book; and they are justified in their fears, as, under the American system, publication would indeed mean a loss to them. I feel sure that my first four German books on topics of experimental psychology would not have been published by an American publisher, or only at my own expense. In the last year there appeared in Germany, with its sixty million inhabitants, 28,703 new books; in the United States, with its eighty millions, not more than 8112. In magazines, America is far ahead of Europe; their organization is splendid, they know how to reach the American reader; as they do not need the bookstore, but live from subscriptions and news-stands, the publishers can count on success, and thus no plan need remain unrealized. With books, exactly the opposite; the channels of distribution are clogged because for them the bookstores are indispensable, and their meagreness thus works backwards on the timidity of the publishers.

At the same time the bookbuyers become disorganized too. They no longer have that delightful opportunity to spend half an hour once or twice a week in a well-supplied bookstore, and to enjoy the

old friends and the new acquaintances before they are brought home for the family hearth. The reader without a bookstore becomes uncritical; with him to work upon, the silliest book can be brought up to a large edition by clever advertisements, and a smart subscription agent can lead him into any trap. The St. Louis World's Fair published an excellent work in eight volumes as a report of its international scientific congress. This scholarly production was sold at first for twenty, later for twelve dollars, and when the interest seemed exhausted, the remaining two thousand copies were given on a small bid to a little publishing firm which was expected to sell the rest for a still smaller price. But the firm knew where our trade-methods have landed us. They took a cheap book of pictures, and distributed the photographs carelessly through the eight volumes; for instance, they had a picture of a naked woman with a crescent in her hair, — they gave it as an illustration to a scholarly report to the Congress about the moon; and so on. Finally they made a showy binding, and then they sold each set by subscription for one hundred and fifty dollars.

What can be done to bring the haphazard and hysterical methods of book-buying to desirable conditions, from which publishers, authors, and readers may profit alike? Nothing more ought to be necessary than a fundamental reform of the bookstores. We must have in every town large, beautiful, well-supplied bookstores, conducted with some literary instinct. The German method of bringing this about is not applicable in the United States, as here it would be construed as unallowable restraint of trade. The German law allows restrictions which American suspicion of monopolies would not tolerate.

In Germany all publishers form one association, no member of which has a right to sell directly to the customer; every copy, therefore, goes through the bookseller. Yet that alone, if adopted here, would not secure any great advantage, for it would be very doubtful whether a small town could have its decent bookstore, as the large stores in the big cities would evidently be able to give a high discount, and would thus secure the whole trade by mail-orders. The bookshop in the small place would then be lost. The really decisive point is, therefore, that no member of the publishers' association should have a right to give books to a bookstore that sells below the regular retail price. The customer in a little country town in Germany can thus get his book from Berlin or Leipzig only at the same price at which the store in the neighboring street supplies it, and his neighbor can give him the further advantage of a convenient display. He trades, therefore, in his own town; and in this way even the smallest place can provide business for a solid bookstore which is a centre of literary interest.

Such an agreement, which stimulates the book-loving instinct through every county of the Fatherland, involves indeed a restraint of trade, and the Supreme Court of the United States has decided against it. The bookstore which breaks the price agreement with one publisher, and undersells its neighbor, cannot by any associative agreement lose the right to get books from other publishers; yet just on that hinges the German success. But there are other ways to secure similar results, and one especially which would be the true American way: a combination without monopoly. In every field of American activity the combinations have raised the level of demand and supply; it is high time that we get for the book-trade that improvement which even the tobacco interests have introduced for the sale of their goods. The dusty little cigar-shops of the past are crowded out by the large stores in which the united tobacco companies sell their goods under their own auspices.

It is by all means the best way. In the department stores literature will never take a dignified place, and the little book-

stores, or rather half-bookstores and quarter-bookstores, which prevail to-day cannot ever be the germs for the desired development, because there is no capital behind them. Bookstores which are really to serve the ideal interests of American culture must be attractive, large halls with a rich assortment, and a display with comfort for the reader, and that means an outlay of large capital, — which, indeed, will earn more than in the dingy shops of to-day. Places like the six or eight best and finest bookstores in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia ought to be, several hundred in number, spread over the whole land. Their function would be not less important than that of the public library. And all this is possible at once if the publishers themselves would unite their energies, and together create bookstores in which all products of their publishing houses should be on continuous display. They have the capital, and they would find this method ultimately cheaper than their present catalogue system; it would swell the home libraries; it would bring the quiet and modest books to a dignified sale; it would keep the good books alive longer, and would adjust the sale to the really serious needs of the public: a change which would bring a strengthening of every sound impulse in the community.

Something of this kind must be done, or the bookstores will and must dwindle away entirely, and with them the habit of reading a good personally owned book by the home fireplace, — the habit of reading with continued attention, instead of rushing spasmodically through the little cut-off pieces of the illustrated pamphlets. Otherwise, instead of leisurely wandering through the fields of literature, there will soon be only hasty automobiling through them, with a steady increase of superficiality; and, worst of all, the authors will be more and more forced to adapt themselves to such conditions. American literature will become more and more hasty and occasional, while we are all longing for that great, new, upward movement of American literature for which the time seems ripe and the gods seem willing.

[The foregoing article has been submitted to two well-known American publishers. They agree with Professor Münsterberg in deprecating the present conditions of the book-trade, but they do not share his faith in a possible reorganization along the lines suggested. The American Publishers' Association, which has been held by the Supreme Court to be a combination in restraint of trade, was formed in order to prevent the small booksellers from being driven out of business by the department stores. Since the unexpected legal obstacle to the work of the Association has arisen, the problem of the small bookshop remains precisely what it was. For the publishers themselves to enter the field of retail bookselling, as Professor Münsterberg suggests, would not only require a vast increase in their capital, but would inevitably, in the opinion of the two publishers consulted, result in the further demoralization of the local booksellers, whom the publishers now desire to protect and encourage in every possible manner. Perhaps there is some other way out of the difficulty. — The Editors.]

DESERT ASIA

BY R. W. PUMPELLY

Only mounds now, only rarer traces
Tell where cities slowly sank and died away,
Tell where hearts and hopes of passing races
Came to naught in melting mirage, time's decay;

Only mounds on far horizons fading
Over tossing sands where tall, gray camels graze,
Clear at morning, blurred at even, shading
Out of desert shadows into glowing haze.

Tired nomads there at even singing
Sound the echoes of a long dead world's despair:
Music of an ancient people ringing
Down the ages fills the desert everywhere.

Over barren hills forever haunted
Comes the chanting of the sad Hyrcanian shore;
Sorrowing winds of Asia waft unwanted
O'er a wasting sea still tossed by storms of yore.

He who hears it sees remote recesses,
Vague beginnings of an olden world's arrears,
Ruins of Oblivion's blurred abysses
Looming in the everlasting mist of silent years.

There are vistas dim where clouds dissever
Over far forgotten lands where cities gleam,
Generations that are gone forever,
Kingdoms crumbling in a dim primeval dream;

Leaving only deserts gray and lonely,
Sites of unremembered cities, gloomed and grand,
Tenanted by winds and shadows only,
Desolating winds and dunes of idle sand.

"SOCIETY"

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

BUDS, in Nellie Grogan's world, come out like morning-glories. It is upon the morning when first she stands behind the counter — in the department of kitchen things, let us say, down under a shop — that Nellie enters society. Her industrial début implies her social début. That is why, all the evening before, she is an excited arrangement in curl-papers, flushed cheeks, and dancing eyes. Society! Independence! An end of school-days and the maternal suzerainty! Already there looms aureoled in romance the figure of a "steady." Fancy, peering still further into the enchanted future, reveals the *Sunday Star* one day printing Miss Helen Grogan's picture among portraits of "The North Cove's Society Belles." A week ago Sadie Fogarty achieved that distinction, and, as Nellie put it, she "ain't such a much."

Observed superficially, the North Cove might seem rather less than a stronghold of society. It has too many tall chimneys, too many gas-tanks, too many tenements like the one where the particular Nellie I select as typical shares a room with her widowed mother. It were a shabby enough folly, though, to contest the Cove's pretensions. "Society," in itself a graceful vocable, adds but one more humbug to the lexicon of inflated terminology that lends consolation to "sales-ladies," "manicure-ladies," and "chorus-ladies;" turns bell-boys into "hotel bell-men," and hod-carriers into "plasterers' assistants;" and makes an "engineer" of the furnace-man down cellar. Peculiar, however, are certain ladies and gentlemen in society. Said a North Cove girl to the deaconess at the mission, "How do, Miss Harvey? Been havin' the time o' me life. Been up in the jail, callin' on a gentleman friend o' mine. He was put in for stabbin' a lady." At the Thalia, when an uproar had interrupted *East Lynne*, a voice explained, "It's all over now; there was two ladies fightin'." At the Settlement, the ethical adviser may dauntlessly accuse a man of lying, stealing, or monstrous intemperance, but must never exclaim, "You're no gentleman!" Society avenges that formula by awarding a "slam in the slats." And if, by its insistence upon distinguished appellations, society seems to be lifting itself by its bootstraps, pray note the beneficent results. "Society," "lady," "gentleman," express and stimulate a craving for gentility. Without those agreeable fictions, the North Cove would be notably more wretched, and intruders would still more commonly come off with cracked heads.

Now, between beginning to be in society and beginning to be of it, there yawns an interval. Six days divide Nellie from that sceptre of her sovereignty over her destiny, the Saturday night pay-envelope. Yet the interval hums with sociability, there in the basement. "An' Terry, he says to me, he says" — you know the vein. Indeed, one might marvel that it lacks for our bud the tang of freedom. It does, though, and when comes at last the little envelope, there surges through Nellie's blood a wild exultancy. There's only one thing for it — a ball!

You are not to interpolate an invitation. The beauty of being in and of society is that one lives above invitations. Neither are you to demand a delicately enthusiastic paragraph about Nellie's ball-dress. Save for a new pink ribbon, set jauntily in her hair, she goes clad as for her Sunday afternoon parading of the Cove's "Peacock Row." You may, however, insert a shudder. For we purpose to send Nellie to Spread Eagle Hall — as

why, forsooth, should we not? Often she has heard of it, in glowing reports by other girls; a jolly place it must be — a bit adventurous, perhaps, but suiting her mood. She sets forth alone, and takes her way beneath the elevated railroad to the corner where a sign in a doorway proclaims, "Social To-night — Gents 25 cents, Ladies 15." Head high, she ignores the "kidding" idlers who dangle about the entrance; she buys her ticket; she trips down a dirty hall-way, the clamor of Doolan's Orchestra banging in her ears, and a hundred apprehensions hammering in her heart. She is of society now — her own mistress, and duly scared.

Consider it. Upon the walls of the dance-hall she sees posters announcing students' nights, masquerades, a French ball, a *pas seul* by Little Egypt — frauds, every one, though they augur no good. She sees a roisterous multitude, whose faces tell tales. Pasty faces there are, suggesting the creatures one finds under stones; yes, and here and there a painted face. Worse, the girl sees faces pure, for Spread Eagle Hall is not only a haven of sinners, it is also a school and forcing-bed of crime. Ruskin, who wrote of "girls dancing because of their misery," might have written with equal fidelity of girls miserable because of their dancing. But what especially alarms Nellie is the manner of the dancing. Instead of "dancing society," as the phrase goes, yonder merry-makers permit themselves to "spiel," and for spieling there exists no adequate condemnation. Nevertheless, one may try a blow at it, possibly, by intimating that, were it ninefold more bacchanalian and executed for hire and before an audience of three thousand people, aristocrats would clap their hands. The costuming, of course, would require revision. Street clothes violate the canons of taste and decorum established by musical comedy and sanctioned by the applause that drowns disgust in a semblance of glee.

Having brought Nellie hither, for sake of probability, it behooves us for sake of chivalry to snatch her away, which should scarce be difficult. Look! A churlish, slouching fellow has seized her about the waist and swung her out into the dance. "Fresh!" she snaps. The youth lets her go; in society, "Fresh!" declares a suspension of civilities. It announces "trouble." Perplexed, not guessing why a lass should resent his advances, he blurts sulkily, "Y' ain't sore, are you?" But Nellie has no mind for parleying. She flees, almost prepared to "beat it for home and mother." She has identified Spread Eagle Hall with that highway to perdition which forty blood-and-thunder melodramas have taught her to abhor.

At this point, since the background teems with his kind, and his advent is never untimely, let us bring on the "steady." A heaver of packing-boxes in the basement where Nellie works, Mr. Hefty McCafferty (as we assume) has already adored from afar. Happening by as the girl emerges from the social and stands beneath the "el," her eyes moist and her cheeks blazing, Hefty notes Nellie's all too evident infelicity, and addresses her with the compassionate though perchance over-conventional query, "Stung?"

If Nellie replies, and undoubtedly she will, we have a clear case of "pick-up." Spare the term, though. As well address a saleslady as "Cash," or ask a Celtic lad "how he likes the country." If this sounds odd, remember that on ocean-liners there develops an all-around good fellowship only partly come at by way of introductions; also, that in certain highly genteel circles, "the house is the introduction."

So Nellie responds cordially to Mr. McCafferty's overtures, and berates Spread Eagle Hall in language at once tart and vivid. Hefty finds her disenchanted — pessimistic, even — if not inclined toward arraigning society with harshness unseemly in one so young. "Say, yous ain't wise, Nell!" he urges, pointing out that Spread Eagle Hall is by no means representative of that mainly harmless institution, the promiscuous

dance. For his part, I fear, he leans a trifle too genially toward optimism. Nevertheless, he fortifies his contentions by adding, "Mebbe we could butt in at the Captain's." A kind, obliging steady, then — to Nellie, and, for that matter, to us. We pause, however, to elucidate.

Among society swains, "wise" is a snug, Anglo-Saxon equivalent for "sophisticated." A "wise guy," in truth, is our Hefty. In yonder throng of spielers, he will distinguish with rare criminological nicety between "guns" and "dips," between "students" and "boiler-makers." He knows the proprietor's court record — can tell how often that worthy has been "on the carpet," and when, and by how long a sojourn each time, he has "squared it" on "the island." He knows the umbrageous methods by which the fellow gets his license renewed in return for umbrageous votes. Moreover, he is "hep" — or, for sake of elegance, should I not say "jerry"? — to much lore fetched down from the Parnassus of pugilism. Versed in good as well as evil, he knows Nellie, at a glance, and knows what joy awaits her at the Captain's.

Would that you possessed a copy of the Captain's prospectus! It begins in charming phrases: "Captain Riordan's Dancing School and Club was founded by the business men of our city in order that there might be one place where they could take their wives and lady friends in safety and cultivate the polite art of ball-room dancing." Bravo, Captain! Well may you boast the quality of your clientèle, among whom, as you proudly assert, "there are three policemen!" And well may you quote by way of superemphasis such rules as, "No smoking, no intoxicating liquors, and no profane language permitted in the Club," and "No high kicking, separating, or splits allowed."

Nor is Captain Riordan a mere ethical "four-flusher." A retired petty officer, he glories in discipline. "First offense, reprimand; second offense, expulsion." His personality extends to the very door. There he has posted a gimlet-eyed dame, who sights Hefty and demurs, though presently, seeing Nellie, she softens. "Fifty cents each," she concedes; "but mind you, no bad language, no vulgar dancing!" Fify cents — oh, saints preserve us, what a monstrous "bunch of change"! Nevertheless, all are plutocrats on a Saturday evening; preach socialism on Friday. As usage requires, Hefty suffers Nellie to finance her entrance; and it is with a little thrill of pride that the girl surrenders the coin. She worked for it, now it shall work for her. In return for the half-dollar she receives a claim for checking her hat. While admitting to a quasi-public dance, that bit of pasteboard dodges the look of commercialism; for Riordan's club and school exist, extending hospitality to refined outsiders for the better augmentation of profits, but reserving the right to borrow an epigram in favor at the mission, "Your worth is warrant for your welcome." At grand houses one tips the servants. Here one pays for the keeping of hats.

Just within the doorway of the ball-room stands a shaven, priestly-seeming person, with hair well moistened before combing. This is Captain Riordan, who smilingly greets Hefty. "Find you a partner, if you say, or you can ask any lady. We inculcate that in the school." Then, turning encouragingly to Nellie, "The ladies know they won't ever meet a man here that is n't a gentleman." But Hefty, you may be sure, has eyes only for his protégée. He is about to slip an arm around her, when lo, a nimbler, fiercer lad cuts in ahead. As the pair go blithely two-stepping across the smooth hard-maple floor, Hefty has leisure to reflect upon a theme dear to Dr. Johnson, namely, the vanity of human wishes. His thoughts, however, shape themselves in words somewhat more spirited than those vouchsafed to the author of *Rasselas*. "Gee!" he gasps, "would n't that sting you?"

Moping here in the doorway, he surveys the room. — its Nile green walls, its

lugubrious Welsbach lights, its platform for the orchestra, its blazoned moral precepts. The dancers — men in business suits and thick-soled boots, girls in shirt-waists and skirts — he finds eminently genteel. They "dance society" with true elegance, admitting every variety of hold, from the dorsal and long-distance to the cervical and strangle, and clasping hands with that contempt of method which is the soul of art. About their glide there lurks something of the Puritanic. This, and Nellie's defection, may reasonably induce in Hefty a mood like that owned up to by DeQuincey, who described the impression of melancholy afforded by a room full of dancers.

Suddenly the music stops. Each cavalier pilots his lady to her seat, keeping an arm attentively about her waist and prepared dutifully to maintain the posture till the band strikes up again. Thereupon Hefty charges through the crowd, breathing out threatenings and slaughter. Luckily, the disappearance of his rival precludes a "mix-up," but there is fire in his eye as he faces Nellie and blurts, "Say, ain't you the frosty article?" Her ruse has succeeded. The lad's rage is a sort of proposal, the débutante's blush a sort of acceptance. He her steady, she his lady-friend, the two have shipped aboard that pretty, rose-tinted galleon, a short-term love-affair. Until further notice, the world may take cognizance that Hefty and Nellie are "keeping company." Let other suitors stand aloof! With Hefty she dances the rest of the evening, "off" Hefty she consumes raspberry ice-cream soda at the cut-price drug-store during the intermission, and it is Hefty who sees her home, receiving, in all innocence, a good-night kiss.

How easily we have played Providence, thus far! Now comes the rub. It devolves upon conjecture rather than upon knowledge to arrange that, next evening, Mr. Hefty McCafferty shall commit a call. Calls, being rare in the North Cove, elude scientific observation. I think Hefty should present his card, covering his embarrassment by apologizing for its being a printed instead of a written card — gentlemen, you know, should have their names done into canary-bird curlicues by a professional penman. But how cover the embarrassment of the ladies Grogan? One rented chamber in a tenement suite makes a sorry enough drawing-room. Hence I suggest the amiable intervention of Mrs. Donnelly, who deduces affliction through the wall and hastens to proffer the use of her parlor. A moment later, the couple are seated upon Mrs. Donnelly's installment-plan red-plush sofa, next the installment-plan graphophone. To pay them honor come seven small Donnellys, to say nothing of Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Grogan, and three neighbors from across the hall. If this be calling, let us make the least of it, though pausing a moment longer to be sure the graphophone is playing. Fancy hints even the tune — "The Bird on Nellie's Hat; or, You Don't Know Nellie Like I Do."

Here we return to terra cognita. No man can doubt that Hefty has seen a great light. He declares (and I quote him textually) that the park bench "has calling skun a mile." So next morning in the basement he and Nellie formulate a "date," the two to present themselves at seven that evening "under the big clock." What more romantic trysting-place? In the jeweler's window, behind the clock, you have seen the announcement of "genuine imitation diamonds," while from that establishment emanates the thrilling advertisement, "Marry me, Gladys" (or Rosie, or Susie, or Queenie — a new name each day), "and I'll buy the ring at Carter's." Meeting there at the wished, the trysted hour, the pair proceed to a near-by park, where they choose a green bench beside the shore of the pretty toy lake. On other benches, all about, sit other mooning couples, each lad with an arm around his lass. Need I say that Hefty's already encircles Nellie? Ever so gentle is his caress. In fact, it is scarce a caress at all. The arm slips

lightly behind Nellie, and the hand hangs listless beyond her further shoulder. It has almost an air of the extraneous and academic, that posture. It seems to imply, "I, Hefty, take thee, Nellie, to be a lady of charm and dignity, toward whom, in obedience to convention, I thus symbolize my respect. Being a gentleman, I am above omitting a ceremony whose neglect would affront thee." Society, I sometimes think, went not wholly wrong when it contrived this singular custom. Hefty and his breed lack the skill to betoken regard by those delicate nuances of expression which lend sweet eloquence to eye and voice. Nor have their ladies the skill to interpret subtleties. Instead, they are half-way between the gentle-bred girl and the Matabele miss who, when clubbed mightily on the head, knows she is made love to. Society recognizes, however, that strangers, passing its affectionate benchers, feign horror. What of it? Once, when Sadie Fogarty had lectured Nellie touching the inadvisability of being seen in Chinatown, Nellie rejoined, "Take it from me, Sade, you won't never get on in this world till you quits carin' what strangers thinks!" So here. Besides, the more complete the publicity, the more impersonal it becomes, till one finds seclusion in "the tumultuous privacy of a crowd."

What do they talk of on benches? Of themselves, mostly. They unmask their "past lives." Nellie's, as is normal, divides itself into two periods, the pickled lime, and the chewing gum; the latter, by its noble persistency, bringing us down to the present day. "The flavor lasts." Simpler still is Hefty's story. He is, was, and aspires evermore to remain, a devotee of pugilism. His fistic passion he confides to Nellie, telling how he "put away" Kid Briggs in an amateur bout before the Thoroughbred Club, and how he shone, as a luminary of the ninety-third degree, at John L. Sullivan's benefit. For these disclosures concerning his rank in the "sporting fraternity," Hefty is destined to receive a "jar." To his amazement, Nellie intimates that he has crossed himself before unworthy shrines. For thus, not infrequently, do lady-friends essay the amelioration of steadies. They will at times do a braver thing; as when some shuddering girl comes before the city editor and beseeches him to suppress a bit of news, owning tremulously and with downcast eyes, "A friend o' mine has stole sump'n'." As for Nellie, she labors with her swain, evening after evening, till he gives over sparring, "cuts out the booze," deserts the "2½-cents-a-cue" billiard-rooms, breaks with noxious comrades, and in inspired moments thinks of night-school, and yearns to resemble the self-made captains of industry whose biographies embellish the *Sunday Star*. Mayhap he will say of her in years to come, —

"Showed me the way to promotion and pay;
More like a mother she were."

Among benchers of the inner willow-grove there exists, I grant you, abundant silliness. Nevertheless, as you pass, you may witness without suspecting it the turning-point in a career — in a girl's career, perhaps. When Nellie plays chaplain to Hefty, be sure the youth will reply, "An' you sellin' mousetraps? Yous ain't got no ambition, Nell, or you'd go to college" — meaning, of course, Green and Wiggs's Institute of Commercial Science. This hitching of wagons to stars — what comes of it? In Nellie's case, we shall see; but Hefty — such is the unsteadiness of steadies — must ere long swim out of our ken. After perhaps a twelvemonth of consecutive Nellie — Nellie on the green bench, Nellie on the merry-go-round, Nellie parading in "glad rags" on a Sunday afternoon, Nellie breasting the surf at Idlewild Beach, Nellie at the "theaytre," Nellie tripping it bravely at the Captain's (and at dances less refined, I grieve to say, though always policed by Hefty) — the lad lends ear to the refrain, "The world is full of girls the same as you-ou-ou." There comes a broken tryst, and Nellie learns that her late adorer has transferred his

allegiance to a professional beauty, Miss Kitty Hughes, who "demonstrates" in a shop-window.

Heinous — ineffably, inconceivably heinous — is Hefty's secession, particularly in its method. Let me cite you an opinion by that master of social jurisprudence, Mr. Chuck Connors. "It's a dirty Irish trick," says he, "for a gorilla to get a bundle stuck on him an' den go off an' leave de bundle to go up in de air — see?" Nevertheless, society tempers the law for frail humanity, admitting that keeping company may eventually pall upon a gentleman; in which afflictive emergency it provides a balm for feminine pride by requiring that the final step toward rupture shall remain the prerogative of the lady. A gentleman, when a-weary, must act in an obnoxious and hostile manner, thus courting dismissal.

Here let us state the case fairly. Keeping company, as interpreted by the best sages, simulates an engagement without involving an engagement. In society, one takes short views of life; while Nellie gave Hefty her lips to kiss and her waist to clasp, she has kept her heart whole. They were chums, those two. Chums no more, each may seek a new comrade; only the smash should have been come at more decorously. "He ain't no gentleman!" cries Nellie, as she rends to bits Mr. McCafferty's literary remains — those clumsy brief notes written on ruled paper with an embossed design in the upper left-hand corner, and beginning, as is proper, "Friend Nellie." She reiterates the verdict as she pitches his gifts down the air-shaft — "soov-neers" from the benches, medals reminiscent of holidays, and sundry buttons and badges inscribed, "Skidoo," or "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," or "23 for you."

This frenzy of vandalism redoubles her fury, and affords us our opportunity to awaken within her a resolve to have done with the whole race of Hefty McCaffertys, and to choose her next steady in a more distinguished social milieu. The thing is perfectly possible. It happens. Like many another girl, she will rise in the world. She will enter realms where no "gorillas" ever "leave bundles to go up in de air" — realms, forsooth, where neither gorillas nor bundles exist. Did n't we say, back yonder in the park, that Hefty's disdain for the vending of mousetraps would bear fruit? Little thought he then that Nellie would flee mousetraps to avoid henceforth his brand of gentility.

So Nellie becomes a climber. Society applauds climbing, since it is not by diplomacy or pretense or display of opulence that one mounts from class to class in that infinitely complicated social organization we naïvely term "the masses." It is by giving a more and more dazzling answer to the question, "Where do you work?" For work is selective, and quality determines jobs. To improve your social position, improve your industrial position. Brevets of rank are conferred by employers, who choose the most eligible from among many applicants. They are ratified by one's new associates, who, if one shows deficiency of intelligence, dignity, comeliness, or delicacy, may apply the eliminatory treatment known as "passing the ice-pitcher."

Hefty, you perceive, was altogether right in prescribing "college" for Nellie; yet it costs, both in time and money. We may therefore suggest for her that most accessible of social elevators, the telephone school. No tuition fees there; indeed, the school gives each pupil four dollars a week for lunches and carfares. Nor are bills rendered for "sarcasm," or "the cold, bitter laugh of scorn," when girls conspicuously better bred than "the North Cove's society belles" resent Nellie's hoydenish, graceless ways, her coarse, guttural voice, her sibilant enunciation her slang, her defiance of grammar, and her occasional indulgence in swear-words. Such hazing continues till a girl gentler than the rest draws the parvenue aside and "tips her off." "Honest to goodness, dear," says Nellie's counselor, "you

won't ever get on unless you put up an up-to-date front."

Now the up-to-date front will involve a threefold revision of Miss Grogan, who must acquire the speech, the dress, and the manners of the class she would adorn. To speak softly and grammatically and in the main without slang — that is relatively easy; it means only doing what she has been taught to do in the public school. Waitresses do as much — except when off duty. Dress, too, yields readily to reform, which demands chiefly a striving after simplicity, with the dismissal of portrait-brooches, diamond-studded side-combs, and the tendency to distribute one's favors simultaneously and impartially among the colors, — in a word, it demands a deference to the distinction between the gay and the "guy."

Perhaps you have wondered why, with us as lovely patterns, society parades the caste-insignia that excite the mirth of aristocrats. You had only to glance at Nellie to deduce shop, while as for Hefty, he gloried in his "roached" hair, his tilted derby, his celluloid collar, and a pink ready-made four-in-hand tucked into his shirt-bosom. The fact is, society craves no admiration from aristocrats. It ignores their existence or deplores it. None too flattering, you will find, is the cat's-eye view of the queen. Society reads of aristocratic divorces; it hears from a veracious butler how seventeen highly aristocratic young gentlemen tarried too patiently over their glasses and were ultimately subtabulated. Besides, society judges the "high lifes" more harshly than the "high lifes" judge society, since the Cove never tempers its arraignment with compassion. Queens may pity cats, but cats won't pity queens.

Yet who can progress socially without in some sort stooping to conquer? As Nellie approximates the "bonn-tonn's" dress, so she sets about approximating its manners.

Already schooled in kindness and sincerity, she strives to master the amenities. Partly by imitation, partly by perusing a valuable treatise called "Don't," and partly by heeding counsel imparted by the girl who "tips her off," she acquires a sort of business, or pidgin, decorum that will later become second nature. Thus panoplied, she may invite us to furnish her a job. What better, for our purpose and hers, than the post of switch-board operator at that modest but very respectable hotel, the Topsfield? There, let us assume, the manager is favorably impressed with Miss Grogan's "up-to-date front," and promises her "ten dollars per."

Now, hotel lobbies, you have heard, bulge with temptations. Possibly; but so do street-corners and socials and beaches, and even, through the contacts they enforce, the basements of shops. But a new armament has of late been added for Nellie's protection — pride. She was vain before — grotesquely vain. To-day the dominant passion springs from a sense of importance, of success, of still bigger success ahead.

Slowly and not without squirms of self-reproof, Nellie has come to look scornfully upon the North Cove. She would prefer Arlington Avenue, where the Topsfield's telegraph operator has lodgings, and where one may proclaim one's address with some elation. Little does she dream how soon she too will dwell there, or how grievous a calamity is to facilitate her transplantation. If we follow for the moment the individual Nellie, who is presently to lose her mother, we shall find a motherless Nellie more typical than before. In general, the Cove is as unmothered as unchaperoned, and were scarce less fortunate if orphaned.

Now an interval; an interval dictated by the biography of the individual Nellie who impersonates the type. A year passes, — to be exact, a year and four months, — after which Miss Helen Grogan, of Arlington Avenue, has begun to recover her blithe spirits. Will you venture to call? Hers is the fine tall mansion between the one with the palmist's sign and the one where they teach stage-

dancing. To the north and south lie endless solid blocks of mansions just like it, save as here and there a lower story has become a shop. Cast shells of the rich, they are now the abodes of "trot-mealers" and "folding-Bedouins." Families have moved out. Detached individuals have moved in. Society, here, consists of single folks in chambers. To you — and likewise to the youths who flock to see Nellie — her landlady says bluntly, "Miss Grogan? Fourth floor, rear. Sure! You can go right up."

Well, two centuries ago, as you may read in *The Spectator*, ladies of fashion received admirers in their chambers — and ere the ladies had risen. Addison denounced the custom, and quite numerous are they who denounce with equal solemnity this infinitely less startling arrangement. To such I rejoin, Nellie and all Arlington Avenue will unite in protesting the innocency of a usage based upon compulsion. The boarding-house had a common parlor, but when the boarders slew the boarding-house, they slew the parlor along with it; the lodging-house has none; it can't have — and yield a profit. Exceptions? Yes, but how rare they are! Again, neither Nellie nor her guests will demand a parlor. They respect the fourth-floor call, and enjoy its cozy informality; for a timorous race are they of the Avenue; most of them have come but lately from the country.

Threadbare stair-carpets, niches where once stood statuettes, doors half ajar, each door veiling a human life, or not quite veiling it — till you reach Nellie's door and knock. She springs to let you in — a changed Nellie, changed and wondrously improved since her entrance into society. Though perhaps she lacks reserve, she has charm, sweet graciousness, and little piquant traces of culture, among them the broad *A*. The up-to-date front has struck in. She is prettier, too. Her face has outgrown the slight under-lying sullenness so common in "society," and has meanwhile gained that significant look of focus which North Cove beauty almost invariably lacks. She has acquired it through the discipline the switch-board forces upon attention. And Nellie can talk — so engagingly that you almost forget to scrutinize this room where the fourth-floor calls obtain. Glance about you. Yonder lugubrious sarcophagus — that's the folding-bed. This music cabinet? A wash-stand. The artlessly, though ever so artfully, arranged screen? A nook for the bureau. Laughs Nellie, "In my room everything is something else!" So is the room. At present it is a parlor. And if no chaperon presides, neither are there chaperons at the Topsfield, or in offices where the bachelor maids of Arlington Avenue pass whole days in masculine company.

But what, you ask, means the litter of papers that dropped from Nellie's lap as she rose to let you in? Stenography! The same eager ambition that got its start when Hefty McCafferty derided mouse-traps and the vending thereof, is still active. Why spend one's life among the "Have-you-got-'ems?" Though "Central" stands well socially, she merely stands. A stenographer may progress — become, by your leave, a law-clerk, a private secretary, or even a journalist, improving her social status as she improves her professional status. That is why Nellie fashions pot-hooks and chicken-tracks during otherwise idle intervals at the switch-board, attends a class at the People's Institute, and trains her fingers in nimbleness at "home." I call her case typical; not universally representative by any means, but typical in the sense that here you have in full flower a spirit germinal throughout society — the spirit that depopulates the kitchen to crowd the mill, the spirit that puts brass buttons and a helmet on your erstwhile truckman, the spirit that drives men out of the Navy into less attractive but more eminent callings, the spirit that inspires a thousand applicants for the puniest crumbs of officialism at City Hall, the spirit that hails night school with joyous gratitude and enlists patrons for innumerable cor-

respondence schools. Never a hint of advancement but society grows excited — that is, all save a sunken residue not worthy the name of society. What if aspiration ends but too commonly in disappointment? The aspiration is splendid.

Considering the elegance of Nellie's present entourage, one may marvel that she yearns for yet better. When she dines at the Exclusive, the Bon-Ton, the Elite, or indeed at any of the Avenue's magnificent twenty-one-meal-ticket cafés, she receives nods of merry recognition from the most fashionable of feminine wage-earners; while as for her masculine retinue, it constitutes a veritable salon. In Miss Grogan's sky-parlor one may meet three highly polished "sales-persons," a student of watch-making, a book-keeper or so, a developer of photographs two telegraph operators, and a proof-reader who describes himself as "on the *Star*." Decorous youths are these. In their urban state they display the zeal of the convert. In manner and speech, and particularly in dress, they achieve a more than metropolitan virtuosity. The developer of photographs, having worn a black tie with his hired evening clothes at the Mutual Aid Society's annual dinner, remained under a cloud for six weeks.

But are n't there times when so much grandeur rests heavily on Nellie's spirits, times when she wishes she was back in the North Cove? Perhaps, just as there are times when a lass newly endowed with long skirts and coiled tresses bewails her extinct occupation of climbing trees. Moreover, you will appreciate that in certain respects the Cove was superior to the Avenue. There, Nellie courted what acquaintanceship she chose; now she waits for introductions — a rather drastic limitation, when you come to think of it. There, a girl sought what fun she liked and paid her way; here she goes where she's invited, mainly, and at a man's expense — a fine arrangement, on its economic side, but a damper upon spontaneity, and, to many a girl, the cause of much tarrying at home. There, the steady prevailed, while he lasted; here a whole battalion of suitors — some over-serious and in need of a squelching, others mere roving knights attaching themselves to girl after girl with a shockingly inconstant levity not tolerated in the Cove. They flirt, these errant beaux; some even make a virtue of flirtation. "Flirting is beneficial," writes one of them in the People's Column. "It gives a backward or bashful fellow confidence in himself and encourages him to study and read, that he may be interesting when talking to new friends."

Nevertheless, the Cove's gayeties savored too often of the penurious and cheapy-cheapy. One dangled about the edges of bliss, lacking the cash to plunge in. Not contentedly does society look on while the opulent afford rented bathing-suits, go moonlight-riding in canoes, or ascend hilariously in the Big Eli Wheel; and there lurks a certain ignominy about going to the "theaytre" on tickets laid hold of through politics. The Avenue, meanwhile, maintains a wild and splendid disregard of expense; it has the mood of him who cries, "Come on in, the water's fine!" Says the developer of photographs, "Scrimp all you like when you're out alone, but when you take a lady, do it right!" Not that all Nellie's admirers live up to that lofty principle; the student of watch-making, I dread to own, retains a noble bucolic thrift. At home it was his wont to invite his inamorata to prayer-meetings, auctions, funerals, and fires. To him, consequently, Miss Grogan owes the exhilaration of attending a Prohibitionist rally, a policemen's parade, the grand opening of the International Clothing Store, and a service in memory of deceased Elks. And of course he takes her walking.

You would love to go walking with Nellie. She prefers the fashionable thoroughfares, but a little coaxing will lure her into the parks, and there the fun begins. All around her she sees representatives of the life that once was hers, and that she now finds most mockable. Girls

go by, with an air of "I'm here with the berries," — the phrase is Hefty's, — and Nellie laughs. Silly couples on benches express their regard after the fashion of their kind — and Nellie jeers. Other couples pass, invariably the man taking the girl's arm; out in rowboats, amateur mariners exhibit their imperfect acquaintance with oars; on shore, the facetious point out commanding objects in the landscape, — "There's the Himmalay Mountains, hee, hee!" or "That's Blackwell's Island, hee, hee!" — while Nellie indulges a glorious, incommensurable mirth. But why has she halted so suddenly to pick up a newspaper some bencher has abandoned? See! The paper contains the announcement of the prizes awarded in the *Sunday Star's* Beauty Contest. "First Prize: Miss Sadie Fogarty, the North Cove Hebe."

Three years ago Nellie would have burst with envy. A year ago, the up-to-date front would have slipped its adjustment; a frantic storm of giggles would have concluded with, "Say, ain't she the limit? Ain't she the scream?" To-day Nellie laughs heartily enough, but keeps her dignity. She has assimilated the elegance, the refinement, the *savoir faire* of Arlington Avenue. In fact, she no longer insists on being called a lady or upon calling the Avenue's social life "society." Wish her success, then, with her pothooks and chicken-tracks! No matter to what pinnacles of gentility she may ascend, she will adorn them.

But deeds outdo wishes, and I think we may reasonably undertake to marry Nellie off. She has piloted us up from darkest society to the point where it blends with the world "not in society." Let us manifest our gratitude by allying her with a rising restaurateur of the Avenue. Congratulations, now, to both bride and groom — to the groom especially. If he deplores certain incidents in Nellie's past, let him give thanks for the merits her past has developed. Having earned her living, she knows the value of money. Having grown up among workers, she can share her husband's business cares. "Wise," she can protect her children against many a foe whose existence the gentle-bred mother knows nothing of. And her goodness — it is the tested, tempted, disciplined goodness a man can count on. Here and there other girls, in the Cove and the Avenue, have come to grief under the conditions that have made Nellie strong; and now and then their stories are held up as typical, casting a burden and a stain upon those who had burdens enough before and who struggle hard enough, God knows, to maintain their fair name. Is that right, think you? Ask Nellie! Better yet, ask Nellie's husband.

A DAY WITH PROFESSOR CHILD

BY FRANCIS B. GUMMERE

We have an army of intellectual progress in America; it has fought its good fights, and won here and there its victories. In no country, however, are the victories so often misunderstood, ignored, exaggerated, assumed; and nowhere is to be found such a confusion of mind on the part of the public about the difference between a battle and a parade. This confusion is particularly marked in the face of investigations in literature and language; above all, where our own tongue is concerned; and perhaps the most inveterate and inevitable of blunders at such times is a habit of taking the drum-major for the general. The late Francis James Child was acknowledged in all competent quarters as a leader of the first rank; but the public knew nothing of him. He was never on parade. He never coveted the drum-major's fame. When the army was marking time, a gorgeous spectacle, when uniforms shone resplendent, and the band played, and kodaks were snapping on every hand for a characteristic pose of the happy warrior, and reporters were getting words of wisdom for the Sunday supplement, — on these occasions Mr. Child was sure to be at work undisturbed among his roses. The roar and blare from the street had for him neither threat nor allurement; and the most grotesque distortions, spread abroad as fresh conquests of truth by the grand army, drew from him nothing more than his favorite comment: "Let the children play." Only you must not go too far, not trifle with the really serious things. Once he was told that a certain "eminent" writer had made highly derogatory remarks about ballads. "Did he? Did he?" murmured Mr. Child, as if in pain; and presently came some comments on the offender, which left him, to be sure, the chance of uncovenanted mercies, but a very clouded prospect along orthodox lines. This, however, was only momentary vexation; for honest work and earnest scholars Mr. Child had infinite patience and an almost pathetic hope. More to the point, his own precious time was never grudged to the student who had serious business in hand, however humble its degree, and however limited its possibilities.

Some fourteen years ago, during the long vacation, the present writer was engaged in making a small collection of English and Scottish ballads, and had, of course, obtained Mr. Child's permission to use such texts as had then been published in the famous edition. A card or letter from him, asking about progress, was answered to the effect that the compiler was just beginning to copy texts. Post-haste came a fairly indignant card with command to "stop that nonsense" and await word from Cambridge; the signature was undertaken with such righteous vehemence that the pen broke, and a wild sputter of dots and blots was the sole result. Under this, with a new pen, was carefully written, "Chinese for F. J. C." This card, with its sequel, would be known by any of his friends as an epitome of Mr. Child's character. And the sequel? A huge package, crammed with old proof-sheets in every stage of progress, gathered from various corners of his house, and even from the haunts of his printers, and representing hours of search, all to save a vagrom writer the labor of copying texts.

On another occasion, a random inquiry about some rare Danish ballad, meant only to draw a few words of information, sent this busy man to the Harvard library, and resulted in a careful

manuscript copy of the entire ballad, a long one, tossed over to the repentant inquirer as if it were the merest bagatelle. But that bundle of proof-sheets was not all. It is well known that ballad-texts are kittle cattle to shoe; it is easy to print all the versions, but when selection or combination of the best is attempted, a hundred questions rise. Mr. Child suggested a discussion of this matter in all its bearings. " Come up here," he wrote, " and spend the day with me. We can talk it over in comfort."

The day was spent, indeed, and ballad-texts were discussed; but Cambridge in August is relaxing, and for one word on ballads there were twenty of miscellaneous import, — particularly after luncheon, with the cigars. Doubtless many a reader of these lines has the same tale to tell: of the short, curly-headed man clearing his rose-bushes of the slugs and worms, whose taste he admired and whose destruction he deplored, propping, clipping, what not; then the head bent toward his visitor, a blinking glance over his spectacles, a gleam of recognition, a smile, the undertones, — did any one ever hear Mr. Child shout or scream? — as he first stretched out and then withdrew his arm, with " Let me 'wash this filthy witness' from my hands; " and then the walk to the study, and the preparatory smoke. I am sure that the things which Mr. Child said on that long, lazy day were the simplest and most spontaneous utterances for him; but they touched here and there on important matters, they summarized a remarkable experience, and expressed a remarkable man; and a few of them are set down now, as faithfully as may be after the lapse of years, that they may recall the memory of the keenest, soundest, and most lovable of American scholars.

So far, of course, as the professional talk is concerned, nothing need be reported in this place except the general fact that then, as always, Mr. Child combined the sharpest possible criticism on editorial work with kindly allowances for the editor. Even the sins of Peter Buchan, which he never forgave, did not quite overwhelm the sinner; and when it came to that most pestiferous of all pests, the common or American platform-man, indignation yielded to jest, and not a curse but a laugh was flung at the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal of scholarship.

We were scarcely seated in his study when he lifted up a letter from the desk. " I've just been writing to Blank in London," he said. " Did you now, by any chance, ever hear of Dash in these parts? " Dash, indeed, was an American who had just been making a kind of progress through the gregarious literary societies of England, and had read " able papers " of a cheap and now quite forgotten brand. " Well," went on Mr. Child, " here Blank writes me as if the Campbells were coming, and says that I shall doubtless be overwhelmed with joy to learn that Dash is returning to America, and will soon be among us once more. And I have answered, 'What is this about Dash? Who is he? *Is it a pseudonym?*' "

He tossed back the letter, and came deftly to the point of business. Specific discussion for perhaps an hour yielded, as I remember, to the general subject of American scholars and the things which they could and could not do. Remote from original sources, they must make their opportunity, he said, by dealing accurately and intelligently with materials of the first hand. Thus it was his ambition to have his own scholars come definitely to terms with the problem of Chaucer's language, and put the knowledge of this important matter on a permanent base. His constant maxim for all work of the kind was, " Do it so it shall never have to be done again."

Few persons are aware of the difficulties which beset Mr. Child himself in the preparation of his paper on the Language of Chaucer, those " Observations," as he modestly called them, which really form the basis of all subsequent studies in the subject, and remain now secure as one of

the few treatises which have, so his biographer notes, " permanently settled important problems of linguistic science." He was reminded by his guest of the paucity of materials, and particularly of the slender margin of leisure which had been at his disposal for original work. " Yes," he assented, as he stood by the fireplace, " I had n't much time for it; but I kept the books and papers ready on my desk, and sat down to them, even if there were only twenty minutes or so free." " And you had to leave it," I suggested, " to correct themes! " A grim look came into his face. " Do you know," he said solemnly, placing his foot on a light chair in front of him, " that I corrected themes in Harvard College for twenty-five years? " It has been remarked that Mr. Child never lifted his voice unduly; but some sort of physical emphasis was imperative, and this was furnished by the chair. As he pronounced the " twenty-five years " with most exact and labored utterance, his foot was released, and the chair found a new site half-way across the room.

No small part of Mr. Child's charm lay in his impulsiveness. Once, in a class which was reading *Hamlet*, he assigned some ordinary passage to a young gentleman who had been trained to wildest feats of " elocution," and who now saw his chance for immortality. The rafters of that bare room at the top of University Hall fairly echoed to the frenzied performance; there were bellowings of rage, the low hiss of scorn, the ringing appeal, the cry of triumph, the wail of baffled hope, all accompanied by a kind of suppressed wheeze or asthmatic undertone which I take to have been the " deep breathing " indicated by doctors of this diabolical art. Mr. Child uncoiled himself slowly, craned out his head, lifted his spectacles, and peered, first amazed, then quizzical, then tragic, at the performer. " Heavens, man, — stop! "

Whenever I hear Hamlet's soliloquy, or Othello's last speech, " rendered " in terms of " Curfew shall not ring tonight," I think of that scene in the old class-room three and thirty years ago. But there is another scene connected with that room which the members of English 3, — I think it was, — an omnibus course in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and Dryden, should still recall with pride. We were tantalized with the too brief glimpses of Chaucer and Shakespeare as Child interpreted them to us, and as no other man then living could have done; and we showed plainly our desire for more. The course had to make its predestined way; but he told us that if we cared to sacrifice an extra hour each week, say the gorged and lazy hour after what was then midday dinner in " Memorial," he would read us the *Canterbury Tales* and a fair bit of Shakespeare. " You may bring a friend, if you like," he added, and appointed his first reading in the familiar little room. But when he came to keep his tryst, he found stairway and hall fairly filled with a gentle mob which awaited the chance of a seat for perhaps every fourth man. His score of students had become a crowd of listeners; like another Moses, he had to lead his flock about the building until he got habitation in a room which is now sacred to the faculty. All the seats there were occupied and remained so to the end of the course. Some of those hearers can never forget Mr. Child's combined pleasure and amazement as he made his way through the first crowd; can never forget those readings, — the quiet but effective tones, the comments, the sympathy which made Chaucer so fresh, so rich, such " God's plenty " indeed; and, above all, the pause and the slow wiping of spectacles after the " And so I am, I am," of Cordelia to Lear.

We have kept Mr. Child too long on his hearth-rug looking ruefully at the gap between him and the chair. Talk swung back to the ballads, but this time it was his own troubles and difficulties that he deplored. Nothing could be more characteristic of him than his embarrassment in facing a small group of what the Scotch

call " high-kilted " songs. Yes, he had to print them; but it was a poor business. He spoke sternly, uncompromisingly, of one of these; and how he judged the wanton and outrageous, how he frowned on stories, phrases, allusions, which make deliberate sport of man's best impulses, may be read in terse summary in his own introduction to " The Keach in the Creel; " an offensive passage there is characterized as "brutal and shameless."

For the brutally and shamelessly obscene he had no mercy; but there is another ballad, high-kilted enough in all conscience, but without any vicious taint, which Mr. Child next began to denounce in the most orthodox fashion, but with a queer catch in his voice and with a twinkle in his eye. Preposterous, he said, to have to work in such stuff when you could have Young's *Night Thoughts* or Cowper's *Task* for the asking. " The impudence of the thing!" and he suddenly broke into a kind of chant, reciting the last stanza of the rollicking ballad, and ended in a burst of laughter. He was fairly " going " now, and went on, in a kind of prose parody of that highly moral strain with which Chaucer concludes the *Troilus*. to bewail his task of dealing with so many bandits, outlaws, roisterers, silly girls, Lord Lovels, and other chuckleheads of tradition, setting withal a harmless little trap of quotation, as characteristic as might be. " You remember the line —

> Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich *canaille?* "

he asked, with sly emphasis on the last word. And, with the laugh at this, was also said the last word on the business of the day.

For whatever reason, talk after luncheon turned into reminiscence, on Mr. Child's part, of the Civil War, and of the Harvard men whom he had known who shouldered a musket or wielded a sword for the good cause. Much of what he said is common story, and could be told again with profit only on condition that his exact words should be set down, and that some idea could be conveyed of his enthusiasm, his sympathy, his sense of dealing with high things. One anecdote, however, which he recited with unusual appreciation and zest, I have never seen in print; and it has its peculiar interest in its reception by men of various nationalities. The Englishman or American to whom it is told again is invariably impressed; the Frenchman is polite, but misses all point, all climax, and seems to hold back a damaging " *Après?* "

Two Harvard men, who had been classmates and room-mates, went to the front. In a hot fight one of them fell, mortally wounded; the other, by nickname " Pat," bent over his comrade for the last word. — " What shall I tell them at home? " — " Tell them how it was, Pat."

This story, one hopes, is characteristic of Harvard spirit at the best; there can be no doubt how near it lay to the heart of the man who told it. He too, was hewn from the Puritan rock; he loved to take and give hard blows in silence, to do no bragging, to have no brass band at the head of his procession of moral ideas. He knew also the deeper Puritan mood, and he had his faith in the God of battles. With all his impatience of cant, his hatred of oily holiness, his irrepressible humor that could not resist an apparently innocent comment of " Unknown," as he read the title of Milton's sonnet "To a Virtuous Young Lady," he kept alive in his heart, not only the stern old code of conduct, but the larger hope as well. If these halting recollections did nothing else than preserve a single phrase uttered on a subject which men seldom touch in a personal and emotional mood, I am persuaded they would be worth while. It was near the close of that languorous August day, and reminiscence had fallen upon " James Lowell," as Mr. Child called him, upon the noble qualities of the man, the pathetic struggle with disease, the memorial services in the college chapel, and on this and that incident of the closing years. Mentioning one cruel

blow which struck home as no other blow can strike, "I wrote," said Mr. Child, "a letter of condolence to James Lowell." Then he paused. He looked sharply, almost defiantly, across at his visitor, as if he suddenly remembered that young men of these latter days regard condolence as a hollow form, alien to the robust selfishness of modern life, and words of hope after death as an insult to the intelligence. Very quietly and steadily he continued, "I *could* send a letter of condolence to James Lowell. For I am one of those old fools *who think that we go on.*"

The writer's last glimpse of Mr. Child was on another August day, little more than a year before he died. He had gathered a small company at luncheon to meet a man of admirable learning and ability, who had lost his position through quite unworthy influences, — I wish I could give Mr. Child's pun on the name of the offending college, — and for whom this unwearied benefactor of "the docile bairns of knowledge" was determined to do all that could be done. I had to take an early train for a far country, and Mr. Child came, moving not without a kind of effort, to say farewell and to take a breath or so of fresh air upon the porch. He was thanked for the pleasant hours that had just been spent with him, and for some kindly personal words. — "Ah! *But we must do something for that man.*" These were the last words I heard him say, and they were characteristic of all I had ever heard from him, of all I had ever heard about him.

There should be a collection of Professor Child's good things, — his quips, his comments, his speeches before the faculty, all his words and his ways; and it should be made by one who knew him intimately in his daily life. Old notebooks of his courses in college should be ransacked; for one of those pungent phrases of his was often worth all the voluminous comments on literature "printed this year." The inevitable process of transfer in tradition is already at work; and his brightest sayings are here and there attributed to most incongruous origins. A brisk young graduate, hot from the Harvard griddle and talking eloquently about Mr. Child in the smoking-room of an ocean liner, blended him in an impossible composite of habits and sayings with Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles. The famous utterance on original work in college is still passed joyfully from mouth to mouth; but it will be good luck if another generation shall not fasten it upon Francis Bowen. One story, however, cannot be torn for many a day from its hero. When it was proposed to reinforce old ways of teaching by modern appliances in the class-room, Mr. Child is reported by his colleagues to have asked the authorities for an aviary. — "An aviary?" — "Yes, and a boy with a pole. When we come to mention of larks and nightingales, exotic for my classes, I shall say, 'Boy, the lark!' or 'Boy, the nightingale!' with edifying results."

Not for his humor, however great its charm, not for comment or phrase, but for the things which he did, and for the man that he was, is the fame of Mr. Child secure. He was a good man. Like Scott, he left the note of soundness, goodness, bigheartedness, as the permanent fact of his career. Large as the differences may loom when one compares him with that other lover and gatherer of ballads, there is likeness enough in the humanity of both, a sterling, kindly, impatient, generous sort, which most men recognize as the best of nature's making. While he never did what he might have done in creative work, he chose the right path in his determination to set high standards for American scholarship. He never got the ear of the multitude; for figuratively, as well as literally, he never raised his voice. Yet throughout the length and breadth of this land there is not a class in the higher English studies which is free from debt to him for the quality of its work and for the excellence of its ideals.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A DEFENSE OF DOGBERRY

It seems to me that the gentleman who recently published, in the Contributors' Club, "Dogberry in the College Classroom," Verges on dangerous ground. In the drama from which he took his parallel there were two defective mentalities, one older than the other. Was it not Verges who helped bring Dogberry to this pass (or did Dogberry in real life fail to pass)? I am sure that it was not hilarity, but remorse, which urged the guilty teacher to dangle before the public such visible et risible tokens of his own mis-spent hours.

Those of us who are teachers have an uneasy suspicion that we are not infallible; our students, in their secret tribunals, do not spare us. Therefore, when pious Eld unmuzzles his wisdom he must beware lest he too prove that thing unknown even in Wall Street, — a laughing-stock. Dogberry may well point with accusing finger at his teacher and say, "I am your own *progeny of learning*." Are there not on record jokes just as amusing as any of the mistakes of youthful students? May not a student smile grimly at the personal touch in this statement, about a course in zoölogy, extracted from the catalogue of a leading American college? "Course B, open to juniors and seniors, is parallel to course A, open to freshmen and sophomores; course B does for vertebrates what course A does for invertebrates."

I can recall the laughter roused in my student days by notices given out in chapel. Mr. —— will lecture on View of the Hills of Palestine on Horseback. — One day during Thanksgiving week a teacher, leading chapel, announced that there would be that week a missionary meeting, at which it was hoped there would be special thought and prayer for Turkey. I could reveal other reminiscences from my undergraduate days, but I live now in a glass house.

Certainly Dogberry has power of retaliation, and in more ways than one. Formerly I, too, jested over the errors of my pupils. Intrenched in my knowledge, I read to classes extracts from their papers, and I laughed aloud over their ill-considered answers. But Nemesis, in the shape of a student assistant who read papers for me, changed all that. This embodiment of justice prepared for me a little volume, beautifully written, in which were carefully set down all the laughable blunders of my students, in a recent examination. With an irony cruel and unrelenting, heads and sub-heads were arranged in such a fashion as to cast hideous aspersion on my teaching. There they stand, the things that I have taught so badly, so carelessly. There are the records of my inefficiency. That book has been to me an incentive, a scourge. It is the most satirical production I have ever read.

Here are some of the results of my pedagogical career. Teachers will see, at a glance, that in every instance the pupil had done her best. And let me remark that these are the works of college girls, and show, when compared with the Dogberrian literature, the difference between the feminine and the masculine mind. The boy cares little for even a semblance of intelligence in his answers; he blurts out any grotesque fancy. The girl is far more wary and careful of appearances; she answers tentatively, groping for something that will sound well, and her mistakes have not the bold inconsequence of the boy's, but, rather, a finished, serpentine evasiveness.

"An elegy is a form of poem which usually consists in a scene of struggle. It is comprised of much action. A hero is

usually the main feature." — "An elegy is usually brief and the style is not copied." — "An elegy is a lament upon the mental and moral state of the author." — "Anglo-Saxon is literature from the German scholars." — "The English race was made up of three peoples. The Saxons were a dreamy, happy, beautiful people. They came into England in hoards. The Romans brought in the responsibilities of life. The Celts were a contrary-dispositioned people." — "The Reformation produced such writers as Crammer who wrote the prayer-book, a charming and dignified piece of literature." — "John Wiclif was the father of argumentation." — "Miracle plays were given on church holidays and everybody went in great throngs, not only because they felt drawn to them, which they certainly did, for they had much the same effect as modern evangelistic meetings in extreme cases." — "Bede was the author of Cædmon, a very familiar work. An angle appeared to him in his sleep and requested him to sing." — "Chaucer described a band of pilgrims who were journeying to the Holy Land to pay their religious respects." — "His style is neither very swift nor very slow." — "In the description of the Prioress he is clear but complementary." — "He is not illiterative." — "All dates used in this paper are A. D." — "The King James Bible was translated into rime royal. This translation was an invaluable feat of Bacon's. The Old Testament was taken from the Hebrews." — "This tale has a metre in every line." — "Richardson stands as the one who had the germ of the society novel." — "Popish diction was a term applied to Pope's poetry and then to the poetry of his admiring successors. By it we understand that the piece contains many contracted words and an abusive amount of classical figures of speech."

This is not what my pupils call "shear raving." Some intellect has gone into the making of these responses. No one would accuse the young of believing these monstrous absurdities; the amount of the matter is that youth does not see things in their proper relations, it has little sense of humor. If these boys and these girls knew how amusing they are, what would be left for teachers to do? What differentiates age from youth is the power of perceiving fine shades of meaning, of detecting incompatibilities of phrase and idea. How could we teachers maintain our show of superiority were it not that the chief characteristic of our pupils is a splendid solemnity about its utterances?

At the close of this warning to schoolmasters, let me offer, for serious reflection, a moral: —

> True genuine dullness moved his pity
> Unless it offered to be witty.
> Those who their ignorance confes't,
> He ne'er offended with a jest.

THE TYRANNY OF FACTS

ONCE upon a time, very long ago, when I was young, I used to dream of all the things I would some day possess. As time went on, the nature of the things I coveted changed, but not the dream of possession. Then, as some of these dreams found their fulfillment, a fundamental reconstruction of ideals took place. I dreamed no longer of possession, but of enfranchisement; I no longer wished for more things, but only for the power to cope with the things I already had — or that had me. And at last my strongest desire was to possess nothing — but friends.

Of late, I notice, the same thing that happened in my house has happened in my head. There was a time when I loved to collect information. Facts — all facts — were precious to me, and I loved to feel them making piles and stacks and rows in my brain. Everything was welcome, from the names of the stars to the prepositions that governed the Latin ablative, from the dynasties of Egypt to the geography lists of "state products" — "corn, wheat, and potatoes," "rice, sugar,

cotton, and tobacco." While this mania was upon me, dictionaries allured me, cyclopædias held me spellbound. I was even able to read with interest the annals of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, a book which presents more facts per page than any other in that great and unclassified mob called " fiction."

What were the causes and processes of change I cannot say. Possibly an overdose of facts produced reaction. At all events, the change took place, and the time has come when, just as I deprecate the arrival of new possessions in my house, even thus do I deplore the stream of information whose constant relentless flow into my unwilling consciousness I am powerless to prevent. For I find that whereas, during my years of enthusiasm for accumulation, everything combined to help me, now that my endeavors are reversed, the powers arrayed against me are mighty. The Sunday newspaper, which is the embodiment of information invading the last stronghold of peace, this I can and do bar out of my house; but on week-days the newspapers have things their own way. They invade my morning quiet, they disturb my evening calm, they render the male section of my family indifferent to morning coffee and dilatory before evening soup. Nor am I myself exempt from the baleful influence. Various digests of the " world's news " lie constantly upon my table, and I am occasionally weak enough to think it my duty to read them, " so as to be a little intelligent, you know," as a firm-minded aunt of mine is in the habit of saying. In this unwilling endeavor to acquire intelligence I stultify what little of that faculty I may have been originally endowed with, I stuff my brain with cotton, in the form of " science brevities," " literary jottings," " religious notes," " political news," and so on. And then for a time a violent reaction sets in, and I eschew all informing books, and hie me to Lamb, to Shelley, to Malory, to Homer. These are my joy, my recreation, my tonic.

Nor is it only the newspapers and their kind with which I have to contend. My dearest friends are traitors, and my foes are they of my own household. For they cling to the possessions of their brains, they are busy amassing more, they survey them with satisfaction and exhibit them with pride, so that I am driven to question, Which of us is right? Is the change in me due to growing wisdom or to oncoming senility?

In my out-door life the same issue is constantly presenting itself. I love birds and flowers. In fact, I believe that I honestly love that grand and joyous conglomerate usually called " Nature." There was a time, moreover, during that remote period of which I have spoken, when I possessed a respectable amount of information about these matters. Just as, in my lust for physical possessions, I collected butterflies and eggs and flowers, even so in my lust for intellectual possessions I accumulated knowledge — I learned all their names, I knew all about their wings and their spots and their petals and their seeds and their roots and whatever else appertained to them. It amazes me now when I occasionally stumble upon some record of my former knowledge. I feel like saying, with the old woman in Mother Goose,

> " Lawk a massy on me!
> This is none of I! "

But following my feeling of amazement there usually comes one of relief — how glad I am that I don't know all that now! I still love " Nature," but when I have found the lovely flower in the meadow or the deep wood, I do not hasten to pick it, and bring it home, and analyze it, and press it. I am content to lie down beside it awhile and enjoy its companionship, its beauty, its fragrance, whatever it has of charm and comeliness, and then I leave it and pass on. When I hear a sweet bird-note, I pause and listen as it comes again and yet again. But I do not pursue the bird with an opera-glass to count its feathers, and estimate its dimensions, and then hurry home to my " bird books " to

" look it up " and make a marginal note of the date. When I see butterflies fluttering about the lilacs and the syringas and the phlox, I stand quiet and watch them — those huge pale yellow ones banded with black that love to hang about lavender flowers — do they know what a lovely chord of color they strike? Those dark ones with blues and greens splashed on their wing-edges, those rich rusty red ones, with pure silver flashes on their under-sides, those little jagged-winged beauties with all the colors of an Oriental rug — old reds, old blues, old yellows — all mottled together. Ah, they are all delightful, and as I watch this favorite and that, holding my breath lest I scare him into flight, I find myself smiling to think — I knew his name once!

But most of my friends still know their names. They have opera-glasses and note-books, and a prodigious amount of information. They keep tally of the number of birds they see in a day, or on a walk, or on a drive, of the number of new birds or flowers they recognize in a season. They call me up by telephone to tell me that the beautiful creature we had seen in a certain tree was, after all, not the *Apteryx americanus* but the *Apteryx warrensis*, a much rarer variety of the same species, with a longer tail and two more white feathers in the wing than his commonplace cousin.

Amid such whirlpools of information I feel that I am unable to hold my own, and so I try to drift out; but now and again I am drawn in, and I find myself growing stupid as I bend over my friends' bird books. I give myself headaches looking at their butterfly cabinets; real butterflies on the phlox and the lilacs never seem to give me headaches.

I have said that I do not regret the change in myself — that I would not, if I could, gather up the stores of information I once possessed and refurnish my brain with them; no, not even if I could arrange them all in order, cleaned and dusted and sorted ready to be used or admired. Let them go! Some of them have already gone altogether, thrown away, dropped into cracks, burned up, ground to powder, dissolved into nothing. Some lie, perhaps, piled up in the dusty garrets of my brain, huddled together in formless heaps or stowed close in the old chests of memory that are never opened. If I searched I might find them, and drag them out, and perhaps among them I might perchance discover some treasures, but I shall never search. I shall let them all lie together in the quiet, dusty twilight, not to be disturbed until the whole mansion, from dim attic to sunlit living-rooms, shall perish to be known no more.

MY ARCHITECTURAL FRIENDS

I WONDER if to others, as to me, houses seem to have names expressive of their characters, — names universally of the feminine gender. I do not refer to the absurd and high-sounding abortions of misspelling given them in baptism by their parents or guardians, — " Mayplehurst," " Wyndwold," " Hylholm." No, I mean good honest Christian names, suggested by the personality of the houses themselves, like " Margaret and Mary, Kate and Caroline," to quote the May Queen's list of defeated candidates for the regency to which she herself was chosen. To an old man who has been robbed of human companionship by the relentless years, these friends of wood and stone are among time's compensating gifts.

I have lived — for more years than the psalmist would allow me to consider free from labor and sorrow — in a country town where each dwelling is to me a distinct personality. Of course houses express the individuality of their occupants and are saturated with associations which, to the octogenarian, are so much cud for the toothless jaws of memory to chew. That goes without saying, — but what *I* cannot go without saying is that to me each house has a name and a character of its own, not of its owner.

Across my street is a matronly-looking colonial mansion with yellowing complexion and a pleasant look of experience, whose name I am sure is Deborah. Her broad brow beams benignly upon me, and the smile of her hospitable front door, cordial and affectionate, recognizes that we are contemporaries. Close by is a little cottage whose eyebrows are always raised in an expression of surprise, and whose hair seems tightly pulled back on her roof. Neat, trig, and compact, this little house is always " Ellen " to me, for I once knew an Ellen — sixty years ago — whose personality was the same.

All the way down the street to the post office these friends of mine stand, cordial, smiling, intimate. That fat, comfortable house who seems to recline rather than to sit up like her neighbors, is called " Lizzie," as any one with an ounce of imagination can see at a glance. Poor Lizzie's eyes are half shut under their swollen lids, and her rather cumbersome bulk emanates indolence. I know she is rheumatic from lying in that damp hollow so long, and the thought gives me a sympathetic twinge.

Of course there are some houses for whom I have not the same affection as for these intimates. For instance, there is a prudish little gray house on the corner whose nose is in the air, and who is too prim to smile at any man, even when he is almost a right angle in shape, and leans upon a cane. She is thin, angular, and old-maidish, and I know her name is Sophia, and that is all I care to know about her.

Next door is a flirtatious little Queen Anne cottage peeking coquettishly out from a tangle of flowers, her hair hanging picturesquely over her eyes in curls and tendrils. Dear little Flossy! I can't look at her beguiling personality without regretting that her unsymmetrical prettiness has been superseded by a more classic type of beauty. Yet who can look at her dignified neighbor Helen and regret anything! Helen, the pride of her architect, and of her town, pure in line, stately in bearing, perfect in beauty. To her I take off my hat, while to Lizzie, Ellen, and Flossy I informally nod and smile.

Of course in architectural circles, as in others, there is the vulgar *parvenue* who tries to get into good society by imitating her neighbors. Close beside Helen, peeking at her through an ornate fence, is one of these pretentious little upstarts. She is shockingly overdressed, blatantly pinchbeck, and shows hybrid inheritances. Her hair is done *à la Française* (French roof), she has the real English complexion (red brick), and she has decked herself with inappropriate Florentine furbelows and Roman mosaics (Italian garden and pergola). Her name, I need hardly say, is Gladys.

Of course I understand that one of the many pleasures which dwellers in cities must resign, is this sense of intimacy with inanimate things. Who ever heard of houses in blocks having names or personalities, — with their red faces all alike, and never so much as a profile among them! There is no variation of type. I feel like saying to them what Humpty Dumpty said to Alice when he felt the hopelessness of ever recognizing her again. " Your face is the same as everybody has. . . . Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance, or the mouth at the top, — that would be *some* help."

As one grows callous and cold with age, one welcomes anything that brings back the glow of life to organs almost obsolete. So when I leave the monotonous characterless city, after my annual visit to my grandson, and get back to my dear old-fashioned town and look in the friendly faces of Deborah, Lizzie, Ellen, *et al.*, I feel the cockles of my heart warming with love, and the muscles of my throat tightening with emotion. And if I can keep my " cockles and mussels alive, all alive," like those in the old song, till my shell of mortality falls from me, it will be owing to the silent influence of my architectural friends.

"THESE ARE MY TROUBLES, MR. WESLEY"

It was a prosperous merchant, before whose fireplace John Wesley sat conversing, after a cold and comfortless circuit of the coal-fields; and the wind veered, and blew a puff of smoke down the chimney. It made the merchant's eyes water, and he thus mistook it for a sorrow; and turning to the evangelist, he said mournfully, "Ah! these are my troubles, Mr. Wesley!"

Had it been Charles Wesley instead of John, a real instead of a satiric sympathy might have been extorted. To live in such a penury of sorrows that he must beg for these husks of grief, and scant crumbs of the bread on which self-pity feeds — was not this a trouble, Mr. Wesley? His self-esteem grown so thin and poor — his Nessus shirt worn threadbare — scarce a prickle left to bless him! "Ease is the worst enemy of happiness," says Mr. Chesterton; and reviewers smile and call it a pretty paradox. It is a sermon from the text Isaiah xxxii, 11, — a sermon full of personalities, directed plumb at me. Others, too, I see, sleek neighbors, who might join me in a pew to hear the Reverend G. K. C. hold forth upon this theme. We seldom hear these bracing, pungent, insolent, thrilling truths in church!

I am poverty-stricken in this sort myself. I have few better sorrows to boast than the city merchant. Our chimney never even smokes; for a mason built it who knows more of chimneys than was known in the days of Wren. But we have sorrows of a like calibre. My housemate and I have some such sorrows together, and we have others apart. Here I paused, to endeavor to think of them; but my mind was a vacuum. I was obliged to call out to my dear J. O. H., —

"What bothersome things have we in the house?"

"Bothersome things — I don't know what you mean."

"Why, *Wesleyan troubles.*"

"Oh — I don't know. The roof *used* to leak."

"That was before we had it slated."

"Well, I can't think of anything else. Oh yes — the furnace-damper."

"That's been mended."

"Two blinds always bang when it blows."

"And you bump your head coming up the cellar stairs."

"For a long time the ice-box doors would n't shut!"

"And oh, the deep drawer in the spare-room bureau won't open!"

We are getting a nice crop of them. These are our troubles, Mr. Wesley! But I have a more respectable one of my own beside — I have hay-fever. I deserve pity for *that.* (I very appropriately sneeze twice at this point.) I have, too, a trouble connected with J. O. H. herself. She *will* take the pile of mendables I keep on a chair, and she *will* spread them all over my counterpane. She has another despicable trait. She often reminds me of something forgotten just as we set forth for the village together; and then calls after me, as I speed back to our house, "*I'll wait for you at the drug-store.*"

She has a worse, a more intolerable fault than this and one I should not mention were her initials really J. O. H. She never hears me out! I have theories, which I would like to develop under the stimulus of an *intelligent listener;* but merely because she has finished her breakfast, — merely because she "has a letter to write," — she walks away and leaves me talking. I have never expressed my opinion of this habit to J. herself. I would not wound her feelings. She thinks herself considerate, because, from time to time, she listens to my reading aloud of poetry. It is considerate — it is kind; but they are poems that she *ought to like.* I cannot understand her lack of appreciation of "Kinmont Willie." I have read it to her again and again, but she has not learned to like it yet. I know, indeed, that some of my idiosyncrasies are *non grata* to her.

She dislikes my stodgy boots, and that Scottish plaided ribbon which I often wear in the morning, and think very pleasing. I am sure she dislikes, though she refrains through affection from saying so, my habit of humming long pieces of poetry to a monotonous no-tune, when I am dusting. I have an indulgeable — fault, shall I call it? — of being always a few minutes late. It arises from a praiseworthy dislike of wasting time. If I am a very little late for an appointment, the other person is always there; and thus no time is lost — off we go together at once. J. declares that the other person has wasted time waiting for me; and persists in censuring me, while she pities that party of the second part. I must admit that she has "some spunks" (as Alan Breck would say) of reason on her side; but after all, it is an *interesting* sort of fault. All my so-called faults have a sort of charm about them. And yet I am often willing to apologize for them. Does J. O. H. ask my pardon for coming into my room and spreading out my mendables on the quilt? Far from doing so, she inquires, "How long has this garment been without a patch?"

These are my troubles, Mr. Wesley. Though my years have overflowed the twenties, I still live in bounty in this kind house, and my path "runs down with butter and honey." I have passed these many years, not alone generally free from pain and illness, but full of a positive sense of well-being, and wakings, "to feel like the morning star." I am flattered with affection ill-deserved; and my time is filled, and even pleasantly crowded, with welcome small responsibilities, and agreeable cares. Alas — am I one of those Daughters of Ease whom the prophet bade to tremble? Can I think of no worse troubles than these I have mentioned? These paragraphs, for all their verbosity, have an emaciated look. Yes, there is one — a looming, though second-hand trouble; one which the late Lord Shaftesbury felt, and remembered in his Diary. It is the thought of the mute sorrows of the beasts. Alas, "the beasts that perish" at our hands! When shall we think it a part of respectability to make their perishing swift? Their trouble is our trouble, Mr. Wesley! It is chronic with my dear J., and quotidian with me. We might have thought of *that*, when we were trying to think of a bothersome something in the house!

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IMAGINATION IN BUSINESS

BY LORIN F. DELAND

I

When Napoleon caused the names of his dead soldiers to be inscribed on the face of Pompey's Pillar, some one criticised the act as "a mere bit of imagination." "That is true," replied Napoleon, "but imagination rules the world."

The subject of imagination is a large one. Even our morals come, in part, from the imagination, — as the virtue of pity. Doubtless it would be impossible for a human being absolutely devoid of imagination to feel the emotion of pity. But let us consider the application of imagination to one thing: namely, to business. It would be easy to trace the world's inventions to its imaginative men, and tell of the gain to the individual from a single thought. We had all watched children go scuffling along to school, stubbing their toes at every step, and it meant nothing to us. But one day an imaginative man watched them, and saw the effect of putting a thin strip of copper across the toe of the boy's boot. The world gave him a million dollars. It could afford to, out of the many millions it saved. Or, leaving inventions aside, we might trace the imagination which made the waterfall of Niagara feed the electric lamps in the city of Buffalo, twenty miles away.

But, confining our thoughts within an even smaller circle, let us follow the workings of the imagination in the most material form of business, — that of ordinary merchandising. I believe that imagination is as valuable — I do not say as essential, but as valuable — in the management of trade, as in any of the arts. It is as valuable, it is as applicable, and with the single exception of the art of literature, it is as essential.

But just what do we mean by imagination? If our research is to be carried to any distance, the word should be clearly defined. Is not the best definition, to put it concisely, this: Imagination is the synthesis of the mind; that is, the opposite of analysis? It is the putting together of things into a compound, not the separation of a compound into its parts. It is the relating of one thought or object to another and different one; or, rather, the relating of separate elements or objects. Its nature is dual; it manifests itself in two directions, — range and intensity.

Here on the wall hangs a sword carried in the Civil War. Two men of imagination look at it. One of them instantly imagines the conditions of society which brought about the war; he thinks of slavery, of the horrors of the middle passage, of the scenes of terror in the Bight of Benin, and lo, in a twinkling he is a hundred years and three thousand miles away from that sword. That is *range*. The second man looks at the same sword, and he sees the battle, the charge at the fortifications, and the fearful slaughter. He hears the bugles blowing the advance, and he listens to the deafening roar of the cannon and the higher-voiced rattle of musketry. The groans of the wounded sound in his ears. Already a whole epic is acting itself out upon the stage of his brain, and that simple sword is its beginning and its end. That is *intensity*.

Imagination, then, is the ability, upon seeing any object, to construct around

that object its probable or possible environment; thus, apprehending any force, to realize what produced it, and what it will produce. The man of imagination writes a drama. His dramatic instinct apprehends the power of contrasts; he constructs a plot; he realizes what each person will do, and why he will do it. His characters take possession of his will; they act out their own destiny, — often against their author's own desire. *He* relates it all together.

Take the simplest instance of this relating of one thing to another in business. Let me say here, in passing, that I shall not introduce into this article any supposititious occurrences; each illustration is an actual fact, either in my experience, or of which I have been cognizant. And one other point: it is difficult at times to draw the line between imagination and sagacity. Starting in sagacity, a man's action often proceeds by imagination. The two become blended. Perhaps it is not too much to claim that, as sagacity emerges from the present, the existing, and the seen, into the future, the unborn, and the unapprehended, it becomes imagination. I shall try to confine myself to instances of action which proceed forth from imagination.

We were about to consider the simplest illustration of this relating of one thing to another in business. Let me tell the story of two bootblacks. We can scarcely go lower in the business scale. These two boys, of about the same age, I found standing, one Saturday afternoon, on opposite sides of a crowded thoroughfare in Springfield. So far as could be judged, there was no preference between the different sides of the street, for an equally large crowd seemed to be moving on both sides. The bootblacks had no regular stand, but each had his box slung over his shoulder, and, standing on the curb-stone, solicited the passers-by to stop and have a shine. Each boy had one "call," or method of solicitation, which he repeated at regular intervals. The two solicitations were entirely different, but each was composed of four words. They never varied them. Yet one of these boys, by the peculiar wording of his solicitation, secured twice as much business as the other, so far as one could judge, and I watched them for a long time.

The cry of the first boy was, "Shine your boots here." It announced the simple fact that he was prepared to shine their boots. The cry of the second boy was, "Get your Sunday shine!" It was then Saturday afternoon, and the hour was four o'clock. This second boy employed imagination. He related one attraction to another; he joined facts together; his four simple words told all that the first boy said, and a great deal more. It conveyed the information, not simply that he was there to shine shoes, but that to-morrow was Sunday; that from present appearances it was likely to be a pleasant day; that he, as a bootblack, realized they would need an extra good shine; and, somehow, the sentence had in it a gentle reminder that the person on whose ears it fell had heretofore overlooked the fact that the next day was the Sabbath, and that any self-respecting Christian would wish his shoes shined before he repaired to the sanctuary. Perhaps it was merely good luck that this boy secured twice the business of the other, but I have seen too many of such experiences to think of them as accidental.

Take another case, not in my own experience, but which happened to Heinemann, the European publisher. He once noticed two peddlers standing side by side, selling toy dolls. One of them had a queer, fat-faced doll, which he was pushing into the faces of the passers-by, giving it the name of a well-known woman reformer, then prominently before the public. His dolls were selling rapidly, while the man beside him, who had a really more attractive doll, was doing comparatively little business. A thought occurred to Heinemann, and he tried an experiment. Calling the second peddler to one side, "My friend," he said,

" do you want to know how to sell twice as many of these dolls as you are selling now? Hold them up in pairs, two together in each hand, and cry them as 'The Heavenly Twins.'" The toy-vender somewhat grudgingly followed his advice. It was at a time when Sarah Grand's famous novel was at the height of its popularity, and the title of the book was on every one's tongue. Perhaps it was merely another case of good luck, but the Heavenly Twins dolls were an instantaneous success, and within one hour the vender of the woman-reformer dolls gave up the fight, acknowledged himself beaten, and moved five blocks down the street to escape the ruinous competition. Here, again, is the relating of one thing to another, though in this case it was the relating of a popular name to an absolutely foreign subject. Of course the relation was wholly illogical, but it "got there" just the same.

The imaginative man sends his thought through all the instincts, passions, and prejudices of men; he knows their desires, and their regrets; he knows every human weakness and its sure decoy. Let me illustrate now that use of the imagination in business which is cleverly built on the frailties of mankind. It may be instanced in as many ways as there are human weaknesses. Under this head comes the subscription book, offered to you in a delicately-worded circular, explaining that an edition of two hundred copies only is to be printed, and the plates then destroyed, thereby ensuring the rarity of the book. If we stop and think a moment, we recognize that here is a direct appeal to vanity and selfishness. Yet how it works! Men are gratified even to be included in the list of recipients of such an invitation. And yet, really, the invitation is tantamount to an insult, for it assumes your overmastering vanity and selfishness, by making its strongest appeal in this direction.

Another weakness in human nature is the inability to throw away an element of value, even though it cannot be utilized. Many years ago a firm of large retailers of Oriental rugs in this country, the representative of leading houses in Smyrna and Constantinople, found itself overloaded with goods. The situation was critical, unless a certain part of their stock could be turned over at once. The firm had but one proposition to make: namely, a great sacrifice sale of its smaller sizes of rugs, with a reduction in price of from fifty to sixty per cent, to ensure the movement of at least a thousand rugs, at retail, within one week. An average price on small Oriental rugs — take them as they come — would be $30 to $35. This called for an average loss of profit on each rug of from $15 to $20. But just here imagination was applied, and another course was recommended and adopted, which was based upon the inability of the average person voluntarily to throw away an element of value. This was twenty years ago, and the plan has since lost much through familiarity; but in those days it was a novelty, and it worked most effectively.

Briefly, it purposed — not to sell rugs, oh, dear, no! — but to determine the relative advertising merits of the different newspapers of the city in which this house was located. A test was to be made for six days. Of course, the firm was willing to pay something for such information, and so in each paper there was printed a facsimile of a one-dollar bill, made out in the name of the firm, and good during the next six days, to the extent of one dollar, on the purchase of any Oriental rug at their establishment. The imitation one-dollar note was somewhat crude, but in size and general appearance it suggested a dollar bill, and results showed that it was difficult for many persons to regard it in any other light. At least, they found it as hard to let it go unused, as if it had been indeed a genuine dollar. To all intents and purposes it was a one-dollar bill, provided it was spent at a certain store during a certain limit of time, and for a certain article. It seems incredible now, for the experiment was not

tried in a large city, yet within three days the volume of rugs sold amounted to the largest total yearly discount limit; in other words, the greatest discount given to any retail house, if the volume of its sales in one year could be made to equal this total.

The anticipation of one thousand rugs was far exceeded in the performance, and the week ended with sales of sixteen hundred rugs. On these there had been a total discount of sixteen hundred dollars, with but little more than the customary daily amount of advertising, and a complete saving of the large sacrifice which had at first seemed to the firm to be inevitable. The experiment was a bold one, for, had it failed, the firm must have suffered ten days' delay at a time of pressing necessity. I had faith in the plan, however, because it was founded on a principle in human nature, — the inability to throw away an element of value.

Mark this fact! It was not the price. It never is. It was the *reason* for the price. If, instead of giving the buyer one dollar toward his purchase money, they had taken twelve dollars off the rug, there might have been sold, perhaps, two hundred of those rugs — scarcely more! But by making one-twelfth as good an offer in a more imaginative form, they sold — not two hundred rugs, but sixteen hundred. That is imagination in business!

When the late Phillips Brooks held a series of religious services on Sunday evenings in Faneuil Hall, some doubt was expressed as to the size of the audience, since it was plainly announced that these services were for the " waifs " and " strays " of the city, and not for churchgoers. The club of young men who had the matter in hand left to me the question of deciding what course would insure the largest possible attendance. I went the first night, and found the hall well filled. The second night the attendance had dwindled perceptibly, and the third Sunday night there was scarcely more than half an audience. I called the committee together, and told them that the audience had grown so small that we must hereafter have admission wholly by ticket. I still remember their consternation at this proposal. Their argument was a very natural one: if you cannot get people to come now, when there is no barrier whatever to their coming, how do you expect to get them to come when you refuse to admit them unless they have a ticket? But we carried the plan through, and thereafter no one was admitted who did not have a ticket. *From that night* the hall was full at every service. The ticket resembled in appearance a season ticket to the most expensive course of lectures or entertainments. As might have been expected, the people who got these tickets found it quite impossible to sacrifice an element of value, however slight that value was. They were entitled to attend divine service that night at Faneuil Hall, while Tom, Dick, and Harry, their neighbors, were not. And this slight advantage many of them could not relinquish.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, found it necessary to employ this same method when he held services in the great tabernacle on Tremont Street many years ago. His attendance, large at first, soon fell off materially; but Mr. Moody, to correct this, announced that attendance would be by ticket only; within a week the great tabernacle was crowded at every service, and this continued up to the last meeting.

II

Perhaps we might leave the domain of business for one moment, and remind ourselves of the working of this law in the privacy of our own homes, when one's wife says, " My dear, there are only a few more of these strawberries left; they can't keep till to-morrow; I wish you'd eat them up to-night so they won't spoil!" There is the element of value again, which so rarely can be thrown away gracefully.

But returning to business, let me relate another experience along the same line. It happened back in the eighties, but

human nature has not changed in the intervening twenty years. A leading organ manufactory found that by actual count they had, in the preceding fifty years, manufactured and sold a larger number of organs than any other maker in the world. In other words, they held the world's record of sales, the number being 200,000. The problem was to determine how best to utilize the advantage contained in this fact. I suggested that they offer a prize for the best popular conception of the number 200,000; that they publish this offer widely throughout the country, which, in itself, would call attention in an interesting way to the fact that they had manufactured 200,000 organs. They were then to take the fifty best conceptions of this large total, making an engraving to illustrate each one, and publish the whole in an attractive pamphlet, of which they should issue an edition large enough to make the cost of the book not to exceed one cent. It could be mailed for another cent, so that they could supply them to the public at a cost of two cents; or, in other words, any one enclosing a two-cent stamp in a letter would receive the book by mail; and if a large number of these books could be distributed, it would be substantially free advertising, for it would be advertising which involved no expenditure beyond the sending away of the books. It was found that an edition of 100,000 copies would have to be printed to bring the cost to this low limit, and the firm questioned whether so many as this could be disposed of by a simple offer that the book would be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. But their doubts yielded to my arguments, and they issued the book.

Four months later, in discussing another matter, they referred to the failure of their efforts to dispose of the book, and their chagrin at finding so large an edition on their hands, which they could not use. It appeared, on further conversation, that to dispose of them they had advertised them once in the *Youth's Companion*, a paper which at that time had a circulation of over 400,000 copies. They showed me the advertisement. It measured about six inches, single column, and, in good plain type, announced that a book entitled "How Large is 200,000?" had been prepared, with over fifty illustrations, finely printed, making an attractive volume of forty-eight pages, which would be sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp. In all the time which had elapsed since that advertisement had appeared, they had received 788 replies, and, consequently, an edition of 99,212 books was still upon their hands. The man who was responsible for this operation felt his humiliation, but nevertheless he believed that he could get rid of those books, by an advertisement *in the same paper*, inserted once only, and in a smaller space — virtually a mere repetition of the previous offer.

Accordingly, the following advertisement appeared. At the top were the words, PRIZE REBUS. Under this heading there was a simple rebus, one of the old-fashioned kind so dear to the "regular subscriber," although this particular puzzle was so easy of solution that any person of ordinary intelligence could not fail to work it out in a reasonable time. Under the rebus was the offer, which was to the effect that the books had been prepared, that a certain edition had been printed, that no more would be thereafter printed, and that the books would not be distributed thereafter upon request, but would be given as prizes to any one who could solve the rebus there given. Of course the rebus, being exceedingly simple, would be readily solved; it then entitled its interpreter to a book, and we find ourselves at once back on the old ground of a person entitled to an advantage, and called upon to choose whether he will avail himself of that advantage by a very slight expenditure, or sacrifice the advantage with no expenditure. The advertisement was inserted once, and nothing further was heard from the Organ Company for a time. Then came a letter saying, "Where is this thing

going to end? We have sent out 23,000 books on that one advertisement up to last Saturday night. We have now a force of five women employed in opening letters and mailing books. Had we not better prepare another edition?"

So it went on for *ten weeks* more, finally breaking all known records for the number of replies from any single advertisement.

Now, what was the defect in the first offer? It employed no imagination. It did not reckon with human nature. Or rather, it went directly contrary to a law of human nature. There is a belief, deep-seated in the human mind, that the thing which you can get for nothing is worth nothing. The public very properly accepted this book at its publisher's own appraisal; he offered it for nothing, therefore it was worth nothing. It would be possible to go further, and tell how the advantage was followed up in this case, and organs were sold to the people who had solved the prize rebus, but that is what Kipling calls "another story," and does not properly belong under this particular weakness of human nature.

I want to give just one more illustration under this head. A leading publisher conceived the idea of preparing a series of pictures of the great scenes of the Civil War. There were many pictures in the series, and they were finely executed from originals by famous artists. No pains or expense was spared, and, sure of success, a very large edition was printed. They were offered to the public at five dollars each. It was never intended to reduce this price, except to quote a slightly lower rate for the complete series. But the pictures were a dead failure. Some time after they were placed on the market the account on the books of the firm stood charged with an expenditure of over $50,000, against which there were receipts amounting to $700, representing the sales of the first six months. Net loss up to that date, $49,300. It was evident that this was a bad investment. The question was whether it would not be wise, in view of the signal failure of the enterprise, to reduce the pictures to a price of one dollar, which would represent less than the actual manufacturing cost, it is true, but which would go far, if the entire edition of fifty thousand could be sold, to reimburse the company for the very large sum which had been put into these pictures, and which, at present, there seemed to be no way of taking out. The plan was not to spend any money in advertising, but to announce to the trade, and to storekeepers generally, that these five-dollar pictures were now reduced to one dollar.

If the plan had been carried out along the lines then proposed, the result must have been an absolute failure. It is doubtful if a thousand more pictures would have been sold. Instead, the following plan was suggested, and its efficacy may be left to the judgment of any student of human nature. A circular was to be prepared and mailed to every member of the Grand Army of the Republic, which at that time numbered over 361,000 men. Enclosed with that circular was to be a receipt for $4 on account, to apply on the purchase of one of the war pictures. It was to be made out in the name of the member and signed by the publishers. The circular was to state that the regular price of the picture was $5, but that a comrade of any Grand Army Post could secure the picture for the nominal price of $1. The picture would be delivered to him upon payment of $1, with the accompanying receipt for $4, which must be attested by the Secretary of his Post.

It was easy to imagine how this plan would work. By virtue of his membership in the Grand Army, the recipient was entitled to secure a $5 picture for $1. The offer would not be made to any one else. He, by virtue of his membership in this National Order, had only to pay $1 to secure an equivalent of $5. Let us admit at once that thousands of these men did not care to pay $1 even for a $5 picture, But how many of

them, do you suppose, would tear up the signed receipt for $4? Instead, they would keep it in their pocket, look at it every few days, mention it to some of their friends, and end by making the generous offer to one of these friends that if he would like to avail himself of the chance, he could do it in *his* name. In other words, John Brown, as a G. A. R. man, is entitled to the picture, but John Brown does not care to buy it. His friend, John Smith, who is not in the G. A. R., however, will be very glad to take advantage of such an opportunity, and so Brown buys the picture for Smith in his (Brown's) name, paying for it with his $4 receipt and Smith's $1 in money. Inasmuch as the sales of these pictures would be naturally among members of the Grand Army, the offer amounted to a virtual reduction of the price from $5 to $1; yet how much more attractive was this form of making the reduction, which preserved the pictures from the shock of a precipitate and sensational discount.

III

We have now taken two weaknesses in human nature, namely, selfishness and acquisitiveness, and shown the baser use of the imagination in business, which rears its fabric on such weaknesses — using the word "baser" not to imply a moral defect, but merely to designate such usages as relatively less pleasing than other instances which might be cited. If time afforded, it would be easily possible to select other weaknesses of mankind, and instance how the imagination is employed in such cases; then, to take the reverse of these cases, that is, the traits not in themselves weak or base, but of which advantage is taken; such, for example, as the love of the material or concrete, the reasoning by analogy, the impression of value by quantity, the impression of quality by multiplication of argument, and similar instances.

It must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the *reason* for the price. This is one of the backbone truths of merchandising, and when once a seller gets a firm hold of this fact, and is able to apply it in its highest efficiency, he can almost devastate the trade. I have seen on more than one occasion the delight with which a retail advertiser first clearly grasps this idea. We can detect something of it in one of the illustrations just used; but now what is the reason which underlies this law? Is it not this: that the argument for the price is the imaginative part of the transaction; the price itself is absolutely unimaginative. Admit that the reason for the price is an important thing in the transaction, and that a high price with a good reason will sell more goods than a low price with a poor reason, and it is only reaffirming, in another form, the potentiality of the imagination in business.

The bankrupt stock, the fire sale, the manufacturer's remnants, the annual clearance, the removal sale, the dissolution-of-partnership sale — what are these, and many more, but arguments for the price? And note this one point: that without the argument the price is powerless. Reduce your fur-lined overcoats from $100 to $60, and your liberal discount attracts little attention. Why? Because there is no reasonable explanation for the reduction. Why should you present overcoats to the public? But announce that, owing to an expiration of your lease, and the imperative command that you vacate your present store within two weeks, you will reduce the price of your fur-lined overcoats from $100 to $80, and you may sell easily all you have to offer. Instinctively, the public sees the whole picture, — the proprietor's anxiety, the inevitable removal, the vanishing days, the final sacrifice, and the store full of eager buyers quick to seize such an opportunity. This is only half the reduction previously considered; but one is business without imagination, and the other is business with it.

Approach the whole question from another standpoint. Perhaps there is no better index of the value of imagination in business than the immense importance which attaches to the selection of a name for any article. To describe an article in an imaginative vein is to sell it at once to many persons; merely to give it a good name is to sell it to a few. So important is this matter held to be by those who have successfully grasped the value of imagination in business, that it has been used for no less an object than the stifling of competition. Let us assume that tomorrow you decide to embark in the business of manufacturing a toilet soap, to compete with some of the well-known makers. It is important that it should have a significant or attractive name. That is a first consideration. But, right at the outset, you discover that it is almost impossible to secure any satisfactory name for a new soap. Its color, transparency, and clearness suggest the title of "amber soap." Yes, surely "amber soap" does have an attractive sound. But you cannot use the word "amber," for you find that this is one of a list of twenty-four possible names for a toilet soap, preempted by registration as a protectionary measure, years ago, by one of the leading American soap-makers. They have covered over one hundred names in the past quarter of a century, willingly paying the registration charges of twenty-five dollars for every title. Of course, they do not intend to use them; they register them to fight off competition, believing (and here is the important point!) that no clever business man (and it is such competition which alone they fear) — that no clever business man would embark in the enterprise of manufacturing a new soap, when from the start he was prevented from employing the powerful weapon of imagination in giving it a suitable name. If an establishment like this, directed by some of the ablest heads in the business world, believes that it can discourage competition by simply depriving the would-be competitor of the appeal to the imagination in the naming of his soap, how great a value must we attach to imagination in business!

More striking instances of this endeavor to intercept competition may be found by a perusal of the trade-names and trademarks registered in Great Britain. Ten years ago there were only 27,000 trade-names registered in the United States as against 182,000 registered in England. The English, from whom we have borrowed the idea of protection by registration, take most of our American names that have any originality or value, if the owner for any reason has left them unregistered at the expiration of the six months during which the trade-name is protected for filing in Great Britain. English manufacturers have gone to the extent of protecting themselves, not merely in their own line of goods, but in all lines of manufacture, thereby preventing their trade-name from becoming commonplace by its repeated use. Thus the word "Sunlight" has been registered by its owners, not merely as the name of a soap, but for practically every article of household use to which the name could be applied.

By a peculiarity of the English Copyright laws, it is not permitted to cover every article with one name. The various articles of domestic use are arranged in groups, and one article in each group must be left unprotected, to conform to the law. In this case at hand, no little ingenuity has been used in selecting as the subject of each omission an article to which the name "Sunlight" could scarcely apply; as, for example, Sunlight Andirons; I think this was one of the articles in one of the groups left unprotected. The English charge is £10 for each registration, exclusive of all fees, and some manufacturers have expended close to $50,000 in this form of protection. When we see shrewd manufacturers investing such sums on their belief that you ruin a man's chances when you curtail his ability to employ imagination, is it not another proof of the value of imagination in business?

I shall try now, before concluding this article, to illustrate the use of imagination in business by three business problems. I select them partly because of their remoteness from the present in point of time (there being little harm in my speaking of the occurrences at this late date), and partly because they typify widely different cases.

The first is a retail problem, the circumstance of a carpet house. The general question was whether the volume of business could be enlarged. This firm was advertising extensively in the papers, and such advertising is the fool's first resort, and the wise man's last one. It is the proper remedy in about one in four cases of the kind here considered. It could hardly be used advantageously in a carpet business, for the reason that carpets are not tempting merchandise. In other words, one is not prompted by any advertisement to rush out and buy carpets. One buys them when one needs them. The buying of carpets is done in a cold-blooded way.

Once a year, rarely oftener, a family decides that it wants a new carpet. This is usually at the strenuous period known as "spring cleaning." But there is a more important time than this, and that is when the family is removing from one house to another. Probably from twenty to thirty per cent of all buying of carpets is induced by a change of residence. Estimated roughly, there is one day in the year when each householder may buy carpets; accordingly, on three hundred and sixty-four days of the year the advertising of specific carpets for that man is wasted. For *every* man it would be wasted three hundred and sixty-four out of three hundred and sixty-five days, and such a proportion of waste will not permit of profitable advertising. The important thing, then, was to get at people when they were about to move, and it seemed at the start that the key to the situation was the real-estate agent. In this direction work was begun.

The plan was to secure from real-estate agents, for some slight consideration, a complete record of all changes and removals from house to house in that city and its suburbs. The work had proceeded only a short distance, however, before it became evident that this was a wrong analysis of the case. The real-estate agent was not the correct clew; it was the furniture-mover! Many persons might effect a change of residence, especially in the upper class (and these changes were most valuable), without the transaction passing through the hands of any real-estate agent. But no one could remove from one residence to another, whether it was from a great establishment on Washington Square to another on Fifth Avenue, or whether a lodger with one trunk moved from a room on Bleeker Street to a room on Houston Street, without employing the furniture-mover.

Accordingly new plans were laid, a competent man was engaged to carry them out, and work proceeded on the following lines. A club was formed of all the furniture-movers in that city and its suburbs. Of course, there were isolated cases here and there of men who would not "club," but within ten days an organization was perfected, comprising forty-one of the leading furniture-movers, employing seventy-six wagons. A formal agreement was entered into and signed with each furniture-mover. The consideration for which they performed their service was comparatively slight. It has long been a custom with business houses to pay for the painting of a delivery wagon on the condition that it shall bear their advertisement; the name of the owner then appears in small letters, and the wagon ostensibly is a delivery wagon of the house whose name it bears. It is generally supposed that an advertisement thus painted on a wagon moving about through the streets of a city for a year, is well worth the cost of the painter's bill.

This old idea that furniture-movers like to escape the painting of their wagons was made to do duty here, and the repainting became a part of the compensation given

to them under the agreement. Their wagons were all painted with the name of this carpet house; a further consideration was that the house should keep them repaired at its own expense. They were to be repainted as often as required, say once in two years, and all repairs were to be paid for unless they were occasioned by gross carelessness. Contracts were made with seven or eight leading carriage-painters in the city in which this occurred, and exceptionally low rates secured by reason of the large quantity of work. Similar contracts were also made with wheelwrights for repairs.

To describe the consideration given by the furniture-mover to the carpet house, let me tell what would have happened had you, at any time desiring to move from one part of that city to another, called upon one of these furniture-movers, with a view to securing his services. The conversation might have been substantially on these lines: —

Customer. I am about to move from 32d Street to 57th Street. I don't know exactly how many loads there will be, but it is an ordinary houseful of furniture. I should like to know your charge for the job.

Furniture-Mover. Where are you now located?

(*Customer gives his residence.*)

And what is the new location?

(*Customer gives the address. Both replies are at once entered on a slip.*)

When do you propose to move?

(*The date is given.*)

Just how many loads would there be? How many rooms are there in the house?

(*Replies noted.*)

Customer. Do you employ reliable and satisfactory men?

Furniture-Mover. Yes, sir. Here is my business card, and you will see upon the back of it what John Smith & Co., the well-known carpet house, say about me.

At this he hands the customer a business card, supplied to him without charge by the carpet house, and on the back of this business card there is a letter from John Smith & Co., stating that they understand that this man is a reliable furniture-mover, who employs suitable help. The attitude with which the furniture-mover proudly regards the endorsement of John Smith & Co. is, in itself, an evidence that in the furniture-moving business, at least, Smith & Co. is readily conceded to be the leading carpet house of the city. In the meantime, the customer sees along the curb a number of neat-looking, attractive wagons, on each of which is the advertisement of John Smith & Co.

By direct agreement with the Smith carpet house, the furniture-mover is obliged to fill out within one hour, and forward to them by mail, a printed blank as follows: —

Name of party about to move: ——; present address of party: ——; new location to which he is to move: ——; date when he expects to move: ——; number of loads he will carry: ——; etc., etc.

From forty-five to ninety of these blanks were received daily at the carpet house. When the system was started, it was the custom to send a representative, with samples, to call immediately upon the parties about to move. For a very short time one representative did all this work, but within three months it required six representatives, of whom four went in "sampler" carts built for this especial work, mounted on two wheels, and in appearance not unlike an Adams Express money-wagon. The carts were finely fitted up, and contained a complete line of samples, not only of carpetings, but of upholsteries, draperies, shades, etc. The memoranda received at the carpet house went immediately to the manager of the retail department; by him they were separated according to their locality; the presumably large customers were handed to the more expert representatives, while some poor devil who was moving with a trunk from one room to another received no call, but, instead, a circular or special letter, according to his importance, in which the

house offered its services in connection with any refurnishing which he might have to do, and suggested that one of their representatives call with samples on his daily round, for which, of course, there would be no charge. Meanwhile all newspaper advertising was stopped.

The business grew to such size that at the end of a year the carpet house had bought and was operating its own repair and paint shop. The plan worked out substantially as first conceived, with one exception. It was found necessary to employ two men whose sole business it was to go daily among the furniture-movers and keep them sharply up to their end of the agreement, ensuring immediate reports on all names, and complete memoranda. This experiment showed one solution of how to enlarge a retail carpet business. It was literally a gold mine, and the business of the house was greatly increased.

IV

So the retailer meets his difficulties and applies imagination in their solution. But the wholesaler has his problems too, and we shall find that the same panacea has lost none of its virtues as we examine a plan for the extension of a business in lithographic novelties. This house was one of the three firms who had supplied the great market of the world with its Christmas cards. The Christmas-card industry had waned, but they had taken it at its flood, and nicely calculated the moment of the ebb. The instant that the upper class of society abandoned the sending of Christmas cards, this firm was keen enough to realize that the custom was destined to have a short life, and from that day drew in its manufacturing, carried a short stock, and was well equipped to take advantage of any new turn. (The firm afterwards made a study of the question whether the custom of sending Christmas cards could be reëstablished, deciding finally that as the custom had gone out through the upper class of society, it could only reënter through that class, and no way of reëstablishing it in that direction seemed to suggest itself. Many ways were open to revive the custom in other classes of society, but this firm wisely concluded that it would be impossible to work the revival upwards. The popularity of the bicycle is the only exception I know to this general rule, and it has been one of the curious anomalies in trade movements in recent years.)

The establishment in question then turned its attention to the manufacture of art novelties, booklets, hangers, etc. For these there was a fairly large demand, and the question was how to double that trade. It was a difficult problem, for the goods were marketed entirely by little stationery and periodical stores — about the smallest calibre of storekeeper that can be imagined. It was out of the question to sell to the consumer direct, as that would instantly antagonize the retailers then handling the goods. It seemed almost impossible to infuse any enterprise and life into these little two-by-four storekeepers, in whose hands lay absolutely the future prosperity of the business. However, upon a closer study of the conditions, the point which attracted attention was the wide divergence in the volume of business done by different stores. Two, located in Cleveland, Ohio, and in Providence, Rhode Island, in the same relative location, and appealing to the same class, were doing a totally different business. The two constituencies were substantially alike; but one store was doing a business of $300, and the other of $3000.

This indicated broadly that but few of these little storekeepers understood how to push their business, and it at once suggested the course which should be taken: first, to acquaint the trade, immediately and confidentially, with this state of affairs; and secondly, for this house to offer, as a committee of the whole, to investigate the various methods by which the business could be developed, reporting estimates and figures, with attested results as to each method. In

other words, if a man in Philadelphia had employed successfully the method of making five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cent counters, the house proposed to investigate the whole system and its results, and report its findings to all who joined the movement. If another man in another city had established $1, $2, $3, and $5 packets, and made a great success, the workings of that system would be explained, telling just what to avoid and what to do. In a similar way, to investigate the sending of canvassers, with books of samples, to interview customers in person; the advertising in magazines; and all the different ways by which one and another man in different parts of the country had made any success.

It was supposed that possibly three hundred dealers might join this movement. The first circular was sent out, and within six weeks 2900 small storekeepers and their clerks had united with the lithographing firm in the undertaking. The movement was continued successfully for several years. It grew out of its original limitations, and the monthly reports began finally to discuss methods of salesmanship, taking individual articles and illustrating different methods of presentment.

Here we see a different application of imagination, a sort of outward application to lubricate the stiffening joints of business. Let me now, as a last illustration, take an instance where the medicine was compounded to be taken internally. It was the question of a humble employee. We will say his name was Mills, and he was one of the army of workers in the service of a wholesale clothing house. He came to me with his serious problem: he had been employed by this house for three years; he had received one small raise of salary at the end of the first year, and now, after two years of waiting, he was side-tracked, as he thought, hopelessly stalled on the road to business success, one of the innumerable teeth in the mighty gear, of no special value, and with no prospects whatever for the future. He wanted to marry (on $6 a week!), and this had added to his discontent with his surroundings. He came to ask me whether he had not better give up his situation, and trust to luck to find something better. I urged at once against such a course, and told him to look for something better while still holding his present situation. He said he had tried that for some time, but found himself restless. I said to him, " Mills, the important thing for you in this matter, is to ascertain whether you are paid all that you are worth; and, that settled, whether you can make yourself worth any more. But first of all let us see if you can make yourself worth any more, whether you are paid it or not. If you can, you had better stick, and look for your raise at the first fair opportunity." He agreed with me in my hypothesis, but said he did not quite understand how that could be found out. I said, " I cannot find it out to-day, but if you will put yourself in my hands absolutely for three months, I will guarantee that we shall both have an answer to that question." He agreed, and I went ahead. Here were my instructions to him:

" For the first thirty days I want you to put your mind on one thing only; drop all outside nonsense, and focus your entire attention, thought, and energy upon this question: By what method which *you* can devise, can your house sell $100,000 worth more of goods every year than they are now selling? (Mills gasped!) Or $10,000 worth more? Or $1000 worth more? *Or* $100 *worth more?* When you have discovered your plan, work it all out on paper, put down the figures in black and white, verify every item of expense, and take the complete showing, at a favorable moment, to the man on whom you must depend for your raise of salary. However good the idea may be, when you present it to him view it tentatively; tell him as modestly as you can that you believe that the prosperity of the house should be as truly your concern as his; that both your fortunes are in the same

boat; say frankly that you hope it may not seem presumptuous that you should seem to suggest reforms or changes, but that you are really interested in the success of the business, and it is this interest which must be blamed for any seeming intrusion on your part. Put it to him modestly; if he decides that the idea is not good, say you are sorry for having wasted his time, and get out as quickly as you can. Then go to work on another idea. When you carry this to him, if he negatives it also, make your excuses and ask him if there is any objection to your still studying and trying to plan out some method by which the business can be extended."

In a general way, with a good deal more of explanation, I think I made him understand how he was to present his idea, so that in no case would he be in danger of losing his position or the good will of the firm, by seeming to have their interests very closely at heart. Thirty days passed, and Mills came to me. His report was brief. With all his thinking, he had found no method by which the business of the firm could be extended even one hundred dollars a year. I then put him to work upon his second month's labor, which was this: "See whether you can discover any method by which, while losing no present advantage or trade, the firm can transact its present volume of business with greater economy, so that, by your improved methods of conducting the business, there shall be effected a saving of $50,000 a year; or $5000 a year; or $500 a year; *or* $50 *a year!*" I thought he drew a rather long breath as he left me to go to work for thirty days on this proposition; but he, more or less manfully, went through the second stage of his labors, and at the end of another thirty days he came back to me with his report. He had been able to discover no new method whereby the firm could economize on its present system. He had, however, discovered one thing, namely, that he would not need to go ahead for another thirty days with our experiment, for he had about made up his mind that he would continue where he was.

I said to him, "So Mills, you don't care for any more of my advice? Well, this time I am going to give it to you, without your wanting it. My boy, just realize for one moment where you stand. With the enormous volume of clothing business which is being done, and with the undoubted expansion which can be effected, you are not able, though you have worked three years in this house, to increase the volume of this business one hundred dollars a year; with the elaborate and necessarily wasteful methods in which that great business is transacted, you are not near enough to it to be able to point out a better system in any department whereby the small sum of fifty dollars a year may be saved. Now, Mills, let me give you a last word of advice, and it is valuable advice. My boy, lie low! Attract just as little attention to yourself as you can. Don't let the proprietors or manager remember that you have been three years in their employ, if you can help it. You are an absolutely unproductive man. If they knew how little capable you are of development and progress, they would change you off to-morrow for some young man of greater promise. Lie low, my boy. Keep out of prominence as much as you can, and go down on your knees to-night and thank God that you have got a situation where you are paid all that you are worth. I don't mean that you are a bit inferior to thousands of other young men who are in the stores and wholesale houses in this city; but you, like them, are simply sitting upon the head of the one brainy man who sits in the counting-room. He has to solve all these problems. You and fifty others in your establishment are just sitting on top of his head, like so many dead weights. If the business prospers you expect a raise of salary, when it is his head-work that has gained every inch of the progress. He has to carry you all."

The young man went off, sadder and wiser than he came. For the five years

thereafter in which I was able to follow his course, he held the same place and at the same salary. Now, in a last word, what was the object of this experiment? Of course, I did n't expect that this boy was going to revolutionize the clothing trade. It was simply to find out whether he had in him any imagination which he could employ in his business. I was willing to stake my prediction of his fate on the result of that one question, and I think the years have shown that I was right.

If space permitted, it would be worth while to enumerate the great variety of problems which arise in business. To every one of these problems, imagination, if you will employ it, will open the door. If you want some day to relieve the tedium of a railroad journey by employing your imagination upon a test problem, let me give you one. It was the first client I ever had. Two young men in Indiana conceived the idea that there would be a fortune for them if they could secure a whale, load him on a large special car, and carry him over the United States, giving exhibitions in every town and city through which they passed, where their car could be side-tracked for one day, while the great fresh-water public saw the whale at twenty-five cents a head.

They investigated the idea thoroughly, found it practical, and put into the venture every last cent that both of them had saved. They had two elaborate cars constructed in the Pullman shops. They were built on the Pennsylvania Railroad pattern; one was a car of extra length, with special appliances for switching, curves, etc., and was to hold the whale. The sides of the car let down, and served as an inclined platform upon which people could walk up and view the "monster of the deep." The other car was a hotel car, and contained bedrooms and living-rooms, accommodations for their families, business office, ticket-office, safe, etc. They were really fine cars, costing many thousands of dollars. They even went so far as to have all their printing prepared, giving a thrilling account of the capture of the whale, and every detail, discreetly omitting the mention of its exact size. Thousands and tens of thousands of posters, flyers, and circulars were printed, and then the two cars started from the Pullman works in the west, bound for Boston. They arrived in the Boston & Albany yards, where they were side-tracked while the two men went down to Nantucket to arrange for the purchase of the whale.

There is a recognized industry on the Atlantic coast in whales. The year before these young men arrived in Boston over forty whales had been caught and brought in to Nantucket. Any one capturing a whale, dead or alive, was enabled to dispose of it to an enterprising buyer in Nantucket, who stood always ready to purchase. These young men found, however, upon arriving at Nantucket, that no whale had been captured since they refused the last one, which had been landed in July, — ten weeks too early for their purposes. Usually the catch extends well into November, and they had counted upon the cold weather to help them in the first stages of their undertaking. But that year only fourteen whales had been caught, and although they waited in Nantucket until the season closed, no more whales appeared.

Without a cent of money, with their families on their hands, and with total assets amounting to two elaborate cars, the problem is to carry these young men through one year, making them earn enough to provide for all their necessities of life, including car-storage, and equip them in the fall of the following year with a large whale. That problem was solved; those two young men were kept alive, and their families supported, and one year later I saw the tail of a sixty-five foot whale vanishing over the railroad tracks westward, where it eventually gladdened the hearts of thousands of wild and woolly Westerners at twenty-five cents a peep. I will not weary you now with an account of how it was done,

but I recommend it as a pleasant little exercise for the imagination.

V

And now, shall we not all agree that there is a faculty which can accomplish in business such remedial and constructive work as we have been considering? It is not enterprise, nor thrift, nor industry, nor sagacity, nor courage. Nor can all these qualities combined supply the place left vacant by the lack of imagination. They each have their value, and by any of these roads a man may win to success. But the faculty of which I now conceive MAKES HIM CAPABLE OF UNDERTAKING ANY BUSINESS! He may be a successful bootblack, or the able president of a bank, or the astute manager of a circus. He *may fail*, for the imagination which enables him to comprehend human nature in the aggregate does not necessarily enable him to understand it in the individual. He may know human nature, but not individual nature. Hence he may be a judge of methods, but not of men.

And now is any apology needed for these illustrations? To some readers, perhaps, they may seem sharp and shrewd, with a little flavor of the pavement. But business is intellectual warfare, a battle of wits, — in which one does not repulse solid shot with blank cartridges. It is not a theory, but a condition, which confronts the business man. He takes his medicine as he finds it compounded. It does n't taste as he would like to have it, but no one asked him what he liked. He is n't picnicking. He's at war. He smiles through the bitter drink, and orders it up for the whole company when his turn comes!

THE LONG ROAD

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THE long road I have in mind is the long road of evolution, — the road you and I have traveled in the guise of humbler organisms, from the first unicellular life in the old Cambrian seas to the complex and highly specialized creature that rules supreme in the animal kingdom today. Surely a long journey, stretching through immeasurable epochs of geologic time, and attended by vicissitudes of which we can form but feeble conceptions.

The majority of readers, I fancy, are not yet ready to admit that they, or any of their forebears, have ever made such a journey. We have all long been taught that our race was started upon its career only a few thousand years ago, started, not amid the warrings of savage elemental nature, but in a pleasant garden with everything needed close at hand. This belief has faded a good deal in our time, especially among thoughtful persons; but in a modified form, as the special creation theory, it held sway in the minds of the older naturalists like Agassiz and Dawson, long after Darwin had launched his revolutionary doctrine of our animal origin, putting man in the same zoölogical scheme as the lower orders.

We are slow to adjust our minds to the revelations of science, they have been so long adjusted to a revelation, so-called, of an entirely different character. It gives them a wrench more or less violent when we try to make them at home and at their ease amid these new and startling disclosures. To many good people evolu-

tion seems an ungodly doctrine, like setting up a remorseless logic in the place of an omnipresent Creator. But there is no help for it. Science has fairly turned us out of our comfortable little anthropomorphic notion of things into the great out-of-doors of the universe. We must and will get used to the chill, yea, to the cosmic chill, if need be. Our religious instincts will be all the hardier for it.

When we accepted Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, we virtually surrendered ourselves to the enemy, and started upon a road, the road of natural causation, that traverses the whole system of created things. We cannot turn back, we may lie down by the roadside and dream our old dreams, but our children and their children will press on, and will be exhilarated by the journey.

It is at first sight an unpalatable truth that Evolution confronts us with, and it requires courage calmly to face it. But it is in perfect keeping with the whole career of physical science, which is forever directing our attention to common near-at-hand facts for the key to remote and mysterious occurrences.

It seems to me that Evolution adds greatly to the wonder of life, because it takes it out of the realm of the arbitrary, the exceptional, and links it to the sequence of natural causation. That man should have been brought into existence by the fiat of an omnipotent power, is less an occasion for wonder than that he should have worked his way up from the lower non-human forms. That the manward impulse should never have been lost in all the appalling vicissitudes of geologic time, that it should have pushed steadily on, through mollusk and fish and amphibian and reptile, through dinosaurs and mastodons, and all the dragons and monsters of the sea, the earth, the air, till it came to its full estate in a human being, is the wonder of wonders.

In like manner, Evolution raises immensely the value of the biological processes that are everywhere operative about us, by showing us that these processes are the channels through which the creative energy has worked, and is still working. Not in the far-off or in the exceptional does it seek the key to man's origin, but in the sleepless activity of the creative force, which has been pushing onward and upward, from the remotest time, till it has come to full fruition in man.

It is easy to inject into man's natural history a supernatural element, as nearly all biologists and anthropologists before Darwin's time did, and as many serious people still do. It is too easy, in fact, and the temptation to do so is great. It makes short work of the problem of man's origin, and saves a deal of trouble. But this method is more and more discredited and the younger biologists and natural philosophers accept the zoölogical conception of man, which links him with all the lower forms, and proceed to work from that.

When we have taken the first step in trying to solve the problem of man's origin, where can we stop? Can we find any point in his history where we can say, Here his natural history ends, and his supernatural history begins? Does his natural history end with the pre-glacial man, with the cave man, or the river-drift man, with the low-browed long-jawed Java fossil man — the *pithecanthropus erectus* of Haeckel? Where shall we stop on his trail? I had almost said "step on his tail," for we undoubtedly, if we go back far enough, come to a time when man had a tail. Every unborn child at a certain stage of its development still has a tail, as it also has a coat of hair and a hand-like foot. But could we stop with the tailed man — the manlike ape, or the ape-like man? Did his Creator start him with this appendage, or was it a later suffix of his own invention?

If we once seriously undertake to solve the riddle of man's origin, and go back along the line of his descent, I doubt if we can find the point, or the form, where the natural is supplanted by the supernatural as it is called, where causation

ends and miracle begins. Even the first dawn of protozoic life in the primordial seas must have been natural, or it would not have occurred, — must have been potential in what went before it. In this universe, so far as we know it, one thing springs from another; the sequence of cause and effect is continuous and inviolable.

We know that no man is born of full stature, with his hat and boots on; we know that he grows from an infant, and we know the infant grows from a fœtus, and that the fœtus grows from a bit of nucleated protoplasm in the mother's womb. Why may not the race of man grow from a like simple beginning? It seems to be the order of nature; it *is* the order of nature, — first the germ, the inception, then the slow growth from the simple to the complex. It is the order of our own thoughts, our own arts, our own civilization, our own language.

In our candid moments we acknowledge the animal in ourselves and in our neighbors, — especially in our neighbors, — the beast, the shark, the hog, the sloth, the fox, the monkey; but to accept the notion of our animal origin, that gives us pause. To believe that our remote ancestor, no matter how remote in time or space, was a lowly organized creature living in the primordial seas with no more brains than a shovel-nosed shark or a gar-pike, puts our scientific faith to severe test.

Think of it. For countless ages, millions upon millions of years, we see the earth swarming with life, low bestial life, devouring and devoured, myriads of forms, all in bondage to nature or natural forces, living only to eat and to breed, localized, dependent upon place and clime, shaped to specific ends like machines, — to fly, to swim, to climb, to run, to dig, to drill, to weave, to wade, to graze, to crush, — knowing not what they do, as void of conscious purpose as the thorns and stings and hooks and coils and wings in the vegetable world, making no impression upon the face of nature, as much a part of it as the trees and the stones, species after species having its day, and then passing off the stage, when suddenly, in the day before yesterday in the geologic year, so suddenly as to give some color of truth to the special creation theory, a new and strange animal appears, with new and strange powers, separated from the others by what appears an impassable gulf, less specialized in his bodily powers than the others, but vastly more specialized in his brain and mental powers, instituting a new order of things upon the earth, the face of which he in time changes through his new gift of reason, inventing tools and weapons and language, harnessing the physical forces to his own ends, and putting all things under his feet, — man the wonder-worker, the beholder of the stars, the critic and spectator of creation itself, the thinker of the thoughts of God, the worshiper, the devotee, the hero, spreading rapidly over the earth, and developing with prodigious strides when once fairly launched upon his career. Can it be possible, we ask, that this god was fathered by the low bestial orders below him, — instinct giving birth to reason, animal ferocity developing into human benevolence, the slums of nature sending forth the ruler of the earth. It is a hard proposition, I say, undoubtedly the hardest that science has ever confronted us with.

Haeckel, discussing this subject, suggests that it is the parvenu in us that is reluctant to own our lowly progenitors, the pride of family and position, like that of would-be aristocratic sons who conceal the humble origin of their parents. But it is more than that; it is the old difficulty of walking by faith where there is nothing visible to walk upon; we lack faith in the efficiency of the biologic laws, or any mundane forces, to bridge the tremendous chasm that separates man from even the highest of the lower orders. His radical unlikeness to all the forms below him, as if he moved in a world apart, into which they could never enter, as in a sense he does, is where the

difficulty lies. Moreover, evolution balks us because of the inconceivable stretch of time during which it has been at work. It is as impossible for us to grasp geological time as sidereal space. All the standards of measurement furnished us by experience are as inadequate as is a child's cup to measure the ocean.

Several million years, or one million years, — how can we take it in? We cannot. A hundred years is a long time in human history, and how we pause before a thousand! Then think of ten thousand, of fifty thousand, of one hundred thousand, of ten hundred thousand, or one million, or of one hundred million! What might not the slow but ceaseless creative energy do in that time, changing but a hair in each generation! If our millionaires had to earn their wealth cent by cent. and carry each cent home with them at night, it would be some years before they became millionaires. This is but a faint symbol of the slow process by which nature has piled up her riches. She has had no visions of sudden wealth. To clothe the earth with soil made from the disintegrated mountains — can we figure that time to ourselves? The orientals try to get a hint of eternity by saying that when the Himalayas have been ground to powder by allowing a gauze veil to float against them once in a thousand years, eternity will only have just begun. Our mountains have been pulverized by a process almost as slow. In our case the gauze veil is the air, and the rains, and the snows, before which even granite crumbles. See what the god of erosion, in the shape of water, has done in the river valleys and gorges — cut a mile deep in the Colorado canyon, and yet this canyon is but of yesterday in geologic time. Only give the evolutionary god time enough and all these miracles are surely wrought.

Truly it is hard for us to realize what a part time has played in the earth's history, — just time, duration, — so slowly, oh, so slowly, have the great changes been brought about! The turning of mud and silt into rock in the bottom of the old seas seems to have been merely a question of time. Mud does not become rock in man's time, nor vegetable matter become coal. These processes are too slow for us. The flexing and folding of the rocky strata, miles deep, under an even pressure, is only a question of time. Allow time enough and force enough, and a layer of granite may be bent like a bow. The crystals of the rock seem to adjust themselves to the strain, and to take up new positions, just as they do, much more rapidly, in a cake of ice under pressure. Probably no human agency could flex a stratum of rock, because there is not time enough, even if there were power enough. "A low temperature acting gradually," says my geology, "during an indefinite age would produce results that could not be otherwise brought about even through greater heat." "Give us time." say the great mechanical forces, "and we will show you the immobile rocks and your rigid mountain-chains as flexible as a piece of leather." "Give us time," say the dews and the rains and the snow, "and we will make you a garden out of those same stubborn rocks and frowning ledges." "Give us time," says Life, starting with its protozoans in the old Cambrian seas, "and I will not stop till I have peopled the earth with myriad forms and crowned them all with man."

Dana thinks that, had "a man been living during the changes that produced the coal, he would not have suspected their progress," so slow and quiet were they. It is probable that parts of our own sea-coast are sinking and other parts rising, as rapidly as the oscillation of the land and sea went on that resulted in the laying down of the coal measures.

An eternity to man is but a day in the cosmic process. In the face of geologic time, man's appearance upon the earth as man, with a written history, is something that has just happened; it was in this morning's paper, we read of it at breakfast. As evolution goes, it will not be old news yet for a hundred thousand years or so; and by that time what will

he have done, if he goes on at his present rate of accelerated speed? Probably he will not have caught the gods of evolution at their work, or witnessed the origin of species by natural descent, — these things are too slow for him; but he will certainly have found out many things that we are all dying to know.

In nature as a whole we see results and not processes. We see the rock-strata bent and folded, we see whole mountain chains flexed and shortened by the flexure; but had we been present, we would not have suspected what was going on. Our little span of life does not give us the parallax necessary. The rock-strata, miles thick, may be being flexed now under our feet, and we know it not. The earth is shrinking, but so slowly! When, under the slow strain, the strata suddenly give way or sink, and an earthquake results, then we know something has happened.

A modern biologist and physicist thinks, and doubtless thinks wisely, that the reason why we have never been able to produce living from non-living matter in our laboratories, is that we cannot take time enough. Even if we could bring about the conditions of the early geologic ages in which life had its dawn, which of course we cannot, we could not produce life because we have not geologic time at our disposal.

The reaction which we call life was probably as much a cosmic or geologic event as were the reactions which produced the different elements and compounds, and demanded the same slow gestation in the womb of time. During what cycles upon cycles the great mother-forces of the universe must have brooded over the inorganic before the organic was brought forth! The archæan age, during which the brooding seems to have gone on, was probably as long as all the ages since.

How we are baffled when we talk about the beginning of anything in nature or in our own lives! In our experience there must be a first, but when did manhood begin; when did puberty, when did old age, begin? When did each stage of our mental growth begin? When or where did the English language begin, or the French, or the German? Was there a first English word spoken? From the first animal sound, if we can conceive of such, up to the human speech of to-day, there is an infinite gradation of sounds and words.

Was there a first summer, a first winter, a first spring? There could hardly have been a first day, even for ages and ages, but only slowly approximating day. After an immense lapse of time the air must have cleared and the day become separated from the night, and the seasons must have become gradually defined. Things slowly emerge one after another from a dim nebulous condition, in our own growth and experience, and in the development of the physical universe.

In nature there is no first and last. There is an endless beginning and an endless ending. There was no first man or first woman, no first bird, or fish, or reptile. Back of each one stretches an endless chain of approximating men and birds and reptiles.

This talk about the time and place where man began his existence seems to me misleading, because it appears to convey the idea that he began as man at some time, in some place. Whereas he grew. He began where and when the first cell appeared, and he has been on the road ever since. There is no point in the line where he emerged from the not-man and became man. He was emerging from the not-man for millions of years, and when you put your finger on an animal form and say, "This is man," you must go back through whole geologic periods before you reach the not-man. There is no more reason for believing that the different species or forms of animal life were suddenly introduced than there is for believing that the soil, or the minerals, gold, silver, diamonds, or vegetable mould and verdure were suddenly introduced.

II

If we know anything of the earth's past history, we know that the continents were long in forming, that they passed through many vicissitudes of heat and cold, of fire and flood, of upheaval and subsidence — that they had, so to speak, their first low, simple, rudimentary or invertebrate life; that they were all so slow in getting their back-bones, slower still in clothing their rock-ribs with soil and verdure, that they passed through a sort of amphibian stage, now under water, now on dry land; that their many kinds of soils and climes were not differentiated and their complex water-systems established till well into Tertiary times — in short, that they have passed more and more from the simple to the complex, from the disorganized to the organized. When man comes to draw his sustenance from their breasts, may they not be said to have reached the mammalian stage?

The fertile plain and valley and the rounded hill are of slow growth, immensely slow. But any given stage of the earth has followed naturally from the previous stage, only more and more and higher and higher forces took a hand in the game. First its elements passed through the stage of fire, then through the stage of water, then merged into the stage of air. More and more the aerial elements, oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, have entered into its constituents and fattened the soil. The humanizing of the earth has been largely a process of oxidation. More than disintegrated rock makes up the soil: the air and the rains and the snows have all contributed a share.

The history of the soil which we turn with our spade, and stamp with our shoes, covers millions upon millions of years. It is the ashes of the mountains, the leavings of untold generations of animal and vegetable life. It came out of the sea; it drifted from the heavens; it flowed out from the fiery heart of the globe; it has been worked over and over by frost and flood, blown by winds, shoveled by ice, washed by floods, — mixed and kneaded and moulded up as the housewife kneads and moulds her bread, — refining and refining from age to age. Much of it was held in solution in the primordial seas, whence it was filtered and used and precipitated by countless forms of marine life, making a sediment that in time became rocks, that again in time became continents or parts of them, which the aerial forces reduced to soil. Indeed, the soil itself is an evolution — as much so as the life upon it.

We probably have little conception of how intimate and coöperative all parts of the universe are with one another, — the debt we owe to the farthest stars, and to the remotest period of time. We must owe a debt to the monsters of Mesozoic and Cenozoic time: they helped to fertilize the soil for us, and to discipline the ruder forces of life. We owe a debt to all that has gone before: to the heavens above, and to the earth-fires beneath, to the ice-sheet that ground down the mountains, and to the ocean currents. Just as we owe a debt to the men and women in our line of descent, so we owe a debt to the ruder primordial forces that shaped the planet to our use, and took a hand in the game of animal life.

The gods of evolution had served a long apprenticeship; they had gained proficiency and were master-workmen. Or shall we say that the elements of life had become more plastic and adaptable, or that the life-fund had accumulated, so to speak? Had the vast succession of living beings, the long experience in organization, at last made the problem of man easier to solve?

One fancies every living thing as not only returning its mineral elements to the soil, but as in some subtle way leaving its vital forces also, and thus contributing to the impalpable, invisible storehouse of vital energy of the globe.

At first, among the mammalian tribes there was much muscle and little brains. But in the middle Tertiary, the mammal brain began suddenly to enlarge. So that

in our time the horse's brain is more than eight times the size of that of his progenitor, the Dinoceras of Eocene times.

Nature seems to have experimented with brains and nerve-ganglia, as she has with so many other things. The huge reptilian creatures of Mesozoic time — the various dinosaurs — had absurdly small heads and brains, but they had what might be called supplementary brains well toward the other end of the body, — great nervous masses near the sacrum, many times the size of the ostensible brain, which no doubt performed certain brain functions. But the principle of centralization was at work, and when in later time we reach the higher mammalian forms, we find these outlying nervous masses called in, so to speak, and concentrated in the head.

Nature has tried the big, the gigantic, over and over, and then abandoned it. In Carboniferous times there was a gigantic dragon-fly, measuring more than two feet in the expanse of wing. Still earlier, there were gigantic mollusks and sea-scorpions, a cephalopod larger than a man, then gigantic fishes, amphibians, and reptiles, followed by enormous mammals. But the geologic record shows that these huge forms did not continue. The mollusks that last unchanged through millions of years are the clam and the oyster of our day. The huge mosses and tree-ferns are gone, and only their humbler types remain. Among men, giants are short-lived.

If we figure to ourselves the geologic history of the earth under the symbol of a year of three hundred and sixty-five days, each day a million years, which is probably not far out of the way, then man, the biped, the *Homo sapiens*, in relation to this immense past, is of to-day, or of this very morning; while the origin of the first vertebrates, the fishes, from which he has arisen, falls nearer the middle of the great year. Or, dividing this geologic year into four divisions or seasons, primary, secondary, tertiary, and quaternary, the fishes fall in the secondary, and man in the early quaternary.

If the fluid earth hardened, and the seas were formed, in the first month of this year, then probably the first beginning of life appeared in the second month, the invertebrate in the third or fourth, — March or April, — the vertebrates in May or June, the amphibians in July or August, the reptiles in August or September, the mammals in October or November, and man in December, — separated from the first beginnings of life by all those millions upon millions of years.

If life is a ferment, as we are told it is, how long it took this yeast to leaven the whole loaf! Man is evidently the end of the series, he is the top of the biological tree. His specialization upon physical lines seems to have ended far back in geologic time; his future specialization and development is evidently to be upon mental and spiritual lines. Nature, as I have said, began to tend more and more to brains in the early Tertiary — the autumn of the great year; her best harvest began to mature then, her grain began to ripen. Indeed, this increased cephalization of animal life in the fall of the great year does suggest a kind of ripening process, the turning of the sap and milk, which had been so abundant and so riotous in the earlier period, into fibre and fruit and seed.

May it not be that that long and sultry spring and summer of the earth's early history, a time probably longer than has since elapsed, played a part in the development of life analogous to that played by our spring and summer, making it opulent, varied, gigantic, and making possible the condensation and refinement that came with man in the recent period?

The earth is a pretty big apple, and the solar tree upon which it hangs is a pretty big tree, but why may it not have gone through a kind of ripening process for all that — its elements becoming less crude and acrid, and better suited to sustain the higher forms, as the eons passed?

At any rate, the results seem to justify such a fancy. The earth has slowly un-

dergone a change that may fairly be called a ripening process; its soil has deepened and mellowed, its harsher features have softened, more and more color has come to its surface, the flowers have bloomed, the more succulent fruits have developed, the air has cleared, and love and benevolence and altruism have been born in the world.

III

Can we fail to see the significance of the order in which life has appeared upon the globe — the ascending series from the simple to the more and more complex? Can we doubt that each series is the outcome of the one below it — that there is a logical sequence from the Protozoa up through the Invertebrates, the Vertebrates, to man? Is it not like all that we know of the method of nature? Could we substitute the life of one period for that of another without destroying this evidence of progressive development? Is there no fundamental reason for the gradation we behold?

The same ascending series of creation as a whole is repeated in the inception and development of every one of the higher animals to-day. Each one begins as a single cell, which soon becomes a congeries of cells, which is followed by congeries of congeries of cells, till the highly complex structure of the grown animal, with all its intricate physiological activities and specialization of parts, is reached. It is typical of the course of the creative energy, from the first unicellular life up to man, each succeeding stage flowing out of, and necessitated by, the preceding stage.

Life had to creep or swim long before it could walk, and it walked long before it could fly; it had feeling long before it had eyes, and it had eyes no doubt long before it could hear or smell. It was capable of motion long before it had limbs; it assimilated food long before it had a mouth or a stomach; it had a digestive tract long before it had a spinal cord; it had nerve-ganglia long before it had a well-defined brain; it had sensation long before it had perception; it is unisexual long before it is bi-sexual; it has a shell long before it has a skeleton; it has instinct and reflex action long before it has self-consciousness and reason. Always from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the more complex, and always slowly, gently.

Life has had its fœtal stage, its stage of infancy, and of childhood, and of maturity, and it will doubtless have its old age. It took it millions upon millions of years to get out of the sea upon dry land; and it took it more millions upon dry land, or since the Carboniferous age when the air probably first began to be breathable, — all the vast stretch of the Secondary and Tertiary ages, — to get upright and develop a reasoning brain, and reach the estate of man. Step by step, in orderly succession, does creation move. I never see the sun rise or set without thinking how nature's great processes steal upon us, silently and unnoticed, yet always in sequence, stage succeeding stage, one thing following from another, the spectacular moment of sunset following inevitably from the quiet unnoticed sinking of the sun in the west, or the startling flash of his rim above the eastern horizon only the fulfillment of the promise of the dawn. All is development and succession, and man is but the sunrise of the dawn of life in Cambrian or Silurian times, and is linked to that time as one hour of the day is linked to another.

The more complex life became, the more rapidly it seems to have developed, till it finally makes rapid strides to reach man. One seems to see Life, like a traveler on the road, going faster and faster as it nears its goal. Those long ages of unicellular life in the old seas, how immense they appear to have been! then how the age of invertebrates dragged on, millions upon millions of years; then the age of fishes; the Palæozoic age, how vast, — put by Haeckel at thirty-four millions

of years, — adding a rock-stratum 41,000 feet thick. Then the Mesozoic or second period, the age of reptiles, eleven million years, with a stratum 12,000 feet thick. Then the Cenozoic age, or age of mammals, three million years, with strata 3100 feet thick. The god of life was getting in a hurry now; man was not far off. A new device, the placenta, was hit upon in this age, and probably the diaphragm, and the brain of animals, all greatly enlarged. Then the Anthropozoic or Quaternary age, the age of man, 300,000 years, with not much addition to the sedimentary rocks.

Man seems to be the net result of it all, of all these vast cycles of Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Cenozoic life. He is the one drop finally distilled from the vast weltering sea of lower organic forms. It looks as if it all had to be before he could be — all the delay and waste and struggle and pain — all that long carnival of sea-life, all that saturnalia of gigantic forms upon the land and in the air, all that rising and sinking of the continents, and all that shoveling to and fro and mixing of the soils, before the world was ready for him.

In the early Tertiaries, millions of years ago, the earth seems to have been ripe for man. The fruits and vegetables and the forest trees were much as we know them; the animals that have been most serviceable to us were here; spring and summer, fall and winter, came and went; evidently birds sang, insects hummed, flowers bloomed, fruits and grains and nuts ripened; and yet man as man was not.

Under the city of London is a vast deposit of clay in which thousands of specimens of fossil fruit have been found, like our date, cocoanut, areca, custard-apple, gourd, melon, coffee, bean, pepper, cotton plant, etc., but no signs of man. Why was his development so tardy? What animal profited by this rich vegetable life? The hope and promise of the human species at that time probably slept in some lowly marsupial. Man has gathered up into himself, as he traveled his devious way, all the best powers of the animal kingdom he has passed through. His brain supplies him with all that his body lacks, and more. His specialization is in this highly developed organ. It is this that separates him so widely from all other animals.

Man has no wings, and yet he can soar above the clouds; he is not swift of foot, and yet he can outspeed the fleetest hound or horse; he has but feeble weapons in his organization, and yet he can slay or master all the great beasts; his eye is not so sharp as that of the eagle or the vulture, and yet he can see into the farthest depths of sidereal space; he has only very feeble occult powers of communication with his fellows, and yet he can talk around the world and send his voice across mountains and deserts; his hands are weak things beside a lion's paw or an elephant's trunk, and yet he can move mountains and stay rivers and set bounds to the wildest seas. His dog can out-smell him and out-run him and outbite him, and yet his dog looks up to him as to a god. He has erring reason in place of unerring instinct, and yet he has changed the face of the planet.

Without the specialization of the lower animals, — their wonderful adaptation to particular ends, — their tools, their weapons, their strength, their speed, man yet makes them all his servants. His brain is more than a match for all the special advantages nature has given them. The one gift of reason makes him supreme in the world.

IV

We have a stake in all the past life of the globe. It is no doubt a scientific fact that your existence and mine were involved in the first cell that appeared, that the first zoöphyte furthered our fortunes, that the first worm gave us a lift. Great good luck came to us when the first pair of eyes was invented, probably by the trilobite back in Silurian times; when the first ear appeared, probably in Carboniferous times; when the first pair of lungs grew out of a fish's bladder, probably in Trias-

sic times; when the first four-chambered heart was developed and double circulation established, probably with the first warm-blooded animal in Mesozoic time.

These humble forms started the brain, the nervous system, the circulation, sight, hearing, smell; they invented the liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the stomach, and led the way to every organ and power my body and mind have to-day. They were the pioneers, they were the dim remote forebears, they conserved and augmented the fund of life and passed it along.

All their struggles, their discipline, their battles, their failures, their successes, were for you and me. Man has had the experience of all the animals below him. He has suffered and struggled as a fish, he has groveled and devoured as a reptile, he has fought and triumphed as a quadruped, he has lived in trees as a monkey, he has inhabited caves with the wolf and the bear, he has roamed the forests and plains as a savage, he has survived without fire or clothes or weapons or tools, he has lived with the mastodon and all the saurian monsters, he has held his own against great odds, he has survived the long battles of the land and the sea, he weathered the ice-sheet that overrode both hemispheres, he has seen many forms become extinct. In the historic period he has survived plague and pestilence, and want and famine. What must he have survived in prehistoric times! What must he have had to contend with as a cave-dweller, as a tree-dweller, as a river-drift man! Before he had tools or weapons, what must he have had to contend with!

Nature was full of sap and rioted in rude strength well up to Quaternary times, producing extravagant forms which apparently she had no use for, as she has discontinued them.

In all these things you and I had our part and lot; of this prodigal outpouring of life we have reaped the benefit; amid these bizarre forms and this carnival of lust and power, the man-ward impulse was nourished and forwarded. In Eocene times nearly half the mammals lived on other animals; it must have been an age of great slaughter. It favored the development of fleetness and cunning, in which we too have an interest. Our rude progenitor was surely there in some form, and escaped the slaughter. Then or later, it is thought, he took to the trees to escape his enemies, as the rats in Jamaica have taken to the trees to escape the mongoose. To his tree-climbing we probably owe our hand, with its opposing thumb.

In all his disguises he is still our ancestor. His story reads like a fairy book. Never did nimble fancy of childhood invent such transformations — only the transformations are so infinitely slow, and attended with such struggle and suffering. Strike out the element of time and we have before us a spectacle more novel and startling than any hocus-pocus or legerdemain that ever set the crowd agape.

In every form man has passed through, he left behind some old member or power and took on some new. He left his air-bladder and his gills and his fins, with the fishes; he got his lungs and his limbs from the amphibian; he left some part of his anatomy with the reptile, and took something in exchange, probably his flexible neck. Somewhere along his line he picked up the four-chambered heart, the warm blood, the placenta, the diaphragm, the plantigrade foot, the mammary glands — indeed, what has he not picked up on the long road of his many transformations? He left some of his superfluous forty-four teeth with his ancestral quadrumana of Eocene times, and kept thirty-two. He picked up his brain somewhere on the road, probably far back in Palæozoic times, but how has he developed and enlarged it, till it is now the one supreme thing in the world! His fear, his cunning, his anger, his treachery, his hoggishness, — all his animal passions, he brought with him from his animal ancestors; but his moral and spiritual nature, his altruism, his venera-

tion, his religious emotions, his æsthetic perceptions, have come to him as man, supplementing his lower nature, as it were, with another order of senses — a finer sight, a finer touch, wrought in him by the discipline of life, and the wonder of the world about him, beginning *de novo* in him only as the wing began *de novo* in the bird, or the color began *de novo* in the flower — struck out from preëxisting potentialities. The father of the eye is the light, and the father of the ear is the vibration of the air, but the father of man's higher nature is a question of quite another sort.

Man owes his five toes and five fingers to the early amphibians of the sub-carboniferous times. The first tangible evidence of these five toes upon the earth is, to me, very interesting. The earliest record of them that I have heard of is furnished by a slab of shale from Pennsylvania, upon which, while it was yet soft mud, our first five-toed ancestor had left the imprint of his four feet. He was evidently a small, short-legged gentleman with a stride of only about thirteen inches, and he carried a tail instead of a cane. He was probably taking a stroll upon the shores of that vast Mediterranean Sea that occupied all the interior of the continent when he crossed this mud-flat. It was raining that morning — how many million years ago? — as we know from the imprint of the raindrops upon the mud. Probably the shower did not cause him to quicken his pace, as amphibians rather like the rain. Just what his immediate forebears were like, or what the forms were that connected him with the fishes, we shall probably never know. Doubtless the great book of the rocky strata somewhere holds the secret, if we are ever lucky enough to open it at the right place. How many other secrets that evolutionists would like to know, those torn and crumpled leaves must hold!

It is something to me to know that it rained that day when our amphibian ancestor ventured out. The weather was beginning to get organized also, and settling down to business. It had got beyond the state of perpetual mist and fog of the earlier ages, and the raindrops were playing their parts. Yet from all the evidence we have, we infer that the climate was warm and very humid, like that of a greenhouse, and that vegetation, mostly giant ferns and rushes and Lycopods, was very rank, but there was no grass, or moss, no deciduous trees, or flowers, or fruit, as we know these things.

A German anatomist says that we have the vestiges of one hundred and eighty organs brought up from our animal ancestors, — now useless, or often worse than useless, like the vermiform appendix. Eleven of these superannuated and obsolete organs we bring from the fishes, four from amphibians and reptiles. The external ear is a vestige — of no use any more. Our dread of snakes we no doubt inherited from our simian ancestors.

How life refined and humanized as time went on, sobered down and became more meditative, keeping step, no doubt, with the amelioration of the soil out of which all life finally comes! Life's bank account in the soil was constantly increasing; more and more of the inorganic was wrought up into the organic; the value of every clod under foot was raised. The riot of gigantic forms ceased, and they became ashes. The giant and uncouth vegetation ceased, and left ashes or coal. The beech, the maple, the oak, the olive, the palm, came in. The giant sea-serpents disappeared; the horse, the ox, the swine, the dog, the quail, the dove came in. The placental mammals developed. The horse grew in size and beauty. When we first come upon his trail, he is a four-hoof-toed animal no larger than a fox. Later on we find him the size of a sheep, with one of his toes gone; still later, many hundred thousand years, no doubt, we find him the size of a donkey, with still fewer toes, and so on, till we reach the superb creature we know.

The creative energy seems to have worked in geologic time and in the geologic field just as it works here and now,

in yonder vineyard or in yonder marsh, — blindly, experimentally, but persistently and successfully. The winged seeds find their proper soil, because they search in every direction; the climbing vines find their support, because in the same blind way they feel in all directions. Plants and animals and races of men grope their way to new fields, to new powers, to new inventions.

Indeed, how like an inventor nature has worked, constantly improving her models, adding to and changing as experience would seem to dictate. She has developed her higher and more complex forms as man has developed his printing-press, or steam-engine, from rude simple beginnings. From the two-chambered heart of the fish she made the treble-chambered heart of the frog, and then the four-chambered heart of the mammal. The first mammary glands had no nipples; the milk oozed out and was licked off by the young. The nipple was a great improvement, as was the power of suckling in the young.

Experimenting and experimenting endlessly, taking a forward step only when compelled by necessity — this is the way of nature: experimenting with eyes, with ears, with teeth, with limbs, with feet, with toes, with wings, with bladders and lungs, with scales and armors, and so on; hitting upon the back-bone only after long trials with other forms; hitting upon the movable eye only after long ages of other eyes; hitting on the mammal only after long ages of egg-laying vertebrates; hitting on the placenta only recently; experimenting all around the circle, discarding and inventing, taking ages to perfect the nervous system, ages and ages to develop the centralized ganglia, the brain. First, life was like a rabble, a mob, without thought or head; then slowly organization went on, as it were, from family to clan, from clan to tribe, from tribe to nation, or centralized government: the brain of man, — all parts duly subordinated and directed, — millions of cells organized and working on different functions to one grand end, — coöperation, fraternization, division of labor, altruism.

The cell was the first invention; it is the unit of life, — a speck of protoplasm with a nucleus. To educate this cell till it could combine with its fellows and form the higher animals, seems to have been the aim of the creative energy. First the cell, then combinations of cells, then combinations of combinations, then more and more complex combinations, till the body of man is reached, where endless confraternities of cells, all with different functions, working to build and sustain different organs, — brain, heart, liver, muscles, nerves, — yet all working together for one grand end — the body and mind of man. In their last analysis, all made up of the same cells, their combinations and organization making the different forms.

Evolution touches all forms but tarries with few. Many are called but few are chosen, — chosen to lead the man-impulse upward. Myriads of forms are left behind, like driftwood caught in the eddies of a current. The clam has always remained a clam, the oyster remained an oyster. The cockroach is about the same creature to-day that it was untold eons ago; so is the shark, and so are many other forms of marine life. Often, where old species have gone out and new come in, no progress has been made.

Evolution concentrates along certain lines. The biological tree behaves like another tree, branches die and drop off (species become extinct), others mature and remain, while some central shoot pushes upward. Many of the huge reptilian and mammalian branches perished in comparatively late times.

As nothing is more evident than that the same measure of life or of vital energy — power of growth, power of resistance, power of reproduction — is not meted out equally to all the individuals of a species, or to all species, so it is evident that this power of progressive development is not meted out equally to all

races of mankind, or to all of the individuals of the same race. The central impulse of development seems to have come from the East, in historic times at least, and to have followed the line of the Mediterranean, to have culminated in Europe. And this progress has certainly been the work of a few minds — minds exceptionally endowed.

For the most part the barbarian races do not progress. Their exceptional minds or characters do not lead the tribes to higher planes of thought. In all countries we still see these barbarous people which man in his progress has left behind. Our civilization is like a field of light that fades off into shadows and darkness. There is this margin of undeveloped humanity on all sides. Always has it been so in the animal life of the globe, — the higher forms have been pushed up from the lower, and the lower have remained and continued to multiply unchanged.

It seems as if some central and cherished impulse had pushed on through each form, and by successive steps had climbed from height to height, gaining a little here and a little there, intensifying and concentrating as time went on, very vague and diffuse at first, embryonic so to speak, during the first half of the great geologic year, but quickening more and more, differentiating more and more, delayed and defeated many times, no doubt, yet never destroyed, leaving form after form unchanged behind it, till it at last reached its goal in man.

After Evolution has done all it can do for us toward solving the mystery of creation, much remains unsolved.

Through Evolution we see creation in travail-pains for millions of years to bring forth the varied forms of life as we know them; but the mystery of the inception of this life, and of the origin of the laws that have governed its development, remains. What lies back of it all? Who or what planted the germ of the biological tree, and predetermined all its branches? What determined one branch to eventuate in man, another in the dog, the horse, the bird, or the reptile?

From the finite or human point of view we feel compelled to say, some vaster being or intelligence must have had the thought of all these things from the beginning or before the beginning.

It is quite impossible for me to believe that fortuitous variation — variation all around the circle — could have resulted in the evolution of man. There must have been a predetermined tendency to variation in certain directions. To introduce change into the world is to introduce chaos. No more would the waters of the interiors of the continents find their way to the sea were there not a slant in that direction, than could haphazard variation, though checked and controlled by natural selection, result in the production of the race of man. This view may be only the outcome of our inevitable anthropomorphism, which we cannot escape from, no matter how deep we dive or how high we soar.

ARBUTUS

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

HERE is the last white page of Winter's
Volume of prose, and set thereon,
Fragrant and pink, behold the printer's
Exquisite colophon.

THE COÖPERATIVE GHOSTS

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

MOAT HOUSE,
June 10, 190–

NOT one ghost, Hal dear, but three! Yes; the housekeeper says so; I asked her, first thing. "But we don't speak of them, Miss, before the maids; it makes them hystericky-like." Which, do you suppose?

We came up from London — or do I say down? — last night in the Limousine, Jessie and her father, and I; and he did n't speak all the way, four twilight hours of hedgerow. It's not that I mind silence; I can always talk enough for three; but he sits so rigidly still, with his head turned a little aside, as if his neck were in a photographer's vise. We are to golf with him, the doctor said; keep his mind off America and business; try to get him to take up a new interest: "Nature, his English ancestors, some early period in history." Perhaps ghosts will do. One of ours is late fourteenth century, the housekeeper says; another is Cromwellian, or, it may be, Carolian, I don't know its politics. The third is mid-Victorian. Here's historic perspective to choose from, you see. Shall I suggest the ghosts to Jessie — as a resource? Dear, blessed little Jessie! so bewildered; and she can't manage him one little bit. Not that I do much better; but then, I'm not his daughter and not supposed to. Perhaps I'm hard, but when I think of his mills and the children in them — he ought to have nervous prostration. And yet he is pathetic; and he adores his own child. The only time he's spoken directly to me since we landed was the morning we went to Brown, Shipley's to get our first batch of mail, and no American papers had come except my copy of *The Peacemaker*. I gave him that, and he snorted, but he was glad enough to get even "a vile socialist sheet" (that's what he called it later; it had one of your editorials on Child Labor in it). Jessie asked me not to do it again. But now that we are really settled and in the quiet country, perhaps he'll begin to sleep a little.

As for me, I sleep like a dormouse. No, dear boy, I'm sorry, but I don't even dream of *you*. Jessie thinks I'm shocking for an "affianced" person. I have none of the little tender intuitions that sort is supposed to have. At least, if I do she does n't know it. When we were choosing rooms last night, she brought me in here and said, "This is going to be yours. Guess why!" And I said, "I can't guess." And she suggested, laughing, "Its windows open to the west." And I said, "Still I can't guess." So then she shook me and said, "What's in the west?" And I thought a minute: "Sunset?" She looked so astonished and disturbed, — funny little Jessie. "Why, America, for one thing!" she cried. And of course I said, "But you know, dearie, I am a Socialist, and my thrills are international." "But Hal is in the west," she sighed, reproachfully, and she almost wept. And all I could say was, "So he is." It sounded rather flat. I might have said, "Hal is — nearer than that — to me." But are n't you glad I did n't?

Yes; I sleep like a dormouse. The stillness is so deep, you have no idea! There is n't another house in sight, only a square church tower away off on the billowy sky-line among trees; and green downs rise and fall between. Cottages are in the hollows, here and there, but we can't see them. Between us (you and me) lies the moat. On this side it is close under the house-wall, a green trench spattered thickly blue with harebells. A

dry moat, of course. It goes all round the house, making a wide loop in front to girdle what is now a flower-garden, and another at the back where the barn and stables are. On the east side there is a narrow bridge across, and beyond that a little down-hilly place to a brook, where once the lord of Moat House had a mill, for there is an old millstone with a hole in it (I suppose all millstones have holes in them), lying by the brookside. I am sitting on that millstone now, writing to you. And every time something rustles I think it is a ghost. Would a ghost rustle? But I mean to see those ghosts, and size up their curative possibilities. Nature and his ancestors are out of the question.

There! — that time I was sure it was. But it was n't. It is only Jessie coming over the bridge. I'll tell her I've been writing to you.

And Hal dear, don't stop sending *The Peacemaker*. It does n't keep *me* awake nights, if it does some other people. Send it, and I'll secrete it — under my pillow. But we won't tell Jessie. . . .

Moat House,
June 13, 190–

Dear Hal: —

You shall have my adventure just as I told it to them this morning at the breakfast-table. Yes, adventure! But don't be frightened; I'm none the worse for it, and I think Mr. Clayton is the better; at least, he forgot himself and listened at breakfast, and he asked me a question about it at luncheon; and he's walking in the moat now.

It was last night after supper. These English servants are scandalized by our barbarous meals, but Jessie thinks late dinners may not be good for nervous prostration. She and her father were pacing the prim, box-hedged gravel paths in the flower-garden, but I had gone down into the moat to hear the harebells ring the curfew. She called me once, remembering the dew and the deep grass, — anxious little Martha-Jessie, — but I did n't come. And oh, how glad I am I did n't. I had the *Dream of John Ball* in my hand, the dear little edition you gave me for the steamer; and I had been reading it in the green twilight, and dreaming our dream, yours and mine, — and *The Peacemaker's*, and Mr. Wells's and Karl Marx's and all our Fellowship's (no matter how much we scrap). And I was saying over, half-aloud, those old fourteenth-century catch-words, —

> "John Ball greeteth you all,
> And doth for to understand he hath rung your bell;"

and, —

> "When Adam delved and Eve span
> Who was then the gentleman?"

You know those quaint old things. I think I must have been saying them over and over, first one and then the other, in a kind of slow singsong, the way one does when one is preoccupied. And my dim shadow, rather longer than I, moved with me, against the curved side of the moat. And I don't know when it was that I realized that there was n't any sun nor any moon, so I had no shadow. And I turned, with a sudden flutter at my heart — and it spoke to me.

"Thou art one of them," it said.

Oh, Hal! I could n't answer for a moment, my heart was beating so. And the shadow came closer; it was a tall man in jerkin and stockings that stuck to him as if they were wet; and his long hair was plastered in flat strings on his forehead as if he had just lifted his head out of the water.

"Thou must be one of them," he said imploringly.

"Of whom," I asked, whispering, my voice was so frightened.

"The Fellowship," said he.

"Yes," I answered him.

"Thank God!" he said then, in a louder voice; and he covered his face with his two hands and went down before me, on his knees in the long grass. And his voice was all muffled with sobs, but I could hear him saying, "Forgive;" and again, and again, "Forgive."

Till at last I said: "What shall I forgive?"

"I could not find any of those that did me to death, afterwards," he began; "for the sheriffs came into this country and took them and hung them up at the cross-roads, and drew them and quartered them. And when my son was grown to manhood and entered into his heritage, and mended the roof where they had burnt it, and the hole in the house-wall, his heart was hot with vengeance of my death, and his hand was heavier upon them than my hand; so that there was no peasant on the manor would come nigh the moat, for that they knew I lay therein. They that might have forgiven me were slain, and their spirits scattered, I knew not whither. And their children were afeared."

Then I said very gently, — one had to be gentle with such remorse, and I was no longer afraid, — "Tell me why they killed you. I do not understand."

He lifted his face, and his eyes looked up at me with sombre melancholy beneath his straight, slick hair. "Those were the days of the great Rising," he explained. "They were my villeins, bound to the soil. I might brand them and maim them when I would. They must grind their corn at my mill. Then they rose up with their fellows, east and south and west. And mine came hither on a June day at this hour, and set fire to my ricks and my great house; and me they flung out of window into the stinking waters of the moat. And when I drank those bitter waters I came to know that theirs was a righteous cause, for it was the cause of brotherhood and love! And before my soul was drowned out of my body I knew that I would give much to be of that Fellowship. I knew that if I and my kind had been minded to be one with those rude peasants, the great Rising had never failed of its end. So, I came to myself, but it was too late."

Then suddenly he stood on his feet and came nearer, peering into my face. "But thou art one of them!" he cried in a thin voice. "Who art thou that singest the watchword of the Cause that was lost? O friend, I was one that lost thee thy Cause; but I repent me, I repent me! Forgive!"

"Listen!" I said pitifully to the poor creature. "The end of that Fellowship is not yet. Give me your hand, brother, the right hand of forgiveness and fellowship. Let us be at one!"

"Thou canst not grasp a shadow," said he to me. "Too late! Too late!"

And then I could not find him any more.

When I went into the library just now I found an old black-letter Froissart in Mr. Clayton's armchair, — the one he sits in, — and it was open at the description of Wat Tyler and the Peasants' Revolt. And when I looked out of the window, there he was, walking in the moat. Mr. Clayton, I mean. I think I'll go down and walk with him, and draw a parallel between the manor mill and the Company's store. Or shall I let well enough alone? . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
June 17, 190–

OH, DEAR, MR. EDITOR: —

Your most irenic of journals is as the red rag to the bull, in this household. It's my fault. I leave them round. I don't do it on purpose; honestly, I don't. Some things I do do on purpose, — ghosts at the breakfast-table, for instance; but I do mean to be careful about *The Peacemaker*, only I'm not; and if he sees so much as a corner of one sticking out from under a sofa-pillow he reads it. He is perfectly possessed to read them. And then he sits down beside me and goes over all the interminable details of his position, — all the fallacies about its being better for them to be protected in the factories than to be learning all kinds of wickedness out of doors. And then he switches off and describes his mill villages, with their evening schools and their neat little churches and their recreation halls, — and how some of the other mills are,

he will acknowledge, little hells, — but his are little paradises, every one. And then he takes up the Education bill, and how it would ruin the commercial interests of the country to have the bill passed in one Southern state (the one where his are, I suppose), and not in all the others at the same time; because of course if the children have to go to school in one state the mills will have to move over to where they don't have to go. And of course he never fights the Education and Child Labor bills, — not he; he would be glad to see the little children of the South taken out of the mills and put to school. But the Southern people know that prosperity depends upon child labor in the South, for some years to come. And so, with true idealism, — the Southerner is always an idealist, you know, — they offer up their little children of this generation a sacrifice, that the next generation may go to school and abjure the mills. I don't see how; but that's what he says.

And he repeats things over and over, stopping me on the links for fifteen minutes at a time and holding the lapel of my jacket and explaining, explaining, in a kind of white, still excitement, with his eyes boring into mine as he talks. Why should he justify himself to me? What difference do I make? But it's his nervous prostration, I suppose. It was your editorial on the graft in the education lobbying that stung him keenest, I think. I really was thankful to be able to create a diversion with another ghost this morning; and Jessie, the most timid of mortals, actually eggs me on to see the ghosts. She thinks they do him good, — divert his mind. Between you and me, dear, they don't divert his mind as much as she thinks. He keeps right on looking at his same mental landscape; *I* know. But from a different point of view, — historic perspective.

But you would rather hear about the ghost, — would n't you, Editor dearest? It was the seventeenth-century ghost this time, and it used to be a lady. Late last night, somewhere near twelve, I suddenly remembered that I had left the last copy of *The Peacemaker*, with some other mail, in the library, and I did n't dare leave it there till morning, for fear he'd find it. So I took my candle and hurried downstairs. And as I came to the library door I heard the wind moaning, a faint, shrill little wavering moan, in the library chimney. For there is a great fireplace in the library, and a high-backed oaken settle beside it, standing out into the room; and on the chimneypiece is the carved motto of Moat House, Love First. But it was n't the wind; it was the lady, singing. She sat on the oaken settle with her head against the straight, high back, and her eyes fixed on the words of the motto above the chimneypiece. And the words of her song were: —

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

You know it, — the old Cavalier song by Lovelace, or Suckling. I wish you might have heard her sing it, with her dim ghost voice.

I waited by the door until she had finished, and then when she began all over again I tiptoed in and tried to take *The Peacemaker* off the sofa without disturbing her. But she heard me and turned her head (O, Hal, it is such fun writing ghost stories to you!) and beckoned me to her; and made room for me on the settle.

"You are the one with the lover," she said.

And it was silly of me, but she was so direct, I blushed. And I did n't say anything; I just nodded.

Then she pointed to the motto above the chimney, and, "Tell me what you think it means," she said.

I was stupid; I thought she meant translate. So I stammered, "Love, before all else."

"Then you would have done it?" she asked; and she seemed to plead with me.

"Oh, I thought you might know; I thought you might have heard," she said. "And yet, how should you, for I carried it to my grave. But I feel as if every one

knows. As if the angels trumpeted it abroad each new day."

And then she told me her story. How they were King's men, and women, at Moat House. And her lover was a King's man, too. And how her father went out on a mission with campaign papers to be delivered, and her lover and a servant or two with him; and they met a company of Roundheads, and her father was shot, but got away home to die; and her lover was a prisoner, and the servants also killed. Then her dying father gave her the papers and told her where that company of Roundheads was encamped on the downs for the night, that she might avoid them and carry the papers another way round. And she dressed herself like a Puritan maiden and went out alone in the night. But she saw their camp-fire, and she thought of her lover in their midst. They thought he had the information, her father said, and they would doubtless torment him a while to get it from him, and when they could not they would kill him; and that would give her the more time to do her errand. But she went to the camp, — Hal — think of it! — And she saw the captain and showed him the papers, and said they were found on a man who had just died at her father's house. "And now one thing I ask," she said to him. "Let the young Cavalier go free; for he was kind to me once, and saved me from the insults of his friends. I would do him a good turn. But do not tell him it was I, for I will not see him again. I am afraid of him."

And afterwards they were married, Hal; and he never knew. But now he knows, and so she sits under the chimney-piece and sings that song.

No, dear! — I should have let them kill you. . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
June 20, 190–

DEAR HAL, DEAR: —

It seems a little far from things — and people — here at Moat House. I wish you could run across for a short visit — to divert the invalid. I'm sure you would divert him, and I'm rather at my wits' end sometimes. I'm afraid I divert him in the wrong direction, and I don't want to do that. There is something lovable about him, Hal; one is always drawn to any one who has growing pains in his conscience, and he so evidently has.

The doctor came up — down — from London yesterday, and before he left he had a talk with me. He says the dumbness seems to be breaking up — thanks to me! — but there are other symptoms — excitement — which he does n't like. We've had to write the Merriams not to come, and Jessie feels dreadfully about it, because this is their first trip abroad and she knows they were counting on being here, and a lot of motoring. And the Parkers are over, too; and they will think it very queer not to be asked. But the thought of guests makes him so nervous and distraught that the doctor says we must n't. So it's just as well you can't come, for we could n't have you. Still, — I wish we could, — for the invalid's sake. Oh, my dear, I'm glad you've put every penny into *The Peacemaker* and can't spend it on salubrious ocean voyages. It's much better so. And how the subscription list is growing! It ought to. Really, you know, it compares very favorably, in tone, with the English *Commonwealth;* at least, the things you write do. We're "taking that in" now, at my suggestion. Its name sounded so Bostonian and solid that he did n't know what he was being let in for. He is n't quite sure yet, for we've only had one number; but I can see he has his suspicions.

I've seen the Moat ghost again, walking under my window in the moat, in the moonlight; but I have n't had any further conversation with him, as it was late, and I thought if the servants heard me talking out of the window they might think it queer. They all know I'm engaged, — somehow. I suppose it is so many letters in the same "bold masculine hand."

The seventeenth-century lady I have

n't seen since the first time; but Jessie thinks she heard her singing night before last. She did n't go downstairs to see, however. I can always count on Jessie's not being *too* bold.

But yesterday afternoon, after the doctor had left, I saw number three. We had been shaking hands with him (the doctor, I mean) at the front door; he's the dear, fatherly kind, — but keen, too, and he likes me. And then Jessie stayed out in the garden to walk with her father, and I went into the library. And there at the desk sat a middle-aged, grizzled man. The sunlight from the window behind struck through him and fell unshadowed on the blotting-pad. He had on the wraith of a tweed garment, — mid-Victorian, — and those familiar Matthew Arnold side-whiskers. He was reading Mr. Clayton's letters, or private papers, or documents of some kind, that lay on the desk. Ghosts are privileged, I suppose. And he would sigh from time to time, and pass his hand over his forehead. He looked worn and worried, poor thing! I watched him for fully fifteen minutes, but he was so absorbed he did n't see me, and at last I went out softly without speaking.

But he's not the real mid-Victorian ghost; he's its brother, and not in the catalogue. The housekeeper had told me about them before. The legitimate ghost broke his neck on the hunting-field. He was a red-faced man, fond of his glass. Then the brother came into the estate; but, by rights, he ought not to be haunting the house at all, as far as I can make out; at least, the housekeeper does not know he does. He was only an owner of coal mines in the North. According to the housekeeper he has no history, and was very estimable. Rich, kind to his family, but, " Very hard, so I've heard tell, with them colliers. And who would blame him for that, Miss, knowing as how they're a bad drinkin' lot, they and their wives, and never washes theirselves from Christmas Eve to Good Friday." And his end, it seems, was as uneventful as his life. He died in his bed — Mr. Clayton sleeps in it now — like any Christian.

I have n't told the housekeeper I've seen him. It would only upset her to try to account for him, — she lives in a rut, — and, anyway, she probably would n't believe me.

How do you account for him, Hal? I mentioned him at supper, and Mr. Clayton was rather annoyed at the thought of his papers being read. He did n't say anything, but I noticed this morning that there was nothing lying about.

It is the witching hour of golf, — Jessie is calling. . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
June 27, 190-

YOU NICE, APPRECIATIVE BOY: —

I did think that was a rather good letter, myself. Did n't you like his long hair plastered in strings on his forehead? Really, do you think it good enough for *The Peacemaker?* You tempt me dreadfully, for I could write a series of them as easy as falling off a log. Oh, it would be fun! And we could call them " Ghostly Counsels to Unsocialists." But, of course, I must n't. It would be in horrid taste; and besides, he might see them; and though I hate his point of view, there is something appealing about him. I suppose it's because he is genuinely ill. I should n't want to hurt him except for his own good, you know. But it *is* tempting. Perhaps if he gets well, or converted, he won't mind. It will do no harm to keep them a while, any way. I wonder if you do keep my letters? Do you, Hal?

I came upon the third ghost again last night, late, in the library. I went down to see if it was the lady that I heard singing; and sure enough, she was sitting on the settle, looking up at the motto, wailing her song. And he was at the desk, with his head bowed down on his arms.

I did n't go in.

Mr. Clayton does n't like this nineteenth-century ghost. I suppose he's too recent, — there is n't glamour enough, perspective enough, about him. Mr.

Clayton is quite sympathetic about the fourteenth-century villeins, and thinks they were in the right of it to revolt, and he respects the Moat ghost immensely, you can see, for repenting. He agrees with Jessie and me, too, about the seventeenth-century lady. He said once that it was a dastardly betrayal; and presently I remarked that I supposed that every time any one of us sacrificed the good of the many to his own personal gain, or desire, it was a dastardly betrayal. Every time we deliberately "did" the other fellow, it was a dastardly betrayal, was n't it?

He did n't answer. He was dumb all the rest of the day. Sometimes I wish I could hold *my* tongue. Then, that night, when we were lighting our candles to go to bed, and Jessie had already gone, he turned around upon me with his lighted candle, shaking the wax all over his fingers, and said abruptly, hurriedly, —

"Do you think I like to 'do' the other fellow? Do you think I 'do' him for the fun of it? I have my child to provide for, have n't I? Who will take care of her if I don't? I'm not in this for myself. Before God, I swear I'm not. I never make a deal that I don't think of Jessie."

"And the seventeenth-century lady thought of her lover," said I.

Then I was frightened, he looked so wild.

"Whom have I betrayed? Whom have I betrayed?" he demanded; and he shook my arm. "What pledge have I taken? It's every man for himself, is n't it? Answer me: is n't it?"

And I said, "No, it is n't. It has n't been for more than nineteen hundred years."

Jessie called over the stairs just then, "Are n't you two coming? Father, shall I fix a sleeping powder?" And he gathered himself together, and let go my arm, and motioned me to go ahead of him.

He is devoted to her, there's no denying that; and he's kind-hearted in other ways. He subscribed very generously three years ago to the Russian relief fund, and he says he should be a Young Turk if he were in Turkey to-day. I'm pretty sure he would n't, but it's nice to have him think he would.

But he does n't enjoy the mid-Victorian ghost. He is irked by the thought of him; I can see it. The others he would like to meet, but he avoids the library of late, and has taken to writing his letters — the few he is allowed to write — down by the brook, sitting on the millstone. As I had come to regard that millstone as mine, I have a grievance of my own.

Bedtime. — I just looked out of the window, and saw the Moat ghost walking below. . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
July 5, 190–

You are very rude to my ghosts, very rude indeed! Don't you know there is nothing a ghost hates more than to be interpreted as an allegory? It is just your skeptical, journalistic mind. Is it my fault if you can't see the point of the seventeenth-century lady? Perhaps she has n't any point. You write as if I were responsible for the morale of these ghosts. Here is Jessie complaining that no matter what we begin to talk about I am sure to discover an analogy in it to the competitive system, and here are you telling me to make the seventeenth-century lady more obvious. Why not take her simply, as true love gone wrong, the way Mr. Clayton prefers to?

I dare not leave your last letter lying round lest one of the ghosts should see it, and have his or her feelings hurt. Think how I should feel then! And they are very sensitive, — you can see that for yourself by the way in which their feelings last. Even if they do point a moral, so does Mr. Clayton, so does *The Peacemaker*, but we need n't mention it; morals are n't artistic if they're mentioned, Hal. You ought to know that.

No, — these are simple, single-minded ghosts. If any one has an ulterior motive, it is not they.

But they are not doing as much for Mr. Clayton as I hoped they would. At least, they may be, but we're rather worn, Jessie and I, just now. He can't sleep. Two or three days ago he changed his room. The bed was n't comfortable. And now he is just over me, — and *I* can't sleep. Last night he walked the floor for three hours. At dawn I thought I heard the Moat ghost moaning, and I got up, and put my head out of the window; but it was Mr. Clayton at the window above me. It made me cry, — somehow; though you know how I hate his point of view.

Perhaps it was not wise of me to mention the mid-Victorian. I wish I knew. The things that do rouse him, rouse him so intensely.

There are plenty of servants, men and women both, and within call. Your letter was a comfort, dear boy, my boy, even if you did interpret the ghosts. But you need n't be the least bit anxious, truly. It's just N. P., — the doctor has not once mentioned anything else.

They have sent him the plans for a new church that he is building down South, in memory of his wife. The little square-towered church we see on the edge of the hill, among the trees, was restored by the mid-Victorian in memory of *his* wife. I think, now, Mr. Clayton wishes he had built a public bath-house instead.

Don't worry, dear! . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
July 6, 190–

The cable came this noon. Oh, terrible, terrible! And yet in the midst of the horror, I have a fierce thankfulness for them, delivered all in an hour from their slavery. These, at least, cannot grow up to be human rags and refuse; these, at least, we cannot stunt and starve and smother; no more lint-laden air for them, but the sweet airs of paradise. Poor, poor little innocents, set free from worse than death!

We have no details, — we only know that the big mill has burned. One hundred and ten children. He has cabled for full information, and meanwhile he is walking up and down in the library, walking up and down, up and down. He lifts his hands above his head, and shakes them in the air as he walks, and then he wrings and twists them together. I went into the library a few minutes ago, to see if I could do something for him, and when he saw me he stood still a moment and mouthed at me, silently, and then he put me out of his way, and kept on walking back and forth.

How slow, how dense, how dull we are! He sucked the life out of their starveling bodies for years without turning a hair; but now, because one hundred and ten of them are burned to death, — I suppose the place was a fire-trap, and he knows it. I must be sorry for him, too. I must; I will. But I have my limitations.

Now I must go to Jessie. She is awed and shocked, and she clings to me. But she is triumphant also. She said to me, " You thought my father was cruel, you thought he did not love children, but I knew! "

I do not know what we shall do. Perhaps he will want to sail at once. . . .

MOAT HOUSE,
July 8, 190–

HAL DEAREST: —

I would give a great deal to feel the good, firm grip of your big hand. Such a comfortable hand!

I have n't told Jessie, but I've written the doctor. He told me to send for him if I got anxious, — and Mr. Clayton has n't slept since the news came, I'm afraid; and now he is refusing to eat. He quieted down after we got the second cable, but this impervious, black brooding troubles me more than the other. He speaks very little, but to-day he has said two or three strange things. He asked me if I heard them; it seems he hears them screaming all the time, — those little burning children. Oh, poor creature! I guess I won't try to discipline him any more; he's get-

ting enough. I wish I could comfort him. But how?

This morning he had refused to come down to breakfast, and I went up to his room to coax him. I said he ought to try to eat for Jessie's sake, and he asked suddenly, "What virtue? Even a beast cares for its young, — and preys upon the young of other beasts." But he came to the table, and ate a spoonful or two of oatmeal, and a crumb of toast.

At dinner we thought he was going to say grace; he always does, you know. He sat with his head bowed a long time, and at last Jessie touched him, and he said, —

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones," — and stopped and looked up with curious, watchful eyes, first at me and then at Jessie; and I looked back at my plate and said "Amen," as if I thought he had said the regular grace. Poor little Jessie was so startled; but when she saw me quite unconcerned I think she thought she had n't heard straight, — and she did n't speak of it afterwards.

Dear, you know you must not be worried when you get my letters. You must remember that if anything had really happened, you would have heard of it by cable long before the letter reached you.

Oh, the irony of it! A common, cannon-cracker brought into the factory the day after the Fourth. Poor little mites, starved of their play! There was something in the London *Times*, but I squirreled it before he saw it. I am not taking any chances these days. My mood is not didactic.

I'm getting comfort out of the fact that my windows open to the west. I am writing now at a western window. Why — do you s'pose?

EDITH.

P. S. — I have had to open this letter because I am so frightened, — I must tell you. Oh, dearest, I met him just now on the little bridge over the moat, and he stopped me, and stood looking at me for fully a minute, without a word. Then he came closer, his eyes staring into mine, and he said in a low voice, —

"I have seen the ghosts."

"No, no; you have n't," I cried. But he paid no attention.

"I have seen them together, all three," he went on. "They spoke to me. Do you want to know what they said?"

I nodded; I felt as if I must humor him.

And in that quiet, tense voice he whispered, —

"They said, 'Hail!'"

Then he flung up his hands with a loud cry, and hurried past me across the moat, and into the house. He is above my head now, walking, walking, walking.

O Hal! What have I done? What shall I do? How shall I ever lay those awful ghosts? What have I done, what have I done? Oh, my dear, what's the use of writing it over and over, but I'm so frightened, I had to tell you. What ever shall I do?

MOAT HOUSE,
July 9, 190–

DEAR HAL: —

I have a great deal to write you, now that it is all over, and over so quickly, thank God!

Yesterday, after my postscript, I heard him go out again; he went past my door, uncertainly, and then he turned and went half-way up the stairs again, and then back, a second time past my door, with hurrying, unsteady steps. I thought he was going out to walk in the moat, the way he often does, and I leaned out of the window to see him come round the corner of the house; but he did n't come, and he did n't come. And suddenly a panic seized me, and I rushed out of my room, and down the stairs, and out of doors, and I think I ran across the bridge, and down the slope at two bounds, — and I was just in time. He had got the millstone up on edge and put his head through the hole. And in another second it would have gone rolling into the brook, taking him with it, — drowning him, to say nothing of breaking his neck.

I caught the rim of the millstone, and held it steady, and he looked back, and up at me out of the corners of his eyes, stretching his neck and lifting his chin. It was like a turtle. And we looked at each other a long time, not saying a word. Then, without moving his head or his eyes he said, —

" They call me."

And I thought he meant the children, and I said, and my voice was all in broken pieces, —

" The living children call you to deliver them, — yes. The dead ones God has set free. Take your head out! You will get a stiff neck."

And always without moving, and always looking up at me sidewise out of the corners of his eyes, he said, —

" It were better for me that a millstone were hanged about my neck and that I were drowned in the depth of the sea."

And then I suppose the fright and the reaction upset me, and I got very angry; I don't think I ever was so angry.

" How dare you think of what is better for you! " I shouted at him. " You've wrecked enough lives with thinking of what is better for you. How dare you! If you have n't any bowels for other people's children, think of your own. Take your head out of this millstone at once! "

His eyes widened and his mouth opened, and he panted, staring up at me wildly; but he did n't move. and he did n't speak. And I began to be a little frightened again, but still angry.

" The living children need you; don't you know they do? " I cried. " So much, so much you can do for them, and you coward, you want to die."

And he said quietly, " They are standing behind you, — the Three."

It gave me a horrid quake at my heart, but I did n't even turn my head, — I just gripped the rim of the millstone tighter. " I know better," I said, " they are not there at all."

Then there was another silence, while we looked at each other. And I wondered if there really were anything behind me. And, after the longest while, he said, " They are my Fellowship. They call me."

And then I knew he meant the ghosts, not the children.

" You don't see them at all, you don't hear them at all," I said firmly. " They are not there! There's nothing the matter with you but remorse, and that's a good healthy symptom. Be thankful that it has overtaken you before you died instead of afterwards. Be thankful! For now you can make amends; and they could n't."

" Remorse," he said thoughtfully.

" Yes, remorse," I repeated. " And you are alive, and can go home and do differently. Oh, you can do so much for the little children; you can sacrifice your money and your business to them, if you like."

" Remorse," he said again.

" Take your head out! " I suggested.

" Do they not call me? " he questioned.

" No, no, no! " I repeated.

And now he moved his eyes away from me, and turned his head so that it hung through the hole, face downward.

" They could n't," he mused, and in quite an ordinary tone of voice. It was the most startling of all. He sounded like himself, and he had n't for weeks. He was on his hands and knees, you know, and I stood beside him with one hand steadying the millstone. " But I can," he continued. And then he screwed his head round again, and looked up at me, but with such a different look.

" Well, Edith, how can I? " he asked.

I almost let go the millstone.

" You could push the Education bills," I cried, " in all the Southern States; you could refuse to take children in your mills."

" But — " he began.

" Don't interrupt me," I said. " I know just what you are going to say: ' It will ruin your business, and the other mill-owners will keep right on,' and all that. But what difference does it make

if you do ruin your business? And besides, when we Socialists take hold of things, it's not going to be your business anyway."

And, Hal, he laughed, — all of a sudden, — a perfectly natural laugh; and he said, "Well, you do beat the Dutch."

But we had a perfectly dreadful time getting his head out of the millstone. Whether his ears were wider, or his chin was longer than when they went in, I don't know; but you would have thought so. He skinned his chin frightfully, so that the blood ran all over the front of his shirt. And he nicked little pieces out of his ears. Jessie thinks he did it shaving. We have n't told her. And he kept twisting and turning and saying, "Damn it! I beg your pardon, Edith. Damn it, what a fool I am! I beg your pardon, Edith. Damn it!"

But we got it out at last.

The doctor came at night, and he and Mr. Clayton had a talk in the library, and he knows about the burned cotton mill, and that if it had n't been for me, Mr. Clayton would have been drowned; but he evidently does n't know about the ghosts and other details, for he said to me afterwards, —

"But tell me, was there anything else? or was it entirely the shock of your discovering him in the act, that righted him?"

And I said, "The rest was homœopathy."

He laughed; he thinks I'm a great joker. You know, he belongs to the regular school.

Later

We are coming home in a month! Just one little more month, and then — I shan't have to read week-old numbers of *The Peacemaker*. He is restless to get home, and the doctor thinks it best. We are going to Belgium first to see some coöperative enterprises. We sail from Antwerp.

He had his first night's sleep in weeks last night, and he is literally a changed being to-day. We had a little talk, — I'll tell you some time. He is a good man, Hal, — a dear man; it's only that the competitive system does cloud the imagination, you know. He said embarrassing things about what I did yesterday by the brook, — and how he could never repay me, or words to that effect, — very embarrassing. And he asked if there was n't something he could do now. He said, quite wistfully, "You know, Edith, I have n't anything but money. But is n't there something you would like, that money can buy?"

"I'd rather have you subscribe to *The Peacemaker* than anything else," I said.

And he burst out laughing, and exclaimed, "I'll take ten subscriptions; how will that do? But I'm not a Socialist, you know."

And I laughed back: "Indeed you're not! You don't have to tell me that! But when it comes to reform, ours is the only way out. Some day you'll say so."

So we're coming home, soon, soon, dearest boy! Address your next, care Brown, Shipley, — we are packing at once.

And one thing I promise you: Little Edith does n't meddle any more with ghosts.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES[1]

III

THE CABAL AGAINST SEWARD, AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Wednesday, December 3, 1862.

A CHANGE of the commander of the Army of the Potomac has taken place. Stanton is gratified. McClellan is ordered to Trenton, and Burnside succeeds him. Burnside will doubtless do his best, is patriotic and amiable, and had he greater powers and grasp would make an acceptable and popular, if not a great, General. I hope the War Department will sustain him more earnestly than it did McClellan. Of the change I knew nothing, and wished to know nothing when it was made. I had expected it might take place earlier, when McClellan seemed testing the forbearance of the government, and not one good word was said for him (it seemed there could not be); but after he commenced to move, I was less prepared to see him displaced, and the announcement came with a shock.

Thursday, December 4, 1862.

The Members of Congress from Minnesota are urging the President vehemently to give his assent to the execution of three hundred Indian captives, but they will not succeed. Undoubtedly the savage wretches have been guilty of great atrocities; and I have as little doubt the stories of their barbarities, bad enough in themselves, are greatly exaggerated. What may have been the aggressions and provocations which led the Indians on, is not told us. When the intelligent representatives of a State can deliberately besiege the government to take the lives of these ignorant barbarians by wholesale, after they have surrendered themselves prisoners, it would seem the sentiments of the representatives were but slightly removed from the barbarians whom they would execute. The Minnesotans are greatly exasperated, and threaten the administration if it shows clemency.

Some of the Members of Congress begin early to manifest a perverse and bad spirit. Foremost as regards the Navy, of which he should be the friend and organ, is John P. Hale, Chairman of the Senate Naval Committee. He is censorious to all the administration, but especially to the Navy Department, which, instead of supporting, he omits no opportunity to assail and embarrass. Calvert of the House is equally virulent.

Friday, December 12, 1862.

Some conversation in Cabinet respecting the proposed new State of West Virginia. The bill has not yet reached the President, who thinks the creation of this new State at this time of doubtful expediency.

[The change in commanders of the Army of the Potomac meant fighting. On the 13th of December, Burnside, who five weeks previously had, much against his will, been appointed to the command, attacked Lee's army intrenched along the heights of Fredericksburg. His defeat was one of the worst disasters of the war.]

Sunday, December 14, 1862.

There has been fighting for two or three days at Fredericksburg, and our troops were said to have crossed the river. The rumor at the War Department — and I get only rumors — is that our

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troops have done well; that Burnside and our generals are in good spirits. But there is something unsatisfactory or not entirely satisfactory in this intelligence, or in the method of communicating it. When I get nothing clear and explicit at the War Department I have my apprehensions. They fear to admit disastrous truths. Adverse tidings are suppressed with a deal of fuss and mystery, — a shuffling over of papers and maps, and a far-reaching vacant gaze at something undefined and indescribable.

Burnside is on trial. I have my fears that he has not sufficient grasp and power for the position given him, or the ability to handle so large a force, but he is patriotic, and his aims are right. It appears to me a mistake to fight the enemy in so strong a position. They have selected their own ground, and we meet them there. Halleck is General in Chief, but no one appears to have any confidence in his military management or thinks him able to advise Burnside.

Monday, December 15, 1862.

No news from Fredericksburg, and no news at this time I fear is not good news.

Secretary Smith[1] called on me to unburden his mind. He dislikes Seward's management, and the general course pursued in Cabinet and between the members generally. Thinks Seward the chief cause of the unfortunate state of things.

THE CABAL AGAINST SEWARD

[In the early days of Lincoln's administration, Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase became representatives respectively of the conservative and radical elements of the Republican party. Their political differences were intensified by Chase's ambition and by his disloyalty to the President. In the Senate a marked hostility had begun by this time to manifest itself toward the Secretary of State, who was supposed to encourage the irresolution of the President, and who, as Chase put it, " adhered too tenaciously to men who proved themselves unworthy and dangerous, like McClellan; " or, in Lincoln's phrase, " While they seem to believe in my honesty, they also appear to think that when I have in me any good purpose, Seward contrives to suck it out of me unperceived." A Republican caucus determined that Mr. Seward should be eliminated, and a committee was appointed to wait on the President. Seward's old friend, Senator Preston King of New York, was the first messenger of the tidings.]

Friday, December 19, 1862.

Soon after reaching the Department this A. M. I received a note from Nicolay, the President's Secretary, requesting me to attend a special Cabinet meeting at half-past ten. All the members were punctually there, except Seward.

The President desired that what he had to communicate should not be the subject of conversation elsewhere, and proceeded to inform us that on Wednesday evening, about six o'clock, Senator Preston King and F. W. Seward[2] came into his room, each bearing a communication. That which Mr. King presented was the resignation of the Secretary of State, and Mr. F. W. Seward handed in his own.

Mr. King then informed the President that at a Republican caucus held that day, a pointed and positive opposition had shown itself against the Secretary of State which terminated in a unanimous expression, with one exception, against him and a wish for his removal. The feeling finally shaped itself into resolutions of a general character, and the appointment of a committee of nine to bear them to the President, and to communicate to him the sentiments of the Republican Senators. Mr. King, the former colleague and the personal friend of Mr. Seward, being also from the same state, felt it to be a duty to inform the Secretary

[1] Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior.

[2] Son of the Secretary of State, and assistant in his department.

at once of what had occurred. On receiving this information, which was wholly a surprise, Mr. Seward immediately wrote and by Mr. King tendered his resignation. Mr. King suggested it would be well for the committee to wait upon the President at an early moment, and the President agreeing with him, Mr. King on Wednesday morning notified Judge Collamer, the chairman, who sent word to the President that they would call at the Executive Mansion at any hour after six that evening, and the President sent word he would receive them at seven.

The committee came at the time specified, and the President says that the evening was spent in a pretty free and animated conversation. No opposition was manifested towards any other member of the Cabinet than Mr. Seward. Some not very friendly feelings were shown towards one or two others, but no wish that any one should leave but the Secretary of State. Him they charged, if not with infidelity, with indifference, with want of earnestness in the war, with want of sympathy with the country in this great struggle, and with many things objectionable, and especially with a too great ascendancy and control of the President and measures of administration. This, he said, was the point and pith of their complaint.

The President says that, in reply to the committee, he stated how this movement had shocked and grieved him. That he had selected the Cabinet in view of impending difficulties and of all the responsibilities upon himself; that he and the members had gone on harmoniously, whatever had been the previous feelings and associations; that there had never been serious disagreements, though there had been differences; that in the overwhelming troubles of the country, which had borne heavily upon him, he had been sustained and consoled by the good feeling and the mutual and unselfish confidence and zeal that pervaded the Cabinet.

He expressed a hope that there would be no combined movement on the part of other members of the Cabinet to resist this assault, whatever might be the termination; said this movement was uncalled-for; that, admitting all that was said, there was no such charge as should break up or overthrow a Cabinet; nor was it possible for him to go on with a total abandonment of old friends.

Mr. Bates[1] stated the difference between our system and that of England, where a change of majority involved a new election, dissolution of Parliament, &c. Three or four of the members of the Cabinet said they had heard of the resignation: Blair[2] the day preceding; Stanton through the President, on whom he had made a business call; Mr. Bates, when coming to the meeting.

The President requested that we should, with him, meet the committee. This did not receive the approval of Mr. Chase, who said he had no knowledge whatever of the movement, or the resignation, until since he had entered the room.

Mr. Bates knew of no good that would come of an interview. I stated that I could see no harm in it, and if the President wished it I thought it a duty for us to attend; the proceeding was of an extraordinary character. Mr. Blair thought it would be well for us to be present, and finally all acquiesced. The President named half-past seven this evening.

A CRITICAL MEETING

Saturday, December 20, 1862.

At the meeting last evening there were present, of the Committee, Senators Collamer, Fessenden, Harris, Trumbull, Grimes, Howard, Sumner, and Pomeroy. Wade was absent. The President and all the Cabinet but Seward were present. The subject was opened by the President, who read the resolutions and told the substance of his interviews with the Committee — their object and purpose. He spoke of the unity of his Cabinet, who though they could not be expected to

[1] Edward Bates, Attorney General.

[2] Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General.

think and speak alike on all subjects — all had acquiesced in measures when once decided. The necessities of the times, he said, had prevented frequent and long sessions of the Cabinet, and the submission of every question at the meetings.

Secretary Chase endorsed the President's statement fully and entirely, but regretted that there was not a more full and thorough consideration and canvass of important measures in open Cabinet.

Senator Collamer, the Chairman of the Committee, succeeded the President, and calmly and fairly presented the views of the Committee and of those whom they represented. [The Cabinet] wanted united counsels, combined wisdom, and energetic action. If there is truth in the maxim that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, it might be well that those advisers who were near the President, and selected by him, and all of whom were more or less responsible, should be consulted on the great questions which affected the national welfare, and that the ear of the Executive should be open to all, and that he should have the minds of all.

Senator Fessenden was pretty skillful, but a little tart. He felt more than he had the courage to say, wanted the whole Cabinet to consider and decide questions, spoke of a remark which he had heard from J. Q. Adams, on the floor of Congress, in regard to a measure of his administration. Mr. Adams said the measure was adopted against his wishes and opinion, but that he was outvoted by Mr. Clay and others. He wished an administration so conducted.

Grimes, Sumner, and Trumbull were pointed, emphatic, and unequivocal in their opposition to Mr. Seward, whose zeal and sincerity in this conflict they doubted. Each was unrelenting and unforgiving.

Blair spoke earnestly and well. Sustained the President, and dissented most decidedly from the idea of a plural Executive; claimed that the President was accountable for his administration, might ask opinions or not of as many as he pleased, of either all or none of his Cabinet. Mr. Bates took much the same view.

The President managed his own case, speaking freely, and showed great tact, shrewdness, and ability, provided such a subject were a proper one for such a meeting and discussion. I have no doubt he considered it most judicious to conciliate the Senators with respectful deference, whatever may have been his opinion of their interference. When he closed his remarks, he said it would be a gratification to him if each member of the Committee would state whether he now thought it advisable to dismiss Mr. Seward, and whether his exclusion would strengthen or weaken the administration, and the Union cause, in their respective states.

Grimes, Trumbull, and Sumner, who had expressed themselves decidedly against the continuance of Mr. Seward in the Cabinet, indicated no change of opinion. Collamore and Fessenden declined committing themselves on the subject. [They said they] had in their action the welfare of the whole country in view, and were not prepared to answer the questions. Senator Harris [1] felt it a duty to say that while many of the friends of the administration would be gratified, others would feel deeply wounded, and the effect of Mr. Seward's retirement would on the whole be calamitous in the State of New York. Pomeroy of Kansas said, personally, he believed the withdrawal of Mr. Seward would be a good movement, and he sincerely wished it might take place. Howard of Michigan declined answering the question.

During the discussion, the volume of diplomatic correspondence, recently published, was alluded to, some letters denounced as unwise and impolitic were specified, one of which, a confidential despatch to Mr. Adams, was read. If it was unwise to write, it was certainly injudicious and indiscreet to publish, such a document. Mr. Seward has genius and

[1] Of New York.

talent, no one better knows it than himself, but for one in his place he is often wanting in careful discrimination, true wisdom, sound judgment, and discreet statesmanship. The Committee believe he thinks more of the glorification of Seward than the welfare of the country. He wishes the glorification of both, and believes he is the man to accomplish it, but has unwittingly and unwarily begotten and brought upon himself a vast amount of distrust and hostility on the part of Senators, by his endeavors to impress them and others with the belief that he is the administration. It is a mistake, the Senators dislike it. [They] have measured and know him.

AN ADMINISTRATIVE CRISIS

It was nearly midnight when we left the President; and it could not be otherwise than that all my wakeful moments should be absorbed with a subject, which, time and circumstances considered, was of grave importance to the Administration and the country. A Senatorial combination to dictate to the President in regard to his political family, in the height of a civil war which threatens the existence of the republic, cannot be permitted to succeed even if the person to whom they object were as obnoxious as they represent, — but Seward's foibles are not serious failings. After fully canvassing the subject in all its phases, my mind was clear as to the course which it was my duty to pursue, and what I believed was the President's duty also.

My first movement this morning was to call on the President as soon as I supposed he could have breakfasted. Governor Robertson of Kentucky was with him when I went in, but soon left.

I informed the President, I had pondered the events of yesterday and last evening, and felt it incumbent on me to advise him not to accept the resignation of Mr. Seward; that if there were objections, real or imaginary, against Mr. Seward — the time, manner and circumstances, the occasion and the method of presenting what the Senators considered objections, were all inappropriate and wrong; that no party or faction should be permitted to dictate to the President in regard to his Cabinet; that it would be of evil example and fraught with incalculable injury to the government and country; that neither the legislative department, nor the Senate branch of it, should be allowed to encroach on the Executive prerogatives and rights; that it devolved on him, and was his duty, to assert and maintain the rights and independence of the Executive; that he ought not, against his own convictions, to yield one iota of the authority entrusted to him, on the demand of either branch of Congress or of both combined, or to any party whatever might be its views and intentions; that Mr. Seward had his infirmities and errors, but they were *venial;* that he and I differed on many things, as did other members of the Cabinet; that he was sometimes disposed to step beyond his own legitimate bounds, and not duly respect the rights of his associates, but these were matters that did not call for Senatorial interference. In short, I considered it for the true interest of the country, now as in the future, that this scheme should be defeated — that so believing, I had, at the earliest moment, given him my conclusions.

The President was much gratified. [He] said that the whole thing had struck him as it had me, and if carried out as the Senators prescribed, the whole government would cave in. It could not stand. Could not hold water; — the bottom would be out.

I added that having expressed my wish that he would not accept Mr. Seward's resignation, I thought it important that Mr. Seward should not press its acceptance, nor did I suppose he would. In this he also concurred, and asked if I had seen Seward. I replied I had not, my first duty was with him, and having ascertained that we agreed, I would now go over and see Seward. He earnestly desired me to do so.

WELLES'S MISSION TO SEWARD

I went immediately to Seward's house. Stanton was with him. Seward was excited; talking vehemently to Stanton of the course pursued, and the results that must follow if the scheme succeeded; told Stanton he, Stanton, would be the next victim; that there was a call for a meeting at the Cooper Institute this evening. Stanton said he had seen it. I had not. Seward got the *Herald*, [asked] me to read it, but Stanton seized the paper, as Seward and myself entered into conversation. [Seward] related what the President had already communicated; how Preston King had come to him; how he wrote his resignation at once, and so did Fred,[1] &c., &c. In the mean time Stanton rose and remarked he had much to do, and as Governor S[eward] had been over this matter with him he would leave.

I then stated my interview with the President, my advice that the President must not accept, nor he press, his resignation. Seward was greatly pleased with my views; said he had but one course before him when the doings of the Senators were communicated, but that if the President and country required of him any duty in this emergency he did not feel at liberty to refuse it. He spoke of his long political experience, dwelt on his own sagacity and his great services; feels deeply this movement, which was wholly unexpected; tries to suppress any exhibition of personal grievance or disappointment, but is painfully wounded, mortified, and chagrined.

I told him I should return and report to the President our interview and that he acquiesced in my suggestions. He said he had no objections, but he thought the subject should be disposed of one way or the other at once. He is disappointed, I see, that the President did not promptly refuse to consider his resignation, and dismiss, or refuse to parley with, the committee.

[1] Frederick W. Seward.

When I returned to the White House, Chase and Stanton were in the President's office, but he was absent. A few words were interchanged on the great topic in hand. I was very emphatic in my opposition to the acceptance of Seward's resignation. Neither gave me a direct answer, nor did either express an opinion on the subject, though I think both wished to be understood as acquiescing.

LINCOLN CUTS THE KNOT

When the President came in, which was in a few moments, his first address was to me, asking if I "had seen the man." I replied that I had, and that he assented to my views. He then turned to Chase and said, "I sent for you, for this matter is giving me great trouble."

Chase said he had been painfully affected by the meeting last evening, which was a total surprise to him, and, after some not very explicit remarks as to how he was affected, informed the President he had prepared his resignation of the office of Secretary of the Treasury.

"Where is it?" said the President quickly, his eye lighting up in a moment. "I brought it with me," said Chase, taking the paper from his pocket, "I wrote it this morning." "Let me have it," said the President, — reaching his long arm and fingers towards Chase, who held on, seemingly reluctant to part with the letter, which was sealed, and which he apparently hesitated to surrender. Something farther he wished to say, but the President was eager and did not perceive it, but took and hastily opened the letter.

"This," said he, looking at me with a triumphal laugh, "cuts the Gordian knot." An air of satisfaction spread over his countenance, such as I have not seen for some time. "I can dispose of this subject now without difficulty," he added, as he turned on his chair. "I see my way clear."

Chase sat by Stanton, fronting the fire, the President beside the fire, his face

towards them, Stanton nearest him. I was on the sofa near the east window. While the President was reading the note, which was brief, Chase turned round and looked towards me a little perplexed. He would, I think, have been better satisfied could this interview with the President have been without the presence of others, or at least if I was away. The President was so delighted that he saw not how others were affected.

"Mr. President," said Stanton with solemnity, "I informed you day before yesterday that I was ready to tender you my resignation. I wish you, sir, to consider my resignation at this time in your possession."

"You may go to the Department," said the President, "I don't want yours. This [holding out Chase's letter] is all I want. This relieves me. My way is clear. The trouble is ended. I will detain neither of you longer." We all rose to leave, but Stanton lingered and held back as we reached the door. Chase and myself came down stairs together. He was moody and taciturn. Some one stopped him on the lower stairs and I passed on, but C[hase] was not a minute behind me, and before I reached the Department Stanton came staving along.

Preston King called at my house this evening and gave me particulars of what had been said and done at the caucuses of the Republican Senators, of the surprise he felt when he found the hostility so universal against Seward, and [that] some of the Cabinet [as well as] some of the calmest and most considerate Senators were the most decided; stated the course pursued by himself, which was frank, friendly, and manly. He was greatly pleased with my course, of which he had been informed by Seward and the President in part, and I gave him some facts which they did not. Blair tells me that his father's[1] views correspond with mine, and the approval of F. P. Blair and Preston King gives me assurance that I am right.

["The untrained diplomatist of Illinois," say Nicolay and Hay, "had thus met and conjured away with unsurpassed courage and skill one of the severest crises that ever threatened the integrity of the administration. . . . By his bold and original expedient of confronting the Senators with the Cabinet, and having them discuss their mutual misunderstandings under his own eye, he cleared up many dangerous misconceptions. . . . By placing Mr. Chase in such an attitude that his resignation became necessary to his own sense of dignity, he made himself absolute master of the situation; by treating the resignation and the return to the Cabinet of both ministers as one and the same transaction, he saved for the nation the invaluable services of both, and preserved his own position of entire impartiality between the two wings of the Union party."]

DID STANTON SHARE IN THE INTRIGUE

Montgomery Blair[2] is confident that Stanton has been instrumental in getting up this movement against Seward, to screen himself and turn attention from the War Department. There may be something in this surmise of Blair; but I am inclined to think that Chase, Stanton and Caleb Smith have each, but without concert, participated, if not directly, by expressions of discontent to their senatorial intimates. Chase and Smith, I know, are a good deal dissatisfied with Seward, and they have not hesitated to make known their feelings in some quarters, though I apprehend not to the President.

With Stanton I have little intimacy. He came into the Cabinet under Seward's wing, and he knows it; but Stanton is, by nature, an intriguer, courts favor, is not faithful in his friendships, is given to se-

[1] Frank Preston Blair, editor and politician, father of F. P. Blair, afterwards Senator from Missouri, and of Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General.

[2] Blair and Stanton were declared enemies before they joined Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet.

cret underhand combinations. His obligations to Seward are great, but would not deter him from raising a breeze against Seward to favor himself. Chase and Seward entered the Cabinet as rivals, and in cold courtesy have so continued. There was an effort by Seward's friends to exclude Chase from the Treasury (the President did not yield to it), but it is obvious that Seward's more pleasant nature and consummate skill have enabled him to get to windward of Chase in administrative management, and the latter, who has but little tact, feels it. Transactions take place of a general character, not unfrequently, of which Chase and others are not advised until they are made public; often the fact reaches them through the papers. Seward has not exhibited strategy in this, [though] it may have afforded him a temporary triumph as regarded Chase. He doubtless flatters himself that it strengthens a belief, which he desires should prevail, that he is the "power behind the throne greater than the throne itself," that he is the real executive. The result of all this has been the alienation of a portion of his old friends without getting new ones, and finally in this appointment of a committee which asks his removal. The objections urged are, I notice, the points on which Chase is most sensitive.

For two or three months Stanton has evinced a growing indifference to Seward, with whom he was, at first, intimate, and to whom he was much devoted. I have observed that, as he became alienated towards Seward, his friendship for Chase increased.

My differences with Seward I have endeavored to settle with him on the day and time of their occurrence. They have not been many, but they have been troublesome and annoying because they were meddlesome and disturbing. He gets behind me, tampers with my subordinates, and interferes injuriously and ignorantly in naval matters, not so much from wrong purpose, but as a busybody by nature. I have not made these matters subject of complaint outside, and think it partly the result of usage and practice at Albany.

Tuesday, December 23, 1862.

It was announced yesterday morning that the President had requested Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase to withdraw their resignations and resume their duties. This took the public by surprise. Chase's resignation was scarcely known, and his friends, particularly those in the late movement, were a little disgusted when they found that he and Seward were in the same category.

Seward's influence has often been anything but salutary. Not that he was evil inclined, but he is meddlesome, fussy, has no fixed principles or policy. Chase has chafed under Seward's management, yet has tried to conceal any exhibition of irritated feelings. Seward, assuming to be helmsman, has, while affecting and believing in his own superiority, tried to be patronizing to all, especially soothing and conciliating to Chase, who sees and is annoyed by it. The President feels that he is under obligations to each, and that both are serviceable. He is friendly to both; he is fond of Seward, who is affable; he respects Chase, who is clumsy. Seward comforts him; Chase, he deems a necessity.

On important questions Blair is as potent with the President as either, and sometimes I think equal to both. With some egotism, Blair has great good sense, a better knowledge and estimate of military men than either or both the others, and I think is possessed of more solid, reliable administrative ability.

All the members were at the Cabinet meeting to-day. Seward was feeling very happy, Chase was pale, said he was ill — had been for weeks. The subject principally discussed was the proposed division of Virginia and the creation of a new state to be called Western Virginia. Chase is strongly for it, Blair and Bates against it, the latter, however, declining to discuss it or give his reasons except in writing. Stanton is with Chase. Seward

does not show his hand. My impressions are, under the existing state of things, decidedly adverse. It is a disturbance that might be avoided at this time, and has constitutional difficulties.

Friday, December 26, 1862.

Some talk in Cabinet of Thayer's scheme of emigration to Florida.

Blair read his opinion of the proposition for making a new state of Western Virginia. His views correspond with mine, but are abler and more elaborately stated. Mr. Bates read a portion of his opinion on the constitutional point, which appeared to me decisive and conclusive.

The President has called for opinions from each of his Cabinet. I had the first rough draft of mine in my pocket, though not entirely copied. Chase said his was completed, but he had not brought it with him. Seward said he was wholly unprepared. Stanton assured the President he would be ready with his in season. The President said it would answer his purpose if the opinions of each were handed in on or before Tuesday.

Monday, December 29, 1862.

We had yesterday a telegram that the British pirate craft Alabama captured the Ariel, one of the Aspinwall steamers, on her passage from New York to Aspinwall, off the coast of Cuba. Abuse of the Navy Department will follow.

The six members of the Cabinet (Smith[1] absent) to-day handed in their respective opinions on the question of dividing the Old Commonwealth of Virginia, and carving out and admitting a new state. As Stanton and myself returned from the Cabinet meeting to the Departments, he expressed surprise that I should oppose division, for he thought it politic and wise to plant a free state south of the Ohio. I thought our duties were constitutional, not experimental, that we should observe and preserve the landmarks, and that mere expediency should not override constitutional obligations. This action was not predicated on the consent of the people of Virginia, legitimately expressed; was arbitrary and without proper authority; was such a departure from and undermining of our system that I could not approve it, and feared it was the beginning of the end. As regarded a free state south of the Ohio, I told him the probabilities were that pretty much all of them would be free by Tuesday when the Proclamation emancipating slaves would be published.

[1] Caleb B. Smith had just retired from the Department of the Interior. His successor, John P. Usher, was not appointed till later.

THE FINAL DRAFT OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

[" It will be remembered," say Nicolay and Hay, " that when the President proposed emancipation on the 22nd of July, and again when he announced emancipation on the 22nd of September, he informed his Cabinet that he had decided the main matter for himself, and asked their advice only upon subordinate parts. In now looking up the matter for the third and final review, there was neither doubt nor hesitation in regard to the actual policy and act about to be consummated. But there were several minor questions upon which he wished the advice of his Cabinet."]

At the meeting to-day, the President read the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation, invited criticism, and finally directed that copies should be furnished to each. It is a good and well-prepared paper, but I suggested that a part of the sentence marked in pencil be omitted. Chase advises that fractional parts of states ought not to be exempted. In this I think he is right, and so stated. Practically there would be difficulty in freeing parts of states, and not freeing others, a clashing between central and local authorities.

Wednesday, December 31, 1862.

We had an early and special Cabinet meeting convened by 10 A. M. The sub-

ject was the Proclamation of to-morrow to emancipate the slaves in the rebel states. Seward proposed two amendments. One included mine, and one enjoining upon, instead of appealing to, those emancipated to forbear from tumult. Blair, like Seward and myself, had proposed the omission of a part of a sentence and made other suggestions, which I thought improvements. Chase made some good criticisms and proposed a felicitous closing sentence.[1] The President took the suggestions, written in order, and said he would complete the document.

The year closes less favorably than I had hoped and expected, yet some progress has been made. It is not to be denied, however, that the national ailment seems more chronic. The disease is deep-seated. Energetic measures are necessary, and I hope we may have them. None of us appear to do enough, and yet I am surprised that we have done so much. We have had some misfortunes, and a lurking malevolence exists towards us among nations that could not have been anticipated. Worse than this, the envenomed relentless and unpatriotic spirit of party paralyzes and weakens the hand of the government and country.

Thursday, January 1, 1863.

The New Year opens with a bright and brilliant day. Exchanged congratulations at the Executive Mansion with the President and colleagues, at 11 this morning. The usual formalities. Officers of the army and navy came in at half-past eleven. I left before twelve.

The Emancipation Proclamation is published in this evening's *Star*. This is a broad step, and will be a land-mark in history. The immediate effect will not be all its friends anticipate, or its opponents apprehend. Passing events are steadily accomplishing what is here proclaimed.

Saturday, January 3, 1863.

We have, yesterday and to-day, broken accounts of a great fight for three days and not yet terminated at Murfreesborough, Tenn. All statements say we have the best; that we shall beat the rebels; that we have pierced their centre; that we are driving them through Murfreesborough, &c. I hope to hear we "have done," instead of we "shall do." None of our army fights have been finished, but are drawn battles — worrying, exhausting, but never completed. Of Rosecrans I have thought better and hope a good account of his work, but the best sometimes fail, and he may not be the best.

[Although the fighting about Murfreesboro amounted to a drawn battle between Rosecrans and Bragg, its effects were those of a Union victory, for thenceforward Kentucky and Western Tennessee were never again seriously menaced by the Confederate power.]

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MONITOR AND HER HISTORY

A word by telegraph that the Monitor has foundered and over twenty of her crew, including some officers, are lost. The fate of this vessel affects me in other respects. She is a primary representative of a class identified with my administration of the Navy. Her novel construction and qualities I adopted, and she was built amidst obloquy and ridicule. Such a change in the character of a fighting vessel, few naval men, or any Secretary under their influence, would have taken the responsibility of adopting. But Admiral Smith and, finally, all the Board which I appointed, seconded my views, and were willing, Davis somewhat reluctantly, to recommend the experiment if I would insure the risk and responsibility. Her success with the Merrimac directly after she went into commission relieved me of odium and anxiety, and men who were

[1] "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution, and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

preparing to ridicule were left to admire.

When Bushnell of New Haven brought me the first model and plan I was favorably impressed. I was then in Hartford proposing to remove my family, but sent him at once to Washington, following myself within a day or two. Understanding that Ericsson the inventor was sensitive, in consequence of supposed slight and neglect by the Navy Department or this government, some years ago, I made it a point to speak to Admiral Smith, Chairman of the Board, and specially request that he should be treated tenderly, and opportunity given him for full and deliberate hearing. I found Admiral Smith well disposed. The plan was adopted, and the test of her fighting and resisting power was [dispensed with] by an arrangement between Admiral Smith and myself, without communication with any other, that she should, when completed, go at once up Elizabeth River to Norfolk Navy Yard, and destroy the Merrimac while in the dry dock, and the dock itself. Had she been completed within the contract time, one hundred days, this purpose would have been accomplished, but there was delay and disappointment, and her prowess was exhibited in a conflict with her huge antagonist under much more formidable circumstances. Her career since the time she first entered Hampton Roads is public history, but her origin and everything in relation to her, from the inception, have been, since her success, designedly misrepresented.

It is due to Admiral Smith to say that he is deserving of credit, if credit be due to any one connected with the Navy Department, for this vessel. Had she been a failure, he, more than any one but the Secretary, would have been blamed, and was fully aware that he would have to share with me the odium and the responsibility. Let him therefore have the credit that is justly his.

Monday, January 5, 1863.

Commander Bankhead arrived this morning and brings particulars of the loss of the Monitor. Her weakness was in herself, where we had apprehended, and not in an antagonist. This has been in some degree remedied in the new boats we are now constructing.

For months I have been berated and abused because I had not more vessels of the Monitor class under contract. Her success with the Merrimac when she was under the trial as an experiment made men wild, and they censured me for not having built a fleet when she was constructed; now that she is lost the same persons will be likely to assail me for expending money on such a craft.

Tuesday, January 13, 1863.

Received this A. M. from Admiral Dupont an intercepted mail captured off Charleston. Reed Saunders, who had the mail in charge, threw it overboard as he supposed, [but the] Master of the vessel, once a volunteer Acting Master in our service, whom I had dismissed for drunkenness, practiced a deception, and Saunders threw over something else than the mail (which the Master secretly retained and delivered, and thereby saved his bacon). The mail was not forwarded to its destination, as Seward directed it should be, but opened. Numerous and important despatches from Mallory, Memminger, Benjamin [1] &c., &c. disclose important facts. Took some of the more interesting to Cabinet council.

Thursday, January 15, 1863.

Have been interested for the last two or three days in reading, when I had time, letters that were taken from the intercepted mail. Most of them are from intelligent writers in the best circles at Richmond. In these communications, freely written in friendly confidence, there ekes out a latent feeling of hope for peace and restoration of once happier days. There is distress and privation, — the spirit of hate engendered by strife is there,

[1] Heads respectively of the Navy, Treasury, and State Departments in the Confederate Government.

but no happiness nor inward satisfaction over the desolation which active hostilities have caused. Strange that so many intelligent beings should be so madly influenced!

Saturday, January 24, 1863.

There is a change of commander of the Army of the Potomac. Burnside relinquishes to Hooker. I hope the change may be beneficial; but have apprehensions.

The President asked me, about the time of the second battle of Bull Run, when Pope was to leave and McClellan was out of favor: "Who can take command of this army? Who is there among all these Generals?" The address to me was unexpected, and without much consideration I named Hooker. The President looked approvingly but said, "I think as much as you or any man of Hooker, but I fear he gets — excited," looking around as he spoke. Blair, who was present, said he was too great a friend of John Barleycorn.

I had mingled but little in the social or convivial gatherings of the military men, have attended fewer of the parades than any member of the Cabinet, and have known less of their habits. What I had seen and observed of Hooker had impressed me favorably, but our interviews had been chiefly business-wise and in the matter of duty, but there was a promptness, frankness, and intelligence about him that compared favorably with some others. I remarked if his habits are bad, if he ever permits himself to get intoxicated, he ought not to be trusted with such a command, and withdrew my recommendation. From what I have heard since, I fear his habits are not such as to commend him — that, at least, he indulges in the free use of whiskey — gets excited and is fond of play. This is the result of my enquiries, and with this reputation I am surprised at his selection, — though, aside from the infirmities alluded to, he doubtless has good points as an officer.

January 28, 1863.

Get as yet no official report of the disaster at Galveston. Farragut has prompt, energetic, excellent qualities, but no fondness for written details of self-laudation; does but one thing at a time, but does that strongly and well; is better fitted to lead an expedition through danger and difficulty than to command an extensive blockade. Is a good officer in a great emergency — will more willingly take great risks in order to obtain great results than any officer high in either navy or army, and, unlike most of them, prefers that others should tell the story of his well-doing rather than relate it himself.

SEWARD IS WEED, AND WEED IS SEWARD

Thurlow Weed[1] retires from the *Evening Journal.* Is this an actual or pretended retirement? I always distrust him. He is strong and cunning. Has a vigorous but not an ingenuous mind. Being a life-long partizan, he cannot abandon party even for the country's welfare though he may strive to have them assimilate. It grieved him that so many of his old party opponents should have been invited to the Cabinet and identified with the administration. The President quietly laughs at Weed's intrigues to exclude Chase and myself. This was in the interest of Seward, his *alter ego.* I remember that Seward on one occasion remarked in Cabinet, "Weed is Seward, and Seward is Weed; each approves what the other says and does." It was not a pleasant remark to some of us, and Chase said he did not recognize the identity; while he would yield a point as a matter of favor to Mr. Seward, he would not to Weed. [Weed's] ostensible reason for abandoning the field of active politics at this time, and leaving the *Journal,* is be-

[1] Thurlow Weed had made the Albany *Evening Journal* a power. With Seward and Greeley, he had once been a member of the Republican Triumvirate in New York. His influence had been cast on the side of the administration.

cause he cannot act with his friends and support the administration. There is intrigue, insincerity, and scheming in all this. I have no confidence in him, and he doubtless knows it.

The organization of the New York Legislature has been finally accomplished.

If Weed does not go for Seward for the Senate, which is at the bottom of this movement, he will prop Morgan.[1] [Preston] King, their best man, is to be sacrificed. I do not think Weed is moving for the Senatorship for himself, yet it is so charged. He has professedly left his old friends, but he is to carry as many as possible with him into a new combination where he and Seward will have Dix, whom they have captured and whom they are using while D[ix] supposes they are earnest for him.

Friday, January 30, 1863.

But little at the Cabinet. Chase is quite dejected, and manifested some rather suppressed irritation towards Blair and Seward as he sat beside me. Neither of them saw it — I was glad they did not.

Thursday, February 2, 1863.

Seward sent me this morning a scary despatch, which he proposed to give each of the foreign ministers, in relation to the blockade at Galveston, which he, unwisely, improperly, and without knowledge of the facts, admits has been raised but which he informs them will be again immediately enforced. I was exceedingly annoyed that he should propose to issue such a document under any circumstances, — and especially without consultation. It is one of those unfortunate assumptions, pregnant with error, in which he sometimes indulges. I toned and softened his paper down in several respects, — but told the clerk to give Mr. Seward my compliments and say to him, I totally objected to his sending out such a paper.

[1] Edwin D. Morgan, former Governor and, next, Senator, of New York.

Friday, February 6, 1863.

Nothing of special importance at the Cabinet. Seward was absent, and I therefore called on him respecting his circular despatch concerning the blockade at Galveston. His Chief Clerk, Mr. Hunter, was coy and shy. Neither he nor Mr. Seward were certain it had been sent. Seward said he had made all the alterations, but the clerk had not done his errand properly; did not tell him I objected, &c., &c. Hunter watched Seward closely and could recollect only what Seward recollected. When I touched on the principles involved, I found Seward inexcusably ignorant of the subject of the blockade. He admitted he had not looked into the books, had not studied the subject, had relied on Hunter.

Hunter said he had very little knowledge, and no practical experience, on these matters except what took place during the Mexican blockade. Made Seward send for Wheaton; read to him a few passages. He seemed perplexed, but thought his circular despatch as modified could do little harm. I am apprehensive that he has, in his ostentatious self-assuming way, committed himself in conversation, and knows not how to get out of the difficulty. He says Fox [2] told him the blockade was raised at Galveston. It is one of those cases where the Secretary of State has written a hasty letter without proper enquiry or knowledge of facts, and my fears are that he has made unwarranted admissions. After firing off his gun he learns his mistake — has "gone off half-cocked."

Thursday, February 19, 1863.

A special Cabinet meeting. The President desired a consultation as to the expediency of an extra session of the Senate. Chase favored; Seward opposed. No very decided opinion expressed by the others. I was disinclined to it.

The President has been invited to preside at a meeting for religious Christian

[2] Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

purposes on Sunday evening. Chase favored it. All the others opposed it but Usher, who had a lingering, hesitating, half-favorable inclination to favor it. Has been probably talked with and committed to some extent; so with Chase.

The President on Tuesday expressed a wish that Captain Dahlgren should be made an Admiral, and I to-day presented both his and Davis's [1] name.

LINCOLN'S INDISCRETION

Sunday, February 22, 1863.

A severe snow storm. Did not venture abroad. Had a call from Dahlgren, who is very grateful that he is named for Admiral. Told him to thank the President who had made it a specialty; that I did not advise it. He called with reference to a written promise the President had given one Dillon for $150,000 provided a newly invented gunpowder should] prove effective.

I warned Dahlgren that these irregular proceedings would involve himself and others in difficulty; that the President had no authority for it; that there was no appropriation in our Department from which this sum could be paid; that he ought certainly to know, and the President should understand, that we could not divert funds from their legitimate appropriation. I cautioned him, as I have occasion to do repeatedly, against encouraging the President in these well-intentioned but irregular proceedings. He assures me he does restrain the President as far as respect will permit, but his "restraints" are impotent, valueless. He is no check on the President, who has a propensity to engage in matters of this kind. Finding the heads of Departments opposed to these schemes, the President goes often behind them, as in this instance; and subordinates, flattered by his notice, encourage him. In this instance, Dahlgren says it is the President's act; that he is responsible.

[1] Charles Henry Davis, who had defeated the Confederate fleet off Fort Pillow, and captured Memphis.

SEWARD'S INTIMACY WITH MCCLELLAN

Wednesday, February 25, 1863.

Had a brief call from General McClellan this P. M. He looks in good health but is evidently uncomfortable in mind. Our conversation was general; of the little progress made, the censoriousness of the public, of the dissatisfaction towards both of us, &c., &c. The letter of General Scott of the 4th of October 1861, complaining of his disrespect and wanting obedience, is just brought out.

I well remember an interview between these two officers about the period that letter was written, the President, myself, and two or three others being present. It was in General Scott's rooms, opposite the War Office. In the course of conversation, which related to military operations, a question arose as to the number of troops there were in and about Washington. Cameron [2] could not answer the question, McClellan did not. General Scott said no reports were made to him. The President was disturbed. At this moment, Seward stated the several commands, how many regiments had reported in a few days, and the aggregate at the time of the whole force. The statement was made from a small paper and [Seward] appealing to McClellan, that officer replied that the statement approximated the truth.

General Scott's countenance showed great displeasure. "This," said the veteran warrior, "is a remarkable state of things. I am in command of the armies of the United States, but have been wholly unable to get any reports, any statement of the actual forces. But here is the Secretary of State, a civilian, for whom I have great respect, but who is not a military man nor conversant with military affairs, though his abilities are great — this civilian is possessed of facts which are withheld from me. Military reports are made, not to these Head Quarters, but to the State Department.

[2] Simon Cameron, predecessor of Stanton as Secretary of War.

Am I, Mr. President, to apply to the Secretary of State for the necessary military information to discharge my duties?"

Mr. Seward explained that he had got his information by vigilance and attention, keeping account of the daily arrival of regiments, etc. There was a grim smile on the face of the old soldier [as he said], "And you, without report, probably ascertained where each regiment was ordered. Your labors and industry, Mr. Secretary of State, I know are very arduous, but I did not before know the whole of them. If you, in that way, can get accurate information, the rebels can also, though I cannot."

Cameron here broke in, half in earnest and half ironical, and said we all knew Seward was meddlesome — interfering in all the departments with what was none of his business. He thought we had better go to our duties. It was a pleasant way of breaking up an unpleasant interview, and we rose to leave. McClellan was near the open door and General Scott addressed him by name. "You," said the aged hero, "were called here by my advice. The times require vigilance and activity. I am not active, and never shall be again. When I proposed that you should come here to aid, not supersede me, you had my friendship and confidence. You still have my confidence."

I had, in the early stages of the war, disapproved of the policy of General Scott, which was purely defensive — non-intercourse with the insurgents, shut them out from the world by blockade and military frontier lines, but not to invade their territory. The *anaconda* policy was, I then thought and still think, unwise for the country. The policy of General McClellan has not been essentially different, but he was called here with the assent, if not by the recommendation, of General Scott. It was evident from what transpired at the interview here mentioned that Mr. Seward, who had been in close intimacy with the veteran commander at first, had transferred his intimacy to the junior General, and the former felt it, saw that he was becoming neglected, and his pride was wounded.

That Seward kept himself well informed in the way he stated, I think was true, and he likely had his information confirmed by McClellan, with whom he almost daily compared notes and of whom he made inquiries. But McClellan is by nature reticent; in many respects, a good quality. Seward has great industry and an enquiring mind, and loves to possess himself of everything that transpires; has an unfortunate inclination to run to subordinates for information; has in Meigs [1] a willing assistant, and others who think it a compliment to be consulted by the Secretary of State, and are ready to impart to him all they know of the doings and intentions of their superiors. He has by his practice encouraged the President to do likewise and get at facts indiscreetly, but the President does this because he feels a delicacy in intruding, especially in business hours, on the Heads of Departments. Seward has no such delicacy, but a craving desire to be familiar with the transactions of each Department.

[1] General Meigs, Quartermaster-General of the Army.

(*To be continued.*)

AT THE MAKING OF MAN

BY BLISS CARMAN

First Michael's scarlet-suited host
Took up the word and sang.
As though a trumpet had been loosed
In heaven, the arches rang;
For these were they who feel the thrill
Of beauty like a pang.

He shall be framed and balanced
For loveliness and power,
Lithe as the supple creatures,
And colored as a flower,
Sustained by the all-feeding earth,
Nurtured by wind and shower,

To stand within the vortex
Where surging forces play,
A poised and pliant figure
Immutable as they,
Till time and space and energy
Surrender to his sway.

He shall be free to journey
Over the teeming earth,
An insatiable seeker,
A wanderer from his birth,
Clothed in the fragile veil of sense,
With fortitude for girth.

His hands shall have dominion
Of all created things,
To fashion in the likeness
Of his imaginings,
To make his will and thought survive
Unto a thousand springs.

The world shall be his province,
The princedom of his skill;
The tides shall wear his harness,
The winds obey his will;
Till neither flood, nor fire, nor frost,
Shall work to do him ill.

A creature fit to carry
The pure creative fire,
Whatever truth inform him,
Whatever good inspire,
He shall make lovely in all things
To the end of his desire.

Then Gabriel's host in silver gear
And vesture twilight blue,
The spirits of immortal mind,
The warders of the true,
Took up the theme that gives the world
Significance anew.

He shall be born to reason,
And have the primal need
To understand and follow
Wherever truth may lead, —
To grow in wisdom like a tree
Unfolding from a seed.

A watcher by the sheepfolds,
With wonder in his eyes,
He shall behold the seasons,
And mark the planets rise,
Till all the marching firmament
Shall rouse his vast surmise.

Beyond the sweep of vision,
Or utmost reach of sound,
This cunning fire-maker,
This tiller of the ground,
Shall learn the secrets of the suns
And fathom the profound.

For he must prove all being
Sane, beauteous, benign,
And at the heart of nature
Discover the divine, —
Himself the type and symbol
Of the eternal trine.

He shall perceive the kindling
Of knowledge, far and dim,
As of the fire that brightens
Below the dark sea-rim,
When ray by ray the splendid sun
Floats to the world's wide brim.

And out of primal instinct,
The lore of lair and den,
He shall emerge to question
How, wherefore, whence, and when,
Till the last frontier of the truth
Shall lie within his ken.

Then all the host of Raphael
In liveries of gold,
Lifted the chorus on whose rhythm
The spinning spheres are rolled, —
The Seraphs of the morning calm
Whose hearts are never cold.

He shall be born a spirit,
Part of the soul that yearns,
The core of vital gladness
That suffers and discerns,
The stir that breaks the budding sheath
When the green spring returns, —

The gist of power and patience
Hid in the plasmic clay,
The calm behind the senses,
The passionate essay
To make his wise and lovely dream
Immortal on a day.

The soft Aprilian ardors
That warm the waiting loam
Shall whisper in his pulses
To bid him overcome,
And he shall learn the wonder-cry
Beneath the azure dome.

And though all-dying nature
Should teach him to deplore,
The ruddy fires of autumn
Shall lure him but the more
To pass from joy to stronger joy,
As through an open door.

He shall have hope and honor,
Proud trust and courage stark,
To hold him to his purpose
Through the unlighted dark,
And love that sees the moon's full orb
In the first silver arc.

And he shall live by kindness
And the heart's certitude,
Which moves without misgiving
In ways not understood,
Sure only of the vast event, —
The large and simple good.

THE FORTY IMMORTALS

BY JEANNE MAIRET

When the seventeenth century was still young, and men took a lively interest in those writers, young also, who, unknown to themselves were to make of it the "great century," ten cronies met once a week to discuss the last book or the successful tragedy of the day. These men bore names unfamiliar to our forgetful age: Godeau, Gourbault, Chapelain, Desmarets, Habert, Abbé de Cérisy, Conrart, Cérisay, Malleville, and Giry. Their trysting-place was Conrart's house. He was well-to-do in the world, a man of taste and learning, and most hospitable, so that we can imagine how comfortable these masculine meetings were.

A vast room, with the visible rafters of well-seasoned, dark-hued oak; a huge fireplace where blazed big logs, cheerfully but somewhat ineffectually, after the fashion of the day, scorching faces and leaving backs very cold; high armchairs, so fashioned as to protect head and ears from insidious draughts; screens used for the same purpose; on the broad table a tray with slim glasses and certain cobwebbed bottles, — none of your sugared water such as satisfies modern orators grown dry-throated, but rich burgundy or ancient bordeaux, fit for gods — and Frenchmen. Then, with drawn curtains, all feminine intrusion out of the question, the ten cronies, most agreeably to themselves, dealt out praise and blame (the latter with greater gusto doubtless, for the saying of sharp things has ever been a joy to sweet humanity) to rising young authors such as Mairet, Rotrou, Scudéry, Corneille, and many others.

For a few years, these quiet meetings went on most unobtrusively. But the judgments of this new sort of "Council of Ten" little by little oozed out. Even men are not always so discreet as they fancy themselves; then, some of these gentlemen were doubtless married, — and it became the object of all young authors to be discussed at Conrart's evening reunions.

In those days, Louis XIII sat on the throne, and the Cardinal de Richelieu reigned, most despotically, over France and its King. The minister shrewdly suspected that he was a consummate statesman, but he knew, even more surely, that he was a great poet. He would have abandoned many a political scheme for the sake of seeing a tragedy in five acts, and in verse, applauded by that very multitude he despised and governed. For some time past, he had been turning over in his mighty brain a project for the disciplining of French minds; he wished to introduce into the world of letters that order, that subserviency, which he had obtained in the turbulent world of the nobility. In the Conrart intimate reunions, he saw the nucleus of what was to become the French Academy.

At first the ten gentlemen, well content with their comfort, drew back. But who could long resist the powerful cardinal, especially when he chose to be courteous and charming? And so, they yielded.

The new company was first called *Académie des Beaux-esprits*, then *Académie de l'éloquence*, *Académie éminente*, and finally the simpler and better name of *Académie Française* was adopted. The first meeting took place on March 13, 1634. The Parliament, however, only signed the papers that gave it a legal existence on July 10, 1637. The custom of academical discourses dates from 1640. The number of academicians was fixed at thirty-four; then went up to forty.

If we consult the first list, we see that not only literary men were received into

this august company, but also amateurs of refined taste and judgment. Later on, statesmen, orators, savants, or simply high-born and powerful protectors of literature, were admitted. The celebrated phrase, " L'Académie est un salon," was soon heard, and it reduced to silence all rough and untidy candidates.

From the start, these forty great men took themselves very much in earnest, and expected their immortality to be more than a mere name. In 1640 the advocate Patru, one of the first Academicians, said, " Gentlemen: Do not hope that the future will furnish men equal to yourselves. It is enough that our century should have produced forty persons of sufficient greatness, and of eminent virtue. So great an effort could not have been made without exhausting nature." And yet every generation has proved equal to that great effort, and who now remembers the advocate Patru?

Forty men cannot, like a small and chummy set, assemble around a roaring fire, drink good wine, and cut up poor writers. Work had to be provided. Chapelain, one of the first Immortals, proposed that they should compile a dictionary, destined to become the Gospel of French literature. In June, 1639, the letter A was nearly completed. This dictionary has proved to be a sort of Penelope's tapestry: it has eternally to be recommenced. Language will not stand still, in spite of all the Academies in the world. It grows like a willful child; its hair and nails must constantly be trimmed, and it bursts its buttons, and needs a lengthening of its clothes at each change of season. The Forty have a never-ending task before them.

If candidates knock humbly at the door of the big dome-crowned Palais de l'Institut, impertinent words (slang at their birth) knock unblushingly at the door of the dictionary, and many have gained admittance, the acceptance of which would have caused poor Chapelain's wig to rise on his head. And yet, it was Chapelain himself who said, " If *félicité* is not yet French, it will be next year: M. Vaugelas has promised not to vote against it when we shall plead its cause."

That "felicity " should ever have been considered as bohemian, rather astonishes us. But words which we use daily, in no matter what language, may have scandalized our remote forefathers. We read in Madame du Deffand's *Correspondance* that, a hundred years or more after the founding of the Academy, she could hardly reconcile herself to the use of the word *être* as a noun, meaning a being; she had always looked upon it as merely an auxiliary verb, which knew its place in a sentence, and kept it.

The first dictionary appeared in 1694, the second edition in 1718, the seventh in 1879. The work is still going on.

The Academy was at once solemnly organized. A Director, a Chancellor, and a Secretary presided over the meetings. The Director and Chancellor are renewed every year; the *Secrétaire perpétuel* is named for life, and enjoys a fine apartment in the Palais de l'Institut. This is a much envied position.

During many years, a panegyric of the founder, Richelieu, was obligatory upon all new members, and it was not always easy gracefully to introduce into an academic oration. After a while, a visit to the head of the nation was substituted for the rather stale and inopportune panegyric. But even this had to be abandoned in modern times. Chateaubriand, then Berryer, among others, absolutely refused to conform to this custom: the former because he hated Napoleon I; the latter, because he hated Napoleon III.

On the left side of the Seine, just across the Pont des Arts, looms up a fine but rather melancholy-looking building, surmounted by a majestic dome. There is a small open space, scarcely a square, before it; intricate, narrow, old-time streets wind around it. It is almost opposite the beautiful Louvre, not far from the Tuileries gardens and that wonderful Place

de la Concorde. But the Palais de l'Institut yet seems to turn its back on modern Paris, and to slumber, half-buried in the dust of ages, like old, much-honored, rarely opened books on the top shelf of a library. It is the abode of conservatism.

In the thirteenth century, vineyards covered all this ground, and a big tower was built at the water's edge. In the course of time, it belonged to Jeanne de Bourgogne, wife of Philippe le Long. Alexandre Dumas, in his famous drama *La Tour de Nesle*, has given a sorry reputation to this queen, whom he called, I know not why, Marguerite. On this very spot rose a college endowed by Mazarin for the education of needy, but noble youths, and to it he gave his wonderful library. During the Revolution, the college disappeared. In 1806, Napoleon caused the words *Institut de France* to be cut above the door, and, ever since, the five Academys have met under the dome. These are l'Académie Française, l'Académie des Sciences, l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, l'Académie des Beaux-Arts, l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. But the first of these and the oldest is the Académie Française, and toward it all men who hold a pen turn very longing eyes.

Not all, however. Some, and not the least among writers, proudly disdained it: Pascal, Molière, Balzac, Dumas the elder, Flaubert, never belonged to the Academy. Piron wrote his own epitaph thus, —

> "Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien
> Pas même Académicien."

The poet had indeed been elected, but Louis XV, celebrated as we know for his high moral principles, refused to sanction his election. To console the would-be Immortal, the King granted him a pension of one thousand livres.

In our days, that exquisite writer, Alphonse Daudet, after having been enticed into the vestibule of the sacred edifice, violently slammed the door after him, and wrote his book *L'Immortel*. On that occasion, the charming novelist put a little venom in his ink. All recognized the portraits, the caricatures rather, with which his pages were filled. He vowed they were not portraits, and, in truth, a detail here and there had generally been changed: one man wore another man's nose; a woman's personal appearance, or some circumstance of her well-known life, was not exactly true; but each personage, as it appeared in the story, was greeted by his or her real name. On the title-page of the novel are printed these words: "I am not, I never was, I never will be a candidate for the French Academy."

Another modern writer took a very different view of the question: this was Emile Zola. While his friend and rival, Daudet, said very hard things of the institution, Zola declared that "since the Academy existed, he was bound to belong to it." In those already distant days, if Zola had passionate admirers, his detractors were more passionate still, and, at every new election, the same question arose: "Should Zola be elected or not?" The famous phrase, "The Academy is a salon," buzzed through the air, was caught up by the press, was repeated especially in beautiful drawing-rooms where, according to public report, academical candidates were supported or black-balled. Zola doggedly made the regulation visits after each vacancy, and asked for admittance. Each time, he received one vote. All wondered who was the brave Academician who imperturbably voted for the author of *L'Assommoir* and *Pot-Bouille*. New Peri at the gate of Paradise, Zola never entered within its precincts.

From the earliest times, in our day especially, an election to the French Academy has ever been a matter of great importance. In all times also an election has been made more against an unpopular candidate, than in favor of the one admitted. Women, particularly, grow quite frantic on the subject and, for the time being, can think of nothing else.

In Pailleron's witty and ever young

comedy, *Le monde où l'on s'ennuie*, a great lady, the Comtesse de Céran, has her candidate. She says to him, —

" No, no . . . not at the first turn: 15 . . . 8 . . . 15 . . . It will be a drawn contest, consequently there will be a ballot . . . How simple!

" *The Candidate:* Simple . . . simple! The second time I can receive but four votes, with the nine of the first . . . total: 13.

" *Mme. de Céran:* And our seven of the first, will make twenty. Can't you understand? . . . Mind you pay court to Dalibert and his liberals. Just now, the Academy is liberal . . . just now, I say . . ."

The comedy goes on from year to year, as the " Immortals " prove the ghastly falsehood of their title. Immortal in another sense? Here are some names, chosen at random through the centuries which have vanished since the Academy came into existence: Garat, Dureau, Delanville, Arnault, Laujon, Picard, Merlin, Esménard, Duval, Campenon, Laya, Roger, Lemontey, Pastoret, de Bausset, Auger, Soumat, Brifaut, Guiraud, Feletz, Pongeville, Tissot, Michaud, Saint-Priest, Biot, Comte de Carné, Champigny . . . and the list might be prolonged almost indefinitely. Who, beyond the walls of the Institut, or outside of a small and learned circle, could recall the works of these forgotten great men?

There is another kind of struggle after an election: all are eager to obtain a card of invitation to the solemn ceremony of the new member's reception. The hemicircle is but a small one; the galleries cramped and uncomfortable. Twice as many invitations are issued as there are seats. Long before the doors are opened, rows of anxious people wait and wait. Many fine ladies send their unfortunate footmen at five o'clock in the morning, if not overnight, to secure the places they will occupy at one o'clock in the afternoon. And, be the weather as vile as it often is during a Paris winter, the patient line is unbroken. When, at last, the doors are thrown open, in a twinkling the best seats are secured, and the Secretary of the Institute, noted for his urbanity and his cleverness in insinuating supplementary chairs into insufficient space, has his hands full. Often, the unfortunate holders of gallery cards are stopped by the crush in the narrow, winding, stifling staircase, and, unable either to advance or to retreat, hear the distant echoes of the Academic sing-song, and of aristocratic applause.

In Daudet's *L'Immortel*, a provincial poet has come to Paris to solicit a prize, and later on to become that most lamentable of wrecks, a perpetual candidate for the Academy. Here is a picture of what he saw on the eve of a reception, —

" Picheral [his real name was Pingard] and his clerks were in all the confusion of names, addresses, tossed from one desk to the other, surrounded by a litter of blue, yellow, green cards, all the turmoil of invitations for the great reception. . . . I wish you could have heard him speak to the Comte de Brétigny, ex-minister, one of the great noblemen of the Academy, who had come to remonstrate about a mistake in his account. You must know that each time a member assists at a meeting he receives a presence-counter worth six francs. As there are forty members, the sum amounts to 240 francs; the fewer the assistants, the greater sum awarded to each. At the end of the month, a linen bag is given to each, a paper pinned to it, like a laundry bill. Brétigny complained that two of the counters had been overlooked, and it was as good as a play to see this noble and rich lord, president of I know not how many boards, coming in his equipage to haggle over twelve francs. Finally, after a long debate, Picheral beat him down to six and threw them at him as if he had been a beggar. The Immortal pocketed his six francs with great satisfaction. . . . I heard the venerable Jean Rehu, who is nearly a hundred years old, relate that his friend, Suard, went to the Academy on January 21, 1793, the day of Louis XVI's decapi-

tation, and, thanks to the absence of the other Academicians, swept up the whole of the 240 francs. . . . And you must not think that to belong to the Academy is a sinecure: every year there are new bequests that have to be utilized, therefore more books to read, more reports to make . . . Then there are the orations and the Dictionary! "

Every year, sums of money, varying from several thousand to a few hundred francs, are distributed among writers, while other sums are destined to reward virtue; and every year, the Secrétaire perpétuel and the Director of the day read out the list of the laureates. It is a marvel to note how these hackneyed themes can be rejuvenated by clever men. I once heard Alexander Dumas, the younger, speak of the humble heroism of servant girls or obscure priests, and his most successful " premières " were scarcely more delightful.

At the distribution of prizes, in November, 1907, the late M. Gaston Boissier, an old man of an astonishingly youthful spirit, said, —

" This is the eighty-seventh time that the Academy has met to recompense virtue. The harvest is always the same: miracles of devotion, of sympathy, of kindness. . . . Our predecessors have said all that could be said in praise of virtue. I have consulted eighty-seven orations, pronounced by such men as Laplace, Cuvier, Tocqueville, Guizot, Montalembert, Sainte-Beuve, Dumas fils, Renan, Brunetière, and Sully-Prudhomme . . . In these orations genius received a kind of after-glow from the virtues it glorified, and we are able, through them, to follow, year by year, the movement — I should not dare say the fashion — of French sensibility."

Now let us turn to those writers who, for one reason or another, were left out in the cold. Daudet's provincial poet says, —

" I timidly mentioned the name of Balzac. The novelist Desminières [read Feuillet], who used to get up the Compiègne charades, exclaimed hotly, " Balzac! Did you know him? Do you know of whom you are speaking? . . . A bohemian, . . . a man who never had a twenty-franc piece with which to bless himself! "

Flaubert, who was haughtily indifferent to all academic ambition, and who certainly would have been black-balled had he applied for admission to the sacred precincts, wrote to George Sand, —

" To have missed the Academy was to Théophile Gautier a frightful sorrow. What weakness! and how cheap must one hold oneself! . . . In truth, seeking after any sort of honor seems to me an act of incomprehensible immodesty."

In one of George Sand's delightful letters to the author of *Madame Bovary*, she says, " Violent criticism is the inevitable consecration of great talent. Be sure that those who have not been cut and slashed in that way are *only fit for the Academy*."

In 1839, when Victor Hugo did not obtain the necessary majority of votes, Béranger wrote to a friend, " I certainly do not belong to your Academy; luckily so, for I should have had a fit of misanthropy on discovering the criss-cross of intrigues which brought about your last two elections."

Very different was the attitude of Taine. He wrote to Alexander Dumas, fils, in 1878, " I consider it a great honor to belong to the French Academy . . . it seems that I can count on a majority of votes . . . of this I am very proud and very happy . . . " Later on, he wrote again, in a more subdued tone: " I could not have imagined that a candidate would have to take so many steps and waste so much ink. . . . After all, I am not of those who find life unbearable for lack of a coat embroidered in green. . . . I should willingly give up all vain satisfactions to find a new idea or clearly to demonstrate an idea which I already possess. . . . " Still later, when he found that he was likely

to be beaten, he wrote to his wife: " This sickening task is as useless as it is displeasing. I have lost fifteen days, traveled three hundred leagues, spent six days making visits. . . I am weary and disgusted. My only wish is to leave all this parade to others and to settle down in my corner once more. It seems to me that I have been walking amid evil smells, and I long for my books that do not lie."

He was not received, and did not apply again. His friends, ashamed of this failure, carried on the campaign in his name, and the news of his election reached him, at the next vacancy, in his quiet summer home at Menthon Saint-Bernard, on the Lake of Annecy.

In his discourse, March, 1880, he said, —

" I shall assist faithfully at the meetings of the Academy: it is the duty of a new-comer and a most agreeable one. The French Academy is a sort of Club, composed of men differing widely one from another, but who are all most polite; they converse familiarly and on a footing of perfect equality . . . their courtesy is that of the last century."

To make ceremonious visits to thirty-nine Academicians, with the hope of becoming the fortieth, is bad enough when success comes at once. It rarely does. The greatest often knock several times at the door before it opens, and on each occasion the thirty-nine (more or less) visits have to be repeated.

Once received, Academicians have often been accused of slumbering gently on their laurels. Like all sweeping assertions, this one is scarcely true. Many works, bearing the magical title *De l'Académie Française*, are as living and as interesting as when the name in itself was a sufficient title to glory.

Alphonse Daudet thought otherwise. In *L'Immortel*, he describes the funeral of an Academician. On such occasions, the whole Academy turns out to honor its dead.

" Decrepit, broken, twisted like superannuated fruit-trees, heavy-footed, unsteady of leg, with the blinking eyes of night-birds, those who did not lean on a friendly arm, tottered with outspread hands, and their names were whispered in the crowd, reminding one of dead and long-forgotten books."

Three classes especially are clearly marked in the Academy. These are familarly known as the " Dukes," that is all the highborn members, such as were, in bygone years, the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Broglie and others; the " Pedants " comprising historians, critics, savants — and I fancy that Renan, Pasteur, Littré, to speak only of the dead, carried their title of " pedants " very lightly; and the " *Cabotins* " (for which word there is no adequate English translation); in this class, dramatic authors, novelists, journalists, and lawyers are huddled together. In an election, or even for the obtaining of a modest prize, one had to choose the patrons most likely to push one's fortunes.

The candidate, once elected, is bound to pronounce a harangue before he is allowed to take part in the work of the noble body. The Director who happens to be in office, answers him. This oration is invariably, or at least should be, composed first of thanks, more or less humble, for the great honor conferred, then of a panegyric of the happy one's predecessor. And oh! how difficult that sometimes must be! More than one has rushed to the Encyclopedia, then to the libraries, so as to get some clear notion of the illustrious ex-Immortal! Then, fate is often ironical: a priest may be bound to celebrate the talent of an atheist; an historian that of a writer of light comedies; a legitimist may have to praise a socialist; or else the newly elected member may have to speak of his most intimate enemy.

Some orations were never pronounced. In 1812, Chateaubriand refused to speak of Joseph-Marie Chénier, the revolutionary brother of that exquisite poet,

André Chénier. The harangue of Emile Ollivier, after the war of 1870, was not approved by his sponsors, on account of an enthusiastic eulogy of Napoleon III. Edmond About, who was elected toward 1880, if I am not mistaken, never took possession of his seat, and died in 1883 without having donned the green-embroidered coat, and that was a great pity. About, familiarly called Voltaire's grandson, had a wonderful command of the French language, and a wit so keen that his grandsire might have claimed it for his own.

Let us go back to the beginning of the Nineteenth century, and work our way up to modern times, gleaning here and there a few ears of wheat wherewith to make a modest sheaf, out of the rich harvest. These fragments will give an idea of what is called academic eloquence. And do not fancy that, especially in early days, all went merry as a marriage-bell and that nothing but sugarplums and compliments were showered on the new Academician. More than one Director imagined it his duty to use the rod, as with some schoolboy whom he was to instruct in the virtue of humility. The great art consisted in so mixing sour with sweets as to tickle the fancy of the audience, without really giving cause of complaint to the novice.

This rapid review will also have the advantage of initiating us in the ideas, the tastes, of Frenchmen after the Revolution, before Romanticism, and after Romanticism had died of old age.

In 1816 Desèze took the place of Ducis, that gentle Ducis who " softened " Shakespeare. Thus spoke Desèze:—

" What Ducis chose, he adorned; the most severe of critics acknowledged that he had simplified Shakespeare; that he had rid him of some of his most revolting faults, and that he had even at times improved on him."

We all remember that Voltaire " discovered Shakespeare," did him the honor to rob him, presented him to his countrymen; then, finding that some of these were only too prone to admire the " barbarian," said with his easy grace " that he had found some diamonds on that dunghill."

Casimir Delavigne, after the great success of his comedy *L'Ecole des Vieillards*, knocked at the door of the Academy. He was only thirty: his youth was against him, and Monseigneur de Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, was elected. A second attempt failed; Monseigneur de Quélan, Archbishop of Paris, was the favored one. "I shall not present myself again," declared Delavigne; " you understand that, on the third occasion, the Holy Father himself would be my rival." Nevertheless, in 1825, he was admitted. His discourse was an interesting one, for it was frankly romantic. His was a rather curious position with regard to Romanticism, for in politics he was a liberal, whereas in 1825 Victor Hugo and his adherents were royalists. This declaration of Romanticism by Casimir Delavigne was the first ever heard at the French Academy, and it must have caused some emotion. However, he was not a violent sectarian, and the most conservative of his new brethren could scarcely have objected to this passage of his oration: " Ardent admirers that we all are of Sophocles, let us also admire Shakespeare and Goethe, less to imitate them than to learn from them to be what nature made us."

In 1828, the great professor and critic, Villemain, took possession of the seat that Fontanes, the friend of Chateaubriand, had occupied. Roger, in his answer to Villemain, relates this anecdote. It is well known that Chateaubriand gave in his resignation as ambassador, after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and Fontanes approved his conduct. " One day the Emperor said to the latter, 'Do you still think about *your* Duc d'Enghien?' —'It seems to me,' was the reply, 'that the Emperor thinks of him as much as I do.'"

In reading over these innumerable

discourses, one is struck by their variety, even though the order remains about the same. Individuality shows itself through conventionality. Sturdy and muscular arms may crack the seams of the embroidered coat. Victor Hugo was Apocalyptic; Taine divided his speech, as he was wont to do, with his articles for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Monseigneur Dupanloup preached a noble sermon. De Lesseps was brief and to the point; there was no nonsense about him. To make up for the bitter humiliations of his last years, de Lesseps had the great good fortune to be praised by that most rare of writers, M. Anatole France, who succeeded him at the Academy. Thiers spoke like an historian, who was scarcely a stylist. Here is one of his sentences: "A crown fell crashing to the ground, carrying with it the august head that wore it." Dramatic authors, like Scribe, Dumas, Labiche, changed the solemn platform into a stage; poets with difficulty kept rhymes from their prose address; novelists allowed their pen to dissect a character or relate an anecdote.

Lamartine, elected in 1830, was both an exquisite poet and a great prose writer; it was rather the latter who said, — "You open your ranks to men of talent, of genius, to virtue, to all that is pre-eminent. . . . Without any difference of school or of party, you place yourselves, like truth, above systems. All systems are false; genius alone is true, because nature alone is infallible."

In 1836, Scribe, in his turn, was admitted. He was certainly not one of those geniuses to whom Lamartine alluded, but no man ever more thoroughly understood the stage and its exigencies. He said, —

"Many years ago, I entered this hall; I was a pupil at the Lycée Napoléon, and here we were to receive our prizes of the *Concours Général*. In these tribunes, then as now, sat our comrades, our rivals. I asked who was the President. I was told, 'It is the Head-Master of the University, M. de Fontanes.' — 'And next to him, that handsome man?' — 'M. Arnault, the author of *Marius*,' that tragedy whose fine verses we all knew by heart!"

And Villemain courteously replied, — "Your discourse has obtained the same success as one of your comedies;" which in our day would seem but tame praise.

Victor Hugo, in 1841, broke somewhat with the traditions of the place. He was not much given to humility, and he succeeded Lemercier, an antagonist of Napoleon I. Instead of praising his predecessor, as was his bounden duty, he made a magnificent panegyric of his favorite hero: "A man then made the land ring with his fame; France grew to be so great that it filled Europe. . . . This man was blessed with the three supreme conditions of success: he came, he was adored, he was consecrated. . . . He was the man to whom Alexander of Russia said, 'You were predestined;' to whom Kléber said, 'I am the soldier, you are the general;' to whom Vallembert said, 'I am about to die, but you will reign.' All in that man was immeasurable and splendid. Once he was seen in the midst of fourteen sovereigns, seated between the Cæsar and the Czar, on a throne higher than theirs. . . . He said, 'My predecessor, Charlemagne.'"

No one dared to criticise Victor Hugo. It was not the case with another poet, and a very great poet, Alfred de Vigny, who succeeded Etienne in 1846. He spoke but little of this estimable writer, probably because he had not much to say about him. There is some tinge of Vigny's habitual melancholy in this sentence: "In every man's life comes a moment when it is good for him to pause . . . and to consider whether, on the road, he has left behind him a stone worthy of remaining to mark his passage. . . ." Evidently Molé, who received him, thought that the poet had left no such stone; he said, "I can but admire the wonderful power of imagination and talent which gives life to all it touches . . . and, thanks to the brilliancy of the coloring, dispenses with reality." (In other

words, "You lie.") Then, referring to Vigny's historical romance, *Cinq-Mars:* "This, I believe, you call 'truth in art.' We, simple readers, merely call it the historical novel. I do not like, for my part, those deep gashes inflicted on the truth, and therefore on the morality of history. . . . You take as your hero the scatter-brained, bold rival of Richelieu . . . and you reduce to mean proportions one of the greatest statesmen, whose vast ambition had no other aim than the power of France. . . . Such men belong to truth rather than to art. You will not wonder that, in this Company of which he was the illustrious founder, a voice should be raised to recall the glory, and, if need be, to defend the memory of Cardinal Richelieu."

As long as the irate statesman lived, Alfred de Vigny refused to occupy his seat in the noble assembly.

In 1852, Alfred de Musset was received. He had been called *l'enfant terrible* of the romantic school. He certainly was an unruly child, and strongly objected to being lectured even by the Academy. "I protest with all my might against those preconceived judgments which force the man to pay for the child's faults: those judgments, that, in the name of the past, forbid him to have common sense, and make use of the evil he no longer commits, to punish deeds of which he is not guilty."

If Monseigneur Dupanloup, after an elaborate act of humility, preached a rather long sermon, Lacordaire, when, in 1861, he was called to the vacant seat of Tocqueville, showed that he was really a liberal religious as well as an orator. "It was impossible," said he, "for M. de Tocqueville to step upon American soil without being struck by this new world, so different from his own. For the first time, a nation revealed itself to him, flourishing, peaceful, industrious, rich, powerful, respected by others, each day peopling vast solitudes with the overflow of its population, acknowledging no master but itself, enduring no distinction of birth, electing its magistrates from the highest to the lowest, free as its own Indians, civilized like Europeans, religious without allowing a monopoly to any sect, and, in a word, presenting to the amazed world the living drama of the most absolute liberty in the most absolute equality. . . ."

Let us, however we may enjoy such praise of America, descend from these heights. Octave Feuillet, in 1863, spoke thus of his predecessor, Scribe: "He was a detestable lawyer's clerk. One morning, as ill-luck would have it, he met his principal face to face. This excellent man, who had a sense of humor, merely said, 'As I have something to say to you, Monsieur Scribe, I am delighted to meet you. . . . I wished to suggest that if, by good fortune, you should happen to be in my part of the world, I should be infinitely obliged to you if you would call at my office.' — 'Sir,' answered Scribe, 'I was on my way to it.'"

The Duc d'Aumale was allowed by the French government to return to France, while the other members of his family remained in exile. The Academy, in 1873, hastened to open its doors to the historian of the Condés. The Duke returned the compliment by leaving to the Academy his superb castle of Chantilly, with all its treasures. "You welcomed and admitted me at the very moment when my foot trod the soil of my country: you admitted the exile of yesterday to this Company which bears the name of France."

One of the most brilliant receptions was that of Alexandre Dumas, in 1875. His father had never been one of the Forty, and he thus alluded to the fact: "In order to penetrate into your circle, gentlemen, I made use of magic. . . . I knew that a good genius — that is the appropriate word — was fighting for me, and that you were determined not to defend yourselves. I placed myself under the patronage of a name which, for a long time past, you had wished to honor, and which you now could only honor in me."

M. Victorien Sardou, who in 1878 took the place of the poet Autran, described the arrival of Lamartine at Marseilles, on his way to the Orient. "The young poet, Autran, was deputed to receive him and to accompany him in his walks. Lamartine exclaimed, 'Admirable landscape! What majesty in those ancient sycomores!' Astonished, Autran sought the sycomores and saw only scrubby mulberry trees. Out of deference, he remained silent. 'Ah! this time . . . look at this limpid spring, this youthful maiden — it's Nausicaa.' And M. Autran was bound to confess that Nausicaa was but a sturdy peasant wench, at the village washing-pool. One evening, a young writer, heir to a great name, was conversing with Autran . . . when the Parisian spied a certain manuscript: 'A play, no doubt?' Autran, not without embarrassment, answered that it was. 'A comedy?' Blushing, the author had to confess the painful truth: it was a tragedy . . . in verse. 'May I glance at it?' — 'Certainly.' When the manuscript was laid aside: 'It is very bad, is it not?' — 'My dear friend, give me your play; I shall take it to my father; it shall be put on the stage — and have great success.' And that is how, gentlemen, the *Fille d'Eschyle* was discovered, one evening at Marseilles, and taken to the elder Dumas by his son."

When Renan was named, in 1879, the amiable Pingard had much difficulty in finding even stools for the fine ladies who crowded the hemicircle. Renan's oration was noble and simple. He said, "What is this Company, gentlemen, but a centre for liberty; here, all political, philosophical, religious, literary opinions, all the different ways of understanding life, every sort of talent, all kinds of merit are assembled in perfect equality. That is the secret of your eternal youth; that is why your institution puts forth new shoots as the world grows old. . . . We reach your circle at the age of the Ecclesiast, a charming age, the most conducive to serene gaiety, where a man begins to see, after a laborious youth, that all is vanity, but also that many vain things are worthy to be tasted and relished."

The modern candidates have to fear no such stinging sarcasms as wounded poor Alfred de Vigny. If criticism is not absent from the Director's discourse, it is so enveloped with praise that the pill is swallowed before the patient has had time to make a wry face. The orations of the new members have also gained in simplicity, in dignity, in straightforward, earnest thought: such are those of the historian and professor, M. Ernest Lavisse, now Director of the famous Ecole Normale; of the eminent critic M. Emile Faguet, who began thus, —

"I thank you. Having asked myself what formula of gratitude was most likely to be acceptable to you, I concluded that it must be the simplest. I thank you."

M. Pierre Loti, in his turn, addressed his new colleagues, and it was noticed that his use of the personal pronoun was perhaps a little too frequent. In his novels, as well as in life, that exquisite writer's hero has ever been Pierre Loti. This has afforded us so much pleasure that it would be ungrateful to complain; his word-pictures are always most harmonious. He said, —

"To me, the evening of May 21, 1891, was one never to be forgotten. The election took place that day, — and I, not believing in the possibility of so great a triumph, actuated also by I know not what quiet Oriental fatalism . . . had spent my time, vaguely musing, wandering on the heights of ancient Algiers, in those dead and whitely shrouded regions which surround an antique and holy mosque: it is one of those places where I have always deeply felt the most intimate, but also the most peaceful conviction of the nothingness of earthly things."

But the news that he had become an Immortal brought nevertheless some human joy to this lover of Mohammedan indifference.

Of M. Paul Bourget's discourse (1895)

I shall quote a paragraph only; it does him more credit than many of his rather lengthy pages of analysis: —

" A youth plucks, in books, the flowers of human sentiment. . . . He is like his child-brother who, picking flowers to play at being a gardener, plants them in a heap of sand, thinking that he has thus created a real garden. At noon, he leaves it bright and perfumed; but in the evening, returning, he finds the blossoms faded and he weeps, for he is but a child and does not know that flowers need roots. . . . The youth likewise is ignorant of the law which imposes certain conditions to the growth of sentiment. He does not know that ecstatic moments are rare and that one must become worthy of them, worthy of love, worthy to feel, I was going to say, worthy to suffer."

M. Jules Lemaître, that prince of critics, that most charming of writers, was elected in 1896. Those who expected intellectual fireworks from the witty polemist were disappointed. His task was to praise the historian and professor, Victor Duruy, and he accomplished that task with all the earnestness and dignity of which he was capable. He remembered that he, also, had had the honor of wearing the professor's robe. Of this oration, I shall quote only a portrait of Napoleon III which has, I think, never been equaled: —

" The epic poem of his uncle's life, the marvelous strangeness of his own, acted upon him as a sort of opium, all the more that circumstances had greatly come to his aid, and that he had known the extremities of fortune without being in any sense a man of action. With half-shut eyes, he dreamed confusedly of the enfranchisement of nationalities, of the establishment of a slightly socialistic and yet Cæsarian democracy, of the historical completion of the Revolution: vast projects; how they were to be accomplished remained vague in the gentle fatalist's imagination, dazzled as he was by a prodigious destiny, of which he had been the toy and of which he thought himself the hero."

To close this long enumeration, which is yet too short to give an idea of the infinite variety of talents sheltered by the big dome, let us take a poet dear to all of us who love winged verse — Edmond Rostand. His discourse was almost too pretty, too sparkling, too poetic. Let us pick up a dainty bit here and there, and thus take leave of the *Académie Française.*

M. Rostand succeeded, in 1903, to Bornier, the author of the *Fille de Roland;* the Vicomte de Bornier was a small man, almost a dwarf, and he always chose gigantic subjects. M. Rostand said, —

" Gentlemen, I have looked over innumerable green pamphlets, on which we see Minerva portrayed. I come too late to shorten the preliminary humility, too late to find some original way of being overwhelmed. . . . Let me say, if you will, that when you were called upon to choose a successor to the author of *La Fille de Roland*, I happened to be the poet, who, in the course of a journey, was nearest to Roncevaux. . . .

" I only met M. de Bornier two or three times, and I see in my mind's eye a romantic little old gentleman, sprightly and kind, with a pink face half covered with a silver beard, eyes that recalled clear water, tiny hands eternally in motion and often hidden by his big cuffs, and I know not what awkward grace which made of him a sort of hobgoblin of tragedy. . . .

" When he reached Paris, the Vicomte de Bornier gave lessons so as not to starve; the Vicomte published a volume of poems. . . . A superb waiting for glory began, and lasted twenty years, without discouragement on the poet's part. He took up his abode on Rue du Bac; he only had the bridge to cross to have his manuscripts refused at the Comédie Française: but, on his way home, he saw his star twinkle in Mme. de Staël's beloved gutter. . . . Nothing could shake the optimism of this intrepid idealist. . . .

" I shall speak only of the effect produced by the *Fille de Roland.* When it was known that Gerald was the victor, the

whole house rose to its feet. It was a moment of thrilling emotion when were uttered the dear words, 'Oh, France! Sweet France!' It seemed as if, for the first time since her defeat, France heard herself thus invoked, and thus she wept, as weep convalescents who, on recognizing their name, understand that they are saved!"

Thus does a poet speak of a poet; thus, a Frenchman of one who honored France.

THE MUSES IN THE BACK STREET

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

When "those old-maid tabbies, the Muses," took residence in East Gissing Street, there was doubtless much laughter among the gods. For while that thoroughfare begins grandly, with rows of stately, bow-windowed lodging-houses, and here and there a basement restaurant displaying the legend, "Twenty-one-Meal Tickets, Gents $4, Ladies $3.50," it soon shades off into tenements, ancient beyond the ken of building inspectors, though each tenement-house has a smart new front of variegated brick, with decorative fire-escapes, and an ultra-modern date, done in sheet-iron painted to look like stone.

There was laughter, too, among the old-maid tabbies. Some fairly uproarious humors developed as they set about acquainting East Gissing Street with the pleasures of intellect and taste. But Muses, when they laugh, keep a genial spirit, — here especially, since it was no prankish impulse that sent them hither. Rather was it a prompting not unnatural to the spinsterly heart, — the temptation to turn social settler. However amusing their experiment, they yearned, every tabby of them, to deserve from each bitterly deprived human soul in the vicinage a response which, albeit in phrases more suited to Chimmie Fadden than to Ovid, should say, — or strive to say, — "Thanks, Muse, to thee! Thou art a respite from care, thou art a medicine for woe!"

Now, single ladies from Pieria are set in their ways, and high praise is due the Sisters Nine for remodeling their programme so that certain refined activities not accredited to Muses in the Classical Dictionary should receive attention. With most obliging adaptability, they now preside over Mr. Aaron Silverman's bookshop, the metaphysical exploits of the Princess Fatima, the waxen effigies in the Chamber of Horrors, young Terence McSweeney's recitals on the mouth-organ, and the caperings and carolings of "amatuers" at the "home of burlesque." In a word, they assume a gracious tutelage over literature, philosophy, art, music, and the stage. When pressed to tell which Muse attends to which, it is my custom to lead the inquirer through the quarter, show him how the work is faring, and bid him decide for himself. I begin by turning his steps toward Mr. Silverman's.

Before that temple of belles-lettres stand several representatives of our reading public, consuming literature through glass. In Mr. Silverman's window, amid monuments of chewing-tobacco, ink-bottles, apples, fortune-telling cards, clay pipes, and exceedingly durable confectionery, you detect three outspread periodicals. One of those charming weeklies exists to reduce swollen fortunes by negotiating loans in return for "pleasant paragraphs," or for the surcease of "unpleasant paragraphs." It affords the

humble those glimpses of aristocratic imperfections which make socialists of some and contented — even enthusiastic — pariahs of others. The next depicts the delicate eccentricities of our stage, particularly its abhorrence of propriety in dress. The third, on rose-tinted paper, has a full-length portrait of Mr. Kid Muldoon, nude to the belt, and doubling up both fists in a most deterrent and alarming manner, while the opposite page bears a tasteful woodcut, in which six Vassar undergraduates are slaughtering a policeman. So this, one might fancy, explains what has become of our banished wood-engravers. Rosy as was their past, their present seems still more so. However, I had once the sorrow of meeting an artist who served that pinky journal, and from him I learned of countless aged woodcuts corded up in its cellar, and fetched out seriatim to scare a quaking world.

Conspicuous there in the window are these pearls of contemporary journalism. Are they equally conspicuous in the intellectual life of East Gissing Street? By no means! At ten cents the copy, they find devotees, not in the tenements, but in the barber shops of our happy country, — which informs you why Puritans shave themselves, martyring their chins in cure of their souls.

In quest of the literature dear, unutterably dear, to the hearts of the people, step within and present yourself to Mr. Aaron Silverman, poet and scholar. To curry favor, confess that many a time have you seen his Yiddish verses belauded in the press, — as is true, since reporters not learned in linguistic lore have prepared numerous Sunday " specials " by interviewing " the sweet singer of East Gissing Street," and plagiarizing his opinion of his epics. Rely, too, upon his disdain for the books he purveys. A reader of Tolstoi, Zola, and Tourgenieff, and regarding his present establishment as a stepping-stone toward eminence, — a stage in the progress between peddling shoestrings on the curb and writing Silverman & Company in gigantic gold letters over a warehouse twelve stories high, — his point of view is sufficiently akin to your own. With infinite merriment, he will show you that finely typical example of literature for the lowly, the " Diamond Series of Popular Novels."

You have heard, I dare say, of a certain modesty to be noticed in publishers. Rarely does that virtue find more dignified expression than in the announcement, " A purchase of two or three of these books will make you a firm believer that no line of fiction can touch the Diamond Series. It is plainly the line most desired by the American public. As regards literary reputation, its authors are the leading men and women of our time." Obviously; for the " line " includes, among other incontestable masterpieces, *Kidnapped on her Wedding-Journey*, by Eppie Angeline Roden; *Should She Have Shot Him?* by Dorothy Clay Perkins; *Death before Dishonor*, by Captain E. Sawyer Smith; *Queenie Delmar's Love-Test*, by Mrs. Georgie Brown; and *For His Sister's Honor*, by Thomasina Q. Bangs.

Perusing these exquisite romances, one at first marvels why Mr. Marion Crawford has escaped enrollment among " the leading men and women of our time." Later, the mystery clears. It is because of his frugality. Whereas a single mistaken identity, a single dark secret, and a single awful suspense, followed by a single hair's-breadth escape, will suffice for a Crawford thriller, " the leading men of our time " will have got that far by the end of their first chapter. Besides, consider the economic problem. Why expend fifteen dollars for ten mollified melodramas by Mr. Marion Crawford, when a like total of jumps and shudders comes at ten cents in the Diamond Series, and complete in one volume?

Moreover, Mr. Crawford is distressingly deficient in the arts of *mise-en-scène*. How refreshing, after his subdued coloring and overscrupulous attention to values, to open a Diamond " liner " and

read: " For in truth the young girl was so surrounded with obsequious hand-maidens, tremulous attendants, and bowing pages, who anticipated her every whim, foresaw her every lightest wish, and sprang to offer her homage as to an empress, that it was natural that her army of adoring servitors should believe that this workaday world of ours was created for her boudoir and tiring-room! "

Or again: " For months before the grand garden-party, Faunwold seethed with excited preparations. A superb marquee was erected upon the lawn, — not the ordinary marquee. which is at best but a flimsy and unsubstantial affair, but a veritable palace, within whose marble recesses glowed all the gorgeous colors of the Orient, with a rich profusion of rare and fragrant exotics; with a hundred plashing fountains, each dropping its purling waters upon groups of costly statuary in bronze and porphyry and glistening silver; with priceless rugs strewn at random upon mosaics gleaming with jewels and gold; and with innumerable palms that even now nodded as if in anticipation of the voluptuous strains of music to be furnished by an orchestra that was to comprise the most expensive virtuosos of Europe and America. Seven additional stables had been erected in the rear of the Sigismund residence. At the neighboring fashionable hotel, Clarice had bought up all the rooms in advance, that she might dispense royal, even imperial, hospitality to those of her guests who would be obliged to remain after the brief evening's princely delights."

There's romance for you! Little Nora Burke, reading those enchanting pages in her tenement bedroom, has eyes like saucers, and chews furiously at her spearmint. Poor child! well might she cry, "Thanks, Muse, to thee; thou art a respite from care, thou art a medicine for woe."

Happily, the Diamond Series and its many collateral " lines " represent so inexhaustible a treasury that Mr. Silverman might spare Kipling and Stevenson the indignity of paper covers, worn types, and unblushing misprints. Indeed, I count it a sin to proffer them thus, especially when the neighborhood infinitely prefers Bertha M. Clay, Charles Garvice, and Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. And as for the translated romances at that modest bookshop, — *Sapho*, *The Clemenceau Case*, or *Twenty Years After*, — they bear a taint unknown in works by " the leading men and women of our time." Who read them? Not honest young folk, mainly. Mainly they are purchased by those woeful outcasts who, though the toys of the prosperous, are quartered among the poor, till to the burden of want is added the undeserved burden of shame.

Hard by Mr. Silverman's one finds the East Gissing Street branch of our municipal library. A beneficent institution, whether viewed from the military standpoint, or the prophylactic, or the domiciliary, or the educational. It serves primarily as a court of arbitration, preventing bloodshed. Hostilities open, let us say, between Tom and Jerry at McSorley's saloon across the way, the question at issue being, " What was Queen Victoria's last name? " " Consort," shouts Jerry; " did n't she marry Prince Consort? " Tom demurs, adding frightful aspersions upon Jerry's intelligence. Jerry seizes a bottle by the neck, and is for slaying Tom outright. Then rises up McSorley, who takes pride in " keeping a respectable place," and moreover, numbers Jerry among the least dispensable of his adherents. " Hold on, gents! " cries he. " Step over to the library, and look it up! " This they do, coming forth both wiser and sadder, since Tom, vaguely remembering a name on a vaudeville poster, erred as widely as his comrade, having called her late Majesty " Victoria Vesta."

Prophylactically, the library constitutes a bulwark against pneumonia, bronchitis, laryngitis, and the chills. Rain and cold send thither the umbrellaless, the overcoatless, and them that have

holes in their boots. And even on fine warm days it offers an agreeable idling-place for veterans of the Civil War. The ingratitude of our republic sadly limits those scarred and withered warriors, giving pensions just big enough to provide lodging and sustenance without providing space wherein to stretch one's legs, and take one's ease. The city does better. In fact, by thus combining the courtesies extended by the national and municipal governments, one makes out a quite tolerable existence, — which accounts for that modern phenomenon, the growth of creative memory. Whereas all the branch library's old soldiers read Civil War literature exclusively, one finds among them those who thereby seek to offset the deprivation of retaining no first-hand impressions of the affair.

Educationally, the institution is perhaps not all that one might wish. Mr. Alonzo Graves, of number 18 East Gissing Street, has consumed *The Ring and the Book*, *In Memoriam*, *Sartor Resartus*, and nine plays of Shakespeare; he has devoured Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer; hearing that Blackstone was good for the brain, he left not a crumb of him; yet he remains an elevator boy, though now above forty. Mr. Edward Sykes, of number 36, has traversed the entire *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and half of it the second time. "Would you believe it?" he exclaimed the other day, "actually I keep striking facts I don't at all remember from the first reading!" Mr. Sidney Dill, of number 67, is still more severe in his tastes; for three years he has confined his studies to the city Directory. Nevertheless, when you pass Derby Place and come to the stately, bow-windowed lodging-houses, you encounter readers of some grasp and insight, who carry home books that not only extend their culture, but hasten their professional advancement. For instance, Miss Katharine Dyer. The dawn of the present century found Miss Dyer barely capable of transcribing, "Yrs recd. In reply wd say, have shipped goods." To-day, thanks to the branch library, she takes dictation at double the salary from a distinguished novelist, whose vocabulary is the despair of type-setters, and the anguish of readers.

But what were a branch library without its daily newspapers? Certain of its patrons come solely to search the press, with eyes keen for their own names. It is the clipping-bureau instinct the other end to. Whereas vanity yearns to see its deeds reported in extenso, these modest souls hope to see theirs beneficently omitted. If you ever tapped a till, you can sympathize.

A various homage, then, is that paid to letters by East Gissing Street, — a various, yet ever a sincere; so we need experience no shock when informed that the neighborhood writes. Ah, yes! At least nine of its younger set have contributed, to the People's Column of the *Sunday Star*, little essays discussing postage-stamp flirtation, the ethics of spanking, the good-night kiss, the propriety of receiving the attentions of a married man, the comparative constancy of blondes and brunettes, and the folly of measuring a man's worth by the height of his collar, with now and then a valiant paragraph in defense of poesy, arguing the merits of "The Maniac's Tear," "The Gypsy's Warning," and "He Carved His Mother's Name upon the Tree." Sometimes writing takes a graver tone, in "Editorials by the People." Mr. Harvey Dempsey, of number 33, will sit by his gas-stove in his hall-bedroom and dauntlessly attack the proudest empires. His onslaughts upon Great Britain have been especially daring, and the more alarming because signed always with an impenetrable (and therefore awesome and creepy) pseudonym. Further to baffle the foe, Mr. Dempsey keeps changing his *nom-de-guerre*. One day he is "Veritas;" the next, "Q. E. D;" the third, "Semper Vigilans." An empire never knows which way to shoot.

But to reading and writing the vicinage prefers the oral method. In winter it crowds the People's Forum on Sunday

afternoon, joining eagerly in the dissection of a free lecturer. Once, when a noted scholar had discoursed of "Evolution and Socialism," feeling ran high. A little Cockney leaped upon a bench and shrieked, "'E says as 'ow the weakest must go to the wall. 'E says the strongest must rule. 'E's not a 'uman man at all!" In summer, the rest-day wranglers seek a neighboring Grove of Academus, where, even as the Peripatetics, they pace about while philosophizing. There, beneath the overarching elms, you may see a dozen open-air meetings raging simultaneously, with six policemen to keep order among the throng that surges restlessly from conclave to conclave, applauding truth and combatting error. Strange things have I learned beneath those ancient trees: — that America is the Garden of Eden; that it is Atlantis; that the world is flat; that it has a hole on top and is inhabited inside; that the Indians are Chinamen; that they are the Lost Tribes of Israel; and that one hundred and forty-four thousand of the elect of earth will eventually marry one hundred and forty-four thousand of the elect of heaven, from whom shall spring a new race — information so surprising that one recalls Mr. Dooley's remark, "A philosopher, Hinnessy, is a man that is thryin' to make a livin' be thinkin' iv things that no man can think of without th' top iv his head blowin' off." Sometimes you wonder that there 's a top of a head left in East Gissing Street.

About the philosophy of the schools there clings a certain timidity, a certain willingness to admit limitations, a certain broken-winged weakness which, when beaten, owns up to it. Here, however, you have a philosophy that leaps all obstacles, even invading the undiscerned and undiscernible, as when the Princess Fatima punctures the dimmest and least perspicuous futurities. Seated in a retired street-car next the lunch-cart at the corner of Golden Alley, this pythoness will "enter your aura," and behold things wondrous and true. Be careful, though, to phrase your queries in elegant verbiage. Young Connie Morley committed a sad indiscretion when he said to her, "Say, me sister 's got a steady. Will dey go de limit?" Princess Fatima hesitated, for ears so royal are not attuned to slang. Connie repeated the question in louder tones. "Will dey go de limit?" he shouted. As if addressing a foreigner, he cherished a hope that augmented din would make up for rhetorical obscurity. Still no answer. At last he cried, "Say, *will dey go de limit?* Will dey get married? See?" whereupon Fatima's "control" instigated a tempest of giggles, and the séance adjourned in some confusion.

But the bird of prophecy has become a sort of domesticated fowl in East Gissing Street; scarce a tenement fails to boast its half-dozen metaphysicians, who, possessing *Napoleon's Oraculum*, cease their journeys to the retired street-car. According to the preface, this necromantic *vade mecum* was obtained from Bonaparte's Cabinet of Curiosities during the uproar that prevailed at Leipsic after the defeat of the French army. The Corsican, one reads, was wont to consult it in all emergencies, while it has been pronounced useful by "persons of reliable literary character." You propound a question and derive a response by exploring certain tables of numerals, whose resemblance to railway time-tables induces the requisite mystical distress.

Personally, I set more store by the appended *Gypsy Dream-Book*, since experience so frequently justifies its exegesis.

"Author. To see one or more is a bad sign; you will lose money. To dream you are an author, signifies misery and disappointed hope." — "Comedy. To dream that you act in a comedy, you should prepare to hear bad news." — "Lawyer. To dream of meeting a lawyer brings bad tidings; if you speak to him you will lose some property." — "Psalm. To be singing psalms, indicates trouble in business."

A shrewd satirist is the Gypsy, and

clever at prophecy, for she composed her *Dream-Book* long, long before attorneys-general acquired their passion for pouncing upon psalm-singing "captains of industry."

Turn we now to art. On Sunday afternoon the great Museum of Fine Arts in Sargent Square flings wide its portals to the people. All East Gissing Street flocks thither, till the place has an atmosphere exceedingly "*peuple*." To what profit? Thousands pour in ("Gee, ain't it elegant?") and equal thousands pour as swiftly out. With loud tramping and much jostling and hurrying, they course through the noble galleries, getting snapshot impressions of plate-glass showcases, gilded picture-frames, sumptuous halls, and grand staircases. Like chain-gang tourists, they retain but one valuable memory — namely, that art is long: there are miles of it. Few there be that linger, and those few come, not from East Gissing Street, but from Little Italy — homesick expatriates casting wistful, heart-hungry glances upon Pompeiian bronzes and Florentine mosaics.

If you grieve that the humble respond so languidly to æsthetic appeal, seek cheer in the Chamber of Horrors at the Eden Musée. "As a means of education and artistic perfection," declares its prospectus, "nothing can equal the life-size wax model. It is the nearest possible approach to reality. All the exhibits are refined, and we display nothing that can offend the most sensitive."

One readily discerns the critical canons whereby these back-street Taines and Ruskins establish judgment. Art should treat a great theme, and should treat it with convincing fidelity. And what theme more interesting, more captivating, more important and altogether worthy, than that of bloody murder? Is it not the endearing motif of yellow journalism, the all-engrossing topic of proletarian conversation, the central magnet of attention? Meanwhile one approaches it with a mind prepared, whereas myth and legend and ancient story, having never entered the people's ken, leave Fragonard and Puvis de Chavannes mere shadows of dismal and deterrent incomprehensibilities.

Besides, our painters and sculptors have passed realities through the alembic of fancy. They ask you to see with your imagination, and to color imagination with sentiment, whereas East Gissing Street sees only with its eyes. And such eyes! They can't guess your age within ten years. They can't penetrate the detective's most lucid disguises. Their owners dye their hair, reasoning from within out, and confident that nobody will know. Connie Morley, beholding a colored photograph of the Doge's Palace, said to Alonzo Graves, "Gee! What's that?" — "The Union Station," replied Alonzo, and Connie agreed. So, given life-size dummies, with real clothes, even to cuff-buttons and shirt-studs, these slack-eyed critics will exclaim, "Ain't them figgers natch'ral? Just like they was alive!" So be it; that is the way you and I look — to them!

The social settlement, a square or two south of East Gissing Street, has filched an ideal from the London Kyrle Society and set about "bringing beauty home to the poor." Many a tenement household now has "a Bottijelly over de sink" — a loaned "Bottijelly," to be returned in five weeks and replaced with another. Wiser, methinks, were a policy inspired more by the Musée than by the Museum. Color-prints reproducing Meissonier's battle-pieces, Wagner's "Chariot-Race in the Circus Maximus," and the theatric, sensational works of those immortal masters of painting who held themselves not above telling a story and telling it *molto con fuoco* — these, I conjecture, would afford sufficient thrill while instilling some deference for splendor.

And may one not hope that here, despite the tawdriness of these sordid purlieus, a daring soul may now and then aspire not only to revere loveliness but to create it? Promptings are by no means

wanting, and I hold the Muses responsible for advertisements inserted in the cheapest of Mr. Silverman's magazines by the Cedarville Correspondence Institute of Graphic Art. Some nibble. By return mail comes a dazzling prospectus.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Angus McDuff, of 19 East Gissing Street, I have access to the correspondence that led to his enrollment. It begins thus: —

DEAR MR. MCDUFF: — I am convinced that you have talent for art. Why delay coming into your birthright? Perhaps the years are long ahead of you; but at best, life is a little day. "Do it Now" is a mighty good motto, especially for artists. The artistic temperament is prone to procrastination — that is why artists are so few. Will you not take up the work this very hour? I hope that your reply will be the two kingliest words ever uttered from the human heart — the matchless words, "I WILL." This is the sunrise of the artist's day. A century ago we were a pioneer people. To-day there are not half enough trained artists — artists educated as our courses educate them — to supply the clamorous demand. The cost? What is the cost? YOU CANNOT AFFORD NOT TO AFFORD IT.

Yours for a bright future,
T. ELLIS WARNER.

Mr. McDuff followed the correspondence course with gratifying success, and is now one of the foremost painters of safes in America. Mr. Davie Penrose, of number 72, followed it, and to-day designs comic valentines. Both have increased their incomes — for which, in good faith, "thanks, Muse, to thee!"

Now, since correspondence institutes teach practically everything, from arithmetic to lion-taming, seeking ultimately to substitute the little red postage-stamp for the little red school-house, we shall hardly gasp when the postman brings to East Gissing Street circulars from the Metropolitan Correspondence Conservatory of Music. Renting a back-office in a twenty-six-story building, the Conservatory displays a picture of that architectural improbability, and writes beneath it, "The Home of the School." In the picture, immense letters, superimposed in Chinese white upon the photograph, cause the institute's name to extend itself over half the façade. Thus it tests credulity. Only appetites avid of humbug will get beyond the frontispiece, and read, "Music is best inculcated by mail. Whereas the teacher who comes to your house gives his instruction and goes away, leaving you to forget, our printed lessons remain. They can be learned by heart." The results? Meagre, mainly, though Sam Byam, of number 127, mastered the banjo thus, and played it with great venom in "the home of burlesque;" and while the audience eventually wearied of Sam, he had by that time married Concha Selby, whose trained dog, Pluribus, supports the pair in opulence.

So eager and so joyous is the welcome East Gissing Street extends to Music, Heavenly Maid, that little harm can come if a mere onlooker pokes ridicule. "The funny thing about classical music," said Bill Nye, "is that it is really so much better than it sounds;" and I cannot but observe that the funny thing about proletarian music is that it is really so much worse than it sounds. Its saccharine or effervescent melodies do but very unsuccessfully mask the tomtom. Max O'Rell once described the drum as "the basis of all British music." So here, when composing tone-poetry for the hurdy-gurdy, the brass band, the Dime Museum orchestra, or the colossal and highly architectural enginery of harmony inside the merry-go-round ("remplacant 85 musiciens," as the catalogue says), write always an obligato for the drum. For while the hand-organ sets melody marching, stiffly and with uncompromising regularity (as is proper), those vaster machines make it stamp its feet as it marches. Cymbals and tomtoms nobly accentuate

the rhythm, which is ever the principal thing.

The neighborhood of East Gissing Street vocalizes with rare freedom, commanding a repertoire of really stupendous scope and variety. Having studied with the graphophone, it sings, "She Could n't Keep Away from the Ten-Cent Store," "When Zaza Sits on the Piazza," "Seven Lumps of Sugar, Sweetie," "Not Because Your Hair is Curly," "All the World Looks Brighter Now the Windows Have Been Washed," and a thousand other lyrics, to which it adds selections memorized at the motion-picture show, where "descriptive" soloists appear during entr'-actes separating the biograph's little celluloid dramas, and where the stereopticon flashes the text of the chorus upon the muslin, inviting the audience to join in.

Now while such ballads lack the charm of folk-songs, — being, indeed, far inferior to those of old-world peasants, — they at least escape irreverence; which is more than could be said of their predecessors. Fifteen years ago a Japanese traveler remarked to me, "In America, Gospel Hymns are national singing-book." Those pious ditties, shouted for sport at picnics, became inseparably associated with hard-boiled eggs and deviled ham; and the circumstance has contributed not a little to the decay of religious sentiment. Accordingly, I rejoice when "Harrigan" or "Bedelia" rings out in the woodland. Inwardly I cry, "For this relief, much thanks, Muse, to thee! Thou art a remedy for woe."

To music, East Gissing Street appends the art saltatory. Beneath the street-lamps you may see Connie Morley "work out" a few steps of stage-dancing — buck-and-wing, perhaps, or a Kerry jig; at the "social," half the dances plagiarize musical comedy; and here and there an enthusiast essays the "eccentric" and acrobatic. Thus Terpsichore conspires with Melpomene and Thalia, and I know not what other old-maid tabbies, to inflame ambition toward careers theatrical. Miss Annie Doyle is even now debating whether to introduce herself to fame as Nancy DePrancey or as Diamond Dizzidale. My influence, such as it is, I have cast in favor of Nancy DePrancey. Kittie Stuart, fleeing her soda-fountain by reason of "ammonia of the lungs," became a blue-bird in the ornithological contingent of the "Whoop-de-Doodum" company; returning, however, when the manager absconded with the profits. A dozen others have trod the boards, if only in the ignominious estate of centurions, dryads, gondoliers, or Roman senators. They recount their experience, fanning the already white-hot aspiration of their kind.

A compelling incentive arrives in print. At Mr. Silverman's, a dime will purchase the *Billboard*, the *New York Clipper*, or the *Show World*, whose advertisements glow with promise. "Wanted: Rough Soubrette. Amateurs considered." — "Wanted Refined Amateurs. State lowest salary in first letter, as it is sure." — "Wanted: Heavy villain to double with snare-drum. No objection to amateurs."

To be sure, the eye may encounter an occasional deterrent, since now and then an insertion concludes: "Knockers, boozers, would-be managers, and graduates of amateurs' nights save stamps." But never was rose without a thorn, and brave hearts turn from this cruel intimation to the infinitely more agreeable advertisement of the American Correspondence Institute of Histrionic Inculcation, whose prospectus, loaned me by the future Nancy DePrancey, makes bold to ask, "Have you ever noticed that one's occupation in life fixes one's social standing? As a graduate of the A. C. I. H. I., you will be welcomed gladly into the best circles of society. Heretofore, one did not know which way to turn if they knew in their heart that the stage was their life-work. Professional engagements are assured to all pupils who complete the course." Or again: "What other profession or calling offers such an opportunity for one to see the world? Trav-

eling companies not only extend their tour from the frozen North to the sunny South, but also encircle the globe. As all expenses are paid by the manager, the actor en-tour may view the marvels of foreign travel with as much pleasure as the millionaire, and at the same time receive a salary." Think of that salary! "New York property is the most valuable property in the world, and who are the owners of it? Actors and actresses!" To prove how effectual are its methods, the Institute adds a testimonial from T. Percy Wing, of Skowhegan, Maine: "I am now a changed man. I can control my voice and all organs of my body any way whatever. You have learned me to gain a complete foundation that will bear all weights on earth."

To the best of my knowledge, the A. C. I. H. I. has won no recruits in East Gissing Street, probably because "speaking parts" in theatricals at the settlement have involved a degree of intellectual perspiration very disillusioning. Keenly as the neighborhood envies the stars at the Central Square, it "forsakes the sterner Muses," aspiring instead to come on between the celebrated pugilist and the educated pig in "advanced vaudeville."

Thither how straight and how inviting the path! At "the home of burlesque," any Friday evening, genius may commit its onslaught on fame — with the certainty of a dollar by way of honorarium, to say nothing of a possible prize and a jingle of coins from the galleries.

Twenty stage-struck youths and maidens wait behind the scenes, till the "Forty-Flirts" have pranced their last. The curtain, falling, cuts an atmosphere blue with tobacco-smoke. It is half-past ten.

A stage-hand removes the placard that has announced the above charming artists, replacing it with one blazoned, "AMATUERS." As the stage-manager, programme in hand, steps out before the foot-lights, a mad burst of howling, whistling, and hand-clapping rocks the house. The bull is about to enter the ring, and every spectator has the heart of a toreador.

"Dan Levinsky, singer," shouts the stage-manager. Mr. Levinsky — in private life, Arnold Gildersleeve, of 13 East Gissing Street — slouches sheepishly before the curtain. With one voice, the audience thunders, "Hook! Hook! Hook!" Dan cowers, yet makes out to sing. A clacque of his own recruiting inaugurates a counter-revolution. "Go it, Dan!" shriek his minions. "Stick it out! You're all right!" Schism sets in among Dan's detractors. Some yell, "Give him a show!" But see! The spotlight has flung its glare upon the victim; it turns red, then green. An usher passes behind him with a huge placard inscribed, "Kill it! Don't let it suffer!" The curtain, rising a few inches, discloses an immense shepherd's crook — the dire, the dreaded "hook." Howls, cat-calls, and whistling unite to translate the "Pollice verso" of the Roman arena. Up goes the curtain now in grim earnest, and two stage-hands seize the singer about the waist with their hooks, drag him violently backward, and fling him sprawling and kicking upon a sofa. Here endeth the first "amatuer."

How does it feel to "get the hook?" Mr. Terry Morgan, sixteen times hooked, tells me "it's over before you know it" — a report which, as is reasonable, duplicates the recital I once obtained from the survivors of an Iowa cyclone.

Nevertheless, the longer you watch this oft-repeated ceremony, the more you are convinced of the extreme distaste with which a hook is regarded by aspirants for fame. Some repel its advances. "Michael Carnegie — comedian" actually breaks from his captors, leaps over the piano-player, and darts down the aisle. Him the avengers pursue. They fling him across the foot-lights, and haul him to oblivion by one leg. Even then he escapes, and is down the aisle again in a twinkling, necessitating a repetition of the solemnity. Others, relying on wit and agility rather than sheer

muscle, note the executioners' position before they come on, and keep a hand against the curtain while performing. At its first symptom of restlessness, they skip nimbly aside, so that the hook grasps naught but air. Now and then an artist resents even the premonitory usher. Miss Kitty Davis, when approached with a placard bidding her, "Take a car and go home," defends her virtuosity by terribly mauling that usher and leaving him for dead.

But while the many succumb, a remnant survives, upon whom descend joyous tributes. From her very entrance there are admirers who salute Miss Effie Saunders with yells of, "Go it, bricktop; you're all right!" They join in the chorus. They fling coppers, dimes, even quarters. Miss Effie, still singing, gathers up their favors, with the spot-light obligingly following to facilitate the search. She trips away at last amid a perfect pandemonium of enthusiasm.

For a full hour the "amatuers" display their gifts — dancing, joking, singing, or tumbling — till all have tempted the arbitrament of fate. Then the stage-manager announces that we, the audience, shall determine by the degree of our vociferocity the award of prizes.

Up sails the curtain, discovering two rows of youngsters — the hooked goats to the left, the unhooked sheep to the right. Holding aloft a five-dollar bill, the official marches slowly behind his sheep, and, as he passes each of them, notes the uproar we, the audience, produce. The Académie Française confers immortality by the suffrages of the Illustrious Company itself; here it shall be conferred by the suffrages of the people, viva voce. And thus, with a hurricane of whoops, howls, cheers, and hand-clapping, the prize falls to Effie Saunders — of number 62 East Gissing Street. Alas! it is her apotheosis — here in this foul, reeking show-house, and before a stag audience, save for the presence of four women, mothers of amateurs, among them Mrs. Saunders, who all but bursts with pride!

Only through crudity, puerility, and quaint, amusing gaucherie, do mortals arrive at culture. And we shall not find ourselves wholly without consolation if East Gissing Street never grows up; its intellectual and æsthetic frolics still serve as "a respite from care, a medicine for woe." On the whole, the street takes them none too seriously; it regards them as forms of play. Moreover, its callousness and dullness make for contentment in surroundings that would be a horror to more delicate sensibilities. This the Muses appreciate. It partly explains why they hasten slowly. For the remaining explanation consult necessity. Many are they who go to and fro among the people, dosing them with Browning, hanging Pre-Raphaelite incomprehensibilities upon tenement walls, and prating of Bach and Beethoven. They have their reward, a subjective one — except as they make "copy" of their beneficence and market it at space rates. Single ladies from Pieria know better. If they will pardon the discourtesy, I desire to point out that they enjoy a historic perspective of at least twenty-five centuries. It has taught them patience; also to grasp the principle enunciated in our day by Mr. George Ade: "When uplifting, get underneath."

AT THE CAFÉ D'ORSAY

BY JOHN M. HOWELLS

" Do you remember that girl with a sort of a yellow coat, whom we used to meet so regularly that we spoke of it, just in the middle of the middle arch of the Pont Royal, coming this way, and looking as if she wanted to run? It was that week that Cuthbert was sick over in the Quartier de l'Europe, and we used to curse him out for living so far away, and tell him that he could have been just as sick in Montparnasse."

" Yes, I remember," said Edgerly; " but that girl's coat was n't really yellow; it only looked so *à la lumière*, — in fact, there is a whole series of modified colors — "

" Now stop it, Ranny," Overton protested; "that will keep till you get back to the expert audience at the Café Vachette, — and besides, I'm telling you a story, and it 's underbred to interrupt."

" Oh! " said Edgerly around the corner of his resumed pipe.

" I remember it rained that whole beastly week," Overton went on, " or at least it seemed as if we were always slopping up the crowning of that bridge in the dusk, just as we met this girl starting down. She looked wet through, and without seeming to know it, and after meeting her seven times in succession, I was never sure, as she passed by the lights on the parapet, whether her face was wet with the rain, or whether she was crying. We calculated, at the pace she held, that she would make about the same time as ourselves; so that the place she left every night must be just as far in one direction from the middle arch of the Pont Royal, as our front door in Montparnasse in the other. I said that ought to start her just about by the Gare St. Lazare, but I remember your quarrelsome nature and poor bump of locality always brought on a discussion."

Edgerly grinned without interrupting his smoke.

" Well, what brought this girl to my mind again was this. I stopped for lunch, a few days ago, in a little cabaret next the Gare St. Lazare, and recognized her at the table next me. She had two other girls with her, and she was crying this time all right. I found out the reason."

" Oh, you did!" said Edgerly. " I congratulate you on your delicacy, — I forget who was talking about being underbred just now."

Overton looked at him in pained disgust. " What was I to do? they came in, and sat right at my back when I was half through breakfast; I could n't very well ask her to stop talking till I'd finished. It did n't amount to much anyway. I merely gathered that her papa had remarried — a lady with a difficult temper, and when our friend arrived home later than half-past six, if only by a few minutes, she was treated not only to reproaches, but to hints that she was late because of clandestine appointments; and this although her new mamma realized that she could not get away from the office, where she works till six or after, and it is almost impossible to make the distance to Montparnasse in so short a time. So you will please note that she did come from close to the Gare St. Lazare as I said, and curiously enough, went to almost where we came from, so that we were making the same trip at the same hour, in opposite directions every night."

" Messieurs, on vous attend à la terrasse," interrupted Antoine; and the men rose to go out. When Antoine stuck closely to the impersonal pronoun in this way, Overton and Edgerly always knew who

was meant. It was poor Swathling, of course, and Antoine, with all his astuteness, imitativeness, and amiable impudence, had completely given up even trying to name him. Swathling was an Englishman, and like Overton, studying architecture; but he was almost the only Englishman in that branch of the government school, where Americans were legion. It seemed as if the Gothic tradition was so strong at home as to suffice architectural aspirants, or at least keep them out of the Continental schools.

Antoine was indescribable; he was a satyr in the dingy dress of a *garçon de café*. His very limp when he walked suggested the cloven hoof, though he explained that he had been shot in the heel during the Commune. "But how, shot in the heel?" Overton had said; "which way were you running?" Antoine looked as grieved as his satyr leer would permit; "I was quite a child," he said, "playing in my mother's garden — it was a spent bullet." But he held his own so well with only one heel, that it is a question if the human race could have endured him unhandicapped. He had no mercy on Swathling's French, and used to repeat his orders at the top of his voice, with a solemn face, for the benefit of the other pensionnaires of the dear old Café d'Orsay, — now extinct. The new railroad station cumbers its grave, *terrasse* and all.

A table-d'hôte for boarders was served in the back room on Rue du Bac. The three Anglo-Saxons ate together. At a table on one side of them were two Brazilian medical students; on the other, the colonel of the cavalry regiment quartered in the barracks farther down the Quai d'Orsay, — now also gone. Beyond sat an advocate, and others whom they did not know.

The slips in French that Swathling made seemed inspired, and furnished the deepest satisfaction to Antoine. There was one unfortunate twist of the French word for soup, which can hardly be explained here, though it is not so dreadful either, which made poor Overton and Edgerly writhe, which Antoine repeated so loudly that the colonel always ducked a trifle, and glanced sideways at the *caissière*, and which so took a total stranger by surprise one night that he half swallowed his spoon, to Antoine's solemn satisfaction.

The three men sat on the terrace in front of their three glasses of coffee, which they had insisted should be very hot, and which they allowed to get very cold, and stared. There was really nothing obvious to stare at. There were the people passing on their own sidewalk, bumping one another, and jostling the little iron tables as they made a détour, for the *terrasse* of the Café d'Orsay was nothing more nor less than two-thirds of the public sidewalk, and why the public endured it could never be made out. Then there were the people poking among the second-hand book-boxes on the wall of the quai opposite; then the people hanging on the bridge. As these last were always there, and without any excuse that could be divined, Edgerly finally decided that they were trained to supply proper spots in the foreground of the general composition. The Pavillon de Flore at the end of the Louvre formed the second plane on this canvas; and then of course after dinner there was the sunset up over the Quartier de l'Etoile.

They smoked and squinted critically at all this, but Overton's mind was still otherwise occupied, for he went on to Edgerly: "It was interesting, all the same, to listen to old Cuthbert's theories, as he lay there looking up at a corner of the ceiling. I used to call him a transcendentalist, and try to classify him for my own satisfaction and his annoyance, but he would n't even be annoyed, and he wholly refused to be classified.

"It is not so much that he denies the physical existence of matter, like so many to-day, who take their first step in company with Bishop Berkeley or some other, and then go forward by themselves; but he feels that its dominance of our daily life, and the hindering condi-

tions which it seems to impose at every turn, are in some way only our belief in, and acceptance of, such conditions, and that we are really much more in control than we believe. He certainly did n't seem to take much interest himself in what Dr. Bliss told us, on the quiet, was going to be such a nasty fever; and when we kept putting off cabling home, and the fever seemed to peter out, the doctor and ourselves were again the only ones to be surprised or interested.

" He has no patience with the idea of the supernaturalness of psychic phenomena; and he believes that in a hundred ways, our psychic control over our bodies is inoperative merely from lack of understanding and application. The sudden appearance, so often recorded, of a person in a certain place, is regarded as an apparition only because those seeing it insist that the person is really somewhere else at that time. How can it be shown that this was not itself the apparition? But of course he puts all this much better than I can repeat it, and he was particularly clear, and at the same time fantastic, that week during which I was with him so much. He would turn my anecdotes and other drivel into examples at once. I was going over for him my impressions of the same hurrying crowd crossing that bridge every night in one direction, and meeting the same hurrying crowd, of which you and I were a part, crossing in the other direction, made up mostly, night after night, of the same individuals, all forced to transfer their weary bodies; the one mass of humanity hurrying to occupy practically the very places that the other mass of humanity were leaving empty, — simply because the end of their day's employment left them stranded each night at opposite sides of the city. ' What a useless waste of time,' he would say, — ' what an ignorant, hopeless waste of life. When shall we come to the understanding of ourselves that will make such stupid physical shortening of our hours unnecessary! '

" He makes no doubt whatever of our arriving some day at the understanding of that control of our physical by our spiritual selves, by which we shall find our bodies always at whatever place our minds, or indeed we ourselves, may need them as physical manifestations of our presence, — for in fact those around us, or at any rate the dullest of them, are only conscious of our being with them through the reaction of our physical selves on their own physical senses of sight and hearing.

" He admits perfectly our present lack of this understanding, but he thinks that it could be reached, like many spiritual results, by a certain amount of combined effort. For instance, while it seems difficult for any single individual to be always physically manifest at the place he most needs to be, he holds that if it were possible for two or three persons to will at the same time a mutual displacement or interchange of their physical bodies, then in some way the opposition of the older belief would be weakened, and they would find the transfer less difficult than would the individual with his isolated will.

" I told him that was why he did n't mind living in such a distant quarter from the rest of us, and tried to make the idea look ridiculous. ' In other words,' I said, ' if you should get up some morning, and want to do some work in Ranny's studio next to me, and I should get up the same morning, and want to see this doctor that lives here under you; by perfectly unconscious coincidental volition, we would find ourselves in one another's shoes, and save the walk, or ten centimes on the *impériale* of an omnibus.' ' Well, yes,' he replied, smiling at me, ' that's it, crudely.' "

They sat silent again for a while, and then the infrequent Swathling said rather thoughtfully, " He may not be so far off either; " and then, " but Cuthbert is living with you now, is n't he? "

" Yes," answered Overton, " he gave way to us at last, and he's now settled in

Montparnasse, — in fact, in my very house."

"What does your cousin think of his ideas, Overton?" said Edgerly.

"Who, Elsie? Oh, she considers herself the more practical of the two, but she seems to take him ideas and all, and then the mutual opinions of engaged couples are not much of a criterion. I suppose I shall see Elsie soon, and have to tell her more than I know myself about Jim, though the transatlantic mail service has been working overtime to keep her informed from the fountain-head. It's queer to think that I shall be in little old New York two weeks from to-night."

They all got up together without any apparent concerted signal, and walked off up Rue du Bac.

Two days after this Overton put his luggage aboard a *sapin* after lunch, and started for the Gare St. Lazare, for he had several hours of errands and visits on the other side of the Seine to put in before his train left for the Havre at 6.30.

He left Cuthbert in his rooms writing a letter to Elsie Overton for him to take by hand, which, it seemed, was to contain matter of some moment and volume, for even during lunch Cuthbert was a trifle inattentive. But he went downstairs with Overton, partly to say good-by, but mostly to remind him to be on the look-out for him at the train, as he might bring the letter at the last moment.

Overton's afternoon was an uncomfortable one. It was hot for so early in the spring, the banker's was crowded and the mail clerk slow, and the recipients of his farewell visits seemed to live very far apart. So that it was with a good breath of relief that he found himself at dusk, walking up and down near the Gare St. Lazare, just to one side of the lines of cabs rattling in and out. His ticket was in his pocket, his luggage labeled, and he had nothing to do but look at his watch. It was nearly train time, though, after six already, and he began to feel that angry impatience with Cuthbert, with which we regard the prospective lateness of any one at an appointment with ourselves.

It was really pretty dark by now, and the shops were all alight, and he did not dare to leave his corner lamp-post where Cuthbert was to find him. Indeed, he was leaning against the lamp-post, as a door opened on to the sidewalk just above him, and he recognized at once the girl who stepped out into the light of its openness, as the girl who lived in Montparnasse with her unwelcome stepmother.

"Well," he thought with satisfaction, "she does come from near the Gare St. Lazare every evening just as I said; next to it, in fact; so my calculations were right, and she stands at this instant just as far from the middle arch of the Pont Royal, as our door in Montparnasse is from the same arch — By thunder!" he broke out angrily half aloud, "what if that ass of a Cuthbert is just leaving there now! that would be about like him. — If he is, he can just get the French Postal Department to boost that letter of his along; he'll not get here in any twelve minutes." And he put his watch disgustedly in its place.

He had not taken his eyes off the girl, and he became conscious now of her very evident look of hurry and distress. As she almost ran toward his corner, gathering her skirts as she came, her face seemed a concentration of some wish or trouble. That side of the station runs down hill, and she came too hurriedly, for as she reached his lamp-post she struck her foot, and pitched forward.

Overton turned sharply, and jumped for her, — he remembers that perfectly; but nevertheless, when he found himself again leaning against the post, with his lip bleeding a little, and his hands muddy, it was Cuthbert who was leaning largely down over him, and saying, "What made you jump at me that way? You have plenty of time to get aboard, but you'd better hustle a little all the same."

Overton went rather confusedly into the station, and shook hands hurriedly with Cuthbert on the *quai*. They were already closing the doors of the compartments.

As the *Rapide* drew out, and shot smoothly toward the faint glow that still held the west, Overton sucked his bleeding lip, and stared into the murkiness of the empty compartment. "That's funny," he said slowly; "he did n't seem to know he was n't there at all."

THE NEW EDUCATION IN CHINA

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

In the past, the entire fabric of Chinese society has rested upon classical authority. Intellectual life was circumscribed by the belief that everything worth knowing had been reasoned out and settled by the ancients. Social custom was determined by the precepts of the sages, and political preferment came to those who had best mastered the classical lore. There had been created, in Chinese education, a unifying psychological force, which in itself was the bond that held the empire together by assimilating the various elements in its population. In the conduct and destiny of the Chinese nation, educational matters therefore had an importance far transcending the life of the schools. Accordingly, a change of system is by no means a matter of pure pedagogics, but it involves such fundamental permutations of social and political conduct that, among all the changes progressing and impending in the Middle Kingdom, this reform of education is the most significant and far-reaching.

Those who knew China best were most apprehensive as to the difficulties which would attend any attempt to dislodge a system so long established, and so intimately connected with the power of officialdom. As late as 1898, the events of that turbulent epoch seemed to render hopeless any attempt at reform from within. The repeated humiliation of Chinese pride during the last decade has, however, brought about most suddenly a sweeping movement of change, supported by the common feeling among all thinking Chinamen that only a thorough renaissance of national life can save the country from continual inroads and humiliations. Nor can China take her time. She must become strong in a hurry. So, with all the retarding weight of tradition, with popular distrust and impatience, with official intrigues and counter-intrigues, with diplomatic embarrassment, the Chinese are still forging ahead in the work of reconstruction. Even the distant spectator cannot but be filled with concern when he realizes the risks to which the Chinese people are now subject. They are seeking a forward way, a road out of the stagnation into which their national life has fallen; but whether they will be able to accomplish this escape from the fetters of tradition without bloody sacrifice, is a question the answer to which the future still holds.

Changes in the educational system of China have been attempted before, notably in 1898; but the conservatism of the official classes has always succeeded in defeating any plan of thoroughgoing reform. After the Boxer troubles, however, even they could no longer escape the conclusion that changes were necessary, if China were to resist the inroads of foreign powers. A commission, appointed in 1904 to study the educational situation, submitted a complete plan for a national public-school system. Receiving the sanc-

tion of the imperial government, this plan became the authorized programme for educational changes throughout the empire. In September, 1905, an edict was issued which abolished the customs of two thousand years. The old literary examinations, by which men had obtained the right to official appointments, were entirely discontinued, and there were substituted for them examinations in which subjects of modern learning were given a prominent place. In December, 1905, the importance of educational matters was further recognized by the creation of a National Board of Education, charged with the duty of superintending the enforcement of the imperial decrees on educational matters.

The two essential elements in the Chinese reform are the creation of a *public-school system*, and the introduction of *Western subjects of study*. Under the old régime, schools were almost entirely supported by private enterprise. Neighborhood school associations provided for elementary teaching, while in the larger towns educational bodies or officials backed the higher schools. The ambitious plan worked out and submitted by Chang Chih Tung, Pao Hsi, and their associates, provides for a complete system of educational institutions modeled upon those of Japan, which, in turn, were inspired chiefly by the educational practice of the United States and Germany. There is to be a kindergarten, followed by a lower and an upper primary school, with courses occupying five and four years respectively, in which the subjects taught are reading, history, mathematics, geography, elementary science, and gymnastics. It is the purpose of the law that every larger village shall have its primary school, and that there shall be at least one of these institutions for every four hundred families. Every district town is to have a higher primary school. The next grade in the educational system is the intermediate school, which would correspond roughly to the American high school or academy. There is to be at least one in each prefecture. In addition to a more advanced pursuit of the studies mentioned above, the study of foreign languages is also required in these institutions. Each provincial capital is to be supplied with a college, while the copingstone of the whole system is the University of Peking, with which universities in other important centres may be associated. The University of Peking is supplied with eight faculties and forty-six departments. Admission from lower schools to those of a higher grade will be obtained on the basis of strict examinations.

In addition to the schools enumerated, there have also been established a large number of agricultural and technical institutions of various grades, from the farming school, to which graduates of the primary school are admitted, to the technical colleges, which require a much longer preparation on the part of the students. There are also normal schools, and special schools for law and political science. The latter are intended especially for the supplementary training of government officials. The national board dealing with educational matters is under the headship of Jung Ching, a progressive Manchu official. The scope of its functions may be implied from the bureaus into which it is divided, namely, professional status, general affairs, secondary studies, technology, editing, investigation, and councilors. The board is assisted by over one hundred and eighty attachés, representing the learning of the Chinese classics, as well as that of Japan and of the West. Among them are a number of prominent specialists. The bureau of editing requires the largest staff, as it is intrusted with the work of translating and publishing foreign works suitable for purposes of instruction, as well as with the direct preparation of Chinese textbooks.

The imperial decree enjoins upon all viceroys, governors, and prefects the utmost diligence in the rapid building-up of the educational system in all its parts.

Its realization, however, of course still depends upon the individual initiative and energy of governors and local officials. On account of the varying local conditions, considerable latitude must be allowed to these men — a broad discretion as to the specific methods which will be most conducive toward the realization of the general scheme. H. E. Yuan Shi Kai has given evidence of his serious purpose, in an ordinance issued in 1907 with respect to education. He makes very specific numerical requirements as to schools. In each provincial capital there are to be at least 100 primary schools with 5000 pupils. In each district, there shall be forty such schools, with at least 2000 pupils, and in each village at least one with an attendance of forty. The viceroy contemplates the requirement of compulsory education for a period of at least two years for all children. Together with H. E. Tuan Fang, and Chang Chih Tung, he has memorialized the throne to make primary education compulsory throughout the empire. The plan outlined above, as may be imagined, looms much larger on paper than in actual execution, and there is a long distance which still must be traveled before the system of Chinese education really becomes general and serviceable to all parts of the population.

When the Chinese government had issued its radical decrees on education, the spirit of the past seems to have loomed up before it in a threatening manner. To appease the national ancestors, almost divine honors were bestowed upon the great teacher Confucius. It was also decided that a Confucian University should be established at the birthplace of the sage, in the province of Shantung. Here the classic learning is to be preserved in all its purity. The present representative of the family of Confucius, the "Holy Duke" Yen, a descendant of the great teacher in the seventy-sixth generation, presented himself before the empress and emperor to render thanks for the great distinction bestowed upon his family. Being evidently touched with modern views, he proposed that, while the place of honor should be given to Confucian studies, the new university should also not neglect such branches as political and social science, foreign language, and other Western studies. This testimony to the importance of Western studies, coming from such a source, had a great influence upon the conservatives of China. Having become interested in education, Duke Yen Sheng memorialized the throne concerning four points: first, the character and behavior of students shall be carefully looked after; second, the color of the cloth used for drill shall be made uniform; third, teachers shall be selected from amongst persons who are of serious character; fourth, teachers shall be over forty years of age. By imperial order, the board of education has transmitted these views to all provincial authorities. With such wisdom to guide them, how can the Chinese go astray?

One of the greatest difficulties occasioned by the new system of education lies in the heavy expense which it entails. Buildings have to be secured and furnished, teaching materials and text-books provided, and teachers of sufficient acquirements employed. The old-style teacher of the Chinese village school was satisfied with a paltry income, — some thirty or forty dollars, silver, a year, — supplemented as it was by kindly attentions from the neighbors. Men who are to teach the new branches expect a much larger salary; in fact, they demand many times as much as the old reading masters. The financing of the new system has consequently been a matter of extreme difficulty. In many localities, the question of securing a building equipment was solved by turning ancient Buddhist temples and monasteries into schools, and using pious funds for the purchase of maps, books, chairs, and desks. The Buddhist monks were not always willing benefactors of the public; in fact, they began to make frequent use of the subterfuge of transferring their property to Japanese Buddhists, in order to obtain

diplomatic protection. The threatened increase of Japanese influence led the government to abandon the further conversion of Buddhist temples, except in cases where some sort of agreement could be arrived at with the bonzes.

Private munificence has been strongly appealed to by the officials. A person endowing a certain number of schools will be given the title of a Chairman of the Gentry; especially generous gifts are acknowledged by the Emperor in person. The public system has, of course, not superseded the system of private schools. The latter flourish and increase in number by the side of those established by authority of the government. It has also been proposed that the moneys heretofore spent in processions, in certain commemorative exercises and comedies, be applied to the more useful purpose of furthering the educational cause. The main source of funds for educational purposes should, of course, be general taxation. But on account of the inflexibility of the Chinese revenue system, local officials often find it difficult to raise the additional income required to meet the new expenses. Some special sources have from time to time been utilized, such as the sale of public property, or the indemnity funds remitted by the United States.

The financial administration of the schools has not escaped suspicion; in fact, it has incurred much criticism on the part of the public press. Such statements as the following (from the *Shen-Chow-Jih-Pao*, or *National Herald*) are often encountered: —

"When we first heard of the new schools, we believed that they embodied a healthy desire and honest wish to benefit the educational system. It was indeed a matter of remark that the notables and literati, who had hitherto considered the old schools as unexcelled, had over night become enthusiastic supporters of the new system. The cause of their sudden change appears more clearly at present. A look at the modern schools shows that they were founded chiefly through a desire for gain. The notables have become school managers. The funds intrusted to them they embezzle. For teachers, pupils, and objects of instruction they care not. In their hearts they are still followers of the old system."

While this view is undoubtedly too cynical, it nevertheless indicates the difficulties in the road to reform, so long as official misuse of funds is not checked by an adequate system of accounting. The educational system itself suffers most from the scarcity of properly qualified teachers. The schoolmaster of the old type could at least scan the lines of the classics, but those who pretend a knowledge of modern branches have often acquired only a most superficial smattering from some Japanese instructor, who himself may have dipped from second-hand sources. In many localities, the entire spirit of the schools leaves much to be desired. The teachers themselves are prone to strike if their pay is not sufficient. Disputes between pupils and teachers are common. Should an unpopular teacher not be dismissed, a boycott is organized by the pupils, and they often go to the length of leaving the school in a body. Frequently they seem to carry their point to the extent that, in some localities, all discipline has been subverted; and students have gone so far as to dictate to the teachers what they want to be taught. The teachers sometimes have much to suffer from an obstinate insistence on the part of the students to do things in their own way. A custom once established will be adhered to with a stubbornness which can be described only as "pig-headedness."

News items like the following are common in the Chinese journals: —

"*Yangchow*, 14th June, 1907. There are troubles in the middle school at Yangchow, caused by disagreement as to the amount of the teachers' pay. The teachers have all resigned;" or —

"*Hankow*, 13th May, 1907. Owing to a conflict between teachers and stu-

dents in the middle school of Lin-hai-hsien, the latter have left the school."

Under all these circumstances, it is not surprising that the attitude of the man in the street toward the schools is not always enthusiastic. The schoolboys parading about in their new uniforms are apt to be arrogant, and offend the susceptibilities of the people they meet. The new taxes imposed by the mandarins are burdensome to many. A system which seems to be utilizing the contributions of all for the benefit of a comparatively small number is easily made the object of popular opposition, especially when feelings have been embittered through petty bickerings. So, in some localities, the buildings occupied by the new schools have been torn down, and public violence has been aroused by any effort to develop the new system. But these are only difficulties and troubles which could naturally be foreseen when a reform of such reach and importance was undertaken.

In the majority of Chinese towns, however, the public feeling is of a quite different kind. Great things are expected of the new education. A new and strong national spirit has arisen from the many ills that threaten China. The new system is certainly given an eager reception by the young students themselves; it is so superior to the old in interest and in freedom from tedious tasks of memory work. They are especially fond of their uniforms, which mark them as young soldiers in the national army. Though the system was introduced at first against the will of the literati, they did not seriously oppose it, but soon came to acknowledge that the new education is necessary to China. It was supposed that there would be bitter opposition on the part of the teachers of the old school, who would be in danger of losing their livelihood. The result happily does not bear out these anticipations. Such subjects as Chinese literature, natural history, and philosophy, still offer a large field of activity to the old type of teachers, provided that they have put themselves in touch with modern ideas on their subjects through reading a few Western treatises. The zeal of the older teachers in trying to catch up with the foreign-trained men is at times almost pathetic. In most towns a "teachers' discussion class" has been organized. These classes were established by the initiative of the teachers themselves, in order that they might acquire the knowledge necessary for elementary instruction in the new branches. With great eagerness these men, varying in age from thirty to fifty-five years, will follow the instruction given by some youngster in the early twenties who has been fortunate enough to have had a course in Japan or the West. While the necessary superficiality of such a system must be deplored, the mere fact of this instruction being so eagerly sought by the teachers is the best proof that the old order, recognizing its inevitable fate, has abandoned the hope of regaining its former supremacy and is hurrying to adapt itself to the new conditions.

This enthusiasm also finds expression in great individual sacrifices, and even in martyrdom. Private gifts are made in large numbers, even without the solicitation of officials or the hope of rewards. Within the last few years, it has frequently happened that some person desirous of founding a school, and lacking the means to do so, has in truly Oriental fashion appealed to his or her townsmen by committing suicide, after writing out a touching request for aid in the new cause. A Tartar lady at Hankow who had founded a school for girls was unable to secure sufficient money for carrying on the work of the institution. In order to secure her object, she determined to commit suicide. In her farewell letter, she stated that she felt the need of the school so much that she would sacrifice her own life and thus impress the need upon those who were able to give money. Her act had the result desired, as after her death money came flowing in from many sources. In most cases, fortunately, the appeals for assistance are successful with-

out going to such extremes. Thus, the wife of a district magistrate in Honan, having decided to establish a school for girls, wrote a circular setting forth that a girl, if uneducated, brings six kinds of injury to herself and three kinds to her relatives. The subtlety of her arguments fascinated the city folk, and sufficient funds for her purpose were soon provided.

The introduction of female education, which militates against the most deep-seated prejudices of the Chinese race, has called for greater personal sacrifices than any other part of educational reform. Some powerful patrons have indeed arisen. H. E. Tuan Fang urged the importance of this reform upon the empress herself, with the result that, before her death, the great lady established a school for female education in the capital. Educated women are making a strong plea for the education of their sisters. Dr. King Ya Mei, herself educated in the West, points out that those who lament the superficial nature of the present reforms forget that "half the nation, whose special function it is to put into practice the ideas governing the world in which she lives, has not yet been touched; that the strong impressions of childhood are the lasting ones, and that man is but an embodiment of the ideas of the mother." But in the case of female education, it is not primarily the provision of funds that causes difficulties. The desire of women to share in the advantages of education is of itself looked upon by the majority of the Chinese as scandalous and not at all to be encouraged. Many heartrending tragedies have been brought about by insoluble conflicts of duty toward the old and the new. A short time ago, in an interior village in Kiang Su, a woman, ambitious to become educated, killed herself after bad treatment from her husband's relatives. Her farewell letter was everywhere copied by the Chinese press. It has become a national document, and almost a charter of the new movement. In it occur the following sentences:—

"I am about to die to-day because my husband's parents, having found great fault with me for having unbound my feet, and declaring that I have been diffusing such an evil influence as to have injured the reputations of my ancestors, have determined to put me to death. Maintaining that they will be severely censured by their relatives, once I enter a school and receive instruction, they have been trying hard to deprive me of life, in order, as they say, to stop beforehand all the troubles that I may cause. At first they intended to starve me, but now they compel me to commit suicide by taking poison. I do not fear death at all, but how can I part from my children who are so young? Indeed, there should be no sympathy for me, but the mere thought of the destruction of my ideals and of my young children, who will without doubt be compelled to live in the old way, makes my heart almost break."

The blood of such martyrs is beginning to make its impression upon the Chinese people, and is turning them to favor more liberal popular customs. A nation in which a spirit of such ruthless self-sacrifice is still so common may bring forth things that will astonish the world. It has been said that "China contains materials for a revolution, if she should start one, to which the horrors of the French Revolution would be a mere squib;" but if turned into different channels, this spirit of self-sacrifice may, as it did in the case of Japan, bring about a quick regeneration of national life and national prestige, through the establishment of new institutions, that correspond to the currents of life thus striving to assert themselves.

The external organization of the Chinese educational system, important as it is, is but half the battle. In the struggle for a national renaissance, these forms will be of small advantage if the true spirit of modern scientific study is lacking. There is indeed a great amount of curiosity among the Chinese, such as inspired the Japanese when they were first confronted

with Western civilization in all its prowess and varied interest. The youth of China are most eager to learn, but the direction given to their efforts has not always been judicious. The movement is too tremendous in scope to have reached perfection in detail. Many of the students see in Western learning an open sesame to wealth, a smooth highway to position and honors. Indeed, in the first educational edict, the government was careful to caution teachers and students not to look on education as the pathway to honor, rank, and preferment, but rather as a means of bringing strength to their country. But the idea which this edict gives of the spirit of the new education is itself very vague. It states the objects to be, " loyalty to the Confucian spirit, public-mindedness, bravery, and truth." Such general ideals are compatible with many different interpretations, and thus the all-important question will be, To whom will fall the privilege of guiding China in the paths of the new learning? The prestige acquired by Japan through her successes in the last war gave her people for a time a decided ascendency of intellectual leadership in China. As a Hindoo writer has expressed it: " Since Japan inflicted upon Russia a signal defeat, the entire Orient is pulsating with a new life. All Asia seems to be vibrant to follow in the wake of Japan."

While the war was in progress, Buddhist monks from Japan were carrying on a propaganda for a revival of their religion in China, and Japanese teachers poured into the provinces of the empire in great numbers. Though there were among them many of insufficient training, they still acted as a vanguard of progress and education, and were eagerly received by the progressive young China. Thousands of Chinese students, moreover, went to Japan for study. The movement was fostered on the part of Japan by such associations as the Toa Dobunkai (" Society of the countries having the same script ") who favored a strong educational propaganda. But in the end, the military success of Japan in Manchuria was somewhat too great not to fill the Chinese themselves with misgivings as to their own political safety. These fears have been accentuated through the manner in which the Japanese have maintained their foothold in Manchuria, through the treaties between Japan and various European powers by which they mutually guarantee their interests, and through the action of Japan in the Tatsu Maru incident. A certain conflict of interests could not be concealed, and the nationalist feeling of China was directed against any further expansion of Japanese influence in that empire. China is at present not turning to any particular nation for guidance, but is seeking, as did Japan thirty years ago, to learn the best methods wherever they may be found.

A great technical difficulty which confronts the workers in the cause of education and scientific reform lies in the character of Chinese literary expression. The classical written language which has been taught in the schools from time immemorial is less of a living vernacular in China than Latin is with us. The spoken language is divided into numerous dialects, with extreme varieties of expression and of pronunciation. According to the educational decree of the government, an effort is to be made to give all instruction in the public schools in the so-called Mandarin dialect, that is, the dialect spoken in most of the interior provinces of China. If in this manner the adoption of a universal spoken language can be brought about, the new educational system will have subserved a very important purpose towards the creation of political unity. But another serious difficulty lies in the translation of scientific terms. The Chinese literary language, being concise in the extreme and subject to much misunderstanding in its spoken form, is as yet an imperfect vehicle for the purpose of imparting accurate scientific ideas, though its potential efficiency is great. Dr. Yen Fu has performed a heroic intellectual task by creating for himself an

entire code of philosophical expressions in his translations of Spencer and Huxley. But so far there is little uniformity in such usage; every writer does as best he can, and much confusion and uncertainty of thought results. In order to avoid misunderstanding, Chinese writers often add the foreign term to the expression into which they have translated it in their works. But the genius of the Chinese language is opposed to the introduction of foreign words, and a way must be found, even at the cost of immense intellectual labor, of developing a concise and accurate technical vocabulary in the various sciences.

In providing educational materials, the Japanese and the Germans have been most active. Tons of schoolbooks, histories, geographies, and scientific apparatus have been prepared by the Japanese for the Chinese market. The German government recently fitted out a traveling exhibition of school supplies, such as maps, models, chairs, scientific instruments, etc., which was sent through the provinces of China, and which everywhere excited the interest of persons engaged in education. It is hardly necessary to say anything about the importance, to any nation, of leadership in the matter of Chinese scientific training. No civilizing aim of wider bearing can be subserved at the present time by any country than to attract Chinese students and to give them a thorough training in scientific methods of investigation; nor will the country that accomplishes this task lack a liberal recompense in the way of cultural and ethical influence of a thoroughly legitimate kind.

When we consider the entire educational movement in contemporary China, we are forced to admit that, with all the daring innovations that have been made, the great battle is yet to come. The first enthusiasm must be turned into the sustained energy of daily effort on the part of millions of students and hundreds of thousands of instructors. The substitution of the attitude of scientific work for the old literary amateurism cannot be the matter of a few years. For a long time, China will have to suffer from the ravages of pseudo-science. A distinctive and promising feature of the " young China " spirit is the emphasis of scientific and historical training. But while the prime desideratum ought to be rigid training in scientific methods of observation, yet, in the selection of courses, the cultural subjects should not be entirely neglected in favor of the branches which, on the surface, are more practical. One of the greatest friends of Chinese education, Mr. Tong Kai Son, has expressed regret that so many of the men going to the West are intent upon technical subjects alone. There is so great a need in China for transmitters of modern culture, for true national teachers who have mastered the philosophy and history of the West, and who can combat the superficial conclusions of immature minds. The attitude of the government itself is more favorable to purely technical studies, like engineering, physical science, and jurisprudence. So it may be that the larger number of students who are sent abroad through government assistance will continue to devote themselves to those subjects, and that the more general cultural branches will be pursued more generally by those who provide their own means and who therefore, in many instances, will not get farther than Japan. This would seem to indicate that in the general interpretation of cultural and philosophical ideas, Japan will continue to hold a prominent position in the Orient.

FUR TRADERS AS EMPIRE-BUILDERS

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

II

When, in 1808, the Missouri Fur Company, operating from St. Louis, and the American Fur Company, with headquarters in New York, obtained their charters, fur-trading on a great scale in the United States had its beginning. As mentioned in the preceding article, the gathering of furs from the Indians had been carried on by the French, Dutch, and British during their occupation of parts of our territory; but the prosecution of the work in a systematic way and with ample resources dates from the formation of these two corporations. The master spirit in the Missouri Company was Manuel Lisa, a Spanish-born, American-bred combination of De Soto and Macchiavelli; while John Jacob Astor was the guiding head of the American Fur Company. Lisa's was the earlier to start actively to work.

The American fur traders had a shorter career than the big Canadian companies, but their enterprises covered almost as large an area, their commercial success was nearly as great, while the social and political consequences of their work came quicker and bulked larger. They marked the sources and the courses of rivers, and traced out the lines of lakes and mountain ranges which had been but vaguely known before; discovered other mountains, lakes, and rivers; gave names to many of them; and blazed the tracks along which timid agriculture ventured subsequently, and which the railways traversed later on. Earlier than the gold-seekers or the government explorers, the fur traders were in the field. They were the videttes in civilization's march across the American continent.

The commercial and social advantages of the fur traffic were in Jefferson's mind when, in his confidential message of January 18, 1803, he asked Congress for an appropriation for the exploring expedition which he had planned under Lewis and Clark, from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia. This was more than three months before Bonaparte handed over the Louisiana province to Jefferson, and before Jefferson had any expectation of getting it. Jefferson told Congress that the Indians along the Missouri, then French territory, "furnish great supplies of furs and peltry to the trade of another nation," referring to the activity of the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest companies in that region. One of his purposes in the expedition was to make treaties with the Indians which would divert that trade to the United States. He mentioned this point later on in 1803, in his instructions to Lewis, just after the purchase of Louisiana, and shortly before Lewis and his associates started on their two years' journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

When, on their return to St. Louis, in September, 1806, Lewis and Clark told the 1000 people of that Franco-Spanish-American settlement the story of their travels through America's new wonderland, they had one listener in particular whose imagination was fired by the recital. Grasping the possibilities of gain in that region in his chosen activity, he, as we shall now notice, rose promptly to the occasion.

I

That April day of 1807, which saw Manuel Lisa's canoes and keelboat, the latter loaded with articles for barter with the Indians, push out into the Mississippi

at St. Louis, headed for the mouth of the Missouri, was an important date in the annals of the American fur trade. It was Lisa's preliminary trip to the Missouri's upper waters, to establish connections with the tribes on the river and its principal tributaries, and to lay out work for the big company which he intended to organize on his return to St. Louis. With him were three or four dozen persons — hunters, trappers, *voyageurs* and *engagés*.

Working its way against the swift current of the tortuous Missouri, using paddles for the canoes, and, for the keelboat, the pole or the *cordelle*, — a line drawn by men strung along the river's bank, — or perhaps the sail on straight stretches of the stream when the wind chanced to be favorable, this advance-courier of the great fur companies passed through the country of the Osages (on each side of the mouth of the river of that name in Missouri), of the Omahas (near Nebraska's present metropolis), of the Sioux (extending from the White to the Moreau River in South Dakota), of the Arikaras (in the northern part of South Dakota, near the mouth of the Grand River), and of the Mandans and the Minatarees (the former to the south, and the latter to the north, of the Knife River, in North Dakota). To some of these tribes Lisa used menaces, in the shape of discharges of his cannon and rifles, while with others he employed blandishments, in the form of presents to the chiefs and other prominent men. The expedition swung into the Yellowstone, pushed up that stream to the mouth of the Bighorn, and there Lisa erected a trading-post, which was the first building put up by Americans on the upper waters of the Missouri, and the first of any sort erected by white men in the present state of Montana. About 2100 miles had been traversed since leaving St. Louis, and four months had been consumed in the journey.

When near the mouth of the Platte, the expedition had met a man drifting down the Missouri in a canoe, intending to go to St. Louis. This wanderer, whose name is prominently associated with early American exploration, was John Colter. Colter had been a member of the Lewis and Clark party, but when they were near the present Bismarck, in North Dakota, in August, 1806, on their way back to civilization, he induced its leaders to give him his discharge, so as to allow him to trap in the rich fur-bearing region through which they were passing. Turning back to the Yellowstone, he worked there all winter, and was heading for St. Louis with his store of beaver-skins, when he met Lisa's expedition in the summer of 1807, near the present city of Omaha. Lisa induced him to join the party, and he guided it up to the confluence of the Yellowstone and the Bighorn.

With characteristic vigor in seizing opportunities, or in creating them when they failed to turn up opportunely, Lisa immediately dispatched Colter to the neighboring tribes, the Crows, the Gros Ventres, the Shoshones, and especially to the powerful Blackfeet at the Three Forks of the Missouri, in the western part of Montana, to apprise them of his presence and of his desire to open trade with them.

In this perilous service, in successive forays from Fort Manuel, on the Bighorn, in various directions and on various missions, from the early fall of 1807 to the opening months of 1810, this lone adventurer traversed more than 3000 miles, on horseback, by canoe, dugout, or bull-boat made of buffalo-skin, but chiefly on foot. His exploits in this work would equal any of fiction's

> Most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.

The exigencies of the work carried Colter several times across the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, and gave him, first of white men of any nationality, so far as is known, a glimpse of the head springs of the Colorado of the West, which, far down in the republic of Mexico, flows into the Gulf of California; of the Snake River, which passes into the Columbia,

and thus onward to the Pacific; and of the sources of the Yellowstone, which empties into the Missouri, and thus, by way of the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico and off into the Atlantic. Likewise, he was the first of all white men to look upon the hot springs, the geysers, and the other marvels grouped in the Yellowstone National Park of to-day. He discovered these latter wonders two-thirds of a century before the government's explorers rediscovered them and placed them on the map.

When, after his arrival in St. Louis in May, 1810, after sweeping down the Missouri in his canoe in the spring on-rush of that swiftly-flowing stream, Colter told the story of these marvels, he was laughed at and derided by everybody, — by everybody except General William Clark, Lewis's old partner, Bradbury, the British traveler, and a few others who knew him well. This heroic character dropped out of history immediately afterward. He died in 1813, in life's early prime.

While Colter was engaged in these enterprises, Lisa and his men at Fort Manuel were busy. They were so successful in the fall and winter of 1807 that, when Lisa returned to St. Louis in the spring of 1808, and exhibited his stock of beaver-skins as evidences of the richness of his trapping grounds, he quickly organized his Missouri Fur Company. Its leading members were Lisa, Pierre Menard, William Morrison, General William Clark, Pierre Chouteau, Sr., Auguste Chouteau, Jr., Andrew Henry, Sylvester Labadie, and a few others who figured in the commercial enterprises of that frontier outpost. The company's capital was $40,000.

At that time there were only a few thousand whites west of the Mississippi, in the settlements at St. Louis, St. Charles, Ste. Genevieve, and at the lower end of the river; and a large portion of them were engaged in some sort of traffic with the Indians. It was then only three years before Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, protesting against the bill to admit Louisiana to statehood, denounced that project "to throw the rights and liberties of this people into hotch-pot with the wild men on the Missouri, or with the mixed though more respectable race of Anglo-Hispano-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands in the mouth of the Mississippi;" and four years before Louisiana, the oldest of the trans-Mississippi states, was let in.

In June, 1809, with over 150 men, under command of Lisa, Henry, and Menard, the Missouri Fur Company started on its first expedition up the Missouri, its numbers, equipment, and readiness for war, should war be thrust upon it, saving it from serious molestation. Trading posts were established among the Sioux, Arikaras, Mandans, and Minatarees, the main party pushing on to Lisa's fort at the mouth of the Bighorn, which it reached in October, after a journey of four months from St. Louis.

Success attended the company's operations in the fall and winter of 1809 on the Yellowstone and Bighorn, and in the spring of 1810 a large number of its men, under Henry and Menard, started for the Three Forks of the Missouri, then the richest beaver grounds on the American continent. Because of their good fortune up to that time, they expected to get at least 300 packs of beavers that season in their new field, a pack weighing about 100 pounds, and consisting of about 80 beaver-skins, which, at that time, ranged in price from $3 to $4 at St. Louis.

Then calamity struck them. By a sharp succession of attacks in the latter part of April and the early part of May, 1810, most of them surprises, the Blackfeet killed thirty of the hunters, one of whom was George Druillard, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, stole their horses, traps, and furs, compelled the remainder of them to concentrate, and then drove them out of the locality. Menard and some of the hunters fled to St. Louis by canoe, with their 30 packs of furs, reaching that town in the latter part of July. With the rest of the party, Henry heroically attempted to hold his ground, but at last he was driven out, retreated across the

main range of the Rockies to the southward, and built a post, the first ever erected west of the continental divide and north of Spain's territory, on that branch of the Snake River, in Idaho, ever since known as Henry's Fork.

But misfortune still pursued. Hampered first by extreme cold and deep snows, and then by heavy rains, and discouraged by hunger, fatigue, and general ill-luck, the party broke up into small groups in the spring of 1811, going in different directions; some, with 40 packs of beaver-skins, accompanying Henry back across the divide into Montana, where they made bull-boats and started down the rivers toward St. Louis. In the mean time Lisa was ascending the Missouri to collect the furs stored at the various posts along the river, and he met Henry as the latter was passing one of the Arikara villages. There Henry learned of the accidental burning of one of the company's posts a year earlier, in which $15,000 worth of furs was destroyed. By this time, owing to Indian attacks, the post at the mouth of the Bighorn had to be abandoned, as well as all those above the Mandans. Lisa accompanied Henry back to St. Louis.

Notwithstanding these heavy blows the Missouri Fur Company, at the end of its three years' charter in 1812, had made a small profit, and it reorganized with $50,000 capital, $10,000 larger than before, and with many of the old members, Lisa remaining the dominant figure in it.

The conditions, however, were adverse. The war of 1812, the activity of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies on the upper waters of the Missouri, the increased hostility of the Indians, and the decreased demand and diminished prices for the furs, due to the trade dislocation caused by the war, all operated against the American traders. Peace in 1815 gradually brought improvement, and one of Lisa's cargoes at this time was estimated to be worth $38,000. But the end for him was near. Just as he was regaining his old footing on the headwaters of the Missouri, and was planning for larger conquests than ever before, he died in St. Louis in 1820, aged 48. With him departed one of the most audacious, resourceful, and powerful personages ever connected with the American fur trade.

Under the lead of Joshua Pilcher the Missouri Fur Company lasted till 1830, but its glory died with Lisa. Stronger competition than it ever met before was just ahead of it as its original chief lay dying. This came from the Western Department of Astor's American Fur Company, which was established in St. Louis in 1822, and from the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, which was organized in the same city, in the same year.

II

On September 6, 1810, Astor's ship, the Tonquin, 290 tons burden, carrying his partners, Alexander McKay, Duncan McDougal, David Stuart, and Robert Stuart, with 30 others, — hunters, *voyageurs*, and clerks, — sailed from New York with materials for the erection of a post at the mouth of the Columbia, supplies for the post, and also for the Russian Fur Company, in Russian America (our Alaska), an assortment of articles for barter with the Indians, and complete hunting and trapping outfits. The Tonquin entered the Pacific on December 25, touched at the Hawaiian Islands on February 11, 1811, sighted land at the mouth of the Columbia on March 22, and, after several attempts and the loss of eight men, sailed across the bar on March 24. Then began the work of establishing Astoria, the first United States colony planted on the Pacific.

This was the advance detachment of Astor's Pacific Fur Company. In 1808 he formed his American Fur Company (which was to be the generic title of all of his ventures in the fur trade), with $1,000,000 capital, all of which he subscribed himself. The Pacific Fur Company, organized in 1810, was that section of the American Fur Company which was

to operate on the big Western ocean and inward to the Rocky Mountains. His Southwest Company, which was formed about the same time, was that branch of the big concern which was to work along the lakes, the upper Mississippi, and the Missouri, and thus complete his chain of posts from Lake Erie to the Pacific. By that time, Astor had a quarter of a century of experience in the fur trade, and a dozen vessels afloat. His American Fur Company, through its component branches, was destined to be the largest enterprise in the fur-trading field which the United States was ever to see.

Astor had made arrangements with the Russian government by which his vessels to the Pacific would furnish supplies to the Russian Fur Company, which had a monopoly of the Alaskan trade, and in return for this service that company was to allow Astor certain favors. As his ships, one each year, would arrive at the mouth of the Columbia with wares for barter with the Indians, and with supplies for his posts and for the Russian company, they would collect all the furs at hand, American and Russian, carry them to China, the best fur market of that day, and one of the best in our time, the Russian furs to be sold on commission. With teas from China, the vessels were then to sail to England, the teas to be exchanged there for British manufactures, these to be carried to New York, the circuit of the globe requiring about two years.

Meanwhile, Wilson P. Hunt, Astor's second in control of the Pacific Fur Company, with his other partners, Ramsay Crooks, Robert McLellan, Donald McKenzie, and Joseph Miller, and a large party of *voyageurs* and hunters, started from St. Louis in three boats on October 21, 1810, for the mouth of the Columbia, six weeks after the Tonquin left by sea for the same destination. Hunt was to take a careful survey of the country through which he passed, with the object of finding advantageous points for the establishment of trading-posts. Some of the partners were British subjects, and had served in either the Hudson's Bay or the Northwest company, and all of them had had experience in the Indian trade.

Halted by the ice on November 16, near the present St. Joseph, Missouri, the party wintered there. Hunt, however, returned to St. Louis, obtained a few more recruits, and the entire party, now consisting of 15 hunters and 45 Canadian *voyageurs*, in addition to the partners, pushed up the river to the Arikara villages in the spring of 1811, being joined on the way by Lisa and an expedition of the Missouri Fur Company. From the Arikaras, Hunt purchased horses to carry the merchandise and outfits, and then, on July 18, the party headed westward, reaching, on October 8, Andrew Henry's abandoned post on Henry's Fork of the Snake River, in Idaho. Unfortunately the horses were abandoned there, canoes and dugouts were built in which to carry the merchandise and most of the men, and the river route was taken. After terrible sufferings and dangers, in which many lives were lost by drowning, cold, and starvation, and in which the party was broken up into several sections, one, under McKenzie and McLellan, reached Astoria on January 18, 1812; another, under Hunt, on February 15, and others at different times until January 13, 1813.

When the first of the overland travelers reached Astoria, affairs there were in a fairly satisfactory condition. Posts had been established in the interior, much fur had been gathered by the trappers, and a trade had been opened with the Indians along the Columbia and some of its tributaries. The Beaver, one of Astor's vessels, which left New York on October 10, 1811, reached Astoria on May 10, 1812, with supplies for that post and for the Russian Fur Company. A few weeks later Robert Stuart, with Crooks, McLellan, and a few others, started overland from Astoria to St. Louis and New York, to report to Astor the conditions on the Pacific; and after much suffering and the loss of several lives, they reached New York in June, 1813.

Astor's plans were magnificent, and, had they been carried out, the subsequent history of the United States would have been changed in important particulars. These plans took many exigencies and accidents into the calculation, but there were mischances which no human foresight could have discerned. To the claims to the Oregon country (comprising the present states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and those parts of Montana and Wyoming to the west of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains) by the United States as against England, — through the discovery of the Columbia by the Yankee sailing-master Gray, in 1792, and through the exploration of the Columbia and its tributaries by Lewis and Clark in 1804–'06, — Astor's post at Astoria, established in 1811, added the still stronger title by occupation. And Astor's plans contemplated the buttressing of this title by the establishment of colonies along the coast.

But disaster was lying back in the shadow. A few months before the first of the overland travelers reached Astoria, or in June, 1811, when the Tonquin was trading at Vancouver Island, up in the Nootka Sound, the Indians massacred all on board, including McKay, one of Astor's partners, and the vessel was destroyed. Then events came swiftly: the war of 1812–15; the news in 1813 that a British warship was approaching to capture Astoria; the sale of that post to the Northwest Company by Astor's treacherous British partners, when Hunt was absent on a mission to the Russian Fur Company; the arrival of the British vessel Raccoon; and the hoisting of George III's flag over the post, and the change of its name to Fort George. As a consequence of the treaty of Ghent, however, the post was handed back to the United States, and the name Astoria was restored.

Astor never established a post there again. When the war broke out he asked President Madison for letters of marque to equip an armed vessel at his own expense to defend his Pacific colony, but the appeal was ignored. Had that small favor been granted, Astor would probably have maintained himself at Astoria, despite the apathy or treachery of his British partners. In 1817 Astor offered to reëstablish his post at Astoria, if President Monroe would give him the protection of the American flag and a few soldiers, but again he was refused. If there had been a man of imagination and courage in the White House in those days, — a man like Roosevelt, or like Jefferson, who had already promised protection to Astor when the Pacific colony was first projected, — these reasonable measures of recognition would have been granted.

If they had been granted, what would have been the outcome? With his large resources, his sea-base, and his Russian affiliations, it is extremely probable that Astor would have shut out the Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies from all trade west of the Rocky Mountains; the controversy with England over the title to the Oregon region (then including everything up to the Alaskan line), which ended in 1846 by the compromise that gave us all the territory below the 49th parallel, would have been averted; the present British Columbia and Yukon, which were not valued highly by anybody in those days, would have been ours by the peaceable process of occupation and expansion; and then, when California came into our hands in 1848, and when Russia handed over Alaska to us in 1867, we should have had an unbroken coast line from San Diego up to Point Barrow, in the Arctic Ocean. In that event, restricted to the east side of the Rockies, as she would have been, Canada would probably long ago have asked for annexation; the great lakes and Hudson's Bay would have been near the centre of our territory; and the place of the United States upon the world's map, and her present influence in the world's councils, would have been much greater.

But though the war of 1812 ended the career of the Pacific Fur Company, and

left Astor poorer than he was in 1808, when he obtained his charter for the American Fur Company, great days were just ahead for that corporation. The story of the American Fur Company's operations between the lakes and the Rocky Mountains will now be told in connection with that of a company which, during the dozen years of its existence, was to be the most formidable of all of Astor's American rivals.

III

"To Enterprising Young Men.— The subscriber wishes to engage 100 young men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed for one, two, or three years. For particulars apply to Major Andrew Henry, near the lead mines in the county of Washington, who will ascend with and command the party, or to the subscriber, near St. Louis.

William H. Ashley."

This advertisement in the *Missouri Republican*, the progenitor of the present *St. Louis Republic*, on March 20, 1822, brought many responses, and resulted in the enrollment of Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson, William L. Sublette, his brother Milton G. Sublette, Robert Campbell, James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, James P. Beckwourth, Mike Fink, Etienne Provost, and many others, all of whom were young and adventurous, some of whom were under twenty, and many of whom became prominent in the annals of the American trade. The Andrew Henry who is here mentioned, and who was much older than the men just named, was the Henry whom we met in Lisa's Missouri Fur Company a few year earlier. Ashley, the signer of the advertisement, was then Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, and later on (1831–37) was a member of Congress. This was the origin, and some of the personnel, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

At this point in the narrative let us take a glance at some of the mutations of fortune which were lying in ambush for a few of the persons just named. Beckwourth, alternately trapper, chief of the Crow Indians, rebel against the Mexican government in California before Frémont's advent, and Munchausen yarn-spinner, led as fantastic a life as any of Gilbert and Sullivan's characters. Mike Fink, "the last of the flat-boatmen," and hero of many queer adventures, treacherously killed his associate, Carpenter, in 1823, on the first expedition of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to the upper waters of the Missouri, while pretending to perform his familiar feat of putting a bullet through a cup filled with whiskey perched on Carpenter's head, and was himself soon afterward killed in revenge by Carpenter's friend Talbot, who a few months later was mysteriously drowned in the Teton River, Montana. Campbell became a bank president and hotel-owner in St. Louis in the after time, and was appointed an Indian commissioner by President Grant. Bridger, in his later days, was successively an outfitter and a guide for emigrants, a pathfinder for government explorers and for the Union Pacific Railway, and was a farmer near Kansas City at the time of his death in 1881, his activities spanning the period between the days of President Monroe and those of President Garfield. Jedediah S. Smith, a Galahad of the Plains, was killed by the Comanches in 1831, down on the Santa Fé trail.

Starting from St. Louis in April, 1822, with their merchandise, traps, and general equipage, in two large keelboats, and with many of the men on horseback or on foot, Henry's party, in that first expedition of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, intended to push on to the Great Falls of the Missouri that season, to erect a post there, and with that as a base to ascend the river to the Three Forks, where the men expected to do most of their trapping. One of their keelboats sank, however, near the mouth of the Kaw, opposite the present Kansas City, and most of their horses were stolen by

a roving band of the Assiniboines, just below the Mandan villages, — mishaps which forced them to change their plans and build a post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, in Montana, just across the border from North Dakota.

Advancing toward the Great Falls in the spring of 1823, Henry was attacked by his old enemies the Blackfeet, some of his men were killed, and he and the others were driven back to the Yellowstone. About the same time his partner Ashley, moving up the Missouri with a supply of horses, was attacked by the Arikaras: many of his men and some of his horses were killed, most of the others' horses were captured, and the remainder of the party retreated to the mouth of the Comanche River, near the centre of South Dakota. Henry got into communication with Ashley, and both of them, with Pilcher of the Missouri Fur Company and other traders, joined in Colonel Leavenworth's spectacular but futile military expedition to "punish" the Arikaras, which those wily red men derided. In the fall, Henry moved his base from the mouth of the Yellowstone up that stream to the confluence of the Bighorn, where Lisa had built his post in 1807.

Fortune now turned in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's favor. Provost and a party of hunters, sent out by Henry, in the closing months of 1823, discovered South Pass, in Wyoming, where the Sweetwater River, on its way to the North Platte, breaks through the main chain of the Rocky Mountains — that gateway of the after time through which went Marcus Whitman, Frémont, and the others who traversed the Oregon trail. Crossing South Pass, Provost found beaver so plentiful on the Grand and Green rivers, and along the streams running into Great Salt Lake (which Bridger discovered in the winter of 1824–25), that the company withdrew all its posts from the upper Missouri and gave its whole attention to the region west of the continental divide.

For the big stationary trading-posts of the previous days, Ashley now substituted a system of rallying points in the valleys, sometimes changed from year to year, as the exigencies demanded, but always announced a year in advance. This was the beginning of the annual summer round-ups for the collection, purchase, and shipment of furs to the market, which were adopted by all the companies afterward. To these rendezvous came Indians, traders, and also free trappers, those daring and independent personages who, refusing employment by the big corporations, came and went in small parties, trapping when and where they chose, and meeting privation and peril singlehanded.

Having received fairly good returns in 1824 from his men on the other side of the divide, Ashley, with a large party, set out from St. Louis in October of that year, by way of the Missouri and the South Platte, crossed over into the Green River valley, in Wyoming, wintered there went down the Green River by boats in the spring of 1825, then pushed across the country through Utah, trapping along some of the streams through the Salt Lake basin, and swung eastward to the rendezvous on the Green River. Collecting there all the skins which had been gathered by his own party, and by those of his men who worked nearer the mountains, Ashley, with a few companions, crossed through South Pass, built bull-boats on the Bighorn, and sailed down, with his stock of furs, by way of the Yellowstone and the Missouri, to St. Louis, reaching that town in October. In those twelve months of 1824–25 he had made a circuit of 5000 miles, extending from the Mississippi to a point near the easterly border of California, and from Kansas to Montana. In that period he and his men explored much territory wholly or virtually unknown until then; and, with Provost's discovery of South Pass in 1823, and Bridger's of Great Salt Lake in 1824, added much to the geography and nomenclature of the West.

On a smaller scale, and in a somewhat different field, Ashley repeated this ex-

ploit in 1827. This time with a large party, he went up the North Platte, through South Pass, and off to Cache Valley, north of Great Salt Lake, the point of the rendezvous that year. But now he began to tire of the privations and perils of mountain adventure. He was 48 years of age, had accumulated a large fortune in the trade, had just married in St. Louis, and was anxious to go into politics once more. His old partner, Henry, had retired a year earlier, and in 1826 he sold his interest in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson, William L. Sublette, and one or two others, and a few years later went to Congress, where he served for six years.

Smith signalized his advent as senior partner in the newly-organized company by a daring dash into the unknown. Starting in August, 1826, from their temporary base near Great Salt Lake, with fifteen men, he pushed down through Utah and Nevada into California (all of which territory had just broken away from Spain and was part of the new republic of Mexico), trapping on the way, as opportunity offered. Swinging northward along the California coast to the Columbia, and passing through Oregon and Washington, he came up with Sublette and Jackson, on Henry's Fork of the Snake River, in August, 1829. In those three years all of Smith's men except three had been killed by the Indians, yet he brought to the rendezvous $20,000, the proceeds of the sale of his furs to Dr. John McLaughlin, the Hudson's Bay Company's agent at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia. Smith, Jackson, and Sublette sold out their interest in the company soon afterward, entered the Santa Fé trade, and in 1831 Smith was killed by the Indians when crossing the Cimmaron desert, in the present state of Oklahoma.

On account of the competition of newcomers into the field, and particularly because of the rivalry of Astor's American Fur Company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company dissolved in 1834. In its dozen years of history it sent over 1000 packs of furs to St. Louis, worth about $500,000. It lost 100 men, nearly all of them killed by the Indians. Its members made known to the country the greater part of the region from South Pass and the sources of the Platte westward through the valleys of the Green and Grand rivers and the Salt Lake basin, and down into California. After Colter, of Lisa's Missouri Fur Company, its men were the first whites to see the Yellowstone wonderland. The company was a school from which graduated many of the pathfinders who, in a later day, assisted the government in the exploration of the West.

Operating from its base on the lakes, the American Fur Company established its Western Department at St. Louis in 1822, the year in which Ashley and Henry formed their Rocky Mountain Fur Company; it worked its way up the Missouri and the principal tributaries of that stream, buying out some of its competitors, crushing a few of them, temporarily coalescing with others; and, after the dissolution of the Missouri Fur Company in 1830, and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company in 1834, absorbing most of the great St. Louis traders. In the third of a century after its rehabilitation, at the close of the war with England, the names on its rolls included several of the Chouteaus, Ramsay Crooks, Russell Farnham, Kenneth McKenzie, Bernard Berthold, James Bridger, Robert Campbell, Joshua Pilcher, Andrew Drips, Charles Larpenteur, and many others who were prominent in the fur trade, some of whom had previously been active rivals of the company.

In prosecuting its work, the American Fur Company established many posts in the West, chiefly on the rivers, among them being Fort Union, on the Missouri, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, on North Dakota's western border, in 1828; Fort McKenzie, on the Missouri, near the mouth of the Marias, in Montana, in 1832; Fort Cass, on the Yellowstone, near the confluence of the Bighorn, in the same state; Fort Pierre, near the present

capital of South Dakota, in the same year; Fort Laramie, near the junction of the Laramie and the Platte, in Wyoming, in 1835; Fort Bridger, on Black's Fork of the Green River, in Wyoming, in 1843; and Fort Benton, in Montana, at the head of navigation on the Missouri, in 1845. Some of these are the sites of flourishing communities to-day.

The company, too, gave to steamboating the first real impetus that it received on the Missouri. When, in 1811, the New Orleans, built by Nicholas Roosevelt, granduncle of the ex-President, was launched at Pittsburg, steamed down the Ohio and Mississippi and began to ply between New Orleans and Natchez, the steamboat made its first appearance west of the Alleghanies. The first which went up the Mississippi, north of the mouth of the Ohio, the General Pike, tied up at the levee in St. Louis in 1817. In 1819 the Independence, the Missouri's pioneer steamboat, went up that stream to Franklin, near the centre of the state of Missouri, and a few weeks later the Western Engineer, carrying Major Long's exploring party, sailed up a few hundred miles farther. The American Fur Company ran the first steamboat which appeared on the upper waters of the Missouri, — the Yellowstone, which went to Fort Pierre in 1831, and to Fort Union in 1832. Among its passengers on the latter trip was George Catlin, the artist, then making his first visit to the Indian country, in which he resided many years. The company's steamboats made a powerful impression upon the imagination of the Indians all along the river's banks, and gave Astor's corporation a prestige which drove the Hudson's Bay Company out of the competition for the trade of the upper waters of the western section of the United States.

But after seventy-one years of life, fifty of which had been passed in the fur trade, Astor — a man of magnificent dreams, many of which he transmuted into facts — retired in 1834, and invested his immense fortune in real estate in New York, the advance in value of which has made the Astors, with the exception of the Rothschilds, the wealthiest family in the world. At his death in 1848 his estate, estimated at $20,000,000, which has been multiplied many times by his descendants, was the largest ever accumulated up to that day in the United States.

When Astor sold out his interest in 1834, the great corporation dissolved. Crooks headed a company which bought out its Northern Department, on the lakes, with headquarters at Mackinaw; while the Western Department, operated from St. Louis, was purchased by Pratte, Chouteau & Co. The former retained the name American Fur Company, though it was sometimes applied to the latter also. But the company's great days died with Astor's departure. Each concern, through reorganizations, the death or retirement of partners, and the entrance of new shareholders, passed through many mutations, and both disappeared when purchased by the Northwest Fur Company, organized in 1854 by J. B. Hubbell, with headquarters at St. Paul.

" After twenty-five years the American population has begun to extend itself to the Oregon," exclaimed Thomas H. Benton, in a speech in the Senate in 1843. " Two thousand are now setting out from the frontiers of Missouri. I say to them all, ' Go on. The government will follow you, and give you protection and land.' Let the emigrants go on, and carry their rifles. Thirty thousand rifles on the Oregon will annihilate the Hudson's Bay Company, drive them off our continent. The settlers in Oregon will also recover and open for us the North American road to India. This road lies through the South Pass and the mouth of the Oregon."

Even more than the entrance of the small traders and the increase in the number of the free trappers, the advent of the emigrants was the force which altered the character of the fur-gathering industry. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, of Wenham, Massachusetts, and a party of New Englanders, built a fishery at the mouth of the Wil-

lamette in 1832. Jason and Daniel Lee in 1834, and Marcus Whitman in 1835, set up missions in the valley of the Columbia, all crossing through Provost's South Pass. At the moment when Benton was bidding God-speed to the great procession of home-builders which was filing through Independence, Missouri, headed toward the sunset, Fort Bridger was being erected by the noted frontiersman of that name on Black's Fork of Green River in Wyoming, to furnish outfits for emigrants; while far to the west, on the Pacific side of the Cascade Mountains, a company of settlers was gathering at Champoeg to frame a provisional government for Oregon.

Then came England's withdrawal from the whole of the Oregon region in 1846, and her retirement to the north side of the 49th parallel; the arrival of the Mormons at Great Salt Lake in 1847; the annexation of Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, and California in 1848, as a result of the Mexican war; James W. Marshall's gold discovery in the raceway of Sutton's mill on the American Fork of the Sacramento, in the same year; the onrush of argonauts, adventurers, and settlers, from all quarters of the globe to the Pacific coast; the appearance of hundreds of trappers and hunters as guides on the Oregon, Salt Lake, and California trails; and the days of the great fur companies were ended.

IV

Nevertheless, more furs are trapped and sold in the United States to-day than ever before. St. Louis is still the leading primary collecting and distributing point for raw furs — the furs as they come direct from the trapper — in this country, though New York, Chicago, St. Paul, and San Francisco also figure prominently in this rôle. In value, ten times as many skins come to St. Louis each year now as came during the height of the activity of the Missouri, the American, and the Rocky Mountain Fur companies. They come from Manitoba, British Columbia, Athabasca, Yukon, Alaska, as well as from the greater part of the region south of the 49th parallel, a far larger field than was accessible in Lisa's, Astor's, and Ashley's days. The value of the furs handled in St. Louis in the season of 1908–09 was about $4,000,000.

The methods of the fur trade, as well as the animals which figure in it, have changed widely, however, since the old days. Astor, Lisa, Henry, and their immediate successors sent their own hunters and trappers to the fur-bearing fields, in large numbers and on stated salaries, and these sent their catch to the collecting and distributing points of their companies. On the dissolution of the big corporations, buyers from the trade-centres would go into the trapping country and purchase from the Indians, the independent trappers, and the small collectors.

To-day Funsten Brothers & Co., of St. Louis, who may be said to be the real successors of the old companies, forward price-lists by mail to individual trappers far and near, and these send their catch, by boat or rail, chiefly by rail, direct to them. Their mailing-list comprises nearly 400,000 persons, covering all parts of the American continent and the islands of the Pacific. They send their remittance immediately to the trapper, less 5 per cent for commission; and then, by public sale, dispose of the furs to representatives of manufacturers and buyers, foreign as well as American. During the active season, which is the winter months, their sales range from $50,000 to $60,000 a day. This system, which is followed by most of the buyers of raw furs to-day, throughout the United States, eliminates some middlemen and jobbers of recent times, gives the trapper a quicker market and better prices for his stock, lets the consumer, except in the case of the more costly furs, get her coat, muff, and boa cheaper than in the earlier days, and brings the original and the ultimate wearer of the skin almost within speaking distance of each other.

This proximity is physical as well as social, for many of to-day's trappers are

"snappers-up of unconsidered trifles" which are in the immediate neighborhood of most of us, like muskrats, opossums, skunks, civet cats (a branch of the skunk family), raccoons, white weasels (American ermine), and other animals which the giants of the fur trade of two-thirds of a century ago would have scorned to touch. Along the Mississippi, Missouri, and Illinois river "bottoms," in the swamps of New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, and on the Connecticut, Penobscot, Mohawk, and other streams of most of the states, old and new, millions of muskrats in the aggregate are caught every year, and although their market value is only a fifteenth or a twentieth of that of the beaver, they represent more money to the trade than the beaver ever did in his best days.

Formerly so plentiful that they acted as currency in the traffic between the whites and the Indians, the beaver-skins which reach the market now are far exceeded numerically, not only by most of the cheaper pelts just mentioned, but also by the mink, marten, red and gray foxes, fisher, and others of the more costly furs. The buffalo-skin, which formerly rivaled the beaver in number, has disappeared from the market; the sea otter, which furnished 50,000 pelts a year, two or three decades ago, yielded only 400 in 1907; and the seal will soon vanish commercially unless an agreement is reached between the maritime governments to stop the wanton destruction.

> But I 've six thousand skins below and Yeddo port to see,
> And there 's never a law of God or man runs north of 53.

The seal-poachers' code remains as it was in the days of Kipling's Yankee skipper, Reuben Payne; but Yeddo, and not Gloucester or Provincetown, furnishes the poachers. Most of the seal pirates of today are Japanese. The Pribylof Islands of Alaska, the principal home of the fur seal, which had a herd of 5,000,000 in 1872, have only 150,000 now. Nothing save concerted action by the powers, to which Japan is a party, can head off, in the case of the seals, an early repetition of the tragedy of the buffalo.

In point of value per skin, the silver fox, the black fox, and the sea otter, head the list among the peltries of the United States and Canada. From $200 or $300 they range, for choice skins, to $2000 for sea otter, and $3000 for each of these varieties of fox. These particular foxes, which were always rare, send only 200 or 300 skins to the market each year now. A few are found along our northern border, from Minnesota westward, but most of them come from Alaska and from the provinces of Athabasca and Yukon. Several farms have recently been started in the United States and Canada to raise silver and black foxes for the market.

The aggregate value of the fur catch of the United States in 1908 was about $10,000,000, including the seals of Alaska; and that of Canada was about $5,000,000. These two countries produce more than half of the fur yield which enters into the world's commerce. The world's great fur markets are New York, London, Leipzig, and Nijni Novgorod in Russia. London's annual auction sales of furs, particularly those of C. M. Lampson & Co., attract buyers from all over the globe. Until recently, London was the leading manufacturing point for furs, but New York has now gone far to the front. The fur manufacturers of New York City have a capital of $11,000,000; they employ 6000 persons, and manufacture annually $15,000,000 worth of materials into $26,000,000 worth of finished products.

V

Let nobody, however, imagine that the vanishing of the hostile red man, the absence of the pride, pomp, and circumstance which attended the incursions into the trapping fields of the great companies of former days, the appearance of the smaller and cheaper animals among the assets of the peltry dealer, and the advent of the merchant who, from his desk at the

purchasing centres, communicates by mail with the individual trappers, far and near, have robbed the fur trade of all its old romance. Most of the Indians of to-day are as peaceful, and nearly as unpicturesque, as the average white man. In Mrs. Sigourney's words, however:—

> But their name is on your waters,
> Ye may not wash it out.
> 'T is where Ontario's billow
> Like ocean's surge is curled,
> Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
> The echo of the world.
> Where red Missouri bringeth
> Rich tribute from the West,
> And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
> On green Virginia's breast.

The railways of Messrs. Harriman and Hill traverse the trails along which the Blackfeet, the Sioux, and the Arikaras drove Andrew Henry, Ashley, Colter, and their associates; yet the names of the stations, of the streams, and of the mountain passes along those lines ought to enable the average intelligent patron of those roads to reconstruct, in imagination, a little of the stirring life of the old dead days.

A little over a third of a century ago, travelers on the railways in Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado would sometimes find the buffalo in rather embarrassing profusion. The writer of this article chanced to be on the old Kansas Pacific road, in 1868, in a train which was delayed about two hours by an immense herd which were leisurely crossing the track, and seven or eight years later he still met them in as great numbers in the present Oklahoma, in Wyoming, and even in Colorado. Though this spectacle will not be seen again, the buffaloes which are in Yellowstone Park will preserve the race in the United States from extinction. Moreover, an act passed by Congress in the spring of 1908 insures the mustering of a national herd in the Flathead reservation, in Montana, and soon the passengers on the Northern Pacific railway will be able to see a range extending seven miles along that road, in which the buffalo, secure from molestation, will roam with a little of his old-time freedom.

Battling with hunger, thirst, blizzards, wolves, and bears, the hunter of the larger game still finds some of the adventurous life of the earlier times.

> Give me the lure of the long white trail,
> With the winds blowing strong in my face as I go;
> Give me the sound of the wolf-dog's wail,
> And the crunch of the moccasins on the snow.

From the far-off Yukon last winter a trapper traveled over the "long white trail" 5330 miles to St. Louis, with his packs of mink, marten, lynx, and silver fox-skins loaded on a sled drawn by about a dozen dogs; and after disposing of the furs to Funsten Brothers for $11,000, he went on to Washington with his principal "huskie," his lead-dog, and presented it to President Roosevelt.

Up on many of the streams of Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, the beaver is making what may turn out to be his last stand, yet he is likely to remain as long as the present generation of trappers. On the northern border of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, and Idaho, elk, moose, and an occasional antelope are found, while all of them are more numerous across the international boundary line in Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan.

Have all of America's trails been broken? Are there no more hidden places to be discovered under the stars and stripes? Is 1909 unable to furnish us with any Wild West except what it shows us under Buffalo Bill's tent? No, we have not broken with the spacious times of the 20's and the 30's of the recent century quite so completely as that. Along the valleys of the Yukon, the Tanana, and the Kuskokwim there are great stretches of territory in which the white man would be almost as strange a visitor as he would have been a century and a half ago. From his lair in the Rocky or the Cascade Mountains, the grizzly, as belligerent as when he was encountered by Lewis and Clark, and with the spirit of the gladiator of old when about to die, still stands ready to salute Cæsar.

THE ULTIMATE RACE PROBLEM

BY KELLY MILLER

THE adjustment of the forward and backward races of mankind is, without doubt, the most urgent problem that presses upon the twentieth century for solution. The range of this problem is not limited to any country or continent or hemisphere; its area is as wide as the inhabitable globe. The factors involved are as intricate in their relations, and as far-reaching in their consequences, as any that have ever taxed human wisdom for solution. A problem as wide as human interest, and as deep as human passion, will not yield to hasty nostrums or passionate dogma, but calls for statesmanlike breadth of view, philanthropic tolerance of spirit, and exact social knowledge.

The local phase of this question in the United States has become so aggravated and acute that our solicitous philosophers are prone to treat it as an isolated phenomenon, separate and apart from the world-wide problem of which it forms but a fragment. But the slow processes of social forces pay little heed to our fitful solicitude. Indeed, the bane of sociological endeavor is the feverish eagerness of the extemporaneous reformer to apply his premature programme of relief to every local symptom, without adequate knowledge of social law and cause. We get a broader and better grasp upon the race problem in America, when we view it in the light of the larger whole. As the astronomer cannot divine the course and career of a particular planet without a broad knowledge of the underlying laws that govern the solar system, nor the naturalist gain any adequate notion of a single animal or plant unless his observation and study is based upon a general conception of the species to which it belongs, so the student of social problems will not wisely draw conclusions from a single contributory factor, to the neglect of the general product. In the great social scheme of things, the adjustment of man to man is a unitary problem, and the various modes of manifestation, growing out of place and condition, are but parts " of one stupendous whole."

In attempting the solution of any problem of a social nature, we should first seek to separate those factors that are universal and unchanging in their operation from those that are of a special and peculiar nature. The primary principle which runs like a thread through all human history is the communicability of the processes of civilization among the various branches of the human family. This is indeed the determining factor in the solution of the universal race problem that confronts the world to-day.

It so happens, in the process of human development, that the whiter races at present represent the forward and progressive section of the human family, while the darker varieties are relatively backward and belated. That the relative concrete superiority of the European is due to the advantage of historical environment rather than to innate ethnic endowment, a careful study of the trend of social forces leaves little room to doubt. Temporary superiority of this or that breed of men is only a transient phase of human development. In the history of civilization the various races and nations rise and fall like the waves of the sea, each imparting an impulse to its successor, which pushes the process further and further forward.

Civilization is not an original process with any race or nation known to history, but the torch is passed from age to age, and gains in brilliancy as it goes. Those who for the time being stand

at the apex of prestige and power are ever prone to indulge in "Such boasting as the Gentiles use," and claim everlasting superiority over the "lesser breeds." Nothing less could be expected of human vanity and pride. But history plays havoc with the vainglorious boasting of national and racial conceit. Where are the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Egyptians, who once lorded it over the earth? In the historical recessional of races, they are "one with Nineveh and Tyre." Expeditions must be sent from some distant continent to unearth the glorious monuments of their ancestors from beneath the very feet of their degenerate descendants. The lordly Greeks who ruled the world through the achievements of the mind, who gave the world Homer and Socrates and Phidias in the heyday of their glory, have so sunken in the scale of excellence that, to use the language of Macaulay, "their people have degenerated into timid slaves and their language into a barbarous jargon." On the other hand, the barbarians who, Aristotle tells us, could not count beyond the ten fingers in his day, subsequently produced Kant and Shakespeare and Newton. The Arab and the Moor for a season led the van of the world's civilization.

Because any particular race or class has not as yet been caught up by the current of the world-movement is no adequate reason to conclude that it must forever fall without the reach of its onward flow. If history teaches any clear lesson, it is that civilization is communicable to the tougher and hardier breeds of men whose physical stamina can endure the awful stress of transmission. To damn a people to everlasting inferiority because of deficiency in historical distinction shows the same faultiness of logic as the assumption that what never has been never can be. The application of this test a thousand years ago would have placed under the ban of reproach all of the virile and vigorous nations of modern times.

In present-day discussion concerning the advanced and backward races of men, much stress is laid on what is called the white man's civilization, as if this color possessed exclusive proprietorship in the process. We might as well speak of the white man's multiplication table. It is impossible to conceal the secret and method of civilization as a quack secretes the formula of his patent nostrum. The lighted candle is not placed under a bushel but on a candlestick, and gives light unto all who come within range of its radiant influence. We reward with a patent right the originator of a new process, guaranteeing him the benefit of the first fruit of the creation of his genius; but its value to the inventor is always proportional to the diffusion of benefits among his fellow-men. And so the race or nation that first contrives a process or introduces an idea may indeed enjoy its exclusive benefit for a season, but it will inevitably be handed down to the rest of the world which is prepared to appropriate and apply its principles. When a thought or a thing is once given to the world, it can no more be claimed as the exclusive property of the person or people who first gave it vogue, than gold when it has once been put in circulation can be claimed as the exclusive possession of the miner who first dug it from its hiding place in the bowels of the earth. The invention of letters has banished all mystery from civilization. Nothing can be hidden that shall not be revealed. There can be no lost arts in the modern world. England to-day can utilize no process of art or invention that is not equally available to Japan. The most benighted people of the earth, when touched by the world-current, become at once "the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

There is in every potential cult the pent-up spirit to multiply and expand itself. The impulse to disseminate as widely as possible that which stirs our own feelings or moves our own imagination is a law of social, as well as of individual,

psychology. It becomes the gospel of glad tidings which we are constrained to proclaim to all the people. " Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature " is a vital mandate that applies to every type of civilization as well as to the religion of Jesus. While it is true that it is only in religious propagandism that the missionary motive is conscious and purposive, yet the principles of secular civilization are no less effectively imparted because the altruistic motive may not be a conscious part of the policy of those promoting them. The blessings of a higher civilization have always been vouchsafed to overridden peoples by their ambitious exploiters, and its secret and method proclaimed to " every creature " within the expanding circle of its influence. The self-seeking aggressor becomes the unconscious missionary of the language, laws, institutions, customs, manners, and method of the higher form of development which he represents; the soldier in quest of dominion brings system and discipline; the merchant's greed for gain introduces the comforts, conveniences, and refinements of the higher life; the pedagogue looking for a livelihood spreads a knowledge of literature and the subtler influences that minister to the higher needs of the mind.

The European races are now overrunning the world in quest of new resources to exploit, and are thus coming into close and intimate contact with the various weaker breeds of men. The commercial spirit is the ruling passion of the dominant world to-day. The whole surface of the inhabitable globe is practically parceled out among the stronger nations within defined spheres of influence. It is easy to predict the continuance of this process until " every creature " has been touched by modern civilization. The wonderful growth of exact knowledge and its application to the forces of nature is rendering this contact easy and inevitable. Steam and electricity have annihilated distance and banished the terrors of the deep; preventive and remedial medicine has neutralized the baleful influence of climate, and checked the ravage of disease; the hardship of pioneer life is lessened by the easy transportation of material comforts, and the loneliness of isolation is relieved by the transmission of intelligence which is flashed around the world swifter than the wings of the morning. We may naturally expect that less and less heed will be paid to the fixity of the bounds of habitation of the various races and nations that dwell upon the face of the earth. The outcome of this contact constitutes the race problem of the world. As water when unrestrained flows from a higher to a lower level till equilibrium is established, so we may expect this stream to flow down and out from the higher fount until the various races and tribes of men reach an equilibrium of civilization and culture.

The place of education in human development is a principle whose importance is just beginning to dawn upon the world. Knowledge is the great equalizing factor in modern civilization. At one time it was thought that divine favor made one man lord over another. It was but a short step from the divine right of the ruler to the divine right of race. But we are gaining a clearer and clearer conviction that racial, like individual, superiority depends upon knowledge, discipline, and efficiency, which may be imparted largely by education. A people may gain or lose its place according as it holds aloof from or keeps in touch with the highest attained efficiency of the world. The powers and forces of nature are not enchanted by any sorcery of race, but yield their secret and mystery to the application of knowledge. Steam and electricity, wind and wave and sunlight, will work as willingly for a backward as for a forward race. The only advantage that the latter possesses is a predisposition to a better discipline, and a higher social efficiency. It does not appear that it possesses a better grasp upon the recondite principles of knowledge. Education can be relied upon to discount, if not to liquidate, the disadvantage under

which the backward races labor. Nor is it necessary for such races to repeat the slow steps and stages by which present greatness has been attained. He who comes at the eleventh hour is placed on equal terms with him who has borne the heat and burden of the day in the vineyard of civilization. It takes the child of the most favored race twenty-five years to absorb the civilization of the world. The child of the backward race can accomplish the same feat in the same space of time. Japan is teaching the world that she can appropriate and apply the agencies of civilization as readily, and wield them as effectively, as the most favored nations of Europe. What Japan has done can be repeated by China, or India, or Africa, or by any hardy people with territorial and national integrity who will assimilate the principles of modern progress through education, and helpful contact with those nations which are now in the forefront of things.

There are three distinct modes of race-contact: (1) where the European takes up permanent residence among the weaker race, as in Australia, South Africa, and Hawaii; (2) where the white man has no expectation of permanent residence, but aims merely at political and commercial domination, as in India, North and Central Africa, and the Polynesian Isles; and (3) where the weaker race has been introduced into the land of the stronger for the sake of industrial exploitation, as in the United States, South America, and the West Indian archipelago. The several phases of the race problem growing out of these different modes of contact are too often overlooked in current discussion.

The conceivable lines of outcome of race contact are: the enslavement of the weaker, or, what amounts to the same thing, its subordination into an inferior caste; the extermination of the weaker; expulsion either of the weaker or of the stronger; amalgamation or absorption; and amicable adjustment and continuance of distinct ethnic types. All of these processes will doubtless contribute in part to the solution of this problem. The outcome will not be uniform and invariable, but will depend upon the nature and complexity of underlying conditions.

In the United States this problem presents many interesting and unique phases which cause the student of social subjects to bestow upon it a degree of attention beyond that accorded any other point of race-contact throughout the world. Its workings are watched with the keenest interest, and much reliance is placed upon its indications, because it presents the widest types of ethnic divergence in the closest intimacy of contact.

1. In this terrible process of race-attrition, millions of the weaker races will be utterly destroyed. Whole tribes and groups and sub-races will perish from the face of the earth. Civilization is a savor of life unto life and of death unto death, and its beneficence is reserved only for those who are endowed with power to endure. The red and brown races have faded before the march of civilization as a flower before the chilling breath of autumn. The Australian has gone; the red Indian has been dispatched to his happy hunting-ground in the sky; many of the scattered fragments of the isles of the sea have vanished away, while others are waiting gloomily in the valley of the shadow of death. These people have perished and are perishing, not so much by force and violence, as because they were not able to adjust themselves to the swift and sudden changes which an encroaching civilization imposed. In Hawaii they have faded under the mild and kindly dispensation of the missionary of the Cross, quite as inevitably as if swept away by shot and shell. Even the American Indian has not succumbed so much as the victim of violence as the prey of the easily communicable vices of civilization. The frontier of civilization will always be infested with social renegades and outcasts, who flee from the light to hide their evil deeds. They carry with them the seeds of degenerative evil which destroy

both mind and body. These become the consorts of the weaker race among whom they sow the seeds of death.

It seems that where the backward race is thinly scattered over a wide area or thickly settled upon a limited territory, the white race is inclined to take up permanent settlement, which in the end is apt to lead to the destruction of the feebler element. After the disappearance of the eliminable elements, the fittest, or at least the toughest, will survive. The yellow and black races, through sheer physical toughness, have demonstrated their ability to look the white man in the face and live. They not only decline to vanish before his onward march, but actually multiply and replenish the earth in face of his most strenuous exactions. In India, in South Africa, in America, and in the West Indian Islands, these races are increasing at a rate that plainly forbids the prophecy of extermination. Wherever the European establishes his high standard of governmental efficiency, checks the ravages of disease, and puts an end to internal tribal strife, these races have increased their strength at an accelerated ratio. Three-quarters of a million slaves in the United States in 1790, under the rigors of a slave régime, had swollen to four and a half million in 1860. While fresh importations from Africa contributed somewhat to this remarkable expansion, yet it was due mainly to the reproductivity of the original stock. From 1860 to 1900, during a transitory interval as trying as any people ever passed through, this four and a half million had doubled itself without outside reënforcement. The white, the yellow, and the black races will doubtless constitute the residuary factors in the world's ultimate race problem.

2. In the nomadic state of society, where population was only slightly attached to the soil, and roamed at will, without fixity of abode or permanence of abiding-place, the expulsion of the feebler element was not an unusual outcome of race-contact. But under modern conditions where the whole surface of the earth is preëmpted, and population irremovably rooted in the soil, the hegira of a numerous race from one land to another is the most absurd of all possible solutions. This method has been suggested as a possible outcome of the Negro problem in America, but the proposition has always been regarded as an idle speculation. No publicist who has regard for the sanity of his social judgment would entertain it for a moment as a serious, practicable policy.

The temporary shifting of small groups of native peoples from one locality to another has been, and doubtless will continue to be, a minor process in the scheme of race-adjustment. The American Indian is confined to reservations of diminishing boundaries, the Australian will be pushed to the outer verge of the island continent, the moribund remnants here and there will flee to the hills to hide them from the wrath of the encroaching pale-face. But this is merely the preliminary stage of extermination which is the evident doom of these flying fragments. Where the weaker race constitutes the numerical majority, and thrives in multiplying numbers, the European is apt to withdraw under the sheer force of racial momentum. The white race has been expelled from most of the West Indian Islands, because the black race proved too prolific under such a congenial habitat. In the United States the whites are gradually growing relatively fewer in the black belts, and the bedarkened regions are steadily growing in intensity. Wherever any one of the hardier races is thickly settled, it is not likely to be interfered with by competing numbers of any other race. Where the stronger race sends out only a handful of representatives to command the superior governmental and commercial positions, ultimate expulsion of the stronger is the only predictable result.

3. Wherever the white man has touched the weaker races he has never scrupled to

mingle his blood with theirs. The sons of the gods are ever prone to look lustfully upon the daughters of men. There arises a composite progeny which enters as an important factor into race-adjustment. In this regard it is necessary to make a sharp distinction between the Teutonic and the Catholic races of Europe. The Latin or Catholic nations give the mongrel offspring the status of the father, while the Teutonic or Protestant races relegate them to the status of the mother race. In the one case, the white race becomes mongrelized while the feebler element remains comparatively pure; whereas in the other, the white race remains pure while the lower race becomes mixed. In Cuba, where the Latin dispensation prevails, the mixed element is returned as white; but in the United States it is classed with the Negroes. In Cuba, Porto Rico, and South America, the mongrelization of the races is either an accomplished or an assured result.

The Mohammedan religion and the Catholic branch of the Christian faith are, without dispute, superior to the Protestant type in allaying the rancor of race-passion. The amity of race-feeling in Constantinople and Rio de Janeiro is in marked contrast with that at Richmond and Baltimore. If the Mohammedan and Catholic races were in the ascendency in the world's affairs, the mongrelization of races would assume a different aspect from what may be predicted under the dominance of the Teuton. But as these more tolerant races seem to have spent their force as world-ruling factors, we may as well place the stress of attention upon what is likely to take place under the dominance of the more intolerant races of Northern Europe. An increasing mixed breed will be the outcome of illicit intercourse between the white male and the darker female, and will be thrown back upon the status of the mother. Where the number of the weaker race is small in proportion, this will form an important factor in the final solution, but where the number is relatively large it may be regarded as a negligible quantity.

A continuous infusion of white blood would bring about a closer and closer physical approachment between the two types, until all social restrictions would be removed upon the disappearance of the ethnic difference upon which it rests. If the Negro element in our American cities was not constantly reënforced by black invasion from the rural districts it would be easy to predict its final disappearance through extinction and amalgamation. But in South Africa, portions of the West Indies, and the heavy Negro states of America, race fusion will have but little determining effect upon the general equation.

According to the United States census of 1890, there were 956,689 mulattoes, 105,135 quadroons, and 69,936 octoroons. The proportion of Negro blood in this admixture would represent about 500,000 Negroes of pure type. It must also be remembered that illicit intercourse between the races is largely limited to the mixed element, and there is likely to be very little fresh absorption of the undiluted blacks. On the other hand, the degree and grades of admixture returnable in the census represent but a small proportion of persons actually affected by admixture of blood. It is estimated that fully three-fourths of the colored race are affected by some slight strain of white blood. The octoroon and quadroon class will be apt to pass over clandestinely to the white race, in order to escape the inferior status of their mother blood. Such transition tends to widen the breach between the races. The white race will take in only such homœopathic dashes of Negro blood as to remain substantially pure. The white blood already infused in the Negro race will be more equably diffused, and the colored American will represent a more solid ethnic entity, being brown rather than black in color.

We are forbidden to prophesy any general fusion of races, by the sure knowledge that when the white race becomes

conscious of what it deems the evil of miscegenation, it bars the process both by law and public sentiment. In all the heavy Negro states the laws forbid intermarriage between the races, and, even where there is no law, public sentiment is pronounced and unmistakable.

4. There will be an attempt to relegate the backward race to an inferior status wherever the white race takes up permanent residence. When slavery was an accepted system throughout the civilized world, the process was simple and easy. But, in the absence of the fixed status of servitude, the same result is sought to be accomplished through contrivance and cunning. This policy is most clearly noticeable in the United States. Although the Negro enjoys theoretically all the rights and prerogatives of an American citizen, yet in public sentiment and in actual practice he is fixed to an inferior social, civil, political, and industrial status. But this scheme of subordination can only be local and temporary.

A caste system must be like a pyramid, each layer representing a broader area than the one resting upon it. It is impossible to form a lasting scheme of caste with a superincumbence of ten white men upon the substratum of one Negro. If the Negroes were everywhere relatively as numerous as they are in some parts of the Southern States, and if the whites were not smothered out by numerical predominance, the permanence of caste might be counted on as a calculable factor. The slave system in America was doomed to destruction because the slave element was not sufficiently numerous to support the entire white population. Even in the South there were only 500,000 slaveholders, who controlled 4,000,000 slaves, leaving 6,000,000 free whites practically on the level with Negro bondmen, a condition which could exist only until the non-slave-holding class became conscious of their condition. The free laborer of the North was the first to awake to consciousness of the fact that he was made the competitor of slave labor, a condition which he resented and resisted to the bitter end. The overthrow of slavery was due to economic, as well as to moral and philanthropic, causes. It is impossible to relegate the Negro to any status without at the same time affecting a sufficient number of white men to make up the full quota of that status. Any degradation placed upon the Negro laborer must react upon white workmen of the same grade.

The caste system in America is bound to fail, not so much from humanitarian considerations, as because it lacks a sufficient physical basis upon which to rest. Abraham Lincoln possessed an illumined understanding. His motto that a country cannot exist half-slave and half-free is just beginning to be appreciated by those who are devoted to the study of our complex national problems. New England does not make a fixed status for the Negro because, as President Eliot informs us, she does not deem it worth while. The country at large will ultimately be brought to the view that it is not worth while to establish a separate and distinct status for a diminishing fraction of the total population.

5. After the red and brown races shall have perished from the face of the earth; after the fragmentary peoples have been exterminated, expelled, or absorbed; after the diffusion of knowledge has established a world-equilibrium, there will be left the white, the yellow, and the black as the residuary races, each practically distinct in its ethnic identity, and occupying its own habitat. We can only prophesy amity, peace, and good will among these types, who will more fully appreciate than we do now that God has made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth, within assignable bounds of habitation. Whether this will be but a stage in the ultimate blending of all races in a common world-type transcends all of our present calculable data, and must be left to the play of the imagination.

THE INDUSTRIAL DILEMMA

III

THE RAILROADS AND EFFICIENCY OF SERVICE

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

THERE is in this country to-day an ever widening circle of people who desire to look beneath the surface of things. In this way the teachings and works of politicians, merchants, ministers, and railroad men, are being constantly subjected to a searching probe of inner criticism. In a score of different ways we desire to get at the truth and meaning of life, whether in regard to labor conditions or to social surroundings.

The public anxiety to which I refer has a very practical origin. On the railroads, for example, the problems relating to efficiency and safety of operation are peculiarly calculated to arouse widespread interest. But safety and efficiency are results; consequently we are first called upon to consider the methods by means of which these desirable conditions are now being encouraged and worked out in industrial circles. From the fact, then, that on our railroads labor is organized and firmly intrenched, and for the additional reason that the organization to-day is probably the most powerful influence at work in forming the type and ideals of the American railroad man, the following declaration of George B. Hugo, President of the Employers' Association of Massachusetts, should receive attention and analysis: —

"The strength, power, and cornerstone of the union structure," he affirms, "is inefficiency. Inefficiency makes stanch union men. Unionism destroys individuality, and the competitive spirit which urges men to strive to reach the top; it retards growth, offers no goal, discourages effort, says to its members, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther,' and teaches the doctrine, 'Get all you can, and do as little as possible.'"

It would hardly be possible to submit this statement to the test of a practical analysis, without first glancing at the railroad man and the railroad manager, and at their relations to each other, and to the business of the common carrier.

If the reader were to accompany an engineman, a conductor, or a trainman on one of his daily trips, I am sure he would be very much impressed with the importance and variety of his duties. If any of these men were to explain to him the system of switches and signals as the train is drawn out of one of the great terminals, his respect for the men and their jobs would be still further increased. Continuing his story, the man might post him on a variety of matters to which, perhaps, he had previously given little attention, such as the location of switches, side tracks, and branch tracks on his route, as well as on a score of rules relating to the safety of travel, and the right of way of trains of every description, at different points on his trip. Summing up, I think the investigator would come to the conclusion, not only that brainy, careful, and conscientious men are absolutely essential for the proper conduct of a railroad, but that the men he had met in his travels were of this description and calibre.

Turning his attention to the other side of the problem, if he were to pay a visit to the general offices of any of the big railroad corporations, he would doubtless be gratified to discover that probably ninety-five per cent of the men who occupy po-

sitions of responsibility and influence have risen from the low, and sometimes from the lowest, strata of railroad life. He would be informed that in the past this rule has applied with equal force to road-masters, to foremen in shops and on the road, to trainmasters and train-dispatchers, to superintendents and managers in every branch of the service.

Furthermore, if the reader should happen to be acquainted with any of these men in private life, he will, I think, agree with me that they are, as a class, more than usually gifted with breadth of intelligence, honesty of purpose, and sympathy of disposition, qualities that are universally judged to be the best qualifications for successful leadership.

So far, then, as material is concerned, the public has little reason to complain of its servants. Furthermore, it must also be confessed that to the outsider the relations between men and managers are apparently harmonious and friendly. Once in a while, it is true, there is a disturbance, and things leak out that immediately set the public mind thinking and wondering.

However, at this stage of our study, we find ourselves confronted with a peculiar situation. We have good men, good managers, apparently good intentions, but unsatisfactory results. While, for the most part, these unsatisfactory results are connected with the safety problem, which of course is of great interest to the traveling public, the fundamental issue is efficiency of service from a much wider standpoint. In a word, the railroad accident, and the question of efficiency of service in connection with it, is a problem of industrial loyalty. The problem, and the community interests that are at stake, have been connected with organized labor by Mr. Hugo, in his published opinion, with an emphasis that is quite startling. The question remains, can we bring Mr. Hugo's declaration home to the principles and policy of the unions and brotherhoods of railroad men?

To begin with, and turning our attention for a minute or two from men and managers to the methods by means of which the business of the railroad is carried on, we find the situation regulated, and to a great extent dominated, by an agreement which is always spoken of as a schedule. This schedule defines and limits the responsibilities of both manager and employee. Enginemen, conductors, firemen, trainmen, towermen, and telegraph operators have different schedules, which have been drawn up, discussed, amended as necessary, and finally signed by railroad managers and committees of employees. In this way both man and manager are unionized to the extent, and under the terms, of the schedule. Broadly speaking, it can be said that this schedule has had the effect of limiting the initiative and personal authority of the manager, but there is one peculiarity about it that is worthy of notice. It is a secret document, and as soon as signed it is buried from view, and exempt from public discussion. In effect, the schedule says to man and manager, "Take your medicine, or your increase of pay for another year, and keep quiet."

This secrecy accounts for the lack of interest manifested by the public in a document which is so vitally interesting to the community. The press, also, is not interested where no discussion of any importance seems to be called for. Neither does the press show any disposition to ask men or managers a single question which would be liable to create a ripple on the surface of such harmonious relations.

Now, there is a distinct line to be drawn through the middle of this schedule, the result and working out of which, it is evident, is what the public secures in terms of service. On the one hand, we have the clauses that define the railroad man's hours of labor, the nature of his duties, and the remuneration connected with them. On the other, we have certain stipulations in regard to discipline, to the right of appeal, to principles and methods

of promotion, and to kindred matters that relate to the fulfillment of the service which every employee owes to the public as well as to the railroad.

It is with the latter we have now to do, and it is evident that if Mr. Hugo's interpretation of organized labor can be applied to railroad men, and the service they render the public, the trouble must be looked for in the schedule, and in the allegiance of the men to its principles.

But Mr. Hugo has not raised a question of detail. In plainest language, he is describing a state of industrial disloyalty to certain fundamental social requirements. Organized labor, according to him, is a menace to the best interests of human society. We understand this at once when we compare his statement with the following extract from *The Social Unrest*, by Mr. John Graham Brooks: —

"The Race sets no such value upon anything as upon individuality and freedom." And again, "Unless Society deteriorates, it must give free play to liberty, variety, and individuality." What then have American railroad managers and employees to say to this indictment? Let the situation on the railroads to-day speak for itself.

A short time ago, in a lecture at Harvard, a high official of perhaps the largest railroad system in America made a statement somewhat as follows: —

"In the past it has been the invariable rule and policy of nearly every American railroad to bestow upon their own men the higher offices and executive positions as they become vacant, or as opportunity offers. But I am sorry to say we are being gradually compelled to abandon this policy, and to look elsewhere, particularly to the colleges, for our material. It takes a great many years of close touch with, and of practical interest in, the managing department to fit any employee for an executive position, and with the situation as it is to-day, no employee could consistently follow out such a line of endeavor without becoming estranged from his union. But when loyalty to the union takes precedence of loyalty to the railroad, our supply of capable men is cut off. And besides, in a number of ways, the labor organizations require the services of their best men for their own offices and purposes, so the railroads must now look elsewhere for their material."

Here is a condition of affairs in which the legitimate growth of the railroad man is checked, and stanch union men are being created at the expense of the railroad and the interests of the traveling public. The point is, not that a man prefers an office in his organization to one on his railroad, but that the company should have the first call on his loyalty and services, and does not get it. The general efficiency of the service suffers in consequence.

But, comparatively speaking, the situation I have alluded to is an insignificant phase of the problem on our railroads. The real issue is the seniority rule, and what follows in its train. This rule is responsible for the obliteration of incentive, and the discouragement of effort, to which Mr. Hugo calls attention in such forcible language. There is no concealment about the nature or intent of this rule, or the quarter from which it has emanated. It was initiated, and it is now upheld, as the corner-stone of the union structure on the railroad, by the employee himself. He has elected to stake his own future, and that of coming generations of railroad men, upon a principle that cuts out merit and ability as factors in promotion, and converts ambition and the desire to excel into the inflexible mandate, "Take your turn."

But the American railroad man is wide-awake and intellectual. He realizes the weakness of his position. In his own organization, seniority cuts little figure; merit and ability are the prime factors considered when committees are appointed or officials are elected. But the employee, after giving years of thought to the matter, has come to the conclusion that the existence of his organization depends upon the maintenance of the prin-

ciple that ranks the best type of man with the lowest, so far as his standing and opportunity to climb are concerned. In this way race ideals are upset, for the man is simply commanded to take his turn, to hold his tongue, and to watch what his organization with its immense power will now do for him. In a word, with his eyes wide open, the employee has consented to retard his own growth, to limit the field of his own effort, and to destroy his individuality, for material considerations, at the behest of his union. It now remains for his organization to " make good," at the expense of the employee's individuality, of the interest of his employer, and of principles which have always been considered the pillar of social life.

At this stage of the discussion, a very simple question presents itself: " Where has the railroad manager been all this time? " The president of one of the largest railroad systems in the country answered my inquiry as follows: —

" I am going to criticise one or two features of your book, because I think they give a misleading impression.

" In respect to the seniority rule: I agree with you that this rule is a very bad one, if the employing officer has no latitude; but, on the other hand, the rule of favoritism is also a bad rule, and to look at the thing fairly and squarely, one must realize that the seniority rule was urged by the employees because they thought there was an injustice in the old rule. It is a good deal like what we see in the Government Civil Service. The Civil Service method of making appointments was urged by many reformers because the old ' spoils ' system of making appointments was very vicious. Now I think, however, many reformers and the most intelligent men generally will agree that the Civil Service method of making appointments is very faulty; that it leads, in the first place, to the selection of men who may be ' glib ' at answering questions and passing examinations, and who, after once receiving their positions, are apparently fairly secure in them, regardless of their general worthlessness and unfitness. In other words, we are confronted by the fact that a reform which was intended to improve existing conditions has been found wanting in an unexpected direction. So, it seems to me, that while you point out the real serious objection to the seniority rule, you omit the statement that the seniority rule became effective because another rule was objectionable, and you do not suggest a plan which is free from the old or new objections.

" If we are to look the facts squarely in the face, I think we would have to admit that if there had never been an unjust or dishonest employer, there never would have been trades or labor unions. In other words, trades unions grew and developed as a means of enabling the employees to protect themselves against injustice; and having once grown and become strong, like many another unbridled power, it has gone too far, and become tyrannical."

Here we have a very fair and reasonable criticism of my position. It is at once apparent, however, that it is more of a confession than a criticism. Interpreted in this light, the railroad president's reply must be construed as follows: " The seniority rule is a very bad one. Being a rule, however, the ' latitude ' of officers must be looked upon as referring to its working in exceptional cases and nothing more. We, the managers, are obliged to confess that we surrendered to the employees, and granted this rule with all its vital principles, in order to avoid the evils of favoritism; a very important, yet probably a minor consideration, and one which we must have forgotten could have been eliminated by improving and raising the ethics and standards of management. We substituted a superlative evil for a comparative and removable objection, because we had to surrender, horse, foot, and artillery; and now, in this reply, and elsewhere, we are trying to make the best of a bad bargain."

The necessity for a return to reasonable and businesslike methods in rail-

roading must be evident. The remedy is a high standard of personal management, the recognition and reward of merit and ability in promotion, and the reinstatemen of the manager as judge of the qualifications of employees.

Now, if my diagnosis of conditions on the railroads be a correct one; if, with constantly increasing emphasis, loyalty to his organization is superseding and undermining the man's loyalty, not only to his work and to his employer, but to society as well, one must be pardoned for examining his work and service for indication of inattention and apathy in matters relating more especially to the common weal. With equal reason and force, if the railroad manager has been made a party, either willingly or unwillingly, to an arrangement or schedule under the terms of which he has signed away his birthright, and the prerogative of his order, one would naturally expect him to be silent and sphinxlike on the business from beginning to end. It seems to me this is just the position we find him in to-day. And in regard to the apathy of the organization and the men composing it, in matters relating to safety, and to problems other than those that immediately concern the union, a glance at the accident situation should prove very enlightening. For the close and vital connection between the sympathetic attention of the labor organization and the railroad accident is worthy of most careful study.

In regard to these accidents there is this to be said, that you cannot localize them; that it makes little perceptible difference, according to our statistics, whether the man who disobeys rules is a greenhorn or a veteran, on duty for six hours or sixteen; whether he happens to be running fast or slow, crawling through the yard as a switcher, or across the prairie as a flyer. We have illustrations on hand to suit every condition and circumstance.

Naturally, this state of affairs calls into being a great number of specialists, who go to work and diagnose the symptoms. Nostrums by the score are volleyed at every tissue of the railroad man's anatomy that is open to moral, medicinal, or surgical treatment. It is very doubtful if any section of our fellow creatures has ever before been subjected to such comprehensive and analytical scrutiny. Examine his eyes, his ears, his diet, his alcoholic affinity, his domestic troubles, his mentality, his capacity for prolonged attention under the circumstances, not to mention the discipline he is subjected to, and all the different theories and methods of management. I must not be misunderstood. There is more or less importance to be attached to every one of these considerations. They are all spokes of a wheel, with the man himself and his complete personality as the heart of it all.

Now, for a number of years the public has been furnished with certain statistics relating to preventable accidents. As a matter of fact, we are not immediately concerned with the proportion of the fatalities or expense that can be definitely laid at the door of the employee. Indeed, if we could be convinced, and I think we can, that the employee is actually doing his best according to his light and education, the fact would be comparatively insignificant. What we desire to bring out is that the trainman and engineman are actually and soulfully impressed with the deplorable loss of life and suffering, and that they publicly and privately make known their desire, and make manifest their intention, to improve the records. We desire to make this public spirit of the employee so unmistakable that it will become the strongest factor conceivable in the good work of decreasing the number of those who disobey rules and disregard signals.

But unfortunately, up to date, the railroad employee, represented by his organization, has given no intimation to any one that he is any way responsible or in need of treatment. The statistics that appal the public have not yet aroused him as a class to definite action that you

can place your finger on and say, Here is a public declaration, here is a private circular from a labor leader, or here is an account of a convention of railroad men called together to consider and talk over the safety problem. So far as I am aware, we feel no special call for consultation or agitation of any kind. We seem to think that all matters relating to efficiency of service can properly be left to take care of themselves, without our personal assistance or that of our organization. Of course, if it can be shown that the employee, the labor organization, and the labor leader have taken up this matter of wreck and suffering on the railroad with the same businesslike determination that has been applied to the matter of wages and service, my argument falls to the ground. I am not raising questions of conduct, or making inquiries into the habits and thoughts of employees. My point is, first and last, to connect the rule and the signal with the mind of the employee in the most reasonable and sympathetic manner. This matter of personal and sympathetic attention is the key to efficiency.

But from my point of view there is quite a distinction to be drawn between *attention* and *interest*. Interest, real and sympathetic, is the soul of attention. Not forgetting other incentives, good work has always been distinguished from imperfect work by the amount of soulful interest that has been brought to bear upon it. Not only is this true, but the very defects and idiosyncrasies of attention are, to a wonderful degree, at the mercy of interest of this description. As a mental clarifier, as an eye-sharpener, as a rule-reminder, as a purifier of environment, as a moral and physical regenerator, its efficacy is universally recognized. Along these lines it is, and has been, the only miracle-worker to which science pays any attention. " In spite of " has always been its motto. External treatment of conditions relating to overwork, disease, automatic tendencies, and wool-gathering is, to a great extent, mechanical according to common sense, and comparatively efficacious; but the internal application, comprising the conscientious initiative of the employee, the public expression in various ways of the interest and concern of the labor organization, backed by the hearty encouragement of public opinion, is the superlative method of treatment.

That the problem of efficiency of service and safety of travel has now been advanced to the stage when the railroad organization will be compelled to give an account of its stewardship was never so forcibly brought to the public notice as in an able and convincing article written by a brotherhood man, which appeared in the *Santa Fé Employee's Magazine* for December, 1908. The following paragraphs speak for themselves: —

" One reason for such lack of interest in a matter (safety) in which railroad men should be so vitally interested, is the general idea among them that the subject is one for the railroad managements to take care of.

" In all my experience in attending lodge-room meetings I have never heard the subject discussed there, and I also note that it is an extremely rare thing to find anything in the numerous brotherhood magazines touching thereon.

" I may be mistaken, but it does seem to me that the American people are going to look more and more every year to the individual employee, instead of to the railway companies, in placing blame for disastrous wrecks.

" The abuse of the power of the railroad brotherhoods in their relation to safety, or rather their interference with the disciplinary measures of railroad managements, has a very direct bearing on the safe and expeditious handling of traffic. This abuse owes its origin to a deep sympathy for a brotherhood man in trouble. The result is that certain classes of employees are careless in their observance of the rules, in accordance with the attitude of their organization in fighting for disciplined members. Officials are well aware, and brotherhood men

well know, that these conditions exist, and that they vary, too, according to the conservative methods employed by the different organizations — but we all know that they *do exist to a greater or lesser extent in all of them.* And yet brotherhood men, through a mistaken sense of loyalty or fealty to their order, refuse to admit, except to other members, that such things are done. I believe that it is a very serious abuse of power, and one that *does not* advance the interests of organized labor; and which also has the grave tendency of blocking the proper enforcement of disciplinary measures."

Brotherhood men all over the country have had their attention called to this article in the *Santa Fé Employee's Magazine*, and they are giving the subject serious attention.

Having thus described to the best of my ability the status of the race problem as we find it to-day on our railroads, and the dilemma in regard to it which society has to consider, one turns naturally to remedies and influences that are now engaging the attention of sociologists and thinkers. Turn where we will, there are indications that the problems relating to efficiency, and to the educating and training of the worker, are being studied with the greatest seriousness.

Sociologists and others who make the study of industrial conditions a specialty, are insisting upon the establishment of trade schools as the best possible remedy. President Eliot, of Harvard University, for example, has very decided opinions on the subject. He has this to say: "Public trades schools, which are greatly hampered by trades unions, are being started in Boston, and all over the United States. The movement must be persevered in by the American people. Employers and the people cannot, must not, yield to the unions."

Among the first to recognize the soundness of this advice, and the necessity of taking action in the matter, are the railroad managers. Complaint is constantly being made that the supply of skilled workers in the railroad shops is short, and that the majority are incompetent. To supply the demand, the Grand Trunk railway system has adopted a form of apprenticeship, which has been in successful operation for a number of years, and has been the means of supplying that company with skilled mechanics.

All apprentices are indentured to the machinist's trade for five years, and to the blacksmith's, boilermaker's, or other trades for four years. The system insures thorough education in all details of the trades. It has been found of great advantage both to the company and to the apprentice. It has a tendency to keep the apprentice satisfied, and to steady his energies along the required lines.

The advocates of the trades schools point to Europe, and in particular to Germany, and say, "Study the schools and methods of these foreign countries, and take warning in time. Bring up the youth in the way he should go, and when he enters the service of the railroad, he will not depart from it." But any one who has worked in a machine shop, or drawn a day's pay on the railroad, if he chooses to give an impartial opinion, would tell these sociologists that technical education is by no means the complete guide and key to efficiency of service.

Altogether this question of efficiency, of the best possible service, is the goal to which the best endeavors and the industrial conscience of America are now pressing forward. Public opinion demands that we dig to the root of the matter, and begin at the beginning. So we are now going into our schools and colleges, and we propose to give the rising generation all sorts of facts and information relating to industrial life. This education of youth is to include mental and technical equipment of every description. After the student has received the instruction that will enable him, not only to run the machinery, but to know all about the ingenuities and forces connected with it, he is to be given an insight into the world of affairs. No phase or incident connected

with the managing department is to be considered too trifling; no world issue or abstract proposition too large. His education is to begin with the trifles connected with the routine of a day's work, and is to be followed all the way up to the realm of high politics that enables Mr. Harriman to manipulate millions of dollars, and Mr. Gompers to handle millions of men. In a word, the young man of the future is to be equipped from head to foot with industrial facts and information.

When we look into the matter carefully, we find the simplest kind of a reason for the difficulties with which, at the present day, the problem of efficiency is surrounded. It is essentially an American problem, due to abnormal expansion of the national mind, which in the past has been so much occupied with size and material results that there has been no time to pay attention to detail and thoroughness. In this way the spirit with which the community has become possessed is actually the father and prompter of inefficiency. This is true to a great extent in the public schools. When I read the curriculum, or am informed of the opportunity of the boy to absorb, if he only will, or can, every branch and byway of knowledge, my admiration is unlimited; but when the boy has left school, you find to your sorrow that, generally speaking, he is all sprouts and rarely knows anything well.

But it is to little purpose that you single out the railroad man and concentrate your attention on him and his failings. So far as railroads and railroad accidents are concerned, public methods and public opinion are actually the promoters of inefficiency. This is not only a curious statement, it is also a very important and interesting one. We are all aware how interested the American public is in generalities, in totals, in conditions relating to labor or accidents, reduced into the form of short and eloquent tables of statistics. The press, in touch with the requirements of the public, delights in this kind of educational literature. There seems to be little desire in any quarter to concentrate attention on the concrete example, to take hold of, and so far as possible settle, a question or an accident on some particular spot, and then extend our exact remedy and method until we are able to arrive at general and well-grounded conclusions. Far from desiring such minute and thorough investigations of conditions, the following report may be taken as a sample of what the public has been satisfied to receive from its different bureaus as the limit of practical investigation, ever since commissioners and other investigators began to draw salaries.

How much does America pay every year in human life for her civilization? The government is always discovering remarkable facts through its various bureaus of statistics. This is one of the most startling of all. More people are being killed every year in the United States during times of peace than in the bloodiest battles of history. America is the world's slaughter-house for human beings. It is the price America pays for her civilization. During a single year 57,513 American men, women, and children were killed or wounded by accident. During the last nineteen years the railroads of America have killed 143,527 persons. During the same period 931,450 persons have been injured by American railroads. The railroad toll alone for twenty years has been more than 1,000,000 American fathers and wives and children. During the last seventeen years American coal mines have killed 22,840 men, made at least 10,000 widows and upward of 40,000 orphans. The total cost of Cuba and the Philippines has been less than 2000 American lives. During a single year American street railways killed and injured a few less than 49,000 persons. In New York the record of only twenty-seven days showed 42 deaths and 5500 injuries. Every year 6000 Americans lose their lives in fires. American industrial plants are estimated to kill every year at least 25,000 men, and to injure 125,000 more. American building opera-

tions cost 3000 lives every year, and 10,000 other persons sustain injuries. Pleasure costs more than 1000 American lives each year. The American automobile accidents of last year took 229 lives, without estimating the thousands more or less seriously injured. American drownings last year numbered 492. There are 1000 American murders each year. Each American Fourth of July costs approximately 500 lives, with injuries to 4000 other merrymakers. All of which means that each and every year the United States yields up the lives of 60,000 of its citizens in payment for its civilization.

Of course it is evident that a great deal of honest work has been expended in securing and tabulating reports of this nature, but I think it goes without saying that something more definite and useful is called for in the treating of railroad accidents, which, bunched together for public instruction, reveal such astonishing totals.

Let us take an illustration: The other day in a Boston freight yard, an employee waited for a freight train to pull by, and then, being in a hurry, he ran over on to the next track and was instantly killed by a locomotive moving in the opposite direction. Catching a glimpse of the man in front of the engine, the engineer had given a sharp whistle, but of course it was too late. Without any comment, this accident was looked into by the authorities and added to the list of unavoidable fatalities. A few days later, a telegraph line-man met the same fate in the same way in a different locality.

As a matter of fact, hundreds of lives are annually sacrificed in identically the same way. This has been going on for years, and if one consults the reports of national or state commissioners, no reference to, or at any rate no study of, this particular kind of an accident will be found except as it can be imagined under the general head of "Miscellaneous." Studying this accident for ourselves, however, we find that these human lives are thrown away because the victim forgets to stop, look, and listen. The fact that theoretically it is the victim's own fault has actually silenced all public inquiry or endeavor on the part of men, managers, or people, to come to the rescue of unfortunates who are liable to get caught in this way. And yet, if humanity were to apply the same method and principle to sickness, or to forgetfulness in warding off other dangers that our flesh is constantly exposed to, society now-a-days would be in a pitiable position.

As regards this specific accident, railroad men are well aware that the most careful employee is at all times liable to get killed in this way, as well as the farmer on the crossing in the country.

In my opinion, the public and the management of the railroads could immediately cut the casualty list, from this and similar causes, in half, by getting after every specific accident and by treating it in a common-sense and practical manner.

There is still one point or phase of the efficiency problem on American railroads to which the attention of the public is frequently directed. Briefly stated, we all look with astonishment and envy at the accident records of European railroads. From various quarters come statistics in regard to the roadbed, the density of traffic, the general condition under which trains are moved, from which information we are called upon to bunch together and frame our excuses for inefficiency as best we can. It is all to no purpose. If people will only take the trouble to study the actual accidents and the way they take place, they will quickly discover that very few accidents are common to European and American railroads. The American accident is a characteristic of personal behavior which, in fact, has no counterpart in any other part of the world.

The compass and trend of American progress points to these accidents as the natural outcome of freedom of thought and action running riot. This is no ill-considered statement. For a number of years there has been a scramble in al-

most every line of industrial behavior to kick over the traces. In many directions the results have been surprisingly beneficial, but on the railroad the principle has proved to be surrounded with numerous and well-defined dangers. Illustrations of this fact are to be met with on every side, and they are very significant.

For example, "taking chances" is distinctly a characteristic of American railroading. You will search in vain on European railroads for accidents of this nature. The European railroad man is too stolid — too stupid, if we prefer the term — at any rate he is too methodical, to get caught in this way. He has been too long accustomed to the rut of unquestioning obedience in matters relating to the safety of travel; and I think it would be an easy matter to demonstrate that the difference between the records on American and European railroads is to be found in these accidents that are distressingly typical of American temperament. Making use of a significant illustration, — on our railroads to-day the kicker is king. We kick against discipline, we kick against merit and ability as factors in promotion, we kick against publicity of almost any description; but there is one feature of our occupation and duties that has escaped our attention: We don't kick against the accident record.

Summing up then, and reviewing the evidence, what is the conclusion to be arrived at in regard to this charge of industrial disloyalty on the railroads which Mr. Hugo makes in such emphatic language? "Unless society deteriorates," we are told, "it must give free play to liberty, variety, and individuality." The railroad man is world-wide in his sympathies, but I think I have made it plain that his behavior and duties on the railroad are arranged and regulated by his committee. He now consults his schedule to discover how much liberty, how much variety, how much individuality, it is lawful for him to exercise. The man is organized, grouped, and scheduled into items, and when the mechanical process is complete, liberty, variety, and individuality have disappeared. The future of the race depends upon the cultivation of these social forces, and efficiency of work and service are very important branches of social development. Finally, then, the efficiency problem is the employers' problem. Far be it from me to criticise the American railroad employee so far as his honesty of purpose is concerned, but we must all agree that a certain number of deplorable accidents have happened, and are still continuing to happen. A minority of railroad men are accountable in some way for these fatalities. Now, the only power in the United States to-day that is able peacefully, radically, and permanently to reach and influence this responsible minority is the railroad labor organization. The centre of influence upon the personality of the men has passed, to a very great extent, into the hands of the Union. This is the power behind the men at the present day, that can be exerted in a variety of ways in the interests of efficiency.

Just at present along these lines there is very little doing. Nevertheless on all sides, among railroad men, there are indications of awakening. We are all right and wrong in spots. But this safety problem, and the wider problems of efficiency in industrial life, are bigger than any man or collection of men who dislike to be criticised. I am a firm believer in the splendid prospects and future of the railroad man, but there are breakers ahead of him, and storms to weather.

So intimately related to the conduct and policy of the railroad organization is this matter of efficiency, that I think I am justified in applying the memorable words of Abraham Lincoln to the accident situation, and in saying that it is now for railroad men themselves to determine that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that we by our policy and conduct in the future, under God, shall take on a new birth of freedom.

THE TREES

BY WINIFRED BALLARD BLAKE

Etched in traceries black and brown
On the sky-line up and down,
Interlaced against the gold,
Or on scarlet background scrolled,
Carved in branching coral white
Where spring snows are sifted light,
Woven thick against the gray
Of many a sombre April day,
Brave in barren beauty stand
The naked trees through the dead land.

But at last amid the gloom
Comes a breathless hint of bloom;
Slowly, slowly creeping through
The broideries traced against the blue,
Breathes a re-incarnate soul,
Softly swathing branch and bole
In a wraith-like emerald mist,
As by loving dryads kissed
From their trancèd spell of night
Gently back to life and light.

Then, as May-magic flutes and sings,
Each a separate beauty brings:
A powdered sweetness drifts and falls
From plum trees by the orchard walls;
With fiery lips some fairy prince
Has touched the blossoms of the quince,
And kissed from dreams, to white and rose,
The apples in the garden close.

The forest trees in bark and bud
Feeling the sap's slow-mounting flood,
From earth and air and dew and sun
Their glimmering gray-green veils have spun.

Slim maples, fringed and tasseled, shine
In virgin shyness, half divine;
Fretted with shifting silver light
The birch trees shimmer, slender, white:
Horse-chestnuts light their candles tall;
With gem and star and bud and ball
And many a tiny green rosette
Along the glistening branches set,
Each tree and shrub is decked and gay
For this sweet festival of May.

A wizard flame within them burns,
That, when the spring to summer turns,
Runs keen and fine through every vein,
Till flashing glory leaps amain!
Sun-blazoned oriflammes unfurled
Toss to the winds of all the world;
Immortal fragrance breathes and shakes
From every tree, and subtly breaks
To crimson fruit and scarlet leaf
As Autumn bends to bind her sheaf.

Safe through the winter cold and sere,
The bush wherein the Flames appear
Burns unconsumed from year to year.

RELIGION AND TEMPERAMENT

BY GEORGE HODGES

THE fact of difference is elemental in the history of religion, but it has always been disliked. It has been regarded as synonymous with dissent, with rebellion and revolution, even with anarchy and atheism. The man who differs from us is a disagreeable, perhaps a dangerous, neighbor. We may endeavor to take the matter lightly, and to recite with more or less seriousness that fine ironical sentence of Emerson: "Difference from me is the measure of absurdity." But the situation is unpleasant.

Difference is a form of criticism. It puts us instinctively on the defensive or offensive. In the early days of Christianity, the Christians were persecuted because they were different from other people. They did not do the conventional thing. They were queer. Human nature resents the appearance of queer people. In the country, the boys throw stones at

them. The martyrs were queer, and were burned at the stake on that account. They had no right, men said, to be different from their neighbors. But they persisted in their singularity and suffered for it. What we call tolerance is a friendly acceptance of the fact of difference. But tolerance is the youngest of the virtues, and even now is accounted, perhaps by a majority, to be a vice! So difficult is it to overcome an inveterate prejudice.

Nevertheless, the fact of difference is not only elemental, but inevitable. Here it is, and here it will remain to the end of time. It is not only inevitable, but beneficent and divine: a providential ordering for our good. Darwin began to demonstrate its usefulness in science just half a century ago this year, maintaining that all progress has been made by variation; here a difference and there a difference, until the old order changes, giving place to new, the old difference becoming the new uniformity, and then another beckoning us on. And this is true in society and in religion.

One of the potent causes of difference in religion is temperament. People are temperamentally different. Diversity is innate. Indeed, every individual is unique, and varies from all others in nature as in feature. It is one of the everlasting mysteries, perplexing parents, and making domestic distinctions in the face of all the uniform influences of environment. It defies environment. Professor Bousset, in *The Faith of a Modern Protestant*[1], declares that this doctrine of the uniqueness of the individual is essential in Christianity. "Modern biologists are especially interested in the fact that every form of organic life, every plant, even though it is in conformity with the law of its development, has something peculiar, individual, incalculable in it. And it is this same riddle that confronts us everywhere, that meets us in human life, only with far greater potency and distinctness." This idea, he says, "has remained peculiar to the Christian belief." One of the reasons for the vast progress of the Christian nations, as compared with all their pagan neighbors, is this emphasis on the value and the unique importance of the individual. Anyhow, here it is, a discoverable and potent fact in universal life, bringing about the most surprising social consequences. Edmund Gosse, in his extraordinarily interesting biographical recollections, under the title *Father and Son*,[2] makes this as plain as the shining day.

Here is a grave father, by profession a naturalist, by vocation a theologian. He has the systematic instincts of a man of science. As a theologian, he applies these to the materials contained in the Bible. He has a mind so independent that he dissents from all the conventional and traditional forms of contemporary religion, and becomes a Plymouth Brother. At the same time, this independence is wholly in subjection to the authority of the Word of God. The subjection is so complete that, when the evolution controversy compels him to choose between the evidence which as a naturalist he finds in nature and the statements which he finds in Genesis, he resolutely abides by Genesis. Here he is, determined by temperament to take the Bible as he finds it, asking no questions; whatever is there written is the truth, decisive and ultimate.

But here is an inquiring son. He breathes the atmosphere of theology; he learns to speak in the dialect of theology. He is wholly unacquainted with fiction, or with any imaginative literature. Nobody, he says, ever pronounced in his presence the magic formula, "Once upon a time." The only literary fun which he has in his early youth is derived from the *Penny Cyclopædia*. He reads aloud to his parents the commentaries of Jukes on the prophets. He has no playmates. The great world, with its sins and invad-

[1] *The Faith of a Modern Protestant.* By Wilhelm Bousset. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

[2] *Father and Son.* By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

ing doubts, exists only in the dim presentiments of his father's sermons. There he learns that it is an awful thing to be a pagan or a papist. He is a little Plymouth Brother, apparently destined to become a parson of that sect. But, in some mysterious way, he introduces into the theological serenity of the household, in which he is the only son, the fact of difference. He is impelled to ask questions, and to test things for himself.

For example, he hears much at meeting about idolatry; he has a fearful interest in it. "What would happen," he asks his father, "if one were to be an idolater in England?" His father gives him an immediate and absolute answer: "No doubt such a person would be visited with the manifest wrath of God." But the small boy is not satisfied. He is only six years old, but the combined authority of his father and the Bible does not convince him. He resolves to try it. He has no stone at hand to which he may bow down, but wood may do as well. He takes his little chair and sets it on the dining-room table, and, with his heart beating hard and high, kneels down and begins, "O Chair!" and says his prayers. He has committed idolatry. Then he goes to the window, and inspects the sky, and waits for something to happen. And when nothing does happen, he makes up his mind that his father does not know so much about God as he thought he did.

The book is full of like illustrations of the phenomenon of difference. Under conditions which would seem to make independence impossible, the lad asserts himself. One day he is invited to the Browns'. This is an unprecedented matter, and the father does not like it. The boy ought not to like it. It is pretty sure that the Lord would not approve. But let us ask Him; let us lay the matter before the Lord. So they kneel down together, the small boy and the great, grave father, beside the haircloth sofa. And the old man prays aloud, reminding the Lord of all the perils which accompany the pleasures of evening parties. Then they get up and the father says, "What is the answer, my son, which the Lord vouchsafes?" And the small boy, after a moment of trepidation, answers, "The Lord says I may go to the Browns'!" There it is, the fact of difference, finding its way into this positive family as the fairy prince penetrates the impenetrable palace in which the princess is imprisoned. "As I knelt," he says, "feeling very small beside the immense bulk of my father, there gushed through my veins like a wine the determination to rebel."

"This book," says the writer, "is the record of a struggle between two temperaments, two consciences, and almost two epochs." But back of the epochs and the consciences, explaining in great part why the consciences and the epochs differ, is the antagonism of temperaments. It is at the heart of change in religion. It is the reason for non-conformity, for dissent, for the founding of sects, for heresy and schism. There it is, an everlasting fact.

Then, out of temperament grows experience. Indeed, it is by temperament that we are sensitive to special experiences and responsive to them. In the matter of reading, for instance, young Gosse was not responsive to Dr. Young's *The Last Day*, Blair's *Grave, Death* by Bishop Beilby Porteus, or *The Deity* of Samuel Boyse; he was immediately responsive to the plays of William Shakespeare. This is true of most of the details of environment. Temperament and experience go on together, hand in hand, acting and reacting. The surroundings provide the materials and the language; they fortify the soul with prejudices; but they do not insure obedience. Presently, in the midst of the environment, the soul chooses and refuses. It determines its own experience. And this experience decides in great measure the characteristics of individual religion. When Mr. Bernard Shaw begins his essay *On Going to Church* [1] by saying, "As a modern

[1] *On Going to Church.* By G. Bernard Shaw. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. 1905.

man, concerned with matters of fine art, and living in London by the sweat of my brain, I dwell in a world which, unable to live by bread alone, lives spiritually on alcohol and morphia," the reader perceives at once that the parson will not be able to distribute this as a tract. This is not the kind of temperament or experience in which normal religion has its growth. Mr. Shaw says that the letter which he wrote to the press in his tender teens announcing, to the great horror of his respectable connections, that he was an atheist, was largely due to his hearing every Sunday " that most accursed Te Deum of Jackson's." But most of the congregation probably liked Jackson's Te Deum; that is why they had it every Sunday. Finally he says, " There is still one serious obstacle to the use of churches on the very day when most people are best able and most disposed to visit them. I mean the service." This is as logical as anything in Euclid, or in *Alice in Wonderland.*

This determination of religion by temperament is set forth in a very different way, and with a wholly different result, in a book which is now called *My Spiritual Autobiography,*[1] but which in its first edition had for its title *The Unselfishness of God.* The writer was bred a Quaker, and in her childhood was as completely surrounded by the convictions of the Quakers as was Edmund Gosse by the dogmas of the Plymouth Brethren. She remembers how all things were divided for her into " plain " and " gay." The Quaker ways were plain; all departures therefrom were gay. To kneel in prayer was " gay; " the Quaker children said their prayers after getting into bed. To repeat the Lord's Prayer was " gay." But while the Plymouth Brethren put the emphasis on doctrine, and were wholly occupied with theology, the Quakers emphasized emotion, and were concerned with feeling.

The unreflecting acceptance of this presentation of religion gave Hannah Smith much satisfaction until, as she passed out of childhood into womanhood, she suddenly found that she had no feeling. Convinced as she was that the salvation of her soul depended on herself, and discovering that she could do nothing, she fell into despair. The result was an eclipse of faith. " The religion of my years between sixteen and twenty-six," she says, " was nothing but a religion of trying to feel; and as I was a very natural, healthy sort of being, my feelings were not likely to be very sentimental or pious; and my agonizing futile effort to bring them up to the right religious pitch is something pitiful to consider. My soul hungered for God, but I could not find Him."

She had that sense of " strain " of which President King speaks in his book on *The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life.*[2] "The spiritual life," says Dr. King, "is not a life of strain, either in the sense of putting pressure upon the mind to hold certain beliefs, or in the sense of keeping up a certain continuous stress of attention. . . . Any theory of the religious life that calls for this sort of psychological tension really leaves God out of account. . . . God can be counted upon. The life in relation to Him is no mere imaginary one, which you are forced to make; it is a real life in which He is constantly at work." If Hannah Smith could have read President King's book, she would have been saved a deal of hard distress. She had to come at its conclusion by that divine disclosure which is made possible by experience.

Out of this forlorn condition she was saved by a series of spiritual discoveries. One after another, she got hold of certain fundamental facts. These came to her, she says, by a process of revelation. " Suddenly something happened to me. What it was or how it came I had no idea, but somehow an inner eye seemed to be

[1] *My Spiritual Autobiography.* By HANNAH WHITALL SMITH. New York: Fleming H. Revell & Co. 1908.

[2] *The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life.* By HENRY CHURCHILL KING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

opened in my soul, and I seemed to see that after all God was a fact, — the bottom fact of all facts, — and that the only thing to do was to find out all about Him. It was not a pious feeling such as I had been looking for, but it was a conviction, — just such a conviction as comes to one when a mathematical problem is suddenly solved. One does not feel that it is solved, but one knows it, and there can be no further question."

The next step was to find out what God said. Not "How do I feel?" but "What does God say?" became the impelling question of her life. She found it answered in the Bible. In her diary she says, "I have brought my Bible to Atlantic City this summer with a determination to find out what its plan of salvation is. My own plans have failed utterly; now I will try God's, if possible." The conclusion at which she arrived by this study was, that God was somehow or other in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. "There need be no searchings within or raking up of one's inward feelings to make things right with God. Christ had made them right, and we had nothing to do but to accept it all as a free gift from Him." This again flashed in upon her soul as an immediate revelation, as good news from heaven. "I began," she says, "to buttonhole everybody, pulling them into corners and behind doors to tell them of the wonderful and beautiful things I had discovered in the Bible about the salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ." She made herself a great nuisance, she says, so that her friends dreaded to have her visit them. She used to go up to the preacher after the sermon and expostulate with him because he had not preached the gospel clearly. But the joy of Christ possessed her. "I had begun to know God, and I was finding Him to be lovely and loveable beyond my fondest imaginings. The romance of my life had dawned."

But there were questions still remaining. The fact of sin and its consequences in the loss of God deeply distressed her. How could it be reconciled with the eternal love? How could God be love, who had made sinners? "I remembered some mothers I had known, with children suffering from inherited diseases, who were only too thankful to lay down their lives in self-sacrifice for their children, if so be they might in any way be able to undo the harm they had done them in bringing them into the world under these disastrous conditions; and I asked myself, Could God do less? I saw that, weighed in a balance of wrong done, we who have been created sinners, had infinitely more to forgive than any one against whom we had sinned." One day, on the tram-car in Market Street, Philadelphia, she had another sudden and satisfying disclosure of the divine will. "If I were Christ, nothing could satisfy me but that every human being should in the end be saved, and therefore I am sure that nothing less can satisfy Him."

All this culminated in the discovery of the unselfishness of God. She confesses that she had thought of God as one of the most selfish, self-absorbed Beings in the universe, far more selfish than we could think it right to be ourselves, — intent only upon His own honor and glory, looking out continually that His own rights were never trampled upon." Now she perceived that God, as revealed in Jesus Christ, is inconceivably unselfish; and that His will is not only just and wise, but the complete satisfaction of all our happiness.

And then she found that these revelations, thus made known from heaven, had been written all along, not only in the Bible, but in the Quaker books, and had been preached in the Quaker sermons. She had heard them from childhood without attending. They had been translated for her, as from a foreign language, by her religious experience. Mr. Chesterton, in his discussion of orthodoxy,[1] imagines an English yachtsman who miscalculates his course and discovers England, under

[1] *Orthodoxy*. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. New York: John Lane Co. 1909.

the impression that it is an island in the South Seas. I, he says, have done that thing. "I am the man who, with the utmost daring, discovered what had been discovered before. With toil and pain, I worked out the articles of a new religion. I came to laborious conclusions. And at the end of my endeavors I found that all my discoveries had been preached for years, Sunday after Sunday, in the parish church around the corner. When I fancied that I stood alone, I was really in the ridiculous position of being backed up by all Christendom. I did try to found a heresy of my own; and when I had put the last touches to it, I discovered that it was orthodoxy." But the trouble with orthodoxy is that it is truth conventionalized. Having become everybody's accepted opinion, it ceases to be the actual opinion of anybody in particular. It is continually in need of rediscovery and consequent realization by the individual. The mariner's compass for such adventurous voyages is temperament.

This is perhaps the reason why Mr. Chesterton and Mr. H. G. Wells arrive at somewhat different destinations. Mr. Chesterton's exploration of the Land of Things-as-they-are brings him to the tall top of an island in the sea. It has a wall about it, and within the wall are children playing merry games, racing and leaping. The cliff is steep on every side, but that does not matter so long as the walls stand strong. The walls, to Mr. Chesterton's mind, are the symbols of authority. The heart of Christianity, as he plainly sees, is happiness; but one of the conditions of happiness is the sense of security, and that comes when we perceive that all around us, fencing the perilous places, are the solid protecting walls of the church. Liberalism takes away the walls, leaves the playground all unfenced, and stops the games by the fear of falling over. Thus liberalism is a species of limitation. "It is often suggested that all Liberals ought to be free-thinkers, because they ought to love everything that is free. You might as well say that all idealists ought to be High Churchmen, because they ought to love everything that is high. You might as well say that Low Churchmen ought to like Low Mass, or that Broad Churchmen ought to like broad jokes. The thing is a mere accident of words." Accordingly, Mr. Chesterton finds that true liberty is inclosed within stout walls, and that the best beginning of free thought is a devout submission to authority.

But to Mr. Wells, undertaking in his turn to give an account of his religious life, these paradoxes are impertinent. Casting up the first and last things,[1] which give the title to his book, he finds the account a much more serious matter. Indeed, it is possible that thereby he verifies Mr. Chesterton's fable of the playground; for the sides of his world have no walls, and he is manifestly in fear of accident. He is all the time on careful guard, watching his words lest a misstatement prove a mis-step. Thus, he confesses that at times his sense of personality in the universe is very strong. "At times, in the silence of the night and in rare lonely moments, I come upon a sort of communion of myself, and something great that is not myself. It is perhaps poverty of mind and language obliges me to say that this universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic person, — and my communion a quality of fearless worship. These moments happen, and they are the supreme fact of my religious life to me; they are the crown of my religious experience." Then of a sudden he perceives that he is close to the unwalled edge of things, and he draws back. "None the less," he says, "I do not usually speak of God."

At the same time, Mr. Wells inspires a confidence in his conclusions, such as they are, which the reader hesitates to give to Mr. Chesterton. All this about the frivolity of the patriarchs and the practical jokes of the patron saints may be very well, — and it is probably true

[1] *First and Last Things.* By H. G. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were not such solemn persons as we think, — but there is a decent prejudice among many in favor of taking religion somewhat seriously. Mr. Chesterton's orthodoxy will not altogether commend him to the orthodox. It is true that Mr. Wells confesses that the personality of Christ does not attract him. "To me the Christian Christ seems not so much a humanized God as an incomprehensible sinless Being, neither God nor man. His sinlessness wears his incarnation like a fancy dress, all his white self unchanged. He had no petty weaknesses. — The Christian Christ is too fine for me, not incarnate enough, not flesh enough, nor earth enough, nor failure enough." But this means only that the explorer is still upon his travels. He has a good way yet to go, and old discovered lands, with spicy ports and shining roofs, still to discover. The romance of religion, as Hannah Smith calls it, is yet before him. It is plain that he is reading the Gospels too conventionally. The life of Jesus Christ was so full of failure that to those who looked on indifferently that was the whole of it. First his own town, then his own province, then finally his own nation, rejected him. And his sinlessness was no blank, cold, and colorless monotony of perfection, but had in it even for him such elements of strong endeavor, such attainment of obedience through suffering, such intelligent sympathy with the alternatives of the common day, that they who know Him love Him, not only because He is so completely divine, but because He was so completely human. The reader of Mr. Wells's book feels that he will presently come into this nearer knowledge, and that as he knows more about socialism now than he did a few years ago, he will know more about Christianity by and by.

For there are two temperaments in religion, each with its consequent experience and revelation of the truth; and each of these is imperfect and delusive until it is corrected by the others. Those varieties of churchmanship of which Mr. Chesterton speaks — High and Broad and Low — are manifestations of them. Baron von Hügel, in *The Mystical Element of Religion*,[1] entitles them more accurately. One is the institutional, another the philosophical, the third the mystical. The High Churchman is concerned with the precedents of history; the Broad Churchman, with the synthesis of the facts of life into an intelligible whole of religion; the Low Churchman, with less concern for either past or present, would enter into immediate communion with God. Baron von Hügel shows how institutional religion came to its logical conclusion in the Inquisition; and how philosophical religion, having its own way at the French Revolution, worshiped the Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame; and how mystical religion disclosed itself in the madness of the Anabaptists of Münster. Mr. Chesterton is a High Churchman, Mr. Wells a Broad Churchman, Mrs. Smith a Low Churchman. One reason why the defects of temperamental emphasis, while evident in each of them, do not proceed to their logical extremes, is that they have each a saving sense of humor.

Caterinetta Fiesca Adorna, the heroine and text of Baron von Hügel's book, had no sense of humor. In all her visions of the world invisible she never became acquainted with "that truly exalted order of angels who are correctly called High Spirits." It is true that at one time "she was in a state of jubilation of heart which manifested itself exteriorly in merry laughter; and having been asked as to the cause, she said that she had seen various most beautiful, merry, and joyous countenances, so that she had been unable to refrain from laughing." But this was in her last illness. For the most part, her life was marked by "a certain monotony, a somewhat wearying vehemence."

It was perhaps this quality in Catherine which led her husband to stay away

[1] *The Mystical Element of Religion.* By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1908.

from home as much as possible. They were married by their respective aristocratic families, — thereby reversing the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet; but there was tragedy enough in consequence. He was idle and selfish, she was ardent and aspiring; both were nervous and impatient. The result was ten years of domestic distress. At first, for five years, the neglected wife lived apart from the world, and wept; then for five years she returned to society, and danced and sang and made as merry as she could, with ill success. Then she had a vision.

In Genoa, in the days when Columbus was young, on the eve of the Feast of St. Benedict, and in the chapel of the convent of Our Lady of Graces, a vision seems a natural and appropriate event. It is what we would expect. When Hannah Smith has a sight of the splendor of heaven in a horse-car on Market Street in Philadelphia, that is a very different matter. But Hannah Whitall Smith and Caterinetta Fiesca Adorna, in spite of the contrast of their names and of their surroundings, had the same spiritual experience, and it grew into the same kind of religion. " My heart," cried Hannah, " is filled with the exceeding preciousness of Christ, and I am lost in wonder at the realization of His infinite mercy to me, who am so utterly unworthy of the least favor at His hands. — I have so long bewildered myself with trying to work out my own righteousness, and have found such weariness in it, that I feel as if I could never appreciate deeply enough the blessedness that is for me in Christ." " Her heart," says the biographer of Catherine, " was pierced by so sudden and immense a love of God, accompanied by so penetrating a sight of her miseries and sins and of His goodness, that she was near falling to the ground. And in a transport of pure and all-purifying love, she was drawn away from the miseries of the world; and, as it were, beside herself, she kept crying out within herself, No more world, no more sins! "

The place matters little. God and the soul are the only essentials. "O young prophets of the truth," cries President Faunce in his fine Yale Lectures, *The Educational Ideal in the Ministry*,[1] " the idea that God is confined to any place or time is the master falsehood of humanity. It is the one fundamental untruth which will put unreality into every sermon and impiety into every prayer. Our God was, and is, and is to come. In your familiar garden you may hear His voice in the cool of the day. Moriah is to Him not more sacred than Monadnock, nor did Aaron's rod bear diviner blossoms than our golden rod." The form of the divine manifestation changes, but not the fact.

Then Catherine entered upon a life of penance and contemplation. " She wore a hair shirt; she never touched either flesh-meat or fruit, whether fresh or dried; she lay at nights on thorns." She endured extraordinary fasts, keeping a whole Lent without eating, and repeating the same abstinence at Advent; though these were undertaken, not so much from a desire to inflict suffering upon herself, as from a positive distaste for food. These penances were the conventional expression of the mystical life: that was the manner in Italy. Hannah Smith would have done the same had it been the manner in Pennsylvania. More important is the fact that Catherine took up her residence beside a hospital. Her husband, by a blessed coincidence, was also converted, and there they lived together, a long and useful life. After a while they moved into the hospital, where Catherine was first a nurse, then matron, and at last a patient. It is remembered of her that, in the midst of her devotions and visions, she kept the hospital accounts with unfailing accuracy. It is also characteristic of her that though she partook daily of the eucharist, she made but little use of the services of a confessor. She declined direction; she was the mistress of her soul.

Baron von Hügel has told the story

[1] *The Educational Ideal in the Ministry.* By William Hubert Perry Faunce. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

of this devout life with deep sympathy, but with entire restraint. He has studied it as a significant phenomenon in the realm of mystical religion, taking note of all the psychological and even of the physiological details. He finds a text for a discussion of the whole field of mystical religion in the records of Catherine's teaching, which was held in high esteem by St. Francis de Sales, and Cardinal Bellarmine, and Bossuet, and Manning, and Newman. Newman, in his *Dream of Gerontius*, found his text and inspiration in St. Catherine's doctrine of the pleasure of Purgatory; into the pain of Purgatory plunges the eager soul as into a bath, accepting and willing the punishment which belongs to sin, and thereby entering into peace and content and harmony with the heavenly will.

To attain such harmony in this present life is the supreme achievement. That is the goal toward which the traditionalist, the rationalist, and the mystic are pressing, each along his own way. Happily, that blessed destination is reached by many roads. We have a notion that our own path is the only way to get there, and are moved to call across the fields to other travelers who are trying the great quest in other directions to tell them that they are off the track. Hence the contentions of the churchmen. But he who would ascend a hill may start from the north or south or east or west. All that is necessary is to keep on going up.

THE SKELETON IN MY CLOSET

BY JOHN D. LONG

[The recent centennial of Poe recalled the fascination which he had for me in my youth. Under its spell, nearly forty years ago, I wrote this story, which at least attests his influence, and which has been lying tucked away in an old scrap-book.

Poe was so intense a writer that whoever reads his stories, and attempts to write one, is apt consciously or unconsciously to follow, *longo intervallo*, after him. — J. D. L.]

In the summer of 1861 I was obliged to ask the society over which I was settled to give me an extended leave of absence. My health was impaired; my wife, who had already begun to exhibit signs of lunacy, had been taken, by the positive command of our family physician, to the Asylum in Lenox; and with my three children and my housekeeper I retired to the quiet inland village of Harkshire. Here we remained till the later autumn. We saw the apples grow ripe and fall, the leaves put on their glory of red and orange; and in early October we woke one morning to see the delicate snowflakes, half timid in their coming, sifting through the air, and weaving their slight traces on the bared limbs and on the tops of the stiffening furrows.

The kind-hearted farmer and his wife, who sacrificed for us the best part of their roomy house, had assigned to me, for a sort of study, the large parlor on the lower floor, which had windows in front, a long French window at the end leading directly upon the piazza, and on the interior side a huge fireplace, in which, as the days grew more chilly, the great rock-maple back-log was set ablaze, — the very soul of cheer, — and round which the whole household gathered at nightfall, to the great delight of the children, and sang and read and talked the evening through. I slept in the room above; in the adjoining chamber were my two boys, and in the little apartment across

the hall were the housekeeper and my little girl, then only a year old.

I recall with a curious minuteness the details of one night. At sundown a heavy wind had come, laden with rain, beating violently against the windows and making the house tremble with its gusts. We had retired early, and I had stayed for a while with my little boys after they had gone to bed, quieting the nervousness which the storm occasioned them by sitting on their bedside and telling them cheery stories. Then, when they had said their prayers, which began eagerly but grew drowsy towards the close, I kissed them at parting, and as I left them heard their sweet childish "Good-night, papa."

I am not a nervous man, but the moment I entered my room I became conscious of a feeling, not so much of fear or of apprehension, as of annoying uneasiness. It was not the storm that howled outside and tore at my window and shrieked at every crevice, but it came from within, from the infusion into the atmosphere of my chamber of something foreign, something weird and unnatural. Ashamed of my weakness, I yet could not help opening the door of the closet, though nothing rewarded my gaze but an innocent linen duster; and I even instinctively looked over my shoulder as if I expected to meet the face or hand of some one stealing cautiously upon me.

It is a usual, though anything but a laudable, habit of mine after getting into bed to read for a time. I put my candle on the table at the head-board and choose some light and easily digestible work. I fancy that in that way I am sooner disposed to sleep; that the quiet concentration of my thoughts and eyes upon the page withdraws my mind from the cares of the day, allays whatever of nervous friction its labors have created, and induces slumber so that anon, the lids growing heavy, I have just consciousness enough left to blow out my light and go off like a child to unbroken sleep.

On the night in question I retired and began to read as usual. But the feeling of uneasiness did not pass away. It was almost impossible to fix my mind upon the page before me. I became conscious that there were sounds other than those arising from the storm, which came from the parlor underneath my room and from that part of it where the French windows opened upon the piazza. And yet these sounds were so indistinct, so vague, that my better reason told me they were the freaks of an excited fancy. Again I sought to concentrate my attention on my book. I resolutely fixed my eyes upon the printed page. I exerted my will, my common sense, and every sound faculty of my mind, to throw off the delusions of an imagination, distorted perhaps by nothing more than a cup of tea a little stronger than usual, and to induce that composure which precedes slumber. My efforts were not entirely in vain. Gradually I found the lines before me losing their steadiness and beginning to waver and grow confused, and then, as my eyes closed, fade out altogether. Taught by long experience, I knew that sleep had come and was already hovering over me with its blessed wings, and I laid down my book and blew out the candle. Then came that half minute which always seems indefinitely long, in which there glide over the senses those exquisite and delicious pictures of lovely landscapes, of beautiful groups, like the sweetest panorama of an opium-eater's dream, and I slept.

I know I slept, for I awoke — awoke, I know, beyond all question — before I had reached the profounder deeps of sleep; and awoke because I felt, as distinctly as I now feel the pen in my fingers, the pressure of a hand upon my forehead. There was no illusion. It was not a freak of the imagination; it is the vivid, accurate, simple fact, which I do not fancy indistinctly, but recall with the nicety of actual observation and perception. I recall not the vague idea of something touching me, but the very feel and quality of the hand, of the soft, delicate hand of a woman, its fingers small but full, the ring upon one of them distinguishing it from

the rest. I recall the very degree of tenderness with which it first was laid on my left temple, and then slowly and soothingly drawn, as a mother soothes her child, across my forehead. So natural and so pleasant was it that at waking I was not startled, and not till I was fully roused did I rise from my pillow and ask aloud, "Who is it!" Nor was it till I had spoken and no answer came back to me save the blessed breathing of my children in the next room, that I saw that my candle was burning. I had blown it out. There can be no mistake. I had not gone asleep while reading, for there was my book, on the table where I had laid it; and the candlestick, instead of being within arm's length of my pillow where I had read by it, was now removed to a corner of the table so remote that I could not reach it.

I was up in a moment, but I was alone. Hastily dressing myself, I passed into the next apartment, and there lay the two boys fast asleep and undisturbed. As I held the light above them, it fell on their cheeks, and on their heavy lids which trembled under the glare. The warmth of their sleep made their faces rosy, and moistened their curling tangles of hair, and they stirred and murmured in their dreams. Going out and closing the door behind me, I softly tried that of the chamber in which the babe was sleeping with the nurse, but as it yielded to my touch, the sonorous nasal music of the good woman's slumber made it certain that it was not from that direction that my visitation had come.

For the first time a feeling of terror crept over me, — that animal instinct of fear which is a part of the brutal side of our nature, and which comes upon the bravest of us when, in darkness or in solitude, some phenomenon occurs, unaccountable, arising from no known cause, as if the supernatural had projected the dark shadow of its eclipse over the ordinary orbit of our lives, and we are at a loss where to look or what to apprehend. We know, but how rarely do we realize, what creatures of habit and routine we are, and that the slightest disturbance of the usual order, the first approach of that for which the common range of circumstance does not account, terrifies us like the unreasoning brutes that tremble at the roar of the harmless thunder!

I fluttered so that the light shook in my hand. The sweat stood in cold drops on my forehead. I would have given the world to shout aloud, to awake the inmates of the house, to see the face or hear the voice of a human being; and yet, in the midst of my fear, a sense of shame restrained me. To what could I point? What could I tell but the seeming idle dream of a sleeper?

Thank God, the storm at least was abroad. Had it been utterly silent as I stood in that entry at the head of the stairway, scarce daring to turn my head, I believe I should have fallen or gone insane; but the very rage of the elements gave me courage; and with its wild and boisterous sympathy linked me with the world of life and motion. As I listened, I again heard the same indistinct sounds that had struck me when I first retired.

Waiting no longer, I hastily descended the stairs and opened the study door. It seems to me now that I had by that time nerved myself into a state of forced composure, and that I acted with the coolness that comes from perfect possession of all the faculties. I sincerely believe that such was the fact. Terror, alarm, surprise, operate on the mind only like all other great and sudden emotions. They stun it for a moment, but the reaction, in a well-balanced and disciplined nature, is always to the best capabilities of the soul; and the danger or the occasion is then met with the very concentration of human might, and the man is stirred with the strength of a thousand heroes.

There was probably in my very touch the nervous spring of the intensity that possessed me, for I threw back the door, not merely sufficiently far to enable me to enter, but wide ajar, so that it swung violently on its hinges; but I did not recall till afterwards that, instead of remaining

back against the wall, it rebounded from it and swung to again, till it stood at right angles with the threshold and hid from view, as I passed in, any object that might have been concealed behind it.

When we retired, the front of the great back-log had already crumbled into coals, and these again faded into ashes; little jets of flame had shot up fitfully from its unburned ends to bid us their dying good-night, and the farmer had raked the cinders over it to keep it smouldering till daybreak. It was now all ablaze; the flames curled in licking spirals round it and lighted the room with a weird brilliancy, gleaming on the polish of the furniture and on the face of the mirror, and throwing upon the walls and ceiling fantastic shadows that danced and leaped at me as I came in. Of the chairs which had been, according to invariable rule, moved far back from reach of any possible spark, one was drawn forward and stood close to the hearth, suggesting beyond all doubt that its occupant had sought the warmth of the fireplace and re-aroused its blaze. How keen and minute is every observation in such a state of the faculties as I have just described! God only knows what I felt or feared at that moment; and yet, as if there had been nothing else in the universe, I remember that I noted a neglected apple lying between the andirons, and measured with my eye just the richness of the shining black into which one side of it had been roasted by the fire.

Of course, I saw no one, but you might as well have told me that I do not live as that I was alone. Alone! Why, the room was full of the consciousness of the presence of a human soul, and I felt its touch upon mine, its approach and communication tingling in every sense, more keenly than if the subtle sympathy had been broken by any means of converse so discordant and gross as the utterance of a voice or the contact of a hand.

I lifted my candle. Its feeble light, overpowered by the glare of the fire, only cast faint shadows of the chairs and table into the corners of the parlor. Another moment, and in the surge of the storm, a sudden draft from the French window blew it out, and sent the blaze of the back-log roaring up the chimney. Remembering the sounds I had heard, I approached the window I have named. As I neared it I saw that it was unbolted and that, though closed, it was not entirely so, nor latched. I was reaching towards it with my hand, when again, with redoubled force, came the very demon of the tempest dashing its volley of rain and hail against the panes like grape-shot from the cannon's mouth, and then with one irresistible assault forcing the folded sashes in against my face, staggering me with the blast and drenching me with the storm. At the same moment, whether by force of the draft or from whatever other cause, the parlor door, at which I had entered and to which I had turned my back, closed with a sharp concussion.

In the lull that followed it was only the work of a moment to close the French window and secure the bolt. It was evident that some one had entered the house, and that my senses had not deceived me. I became aware, too, that the consciousness of human presence had left me since the shutting of the parlor door, and now I remembered that I had not looked behind it. From that moment all feeling of personal danger fled, and there came in its place a sense of sudden anxiety for the dear ones in the room overhead. Stooping, I lighted my candle at the fire, and, even in the half second of time that then elapsed, my mind ran accurately through the process of reasoning which told me that neither robbery, nor desire of plunder, nor personal harm to me, was the motive of the intruder, who had had every opportunity to accomplish any such purpose, but that something more terrible impended, and that my babes were in danger. And yet I had not even heard a footfall or a breath.

I ran upstairs. On the landing, the housekeeper's door, which I had carefully closed, was wide open. The rays

of my lifted candle fell on her face. She was still fast asleep. *But the babe was gone.*

What was it that even in that moment of agony told me how idle it was to rouse her and ask what had become of the child? I ran from the room. I leaped across the landing. The door of the chamber in which the little boys slept, and which I had left open, was shut. I lightly and swiftly opened it and entered the room.

Not a moment too soon. Let me not indulge in any words of dramatic coloring to heighten the effect of the terrible scene that burst upon me. Let me tell it as simply as I can.

The babe lay asleep at the foot of the bed. In it lay my darling boys just as when I had last bent over them such a little while before. But beside the pillow stood my wife, their mother, her hair falling down her shoulders, her face as soft and tender and motherful as ever God made, one hand with its palm laid on the forehead of the oldest child, in exactly the same position in which I had felt the hand on mine, and in the very act of being drawn soothingly along; while in the other, grasped and swayed in an uncertain and purposeless tremor, was uplifted, not the delicate, glittering poniard of the assassin (strange I should have noted such distinctions at such a crisis), but a horrid, coarse, brutal knife, stolen from the butcher's block, and dull and muddy with its homely use. At the same time, as if the accompaniments of an incantation scene had by some demoniac spirit been added to heighten the horror, the air was full of the bitter pungency of burning; and wreaths of smoke were beginning to rise and curl around that awful group. The light valance of the bed was on fire, and in its glare I saw the half-burnt match that had lighted it, lying on the floor.

All this and more I saw, but I must have seen it in a moment no longer than the lightning's flash, for in the next the eyes that looked softly on the child flamed at me with a look so wild, so fierce, so brutal, so fiendish, that I shrieked at the top of my voice, in the very ecstasy of agony. The hand that lay so gently on the boy's forehead was twisted in his curls with the rapidity with which the serpent darts its venom, and with a violence that tore the cheruby head from the pillow bolt upright. The arm that held the knife grew rigid as a bar of steel.

I knew that the safety of my children depended on diverting the attention of my crazy wife upon myself. Perhaps it was with this motive that I had repeated the shriek and now shouted her name aloud. Still uttering her name, and, with all the mesmeric power I could exert, fixing her gaze on mine, though I almost quailed beneath it, I moved cautiously towards her. Not a muscle moved in her whole frame. But for the cruel gaze and stony murderous ferocity that had hardened her face into something more brutal than that of the most abandoned criminal, she seemed like some sculptor's dream of statuesque and majestic grace and beauty.

I had outstretched my hand. I had given it the disguise of kindly greeting. It was now just in reach of her wrist, which I hoped to grasp with an iron wrench. I might as well have attempted to deceive the arch fiend himself. Quicker than lightning the arm flew up; for the first time her lips opened, and with a yell of rage she fairly leaped upon me. I caught the dull gleam of the blade parting the air, I felt the blunt, painful thud and sting of the stroke, and saw her terrible face, as it flamed at me, sprinkled with the blood that spouted from my veins.

I remember the struggle, as if I was torn by the violence of a tiger, the deadly grasp, the stifling smoke, the startled faces of the little ones, their shrill cries, the feeling of swoon, in which all things swam, though through it all I never lost the desperate purpose to save my children, though I died. I remember the sense of falling, the sound of footsteps on the stairs, of voices entering the room, the terrible glare, always over me, of those implacable eyes, stony with hate and murder, and I remember nothing more.

A NOSEGAY OF SPRING POETS

BY LEONARD HATCH

THE VERY HUMBLE LEIT MOTIF

Mud and raindrops and elm boughs gray,
Grass blades free of their wintry pall,
The note of a far-away robin's call,
And the thrill of fresh young life in the day.

How Alexander Pope might have Expressed Himself.

Now all the Zephyrs sound the call to Spring,
As o'er the heaven's ethereal plain they wing;
Now all the Graces trip with stately mien
The wide enameled lawns' new-tinted green.
The radiant orb of Heaven blazes hot,
And pierces every shady forest grot;
While dwellers of the glades relax their throats,
To trill in feathered rivalry their notes;
Now every cloud weeps crystal tears of rain
For Man's proud foot to spurn in mire again.

Thus Nature's art is ever lavish spent
To make the earth Man's chiefest ornament:
So vilest Man may revel in the sight,
And learn the truth, What must be, must be right.

What Austin Dobson might Indite.

You need not far a-hunting go
  A Triolet of Spring to seek;
For all about fresh blossoms grow,
You need not far a-hunting go,
Here at your feet there sprout the cro-
    cuses and blue violets meek;
You need not far a-hunting go
  A Triolet of Spring to seek.

After Lyly, Jonson, and Others.

Now Spring her fairest garlands strewed, —
Across the meadow and the wood, —
Of fragrant breezes, saffron morns,
Daisies and roses without thorns,
And daffodils and lilies white
That sleep like virgin maids all night.

The lambs curvet o'er stones and grass,
And sweet desire claims the lass.
And on that day within the shade
Cupid and my Corinna played:
The game was cards, and in good part;
The stake was fair Corinna's heart.

At last Corinna lost the prize,
And April showers drowned her eyes;
But Cupid in his wanton glee
Gave my chaste lady's heart to me;
And when Corinna saw 't was mine,
With April sun her eyes did shine.

What Rudyard Kipling might Dash off.

Ye have moiled and babbled and boasted
Of the Spring so far away;
Come, — leave your threshing of what has been,
For the Spring of the Great To-day.

Ye may maunder about the morrow,
Ye may christen it Golden Age;
But the Gold lies snug in its rift to-day,
For you if ye pay the wage.

Ye need not sweat to gain it;
Ye need no gems to pay:
For *now* ye may find the golden Spring,
The Spring of the Great To-day.

How Robert Browning might have Written.

Do you not see? (Ay, off swings my trick again.)
"By all Rome's cassocks, I have eyes!" you say.
Good Wink-eye! Look then: — mirror framed below! —
So! Well enough for you, — for me, poor churl,
I need not scourge my port-beclouded brain
(Ill-omened port) to point the vista home.
So, win or lose, I — *solus* — up-perched there,
A-squat within the window's mullioned frame
Fused (whack! whang!) by smithcraft of some Florentine.
— You're with me yet? Troll me no lies, I pray! —
I gazed me down upon the rubble pave
Muddy, but a-sweetening in the April sun
Which shines (How know I? — God save the mark — I guessed)
Spring-wise upon these cobbles "*ad infinitum*"
(Meaning "forever" in the Briton's vernacular).
Then, with a tilt o' the eyelid, on buttress point
I glimpsed (Mark you the vista well, my friend!)
Two Spring-sprung pigeons, — carrier, belike.
So, gazing starward, whisked along my veins
The call of Spring. — (Think you I babble, sir?)

What Walt Whitman might have had to say on the Subject.

I feel that the Spring has at last come.
I, Walt Whitman, feel this:
For I can hear the chirp of the robin, — the male robin, the female robin, the robin flying to the nest with a bit of string in his bill, the baby robins, their mouths distended eager for the worm;
The cat-bird, the bobolink, the whip-poor-will, the red-winged black-bird, the oriole, the vireo, the junco, the scarlet tanager, the cuckoo, the pewee, the finch, the lark, the ibis, and the nightingale.
I can hear them all.
Did you ever try to hear a robin sing?
I can also hear the factory whistle, the boom of the surf, the vibrant thrill of a trolley-car rounding its curve, the plash of a river among its reeds, the oath of a gin-soaked stevedore, the cry of a baby pricked by a safety-pin.
Did you ever try to beat an egg with a crocus stalk?
Try it!
You may enjoy it.
Then again you may not.

I feel the April mud on my ankles.
I do not feel it alone.
Others feel it.
The little boy feels it as he hurries to the kindergarten; the typewriter girl feels it squunch round her new Oxford ties; the greasy immigrant feels it as he slouches with his dinner-pail toward the quarry; the broker — his lips still warm with the good-by kiss of his wife — feels it.
I feel the Spring in every atom of my terrestrial being:
I feel it in my eyelashes; in my finger-nails;
In my left elbow; in a wen on the right-hand side of my nose, I feel it;
In my ten toes; in my nine fingers, — for one finger I lost on a buzz-saw when a boy.

In every particular and separate scintilla of me, myself, I feel the Spring.
Do you also feel it?
I hope so!

As William Wordsworth might have Sung.

I found a ragged peasant boy
  Asleep upon the lea;
I said to him, "My peasant boy,
  Now tell how this can be!"

Said he: "My father ploughs the fields,
  My sister darns the stocking,
My mother scrubs the pots and pans, —
  But sir, I fear you're mocking.

"So here upon this grassy hill
  I tend the parish sheep;
You did not find me wide awake
  Because I was asleep."

"My boy," cried I, "you thrill my heart
  With joy this very minute,
Since you can spend your time in sleep
  Or listen to the linnet.

"You win a greater blessing here
  Than any sage can bring,

Or any dried philosopher, —
For here you breathe the Spring."

But as I spoke he fell asleep
Beneath that budding tree;
I turned away again, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Edgar Allan Poe's idea of Spring.

An isle, like a leaf on a stagnant tarn,
Sleeps on the liquescent sea;
The brooding waters around it crawl
Like gnawing worms o'er a tree;
Like the writhing blood-red worms of Spring
At feast on a Spring-time tree.

The filmy air enshrouds this isle,
The woodlands are dank and cool;
No Zephyr fondles the cypress boughs,
Nor sweeps the scum from a pool;
No bird-note wakes the putrescent marsh,
There is only the laugh of a Ghoul
In his Spring-time sport with a Will o' the Wisp, —
A chuckling, midnight Ghoul;
In his dalliance here with a Will o' the Wisp, —
A blood-bedabbled Ghoul.

As Robert Louis Stevenson might have Sung.

At morning first I raise my head,
Then sit up in my little bed,
Look out my window toward the sky
Where great white clouds go trundling by.

I see the fields all bare and brown,
The muddy roads which lead to town,
The bobbing white-caps on the sea,
The tattooed sailors by the quay;

I hear a Robin Red-breast sing,
I smell the pleasant smells of Spring;
And then I dress and go to play
Out in the sunshine all the day.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BIRD FIEND

I USED to love the birds, and to await eagerly their coming in the spring. The gleam of blue wing or of ruddy breast has always been the best tonic in the world after the long winter waiting, though, even through the whitest months, the caw of the crow has sounded with unextinguishable courage, and the splendid jay has taunted our pale skies with his tropical coloring. In many a waving meadow of long grass I have listened with joy to many a bobolink; in more than one dark, sequestered spot in the woods I have harkened with reverence to the incomparable note of the hermit thrush, which archangels might envy. The companionship of silent wing, and of alert watching eyes, I have shared gladly in many a solitude. I used to love the birds, but now I think I hate them.

This sorry change in me is the work of the Bird Fiend. Do not be alarmed. My title does not allude to any newly discovered existing species, nor have I unearthed the bones of any pre-historic fowl with cruel beak and unimaginable talons. The genus to which I allude is to be found sitting quietly on any modest hotel piazza in the mountains, on any summer afternoon, or meandering innocently through the forest. It is very numerous; it is far from fierce, and, though it multiplies with fearful rapidity, it does small harm to crops or trees. Many a pretty bit of scientific description could be written of the different varieties, perhaps as follows: —

Male: slender, dull-colored, with mild blue eye, no plumage on the top of head. Habits, migratory. Mountains in summer, lecture or school-room in winter.

Female: short, bustling, somewhat grayish; plumage slightly draggled; keeps up a constant twitter; is seldom known to pair. Summer haunts, the hotels of New England.

Seriously, have not you, too, grown to dread those people of despotic minds and unwearied muscles who are finding out all about the birds? As for mé, I have followed up baking mountain-sides, and down into slippery valleys at their beck and call; through many a luncheon or dinner I have listened with an aimless smile to minute disquisitions, when in reality I did not care whether the bird in question went on two legs or four; I have tired my eyes in study of bird books, where my old friends appear in horrible chromos, their delicate tints dyed to impossible combinations of crimson and magenta. When I am out of doors the beat of a swift wing, which used to bring me always a thrill of pleasure, makes me nervous. If an unknown note sounds over my head, I glance stealthily at my companions, hoping that they have not heard. Always I tiptoe lightly in forest and meadow, lest some new species start up. I dislike the song sparrow, turn my back upon the scarlet tanager, and shun the Baltimore oriole. I could almost assist at that crime which is hinted of modern Italy as something worthy of the land of the Borgias, — I could almost eat a nightingale. I cannot help recalling something which I heard once in a Southern pulpit, where an

eloquent clergyman was preaching in early spring; and there are times when I would that what he said were true. He meant to say, "The buds are bursting on the trees," but, to his chagrin, he twisted it into, "The birds are busting on the trees." A second attempt succeeded no better, and I can still hear the angry assertiveness of his third statement: "The birds *are* busting on the trees."

As apology for this vindictiveness I can only say that it is not caused by mere physical weariness, but also by dislike of mental dissipation resulting from this passion. How often are you nearing the most interesting point in a conversation when, hist! it is broken off, while your companion, finger on lip, crouches earthward or strains heavenward, silently absorbed, or whispering in the noisy quiet of the lady scientist. Now, as every one knows, ideas are far more shy even than birds, and many a choice flock of them have I known frightened away forever in the chase for more tangible wild fowl.

I object, too, to the mercenary nature of the interest. This emulation in regard to the mere number of birds seen seems to me no noble one. They show, these pseudo-scientists, a passion for higher figures which would shame a stock exchange. I have known rival parties to rise at dawn and plunge into wet wood or meadow, to see which could boast the longest list of birds seen in a given season; and I have heard reluctant confessions of having counted the ever-present crow and the domestic rooster in order to swell the numbers.

I object to the absurd actions, as well as to the absurd ideas, of these enthusiasts. I once observed a whole piazza full of people peeping, whistling in imitation of different bird-notes; then, even the bell-boy falling into line, flying with flapping arms and hands. I could not help being reminded of certain mythological tales: the Children of Lir, changed into swans with golden chains about their necks; the wicked King Tereus, turned into a hawk, forever pursuing Philomela, become, for her sins, a nightingale; Procne, become a swallow; and I have wished that, if my contemporaries are to be changed into birds, the transformation, as in the earlier cases, could be immediate and complete.

After all, it is a prying, gossipy interest that these naturalists possess. They care only for the surface, not the soul of the bird; they are feather-brained all. I, who have loved the birds for their suggestiveness, their mystery, for their undiscovered routes of air, their long trail southward, their sure return, object to hearing so many unimportant bits of information. "Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom?" was divinely asked long ago, and never answered. It annoys me to know how many spots this species has upon the breast, how many bars that other species wears upon the tail. My mind is not a scrap-basket, and isolated facts worry me until they gain significance by falling into place. I live in perpetual apprehension of new discoveries, as of new inventions. Who knoweth the path of the wild fowl? Alas! I fear that the answer will soon be, the Brothers Wright.

THAT FIRST MUSKRAT

We had been called to fireside conference in order that we might most wisely spend the succeeding twenty-four hours, already appropriated in our general bill of the future to certain familiar covers and known cornfields. But we straightway left the morrow to the councils of the morrow, and went hunting again in yesterdays. We foregathered with mutual dog-friends of large virtues and intellectuals, and hailed again certain mighty grouse-hunters who ere this, in unknown but surely happy hunting-grounds, have had communion with other great ones among the followers of the son of Cush. We wandered much, after the fashion of the night-before hunts, along dear paths that I could not plot, that were careless of time and space. I give the red gods the offering of a thankful heart that this is

ever the way of those paths. For they are leading somewhere always, with no more unpleasant abruptness in the change from here to there than one may find in the joyous turning of a hill-road or the story told by a close-aldered stream as one follows in its arches.

One of these paths took a far sweep to a very early yesterday and to a great pasture, divided by a little river which furnished a wonderful swimming-pool. Many things we had done by that river for the first time, and I now made afresh one of my first conquests. For it was altogether of the way of this world we were in, that there should suddenly appear, just over the pleasantly running water of memory (and without the least surprise or incongruity), the nose of my first, fat, oily muskrat, at quite the spot where a boy's eye caught him, that dismal, drizzling day of early spring — down where the fence-wires crossed the brook and the waters went swiftly over small stones to the making of a pool under the high bank below; only it was then a freshet stream and all boiling.

When I met that muskrat again, I must needs stay with him till I brought him home. For it had been a long reach of time since I had seen him, and Leal nodded from across the fire that he remembered the way from that pool and he would go with me. That special journey home is even more pleasant to me now than when I first took it.

I had stopped the noble animal with duck-shot, back of which was so much powder and so well rammed that the tingle came in my shoulder, where something had happened, never diagnosed, when the old velocipede went to pieces — the race almost won. But that was remembered much later, for the capture was important, and the prize must needs be promptly secured in the network game-bag; which I can almost feel now as it slops heavily on my back for the three rainy miles on the railroad ties before I reached home. The wind was with me, and those more appreciative of fragrances and their opposites would not have done as I did. It is not so hard now to have sympathy with the feeling of my blood relatives and next friends, to me-wards, when I had laid my quarry on the family work-bench, which, as respects the rest of the house, was not impenetrably environed. But at that time it seemed strange that their manner, though without bitterness, was so little like welcome; which manner, as I recall, became accentuated after I had begun the task of separating the muskrat from his valuable coat. Doubtless some importance should have been attached by me to the fact that this great work was interrupted for the space of two days, while I made a visit to the country.

Even under pressure, memory does not definitely bring back the experiences following my return, except that I took up the task where I had left it off. There is no clear vision, among the pictures of the past, of a perfect pelt or a peltless form; but I do recall a great deal of discussion among my elders, not at all clear to me, concerning the peculiar structure and endowments of my prey and certain delicate surgeries much to be desired at the outset of my task, which (by inference) were adjudged to have been omitted. And I remember that, though it came off cold, the windows of the house were open much of the time for days, and my uncle's smoking of his very black cigars was most welcome to the other members of the family. This did not mean much to me, for I had lived very close to the muskrat and was without regrets. Would that my muse were competent to the high opportunity of the memory of these few days, and might in any way fitly take-up the theme of parental love and fraternal forbearance!

FROM AN AVERAGE WOMAN

It is comforting to find a contributor to the February *Atlantic* intimating that the real domestic problem is in print. That has been my own impression, but the hue

and cry — in print — has been so long and so persistent that I had almost begun to doubt. I have always considered myself an average American woman, but of late I have been curious to know how many women there are in America whose working hypothesis is similar to mine.

Perhaps it is only fair to state, before formulating my hypothesis, that I am a free sample of our much maligned modern education, a graduate of a public high school and of a New England college for women. I am mediæval enough to be glad that I studied both Latin and Greek. The effort I made to translate the thoughts of the immortals meant more to me than mere discipline; all along the way I received little flashes of inspiration and illumination which enrich and sweeten life for me even to-day.

I have no quarrel with my alma mater, as has one of my contemporaries with hers, because she did not teach me "that if one is able to afford two vegetables with one's joint, they had better not be rice and potatoes." I learned that in my mother's home before I went to college, together with other domestic accomplishments, including the making of bread and the darning of stockings. Bread-making I consider of economic importance in my own home, and I look upon darning as "a good restin' job" (to quote my colored maid), very favorable to meditation.

My college training, whatever else it may have accomplished, and however faulty it may have been, has made me immune to boredom. It has also transformed in me the vulnerable snow-white of innocence to the invulnerable sunlight of scientific knowledge. This important transformation took place in the laboratories of botany and zoölogy, where there flashed upon me a knowledge of myself which has resulted in a sounder body and a saner mind. Quite aside from this, college increased my earning power, my sense of responsibility, my joy in literature and in life.

For five years after graduation I was a business woman, very happy in my work; but I have been far more happy in my five years of married life, and more independent than when in business. I have a housekeeping allowance and one for my personal needs, as regular as my salary used to be; I have the control of my time, my work is not so monotonous, and my workshop is what I choose to make it. I do not feel like a "paid housekeeper," nor "an unpaid domestic."

Now for my hypothesis: I believe that housework is an interesting and worthy craft, and that the majority of women, those who are not fitted for a career, enjoy it, or would if it were considered fashionable. I believe that housekeeping is a stimulating profession. I believe that home-making is an art. I believe that motherhood is a divine mission. All these are platitudes; is there any woman, out of print, who really has a different opinion?

I believe that marriage is a life-partnership, to be entered upon only where there is mutual liking as well as love; a partnership of square dealing and equally shared responsibilities, dissoluble only by death, or by some disease, moral or physical, more dire than death.

It seems to me only reasonable that a young woman should not marry unless she is both able and willing to keep house; even as she studies typewriting and shorthand before taking a position as stenographer. There are schools of domestic science reasonable in price, if one cannot learn at home. Why should not the question of the young woman's father, "Can you support her in the style to which she is accustomed?" be supplemented by one from the young man's mother: "Can you so administer my son's salary that he will have as comfortable a home with you as with me?"

I believe — and here I may be considered a rank heretic, even by other average women — that housewives do not have a monopoly of the drudgery of life. My personal definition of drudgery is compulsory work that one does not know how to do well. "What one can do is always pleasant to do," says no less an au-

thority than Robert Louis Stevenson. Nor is the varied routine of the work of a house more monotonous than heating one iron bar after another, hour after hour, day after day, for instance; or adding up one column of figures after another. To my mind, who have tried both, the reading and editing of manuscripts grows monotonous and wearing sooner than the doing of all my "own work" without a maid.

Possibly women are less able to bear monotony than men, but if they are it is time they kept it to themselves. Women will do work far more monotonous and fatiguing, and even housework itself, to beautify the face or form or reduce the "tonnage;" — at least, women in print will (see the "Beauty Columns" in those most humorous of publications, pages and journals for women and the home).

In the conduct of my household I have dealings with the Chinaman, the Italian, the Greek, the African, the sons and daughters of Ireland and Germany. All the problems of race and creed are at my back door, and I am willing to follow where they lead; but if I do, and if I continue to make old age less a barren waste for the aged in my home, and start the young in the right way to independence and happiness, and share my home with all the relatives and friends who have a claim upon my hospitality, am I neglecting the "real work of the world"? I ask in all humility, for myself and for all the average women I represent, who rejoice with me that there are women of larger leisure and greater ability to espouse the cause of the working girl, and the child who should not work, and to secure better conditions in town and state.

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THE HUNDRED WORST BOOKS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

Some years have passed since Sir John Lubbock offered assistance to the bewildered reader by sifting the world's literature and selecting the Best Books. Since then many lists of the Best Books, in tens and multiples of ten, have been presented to the public. Enterprising publishers have put forth sets sold by subscription and warranted to be ornaments to any library.

I am not in a position to know whether the Best Books when organized into a battalion are more resorted to than before. I suspect that, like a company of the Ancient and Honorables, they are admired by the commonalty, and not subjected to very hard service.

But admirable as is the effort to mark the best, it is not a sufficient method of charting the vast sea of literature. The lighthouse is not placed in the middle of the channel, but on the dangerous reef. The mournful bell-buoy tells the mariner where *not* to go. For purposes of instruction in literature, the reefs and shoals should be properly marked. It seems strange that those who are interested in the study of literary style have not given more attention to the work of compiling lists of the Hundred Worst Books.

Here is a fascinating field for difference of opinion; and the debates can be carried on without acrimony. There is something unseemly in the controversies over the comparative merits of Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, especially when, for chronological reasons, Bernard Shaw must have the last word. It is different when two deservedly obscure writers contend amiably for the lowest seat. No ill feeling can be provoked when each bows to the other and says, "After you."

The question, what constitutes bad writing, has been complicated by the fact that teachers of English have so largely confined their attention to good, or at least to mediocre, writers. When therefore they have had occasion to use horrible examples, they have generally been content to point out the occasional slips which they discover in the better sort of books; unless, indeed, they are hard-hearted enough to use Freshmen examination papers as clinical material.

In this way they put undue emphasis on minor faults, while not doing justice to those which are fundamental. For reproof and instruction there is nothing better than the thorough analysis of a book which has no redeeming qualities to distract from its main fault. It must be one of unimaginativeness all compact. There should be a careful anatomy of its melancholy. What is the secret of total lack of charm? How is it that words can be made not only to conceal thought, but also to stifle all natural curiosity concerning the thought that might be concealed? In what fields were the poppies grown from which this opiate was distilled?

It is only in the first-hand study of consistently bad writing that we outgrow the schoolboy point of view: that bad writing consists in breaking the rules, and good writing in obeying them. At first sight, the rules of rhetoric seem as adamantine as the moral law. The

commandments against barbarisms and improprieties are uttered with a stern menace. Such a natural locution as a split infinitive evokes the thunders of the law. The young writer grows timid, seeing that he is liable to give offense where none was intended. By purifying his style of all its natural qualities, he seeks through self-abnegation to follow the counsels of perfection and attain to "clearness, elegance and force."

At last he discovers, with a sense of injustice, that the penalties are visited only on those who, in good faith, are trying, though unsuccessfully, to obey the laws. All is forgiven one who transgresses willfully and deliberately.

"I do not care to be clear," cries the new favorite; "you will notice what pains I take to be obscure. As for elegance, I despise it."

"Come to my arms, child of genius," cries the delighted critic. "Who cares for clearness and elegance in one who is strong enough to succeed without them?"

The painstaking literary workman has a sense of injustice when he observes that virtue is not rewarded and that disobedience is praised. Elsewhere the good person is one who does what he is told to do and who performs the work that is expected of him. In literature, all this goes for nothing when measured against a bit of originality. Now, originality consists in not doing what is expected. When all eyes are fixed upon the target the trick is to hit something else. The thoroughly bad writer is one who in three hundred and fifty pages tells you exactly what you expected, in precisely the way you expected him to tell it. The business-like fidelity with which his plan is carried out renders it unnecessary for you to inspect the work. You feel that you can trust the author absolutely. A glance at the table of contents is sufficient; you know that it will be carried out. You can acknowledge your indebtedness in the labor-saving formula of the polite tradesman, "Thanking you in advance for your favor."

It is not my purpose to furnish a list of the Worst Books. I do not think it would be within the power of any one to make a selection that would be universally accepted. The compilers of the lists of Best Books have the advantage that they are by well-known authors and have had the judgment of successive generations. One does not need to have a really comprehensive knowledge of literature to express a preference for the historic Milton over the inglorious Miltons, who might have written as well, but who unfortunately did n't.

It is more difficult to distinguish the worst books. Like all the lower organisms, poor books multiply prodigiously, though the total number is kept down by a corresponding mortality. Here, as elsewhere, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." The worst books sink speedily into the depths of oblivion. It is in these black waters that we must dredge for our specimens.

We must expect to take fisherman's luck. It is as hard for some things to be forgotten as it is for others to be remembered. There, for example, was that sturdy Elizabethan, John Marston, who had the singular taste to dedicate his poems to Everlasting Oblivion. He says,

> Let others pray
> Forever their fair poems flourish may,
> But as for me, hungry Oblivion
> Devour me quick, accept my orison,
> My earnest prayers which do importune thee
> To veil both me and my rude poesy.

Instead of which, a new edition of the complete Works of Marston has been issued within a few years.

It is evident that no two lists of the Hundred Worst Books can be alike. There can be no consensus of the competent in regard to that which the competent usually shun. It is not necessary that there should be elaborate tests. All that can reasonably be expected is that a reader, remembering his least happy hours, should indicate the books which on the whole seemed preëminent in the quality of unreadableness.

It should be remembered that the habit of making collections of books on the ground of their worthlessness is not common, and the collector meets many discouragements from those who do not appreciate his point of view. I had an experience of this kind in Oxford. I had noted the absence in the English newspapers of those colored supplements which lend distinction to our Sunday newspapers, and which throw such a lurid light upon our boasted sense of humor.

I wondered as to what provision was made for the literary proletariat of Great Britain. A slight investigation at the news stands revealed the fact that the same pabulum was furnished to the public, only on a somewhat different plan. In Great Britain it is served *à la carte* instead of, as with us, *table d'hôte*. There are a host of little journals, of which *Ally Sloper's* seemed the most popular, which contain the matter which is thrust upon us in the huge supplements. It occurred to me that it might be pleasant to make a selection of these papers of the *Ally Sloper* variety, and compare them with our more pretentious productions in the same line. An analysis of this literature, which was evidently devoured in Oxford in large quantities, might serve as the basis of an essay to be entitled "Under the Shadow of the Bodleian."

I had made a selection, and was about to complete the purchase, when the keeper of the news stand handed me the Hibbert *Journal of Theology*, saying with a firmness of conviction that overpowered my lighter desires, "This, sir, must be what you are looking for."

Though the systematic study of literary failures may be less attractive to some minds than the contemplation of successful efforts, there can be no question as to its usefulness. It stands in the same relation to formal rhetoric that pathology does to physiology. Certainly, a sound knowledge of the pathology of composition must be advantageous to one venturing upon so dangerous an occupation.

In compiling a list of the Hundred Worst Books one should carefully consider the necessary limitations of the inquiry. In the first place, it should be remembered that the word worst is used, not in the moral, but in the strictly literary sense. The candidate for a place in the list must be bad, not as a man may be bad, but as a book may be bad. Now, the chief end of a book is to be read, and the lowest depth into which it can fall is to be unreadable. We must subordinate all other considerations to the effort to ascertain how it stands in this respect. Our judgment must be upon the degree of unreadableness. Is the book one which we should not read if we had anything better at hand, or is it of such a character that in a farm-house on a rainy afternoon it would not serve as a temporary alleviation of our disappointment at not finding a last year's Almanac?

In making tests, we must eliminate all prejudice. A book that awakens prejudice can have no place in the list of the Hundred Worst. A book that belongs there awakens nothing. If it makes you angry or scornful — it has done something to you. This is evidence of a certain degree of power. The test of really poor writing is that it produces no mental reactions.

Were there a popular contest, I suppose some one might propose the once well-known works of the Sweet Singer of Michigan. This would indicate that the essentials of poor literature are not understood. I have read every poem of the Sweet Singer with delighted surprise. The aberrations from ordinary usage gave a certain unforgettable quality to the work. On the other hand, I have read poems irreproachable in rhyme and rhythm, and when I had finished I not only did n't know what it was about, — which was a small matter, — but, what was more important, I did n't care.

In order to preserve the scientific character of the investigations, it would be necessary to rule out works by living authors, even though by so doing we exclude much interesting material.

By this exclusion we avoid the question whether literature is declining in quality, as it increases in quantity. The fact that there are vast numbers of poor books issuing from the press does not prove that there is any literary decadence. We should remember the way in which Junius in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton denied that he had charged his Lordship with being a degenerate. "The character of the ancestors of some men has made it possible for them to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate." The testimony of contemporaries in such a matter is notoriously unreliable. Read, for example, the *Tears of the Muses* by Edmund Spenser. Spenser would have us believe that the period in which he lived had reached the low-water mark of English genius. Each muse comes forward bathed in tears to lament the dismal heaviness of the times.

Clio reports that in her line there is "nothing doing." History is a lost art. She can

> Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told.

Melpomene bewails the fact that there are no longer any worthy tragedians.

> But I that in true tragedies am skild,
> The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me:
> Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
> Because that mourning matter I have none.

Gentle Thalia is in still worse plight.

> O, all is gone! and all the goodly glee,
> Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
> Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
> And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
> And brutish Ignorance, yerept of late
> Out of dredd darknes of the deep abysme.

One muse after another gives sad testimony. Only one person of real ability remains: —

> Most peereles prince, most peereles poëtresse
> The true Pandora of all heavenly graces
> Divine Elisa.

With the exception of the divine Elisa, all were "borne of salvage brood." No wonder that each muse wept immoderately.

> Eftsoones such store of teares shee forth did powre,
> As if shee all to water would have gone;
> And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
> Did weep and waile and made exceeding mone;
> And all their learned instruments did breake;
> The rest untold no living tongue can speake.

In spite of these lamentations, one cannot help thinking that the sixteenth century averaged up pretty well. To be sure, men of genius were not as thick as blackberries; they seldom are.

Of course the same difficulty besets the compilers of the Best Books, when they allow contemporaries to compete. The author of a book of reminiscences of Oxford in the middle of the nineteenth century tells of a question put to the great Dr. Louth, then the head of Magdalen College and a great authority on literature. "If the English Language were to become a dead language, who would be remembered and hold the place of a classic, as Cicero in the Latin?" Dr. Louth answered that in his opinion the name that would survive the general wreck of English literature would be that of Thomas Warton. Such judgments serve to point a wholesome moral: not to be too sure. Fame is like an absent-minded hostess. She receives her distinguished guest graciously and assures him of her undying regard. When, a little while after, she meets him, she inquires, "What name, please?"

As my present purpose is simply to call attention to some of the most salient characteristics of poor writing, I shall confine my attention to two or three books that happen to be in my own library. I speak in this matter, not as an expert, but as an amateur. I have read a good many poor books, but I do not flatter myself that I know the worst. Nor do I feel that I have the ability ever to do so. There are books at which I can only gaze trustfully, as upon some land where no man comes or hath come since the making of the world. I have not the courage to explore these verbal wildernesses. If I were to choose a volume out of my limited collec-

tion to illustrate what a book ought not to be, it would be a modest little volume, published in the middle of the last century by the Religious Tract Society of London, and entitled *Our Domestic Fowls*. I have no doubt but that there are worse books than *Our Domestic Fowls*, but its faults are of such a typical character as to make it excellent material for a literary clinic.

The author, Mr. Martin, was capable of constructing sentences which were clear and which sometimes attained to a degree of elegance, but the effect of his work as a whole was to confound the understanding.

The reason is not far to seek. Like most poor books, *Our Domestic Fowls* was made to order. In the introduction we are told that the Committee of the Religious Tract Society had resolved to publish a volume each month adapted to the growing intelligence of the times. "The series will be Original, Scriptural, Popular, Portable, and Economical; that is to say, the twelve volumes of a year will cost less than three half-pence per week."

Such were the austere requirements of the committee. It appears that the more attractive subjects had been treated already by other authors. The Life of Julius Cæsar, Wild Flowers, The Solar System, Ancient Jerusalem, Self-Improvement, The Atmosphere, and Man in his Physical, Intellectual, Social and Moral Relations, had been developed in such a way as to "supply valuable reading to a large number of people who could spare only time enough for the perusal of a small volume, and whose means would not allow of a more costly purchase." The cream had been skimmed off before Mr. Martin appeared, but there was left for him one subject, Domestic Fowls, which he was required to treat in the same Original, Scriptural, Portable, and Economical fashion that characterized the rest of the series.

Here Mr. Martin made his fundamental mistake, which was in undertaking to write the book. Had he been left to choose his own subject, he might have done very well. Apparently he was a man of sound theological views, who at the same time had had some experience in poultry. Had he undertaken to write on either Systematic Theology, or Chicken-Raising, he might have got on. It was in the attempt to do both at the same time, in order to fulfill the requirements of the committee, that he came to grief.

I have no doubt that the one hundred and ninety-two pages of this little book were the cause of much mental anguish to Mr. Martin. The evidence of divided aim is but too apparent. No sooner did he become interested in describing the raising of ducks than his conscience would smite him with the thought that some reader was hungering for a scriptural application, and he would suddenly remark, "Whether ducks, geese, or other waterfowl were used as food by the Ancient Hebrews does not appear from any passage in the scriptures. They do not seem to have been interdicted, and as the Hebrews must have witnessed the extensive consumption of these birds while sojourning in Egypt, especially ducks and geese, they perhaps may have adopted their use." On the other hand, he says that it is just as likely "that, influenced by their feelings of aversion with respect to Egyptian rites and ceremonies, the Hebrews *may* have regarded ducks and geese with disgust."

The arguments on either side are alike plausible, but they serve to interrupt the train of thought of one interested in the more practical aspects of the subject.

Mr. Martin begins his work by stating that "the only history of man in his primeval condition is that contained in the book of Genesis." Though Adam was given dominion, not only over the fish of the sea, but also over the birds of the air, it is doubtful whether he exercised this dominion in the case of domestic poultry. The author finds much difficulty in elucidating the question of the relation of the patriarchs to poultry, com-

ing reluctantly to the conclusion that the patriarchs did not keep hens. He takes much comfort, however, in a " casual and little noticed expression in the First Book of Kings," that indicates that in the days of Solomon the domestic fowl was kept in Judea.

These investigations take Mr. Martin far afield. There is an apologetic note in his treatment of the turkey and guinea-fowls. " As the guinea-hen and the turkey were originally imported from Central Africa and America, we can of course find no allusion to them in Scripture, but it is somewhat strange that the pheasant should not be noticed." He attempts to explain the omission in two sentences, which I will quote as an example of Mr. Martin's learned and clear style. After several readings, I confess I have not been able to follow his line of thought. He says, " We think, however, that an easy explanation may be given: when the waters of the deluge were assuaging, Noah selected two birds by way of experiment, the raven and the dove. The ark was left dry on Mount Ararat, probably in Armenia; we have then a brief narration of a series of important events extending over a period of three hundred and twenty-seven years, and a list of generations, till we come to the injunction laid upon Abraham to leave his country and kindred. He passed with Lot to the land of Canaan, and thence into Egypt, with flocks and herds, his property; thenceforth he and his descendants led a nomadic life in Syria and Egypt, feeding their flocks and herds, their asses and camels. Consequently, that neither this elegant bird nor any other excepting turtle-doves and young pigeons common in Syria, and used as offerings, should be alluded to in the history of the patriarchs, may be readily accounted for."

Mr. Martin was a good Protestant. Speaking of the guinea-fowl, he says that while it was originally from Africa it was carried to America, " where it had been introduced with human bondsmen torn from their native soil to supply the place of the miserably slaughtered population of the Western World, and condemned to labor for the conquering white man, for him whose only passion was, under the veil of popish religion, the accursed thirst for gold." One would hardly have expected that the discussion of the guinea-hen would have given such a good opportunity to get a whack at the Papacy.

Mr. Martin's condition is described in the title of one of Tennyson's poems, "Confessions of a Second-rate Mind not at Unity with Itself."

Here is a paragraph in which Mr. Martin struggles with different phases of his subject with his usual lack of success: —

" Of the utility of the fowl as an article of food, and of the goodness of its eggs, little need be said, all are aware of the great numbers of the former consumed in the metropolis alone, and, with respect to the latter, thousands are annually imported from France to meet the demands of the market. In all ages the cock has been celebrated as the harbinger of the morn, the herald of the sun, whose clarion sounds before the break of day. Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house shall come, at even or at midnight or at the cock-crowing."

The lack of unity in this paragraph must strike the most uninstructed reader, and yet it arises from conscientious motives. The writer is always going back to the subject as prepared by the committee. It is the same fatal impulse which is said to lead the murderer to revisit the scenes of his crime. Mr. Martin cannot forget for a moment his great responsibilities. He is always afraid lest his moral should get away from him. His motto is Poultry and Theology, one and inseparable.

When he is calculating the profits arising from hens that can be induced to devote their energies to laying eggs rather than to sitting on them, he rises into the sphere of Natural Theology. " It must have struck even the most superficial observer that the extraordinary fecundity of gallinaceous fowls is a wise and most benevolent dispensation of Providence to

provide more abundant food for man."

Having made this edifying observation, he feels that he has discharged a spiritual duty and may return to a more utilitarian treatment of the subject.

For a hundred and eighty-nine pages Mr. Martin struggles manfully with his subject. He is about to give us information as to the breeding of swans, when he suddenly determines to bring his dissertations to an end.

"Here, then, we may close our account of the birds legitimately coming under the head of domestic poultry. A few words may be permitted on another subject." This subject is really number 14 of the Series, "Man in his Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Relations." It is this subject which Mr. Martin has been hankering for all the time. He has only four pages, but he devotes it to The Fall of Man. "Man fell from his first estate, and the human race now stands as guilty, as criminal, as condemned by the law, to break one tittle of which is to break the whole."

Gathering together the threads of argument which he had left at loose ends in the various chapters on the gallinaceous fowls, he makes a fervent appeal to the sinner, and ends his book in gentler tone, with a few comforting reflections for the saints. "Even now the day is brightening, Christianity can number among its sincere professors men of every clime, from the ice-bound north to the sunny isles of the southern seas, the skin-clad Greenlander familiar with the waves, the hardy Russ and Slavonian, the Anglo, the Frank, the Hindoo, the Negro, the Red Rover of the American forest, and the fierce Polynesian, once an idolater and a cannibal."

With this elegant peroration, Mr. Martin brings his book on *Our Domestic Fowls* to an abrupt conclusion.

This work is useful in suggesting the cause of much unfortunate writing. The author has not a free hand. It is a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth. A committee may do many things well, but it cannot produce good literature. To draw an illustration from the field with which Mr. Martin was familiar, we may say that in literature artificial incubation is not a success.

One may observe the effects of outside influences in the labored style of government reports, inaugural addresses, orations on important occasions, and in prize poems and essays.

The dreariness of the official productions of the poets laureate of England is a case in point, for many of these gentlemen in their private capacity have been real poets. But their style invariably took a turn for the worse when they began to write as contract laborers.

The productions of this sort are like the early attempts of the heavier-than-air flying machines. The machine was first lifted to an elevated platform. After that its flight consisted of laborious flopping that concealed, but did not overcome, the force of gravity.

Colley Cibber, who, after being made Poet Laureate, was elevated to the position of hero of "The Dunciad," complained that there was nothing which the unmannerly wits of his day liked better than "a lick at the laureate." It is a sport which is still enjoyed.

Why do the favorites of royalty write so badly when they are elevated into a place of such dignity? Boswell reports Dr. Johnson as saying of Cibber: "His friends give out that he *intended* his birthday Odes should be bad; but that is not the case, sir." This charitable view seems also the reasonable one. It is not necessary to suppose that the almost uniform badness of official poetry comes from deliberate malfeasance in office. The honest poet does his best to earn his salary, and to give his patrons their money's worth. But something happens to him. It is impossible for him to deliver the goods.

Suppose Robert Burns, in an unfortunate moment, to have been honored with the laureateship. He receives an order to produce a short poem for the king's

birthday. " Throw off just a simple little thing, like the lines you wrote when you were ploughing. His Majesty prefers simplicity."

Poor Burns! He cannot make King George seem as interesting a subject as a field mouse. All the felicities of speech desert him. He can only render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, which, truth to tell, are quite dull.

If patrons in former times were the cause of much bad writing, publishers in these days are not without their burden of guilt. The unwary writer commits himself to a literary project which is foreign to his genius. The conflict between what he wants to write, and what he is paid to write, destroys all spontaneous charm. The commercialization of literature bears its own penalty. The literature that is made to order, following the specifications of the buyer without regard to the moods of the producer, is bound to be bad. Under these circumstances the production of a skilled writer will not be *so* bad as the work of a novice, but at best it will only be a merchantable specimen of his own worst manner. It must necessarily be so, as it is his work with himself left out. The inability to write well unless one has something he wants to write is, as the author of *Our Domestic Fowls* would say, " a wise provision."

I have confined my attention to prose. To carry the investigation into poetry would be too painful. I have only one book of poems which I purchased because I suspected that it was bad, and in this adventure I hazarded only fifteen cents. I was attracted by the title, *Poems by Jones*. If the author's initials had been given I should not have bought the book. The stark title promised something rigidly unpoetic, and the promise was fulfilled.

Jones published his poems in 1759, and, with the exception of a lady who left some rose-petals between the leaves, I flatter myself that I am the only person in one hundred and fifty years who has read the book.

The principal poem is entitled " Philosophy, a poem addressed to the ladies who attended Mr. Booth's lectures in Dublin." Mr. Booth, it appears, lectured on natural philosophy.

Jones describes the way in which the ladies listened to the lecture and watched the experiments in physics: —

> What pleasing fervours in each Bosom rise
> What deep attention and what fixed surprise.

We can almost see " the fixed surprise " of the eighteenth-century ladies as the experiments came out just as the lecturer said they would.

Well does the poet say, —

> Thrice happy few, that wisely here attend
> The voice of Science and her Cause befriend.
> . . . . . .
> To you bright nymphs whose wisdom charms us most,
> The pride of Nature, and Creation's boast,
> To you Philosophy enamoured flies
> And triumphs in the plaudits of your eyes.

That was very flattering, and I like to think that the rose-petals were left in the book by one of the lecture-going ladies of Dublin when it was last opened in the winter of the year 1759.

In the title of another poem, Jones unconsciously lets us into the secret of the Art of Poetry as it has been practiced in all ages by the world's poets. It is a poem entitled, " To the Reverend Dr. Mann, occasioned by the author's asking him for a subject to write on, and his saying he could think of none."

The poet, having no ideas of his own and being unable to borrow any from his friends, falls into a gentle melancholy. In attempting to express this melancholy sense of intellectual destitution, he is greatly surprised to find that he has written a poem of considerable length.

Standing on the same shelf with *Our Domestic Fowls* is another little volume of the same period — *The Young Lady's Aid to Usefulness and Happiness*. It is difficult to tell what is the matter with this book. There are no obvious faults to attract the attention. There are no sentiments which could do the least harm to

the delicate young lady portrayed on the frontispiece. Yet it has only been by a great effort of will that I have been able to read more than one sentence at a sitting. Dip into the book at any point, and you feel that you have read that page before.

Here is a specimen sentence, on page 122: "The particular suggestions are that the great object of education is to draw out, exercise, and develop the various faculties of our nature, that books and studies are the means of accomplishing this object, but as the strength and development of the mental powers depend upon the actual exercise of these powers rather than upon the particular studies and subjects on which the mind is exercised, it sometimes happens that those who are deprived of books and studies do by similar exercise of their minds upon the actual duties and trials of life, obtain the same or similar valuable results with others, and that consequently those young ladies who enjoy great advantages should remember that the value of their education will depend upon their own faithfulness in the right exercise of their mind, rather than upon the high character of the advantages they enjoy, while those who are deprived of these privileges may be encouraged to seek for the same valuable results in rightly meeting and rightly discharging the duties of life."

This is what in the language of penology would be called an " indeterminate sentence."

The obvious criticism is that it is too long, and the attempt might be made to improve it by chopping it up into small pieces. This would be a makeshift like that of the cook who, when a piece of meat is too tough and tasteless to be served whole, has it minced.

There was a poem which I learned in my childhood in which the question is propounded: —

> How big was Alexander, Pa,
> The people call him Great?
> Was he like old Goliath tall,
> His spear, a hundred weight?

The answer was one that appealed to common sense: —

> 'T was not his stature made him great
> But the greatness of his mind.

So one may say of the sentence in the *Young Lady's Aid*, it is not its length that makes it tedious, but the tediousness of the author's mind. This is apparent when we compare it with an equally extended sentence of Milton on the same subject.

Milton's sentence sweeps everything before it. It fills every nook and cranny, and we are carried along by its uncontrolled energy. The sentence in the *Young Lady's Aid* moves also, but it moves on a pivot. The same phrases reappear like the gilt chariots in a merry-go-round. To be reminded once of the trials and duties of life is salutary, but when the same trials and duties which gave solemnity to the first half of the sentence reappear in the second half, and we are again assured of the valuable results of education, the result is intellectual vertigo.

A comparison between selected passages from the Hundred Best and the Hundred Worst Books might throw light on the question how far education affects literary style. There is a field in which instruction avails. There are obvious faults that can be corrected, and there are excellences that can be attained, by training. But there is, beyond that, the field for native qualities.

There is an incommunicable grace of language which is "the glory of gay wits." We may be taught to recognize it and to enjoy it, but we cannot be taught to imitate it. In any bit of writing it is either there or it is not there. If it is there, we are glad; if it is not there, the best teacher cannot correct the deficiency.

If the best is inimitable, so fortunately is the worst. The poorest writing must be accepted as a gift of Nature. Lord Chatham said of the members of Lord North's cabinet, " They have brought themselves where ordinary inability never arrives, and nothing but first-rate geniuses in

incapacity can reach." A study of the works of first-rate geniuses in literary incapacity will show that by no rearrangement of sentences or application of formal rules can they be greatly improved; for, in each case, the style is the man. The fact to be considered in regard to the worst writer is, not that he makes mistakes, but that he *is* a mistake.

We come back to the theory of the "Dunciad," where the Goddess Dulness, is described: —

> Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
> She ruled in native anarchy the mind.

A learned footnote explains: "Dulness is here to be taken, not contrastedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see from the poet's own words) some degree of boldness, a ruling principle, not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding and inducing a confused state of mind." No educational device has yet been invented by which sweetness and light may be extracted from this confused state of mind.

IS IMMORTALITY DESIRABLE?[1]

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

It may be thought, a man must be very bold or very shameless who is prepared to discourse on such a theme as mine. For either, it would seem, he must profess to know what the wisest have admitted to be beyond their ken, or he must be a charlatan, ready to talk about matters of which he knows nothing. These are hard alternatives; but they do not, I hope, exhaust the possibilities. For the Immortality of Man is one of those great open questions which, to my mind, are of all the most worth discussing, even though they may never be resolved.

But, in saying that, I have already, no doubt, said what some of my readers will dispute; for to some, in all probability, the question is not open, but closed. There may be those who are convinced, on grounds of revealed religion, that Man is immortal. To these I do not speak, for anything I could say must be an irrelevance or an impertinence. There may be others who are equally assured, on grounds of science, that man is mortal. Against them I shall not argue; but I must state briefly that I do not agree with them, and why.

The scientific denial of immortality is based upon the admitted fact of the connection between mind and brain; whence it is assumed that the death of the brain must involve the death of that, whatever it be, which has been called the soul. This may indeed be true; but it is not necessarily or obviously true; it does not follow logically from the fact of the connection. For, as Professor James has ably set forth in his lecture on "Human Immortality," that fact may imply, not the production, but the transmission, of mind by brain. The soul, as Plato thought, may be capable of existing without the body, though it be imprisoned in it as in a tomb. It looks out, we might suppose, through the windows of the senses; and its vision is obscured or distorted by every imperfection of the glass. "If a man is shut up in a house," Dr. McTaggart has remarked, "the transparency of the windows is an essential condition of his seeing the sky. But,"

[1] Copyright, 1909, by G. Lowes Dickinson.

he wittily adds, "it would not be prudent to infer that if he walked out of the house he could not see the sky, because there was no longer any glass through which he might see it." My point is, that the only fact we have is the connection, in our present experience, of body and mind. That the soul therefore dies with the brain is an inference, and quite possibly a mistaken one. If to some minds it seems inevitable, that may be as much due to a defect of their imagination as to a superiority of their judgment. To infer wisely in such matters, one must be a poet as well as a man of science; and for my own part I would rather trust the intuitions of Goethe or of Browning than the ratiocination of Spencer or of Haeckel. For in making his hypotheses a man is determined, whether he knows it or no, by his habitual sense of what is possible; and in this curious universe so many things are possible which seem incredible to men who had never been astonished! Does it seem incredible that the body should be the habitation, not the creator, of the soul; that this should continue to live when that has died? I can only reply in the words of an American poet: —

> Is it wonderful that I should be immortal as every one is immortal?
> I know it is wonderful — but my eyesight is equally wonderful, and how I was conceived in my mother's womb is equally wonderful;
> And passed from a babe, in the creeping trance of a couple of summers and winters, to articulate and walk. All this is equally wonderful.
> And that my soul embraces you this hour, and we affect each other without ever seeing each other, and never perhaps to see each other, is every bit as wonderful.
> And that I can think such thoughts as these is just as wonderful.
> And that I can remind you, and you can think them and know them to be true, is just as wonderful.
> And that the moon spins round the earth, and on with the earth, is equally wonderful;
> And that they balance themselves with the sun and stars is equally wonderful.

I do not of course suggest that from the intuition of poets anything can be finally concluded about the immortality of man. But I urge that when we approach the subject it should be with our imagination alert; that our hypotheses should be framed under a compelling sense of our own limitations and the vastness of the universe; and that, if we approach the matter thus, the notion that something we may call a soul or self survives death will not seem to be ruled out by any of the known facts of our experience.

Thus much I have said merely to clear the ground for the point I propose to discuss. Considering it to be an open question whether or no immortality is a fact, I shall devote the rest of my paper to the inquiry whether, and in what sense, it is desirable. In this inquiry I hope the reader will consider that I am addressing to him a series of questions; and though I shall not conceal my own opinions, it is not my object to impose them upon others. I have to deal with a number of different and mutually incompatible attitudes, resulting from different experiences and temperaments. These I shall pass in review, distinguish, and criticise; and each of my readers, I assume, meantime will be considering within himself what his own position is towards each of them.

The attitudes in question may be broadly distinguished as three. There are those who do not think about immortality, those who fear it, and those who desire it.

1. The majority of people I should suppose belong to the first class, except perhaps in certain crises of life. The normal attitude of men towards death seems to be one of inattention or evasion. They do not trouble about it; they do not want to trouble about it; and they resent its being called to their notice. And this, I believe, is as true of those who nominally accept Christianity as of those who reject any form of religion. On this point the late Frederick Myers used to tell a story which I have always thought very illuminating. In conversation after din-

ner he was pressing on his host the unwelcome question, what he thought would happen after death. After many evasions and much recalcitrancy, the reluctant admission was extorted: "Of course, if you press me, I believe that we shall all enter into eternal bliss; but I wish you would n't talk about such disagreeable subjects." This I believe is typical of the normal mood of most men. They don't want to be worried; and though probably, if the question were pressed, they would object to the idea of extinction, they can hardly be said to desire immortality. Even at the point of death, it would seem, this attitude is often maintained. Thus Professor Osler writes: —

"I have careful records of about five hundred death-beds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. The latter alone concern us here. Ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another, eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no signs one way or the other; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting."

2. It cannot, then, I think, be said that most men desire immortality; rather they are, in their normal mood, and even at the point of death, indifferent to the question. But most men perhaps in some moods, and some men continually, do reflect upon the subject and have conscious and definite desires about it. Of these, however, not all desire immortality; and some are so far from desiring it that they passionately crave extinction, and would receive the news that they survive death, not with exultation, but with despair. The two positions are to be distinguished. On the one hand, a man may simply have had enough of life without having any quarrel with it, and may prefer to the idea of continued existence that of oblivion and repose. Such, according to Metschnikoff, would be the normal attitude of men if they were not habitually cut off before the natural term of life, a term which he puts at well over a hundred years. And such seems, in fact, to be the attitude of some men even under present conditions. It is beautifully and classically expressed in the well-known epitaph of the poet Landor, on himself: —

> I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
> Nature I loved and next to nature, art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks and I am ready to depart.

On the other hand, there are those who not merely acquiesce in, but desire extinction; and that because they believe, on philosophic or other grounds, that any possible life must be bad. These are the people called pessimists; they are more numerous than is often believed; and they are apt to be regarded by the plain man with a certain moral reprobation. That this should be so is an interesting testimony to the instinctive optimism of mankind. But the optimism, it will perhaps be agreed, is commonly less profound than the pessimism. Whatever may be the promise of life, it is, as we know it, to those who look at it fairly and straight, very terrible, unjust, and cruel. And if any conceivable subsequent life must be of the same character as this, no freer from limitation, no richer in hope, no fuller in achievement, then the pessimist has at any rate a strong *prima facie* case. And this brings us to the obvious point, that the desirability of a future life must depend upon its character, just as does the desirability of this one. So that it is relevant to ask those who acquiesce in or desire extinction, whether or no there is some kind of life which, if offered to them securely, they would be willing to accept after death.

3. Let us turn then to our third class, those who desire immortality, and ask them what it is they desire, and whether it is really desirable. For a number of very different conceptions may be covered by the same phrase. And first, there are those who simply do not want to die, and whose desire for immortality is merely the expression of this feeling.

Old people, so far as I have observed, often cling in this way to life; more often, indeed, than the young. Yet, if they could put it fairly to themselves, they would, I suppose, hardly say that they would wish to go on forever in this life, with all their infirmities increasing upon them. Nothing surely is sadder, nothing meaner, than this desire to prolong life here at all costs. The sick, the infirm, the aged — that we care for them as we do may be creditable to our humanity. But that they desire to be cared for, instead of to depart, is that so creditable to theirs? I will go further and say that to arrest any period of life, even the best, the most glorious youth, the most triumphant manhood, is what no reasonable man will rightly desire. To the values of life, at any rate as we know it now, the change we call growing older seems to be essential; and we cannot wisely wish to arrest that process anywhere this side of death. I shall suppose that my reader agrees with that, and pass to another conception.

It may be held that life, as we know it, is so desirable that though it would not be a good thing to prolong it indefinitely, it would be a good thing to repeat it over and over again. That we may treat this notion fairly, I will ask the reader to suppose that in none of these repetitions is there any memory of the previous cycles; for every one, I expect, would agree that the repetition of a life, every episode of which is remembered to have occurred before, is a prospect of appalling tediousness. Supposing, however, that memory is extinguished at each death, we have a position that may be worth examining. It is, as many of you will remember, the position of that remarkable man of genius, Nietzsche; and, if only for that reason, deserves a moment's consideration. Not only did Nietzsche believe it on physical grounds to be true, — a point on which I leave him to the tender mercies of physicists, — but, which is what interests us here, he welcomes it as the great redeeming hope. He christens it "eternal recurrence," and hails it in this passionate refrain: —

"Oh! How could I fail to be eager for eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of recurrence?

"Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman I love; for I love thee, O eternity!

"For I love thee, O eternity!"[1]

Thus Nietzsche; but we, do we agree with him? Do we, too, love this eternity? The answer seems plain. So far as a man judges any life, his own or another's, to be valuable, here and now, in and for itself, apart from any consideration of immortality, he will reasonably desire that it should be repeated as often as possible, rather than occur once and never again; for the positive value he finds in it will be reproduced in each repetition. On the other hand, so far as he finds any life in itself not to be valuable, or that its value depends upon some other kind of immortality, the prospect held out by Nietzsche will leave him cold or fill him with dismay.

This Nietzsche himself quite candidly recognizes. "Alas!" he says in another place, "Alas! man recurreth eternally! The small man recurreth eternally!

"Once I had seen both naked, the greatest man and the smallest man — all-too-like unto each other — all-too-human, even the greatest man!

"All-too-small the greatest one! That was my satiety of man. And eternal recurrence even of the smallest one! That was my satiety of all existence.

"Alas! loathing! loathing! loathing!"

We may say, then, with Nietzsche's clear approval, — and I am sure common sense agrees with him, — that such an immortality is valuable only for valuable lives. And Nietzsche, I fear, would not admit value in the lives of any who chance to read this article, for the valuable men are the men yet to come, the over-men. Still, we may, many of us,

[1] *Thus spake Zarathustra.* Eng. trans. by A. Tille: Works, vol. viii, p. 341.

differing from Nietzsche, think our own lives valuable, in and for themselves, and in that case we may reasonably desire the only immortality Nietzsche can promise us. On the other hand, there is no reason, that I have been able to discover, for accepting Nietzsche's cosmology. Quite other possibilities may, for aught we know, be open to us. And we may proceed to examine whether there are not conceptions of immortality which we should hold to be more desirable than this. Hitherto we have been dealing with the idea of prolongations or repetitions of life on earth. Let us now extend our imaginations to possibilities farther from our experience.

(4) And first, let us take the Christian conception of immortality; and let us take it in its simple uncompromising form, the Last Judgment, and then heaven or hell for all eternity. I am aware, of course, that it is not in this form that many or most Christians now conceive the life after death. But the old and simple view is of philosophic as well as historic importance; and it is well worth considering here. Without discussing, at present, the exact nature of heaven and hell, and assuming the orthodox descriptions to be allegorical, let us assume that by heaven we mean all that the noblest men would desire, and by hell all that the basest men would fear; and let us ask, Would any immortality involving both heaven and hell be more desirable than extinction?

From the humanitarian point of view, which is now so prevalent, and with which I, at any rate, have no intention of quarreling, I believe most men would reply that extinction would be better. Most good men who might with reason expect heaven would, I suspect, prefer to resign it if they can only have it on condition that others — no matter though they be the wicked — are enduring hell. This, to my mind, is a notable advance on the morality exhibited in the often-quoted passage of Tertullian. But it must be remembered that spirits much nobler and profounder than he have accepted with solemn and deliberate approbation the doctrine of hell. Remember the astounding words of Dante, written over the gate of his Inferno: "It was justice that moved my High Maker; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love."

Was Dante, then, less humane than smaller men of to-day? I doubt it; he had a deeper spring of tenderness as well as of sternness. But — and this is the point I want to have considered — he believed in Retribution. That I think is the root of the Christian idea, so far as it does not spring from mere cupidity or cruelty. That the wicked should be punished and the good rewarded; that, it affirms, is, in itself, a positive good far greater than happiness or perfection. The view is by no means extinct; it underlies, I believe, most men's attitude towards punishment, in spite of the superficial prevalence of utilitarianism; it was passionately preached by Carlyle; and I have myself heard a philosopher (need I say he was a Scotchman?) argue that a world containing crime is better than a world free from it, because the punishment of crime is so transcendent a good. I leave it to the reader's reflections to what extent these views may be shared. For my own part, in my deliberate judgment, I regard them with something approaching horror. I do not hold that there is any value in punishment, except in so far as it improves the criminal or deters others from crime. Whether, and to what extent, the idea of hell has ever deterred from crime I do not now inquire. In any case, it is the idea, not the fact, that has deterred; so that, from this point of view, the most that could be said to be desirable would be that the idea should be maintained, not that there should exist any corresponding fact. Even that much, however, I could not myself admit; for I believe the penalties of human law to be a surer deterrent, so far and so long as such deterrents are necessary at all. I do not think, therefore, that even the

idea, much less the fact, of hell, has any justification from that point of view.

And as to the improvement of the criminal, that is ruled out in the Christian hell, for it is precisely part of his punishment that he is, and knows himself to be, eternally wicked. I judge then, and I expect that most of my readers will agree with me, that if we desire immortality, it is not for the sake of retribution, regarded either as a good in itself or as a means to good; and that being so, the notion of hell, left stripped of that support, is so dreadful that we should prefer universal extinction to an immortality involving that.

If this contention be accepted, it is natural next to suggest that the immortality that is desirable would be some kind of heaven not conditioned by the existence of a hell. But, in that case, what are we to mean by heaven? If I am not much mistaken, there are few intelligent people who look forward with real satisfaction to the traditional Christian heaven. It has always been extraordinarily difficult to picture a condition of perfect satisfaction and goodness. The *Paradiso* of Dante is indeed, for its superhuman beauty, an achievement one might have thought must be impossible to human genius. Yet do we feel exactly that we wish to enter it? And no one is likely, I think, in such a matter to surpass Dante. My conclusion is that the object of our desire is in fact unknown to us, and unimaginable save in the faintest and most symbolical adumbrations. Does it follow then that we have no more use for heaven than for hell? I do not think so. But rather that by heaven we really mean the ultimate term of a process in which we are engaged, but of the end of which we can only say that it is good. I say "we;" and I say so because I think that there are many people who in this matter agree with me. But at this point it may really be more modest to say "I," to tell simply how I feel, and to ask the reader whether he feels the same.

I find then that, to me, in my present experience, the thing that at bottom matters most is the sense I have of something in me making for more life and better. All my pain is at last a feeling of the frustration of this; all my happiness a feeling of its satisfaction. I do not know what this is; I am not prepared to give a coherent account of it; I ought not, very likely, to call it "it;" and to imply the category of substance. I will abandon, if necessary, under criticism any particular terms in which I may try to describe it; I will abandon anything except Itself. For It is real. It governs all my experience, and determines all my judgments of value. If pleasure hampers it, I do not desire pleasure; if pain furthers it, I do desire pain. And what I feel in myself, I infer in others. If I may be allowed to use that ambiguous and question-begging word "soul," then I agree with the poet Browning that "little else is worth study save the development of a soul."

The distinctions between people that finally matter are not those of wealth or rank, or of what is called success or failure; they are those of growth of soul. This is to me the bottom fact of experience. And no one can go any further with me in my argument who does not find in my words an indication, however imperfect, of something which they know, in their own lives, to be real. What then is it that this which I call "the soul" seeks? It seeks what is good; but it does not know what is ultimate good. As a Seventeenth-century writer has well put it: "We love we know not what, and therefore everything allures us. As iron at a distance is drawn by the loadstone, there being some invisible communication between them, so is there in us a world of Love to somewhat, though we know not what, in the world that should be. There are invisible ways of conveyance by which some great thing doth touch our souls, and by which we tend to it. Do you not feel yourself drawn by the expectation and desire of some great thing?"[1] This "great thing" it is our

[1] Traherne, *Centuries of Meditations*, p. 3.

business to find out by experience. We do find many good things, but there are always other and better beyond. That is why it is hazardous to fix one's ideal, and say finally, "This or that would be Heaven." For we may find, as the voyagers did in Browning's "Paracelsus," that the real heaven lies always beyond; beyond each good we may attain here; but also, which is my present point, beyond death.

The whole strength of the case for immortality, as a thing to be desired, lies in the fact that no one in this life attains his ideal. The soul, even of the best and the most fortunate of us, does not achieve the good of which she feels herself to be capable, and in which alone she can rest. The potentiality is not fully realized. I do not infer from this that life has no value if the Beyond is cut off. That, I think, is contrary to most men's experience. The goods we have here are real goods, and we may find the evil more than compensated by them. But what I do maintain is that life here would have infinitely more value if we knew that beyond death we should pursue, and ultimately to a successful issue, the elusive ideal of which we are always in quest. The conception that death ends all, does not empty life of its worth, but it destroys, in my judgment, its most precious element, that which transfigures all the rest; it obliterates the gleam on the snow, the planet in the east; it shuts off the great adventure, the adventure beyond death.

Every one almost, I cannot help thinking, who feels at all on such matters, must feel with me on this point, if he could give his feelings full sway unchecked by his denials or his doubts. Every one not immediately in the grip of intolerable evil, but looking back with impassioned contemplation on good and evil alike, must desire, I believe, to voyage on in the quest of good, whatever evil he may encounter on the route. Americans at least, I like to suppose, will respond to their own poet when, in the passion of his visionary voyage from west to east, from present to past and future, he calls on his soul to embark for an adventure more hazardous and more alluring: —

> Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!
> Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
> Cut the hawsers — haul out — shake out every sail!
> Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?
> Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking like mere brutes?
> Have we not darkened and dazed ourselves with books long enough?
> Sail forth — steer for the dark waters only,
> Reckless O soul exploring, I with thee, and thou with me;
> For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
> And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.
> O my brave soul!
> O farther, farther sail!
> O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
> O farther, farther, farther sail!

My contention, then, is that immortality is desirable, if immortality means a fortunate issue of the quest of our souls. But the use of the word soul reminds me of a whole series of ambiguities and confusions which I must not pass over in silence. My subject is the "Immortality of Man," and "Man" might conceivably be taken to mean Humanity. Positivists hold that the only immortality which an individual can expect is the perpetuation of his influence and of his memory among future generations. This abiding memory and record Comte named "subjective immortality," and held out, as the great stimulus to good conduct, the prospect of admission into the company of positivist saints.

A similar view is held by many men of more imagination and less system than Comte. Thus Mr. George Meredith is constantly exhorting us to live in our offspring, physical or spiritual, and to dismiss from our minds, as at once silly and base, any desire for a continuation of personal life. That this kind of immortality may really be to some minds desirable, I do not dispute; nor do I deny it a certain

nobility. But it is not what men commonly have in mind, nor what I have had in mind, in considering this question. I have meant the perpetuation of one's "self" beyond death, the realization of one's ideal in one's self, not in some other people to be possibly produced in some indefinite future.

But, then, what is this "self" of which I argue that it is desirable it shall be perpetuated? This is a very difficult question, on which I can here only touch; but it may be worth while to distinguish two views.

First, the soul or self may be regarded simply as a substance; and in postulating it as immortal we may mean merely that the substance is not destroyed by death. In this view no continuity of consciousness is assumed. It is held that we shall survive death but shall not be aware of it, just as there may lie behind our present lives a series of other lives of which we have no knowledge. The identity of the person, in this view, consists not in his knowing himself to be the same person, but in his being so in fact. The whole series of his actions and feelings in one life are determined by those of a previous, and determine those of a subsequent life. Every lesson learned, every faculty acquired, every relation formed at any stage, is carried over into the next; so that, for example, the musical faculty of an infant prodigy might be the consequence of musical training in a previous life, and love at first sight the consequence of affections fostered in earlier incarnations. The question then for us to raise is, whether that kind of immortality would be desirable? Most people, I believe, would be inclined, to begin with, to answer in the negative. For, they might urge, it is to all intents and purposes exactly the same thing whether my present personality is determined completely by my ancestors and my environment, as it is on the positivist assumptions, or whether it is determined by some substance which you call "me," but of which I have not and never shall have any memory or care, and which again, in some future phase, will have no memory or care for the present "me."

This view is plausible and natural, but I think I dissent from it. I am inclined to agree with my friend Dr. McTaggart, when he argues that a survival of the substance of one's self would be desirable, even though it carried with it no consciousness of survival. It is, I think, a really consoling idea that our present capacities are determined by our previous actions, and that our present actions again will determine our future character. It seems to liberate us from the bonds of an external fate, and make us the captains of our own destinies. If we have formed here a beautiful relation, it will not perish at death but be perpetuated, albeit unconsciously, in some future life. If we have developed a faculty here, it will not be destroyed, but will be the starting-point of later developments. Again, if we suffer, as most people do, from imperfections and misfortunes, it would be consoling to believe that these were punishments of our own acts in the past, not mere effects of the acts of other people, or of an indifferent nature over which we have no control. The world, I think, on this hypothesis would at least seem juster than it does on the positivist view, and that in itself would be a great gain. I agree, therefore, with Dr. McTaggart that an immortality which should imply the continuance of a self-substance, even without a self-consciousness, would be desirable. But I also hold that much more desirable would be an immortality which carried with it a continuance of consciousness. Let us now take that hypothesis and consider how much or how little is implied in such continuance.

To begin with, then, our present experience tells us that complete memory is not essential to continuity of consciousness. The content of our memory is, in fact, always changing. Some things drop out and others come in. Parts of our past may disappear, temporarily at least, from our consciousness, so that to be told of

them is like being told of the experience of some other person. Again, every night, in sleep, there is a complete break in continuity. So that we may say that we should consider ourselves the same person after death if there were just enough continuity for us to know and judge that we, who are dead, are that same person who just now was alive. True, much more than this is implied in what most people who take any interest in the subject demand or hope from immortality. They hope, in particular, to meet again friends they have loved here; and there must be few people who, in the face of death, have not felt this desire. It is, of course, possible that this might occur, and I am inclined to agree that it would be desirable. But I think that perhaps in that one may be mistaken. All that I am quite clear about is, that it would be desirable that this same person that now is should continue to exist after death, and to know that he is that same person; and that this continued existence should involve the possibility of a development of latent faculties for good up to that perfection after which, without being able fully to define it, we are always seeking. As to the whole content of what would be desirable, I should think it wise to reserve judgment till fuller experience and knowledge enlighten us.

In particular, I hesitate to dogmatize on one point which is raised by the philosophies and religions of mysticism. Is it conceivable that what would really be good would be that our self should somehow be taken up into a larger World-self? I use purposely the ambiguous phrase "taken up" because I wish further to distinguish. If it be meant that our self should be absorbed in another, so as to lose its identity and consciousness, then I cannot see in that anything good or desirable. But if it were possible to be included in a larger self without losing one's own self, so that one could say, "I am somehow that Self," then, for aught I know, that might be good and the best. But since most of us in the West should, I suppose, admit that such a condition is one of which we have not even proximate experience, this notion can only remain for us a mere idea or possibility that we cannot begin to fill in with the imagination.

To sum up, then, the immortality which I hold to be desirable, and which I suggest to the reader as desirable, is one in which a continuity of experience analogous to that which we are aware of here is carried on into a life after death, the essence of that life being the continuous unfolding, no doubt through stress and conflict, of those potentialities of good of which we are aware here as the most significant part of ourselves. I hold the desirability of this to be a matter of plain fact, and that in putting it forward I am giving no evidence of superstition, weakness, or egotism, but on the contrary am recognizing the deepest element in human nature. Some of you, probably, will agree with this; others will strongly disagree; and to those who disagree I have no further arguments to address; we disagree invincibly and finally. But there is one point on which I must touch in conclusion. For even those who agree with me on the question of desirability may hold that it is of little use to put forward as desirable something which we cannot know to be true, or which, as they may hold, we know not to be true. With this point I began, and with it I will finish.

I must repeat, then, that it is mere dogmatism to assert that we do not survive death, and mere prejudice or inertia to assert that it is impossible to discover whether we do or no. We in the West have hardly even begun to inquire into the matter; and scientific method and critical faculty were never devoted to it, so far as I am aware, previous to the foundation, some quarter of a century ago, of the Society for Psychical Research. There are, and always have been, a number of alleged facts suggesting *prima facie* the survival of death. But these facts have always been exploited by superstition and credulity, or repudiated by the prejudices of enlightenment. They

are now, at last, being systematically and deliberately explored by men of intelligence and good faith, bent on ascertaining the truth. It would be premature to suggest that any truth on this subject has been ascertained; but it is my own opinion that the recent investigations conducted by the society, and published in their "Proceedings," have very greatly increased the probability that persons survive death. The fact of survival would not indeed carry with it the proof of immortality in the strict sense of the term; but it would destroy the principal argument against it. Such inquiries, therefore, it might be supposed, and such results, would excite a very widespread interest.

Yet such is not the case; and I believe the reason to be, as Mr. Schiller has pointed out, that there is no general conviction that the question is one of immense importance to the value of life. My contention is that it is; that there is a kind of immortality which, if it were a fact, would be a very desirable one. To ask the question, as I have been doing, whether you, my readers, agree with me in this, to invite you to sift your feelings and to make yourselves clear as to what they really are, is therefore, in my opinion, a procedure which has a direct bearing upon the pursuit of positive knowledge. For unless you think it really important to know the truth, you will never pursue it nor encourage those who do. You will content yourselves with a lazy acquiescence either in the dogmas of religion or in those of science, and will regard inquirers who take the question seriously either as harmless cranks or as disreputable charlatans. Many of them are, but some of them are not, and none of them need be from the nature of the topic. And in asking you, as clearly as I can, the question, Do you want immortality, and in what form? I conceive myself to be doing something very practical. I am not merely asking you — though that in itself is important — to become clear with yourselves on a point of values; I am asking you further to take seriously a branch of scientific inquiry which may have results more important than any other that is being pursued in our time.

THE OTHER MRS. DILL

BY ALICE BROWN

Mrs. Dill and her husband, Myron, grown middle-aged together, and yet, even through the attrition of the years, no more according in temperament than at the start, sat on opposite sides of the hearth and looked at each other, he with calmness, from his invincible authority, and she fluttering a little yet making no question but of a dutiful concurrence. She had bright blue eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses, a thin face with a nose slightly aquiline, and reddish hair that was her cross, because it curled by nature and she constrained it. Sometimes, when it kinked unusually, either in moist weather or because she had forgotten to smooth it, and when the pupils of her eyes enlarged under cumulative excitement, she looked young and impetuously willful; but the times were rare, and perhaps her husband had never, since their courting days, noted any such exhilaration. He was a large, imperious-looking man, with a cascade of silvery beard which he affected to tolerate because the expenditure of time in shaving might be turned with profit into the channel of business or of worship; but his wife, noting how he

stroked the beard at intervals of meditation, judged that he was moved by something like pride in its luxuriance. Then she chided herself for the thought.

It was balmy spring weather, but they had taken their places at the hearthstone from old habit when a matter of importance had to be considered. Their two chairs were the seats of authority in the domestic kingdom.

Mrs. Dill stooped, took up the turkey-wing, and gave the clean hearth a perfunctory flick. Then she returned the wing to its place and leaned back in her chair, gazing absently at the shining andirons.

"Well," she said, "Henrietta Parkman was in this mornin', and she told me you 'd bought the medder; but I did n't hardly believe it."

"Yes," said Myron. He spoke in rather a consequential voice, and cleared his throat frequently in the course of talking, as if to accord his organs a good working chance. "The deeds were passed last week, and it's bein' recorded."

"What you goin' to do with it?"

"I bought it because it lays next to the Turnbull place, and when that come into my hands last fall, I knew 't was only a matter o' time till I got the medder, too."

"Well, what you goin' to do with it?"

A tinge of anxiety was apparent in her voice, a wistful suggestiveness, as if she could conceive of uses that would be almost too fortunate to be hoped for. Myron hesitated. It often looked as if he judged it unwise to answer in any haste questions concerning the domestic polity, and Mrs. Dill was used to these periods of incubation. She had even thought once, in a moment of illuminative comparison, that her husband seemed to submit a bill before one branch of his mental legislature before carrying it on to the next.

"I'm goin' to pasture my cows in it," he responded. "I shall buy in some more stock this spring, and I expect to set up a milk route."

"How under the sun you goin' to manage that?" She seldom questioned her lawful head, but the surprise of the moment spurred her into a query more expressive of her own mood than a probing of his. "You can't keep any more cows 'n you've got now. The barn ain't big enough."

"The Turnbull barn is. I've seen the day when there was forty head o' cattle tied up there from fall to spring."

"The Turnbull barn's twenty minutes walk from here. You can't go over there mornin' and evenin', milkin' and feedin' the critters. You'd be all the time on the road."

"Yes," said Myron, "'t is a good stretch. So I've made up my mind we'd move over there."

A significant note had come into his voice. It indicated a complexity of understanding: chiefly that she would by nature resist what he had to say, and then resume her customary acquiescence. But for a moment she forgot that he was Mr. Dill, and that she had promised to obey him.

"Why, Myron," she said with a mild passion, warmed by her incredulity, "we've lived on this place thirty year."

"Yes, yes," said her husband. "I know that. What's the use o' goin' back over the ground, and tellin' me things I know as well as you do? What if 't is thirty year? Time we got into better quarters."

"But they ain't better. Only it's more work."

Myron got up and moved back his chair.

"I don't think o' movin' till long about the middle o' May," he rejoined. "You can kinder keep your mind on it and, when you get round to your spring cleanin', pick up as you go. Some things you can fold right into chists, blankets and winter clo'es, and then you won't have to handle 'em over twice. If Herman comes back from gettin' the horse shod, you tell him to take an axe, and come down where I be in the long lot, fencin'. I want him."

He paused for a hearty draught from the dipper at the sink, pulled his hat on tightly, and went out through the shed to his forenoon's work. Mrs. Dill rose from her seat, and stepped quickly to the window to watch him away. She often did it when he had most puzzled her and roused in her a resistance which was inevitable, she knew by long experience, but also, as her dutiful nature agreed, the result in her of an unconquerable old Adam which had never yet felt the transforming touch of grace. When his tall, powerful figure had disappeared beyond the rise at the end of the lot, she gave a great willful sigh, as if she depended on it to ease her heart, put her apron to her eyes, and held it there, pressing back the tears. Herman drove into the yard, and she did not hear him. She went to the fireplace now, and leaned her head against the corner of the mantel, looking down at the cold hearth with a bitter stolidity. Herman unharnessed, and now he came in, a tall brown-haired fellow with dark eyes full of softness, and a deep simplicity of feeling. As his foot struck the sill, his mother roused herself, and became at once animated by a commonplace activity. She did not face him, for fear he should find the tear-marks on her cheeks; but when he had thrown his cap into a chair, and gone to the sink to plunge his face in cold water, and come out dripping, she did steal a look at him, and at once softened into a smiling pleasure. He was her handsome son always, but to-day he looked brilliantly excited; eager, also, as if he had something to share with her, and was timid about approaching it.

"Mother!" said Herman. He was standing before her now, smiling invitingly, and she smiled back again and picked a bit of lint from his collar for the excuse of coming near him, and proving to herself her proud ownership. "I've had a letter."

"From Annie?"

He nodded.

"What's she say?" asked his mother. But before he could answer, she threw in a caressing invitation. "You want I should get you a piece o' gingerbread and a glass o' milk?"

"No, I ain't hungry. She says she's kep' school about long enough, and if I'm goin' to farm it, she'll farm it, too. I guess she'd be married the first o' the summer, if we could fetch it."

Mrs. Dill stepped over to the hearth and sank into her chair. It seemed as if there were to be another family council. Her silence stirred him.

"I asked her," he hastened to say. "I coaxed her, mother. She ain't as forward as I make it out, the way I've told it."

"No," said his mother absently. She was resting her elbows on the chair-arm, and, with hands lightly clasped, gazing thoughtfully before it. Fine lines had sprung into her forehead, and now she took off her glasses and wiped them carefully on her apron, as if that would help her to an inner vision. "No, I know that. Annie's a nice girl. There's nothin' forward about Annie. But I was only wonderin' where you could live. This house is terrible small."

"You know what I thought," Herman reminded her. He spoke impetuously as if begging her to remember, and therefore throw the weight of her expectation in with his. "When father bought the Turnbull place I thought, as much as ever I did anything in my life, he meant to make it over to me."

His mother's eyes stayed persistently downcast. A little flush rose to her cheeks.

"Well," she temporized, "you ain't goin' to count your chickens before they're hatched. It's a poor way. It never leads to anything but disappointment in the end."

"Why, mother," said Herman warmly, "you thought so, too. We talked it over only night before last, and you said you guessed father'd put me on to that farm."

"I said I did n't know what he'd bought it for, if 't wan't for that," she amended. "Don't you build on anything I said. Don't you do it, Hermie."

Her son stood there frowning in perplexity, his hands deep in his pockets and his feet apart.

"But you said so yourself, mother," he persisted. "I told you how I'd always helped father out, long past my majority, and never hinted for anything beyond my board and clothes. And when I got engaged to Annie, I went to him and said, 'Father, now's the time to give me a start, or let me cut loose from here.' And he never answered me a word; but a couple of weeks after that he bought the Turnbull place. And last week it was, he said to me, kind of quick, as if he'd made up his mind to somethin', and wan't quite ready to talk it over, 'I've got a sort of a new scheme afoot.' And then 't was I wrote to Annie and asked her how soon she could be ready to come, if I was ready to have her. You know all that, mother. What makes you act as if you did n't?"

The argument was too warm for Mrs. Dill. She got up from her chair and began putting up the table-leaf and setting out the necessary dishes for a batch of cake.

"Your father wanted you should take an axe and go down where he is in the long lot," she remarked. "And I would n't open your head to him about what we've been sayin', Hermie. You talk it over with mother. That's the best way."

"Why, course I shan't speak of it till I have to." He took up his cap, and then with an air of aggrieved dignity turned to the door. "But the time 'll come when I've got to speak of it. Lot Collins was tellin' me only this mornin' over to the blacksmith's, how his father 's took him into partnership, and Lot's only twenty-one this spring. His father ain't wasted a day."

"Well, that's a real business, blacksmithin' is," his mother hastened to reply.

"So's farmin' a real business. And father's treated me from the word 'go' like a hired man and nothin' else. He's bought and sold without openin' his head to me. I wonder I've grown up at all. I wonder I ain't in tyers, makin' mud-pies. If 't wan't for you and Annie, I should n't think I was any kind of a man."

His angry passion was terribly appealing to her. It made her heart ache, and she had much ado to keep from taking him to her arms, big as he was, and comforting him, as she used to, years ago, when he came in with frostbitten fingers or the dire array of cuts and bruises. But she judged it best, in the interest of domestic government, to quell emotion that could have, she knew, no hopeful issue, and she began breaking eggs into her mixing bowl and then beating them with a brisk hand.

"Father never was one to talk over his business with anybody, even the nearest," she rejoined. "You know that, Hermie. We've got to take folks as we find 'em. Now you run along down to the long lot. He'll be wonderin' where you be."

Herman strode away, after one incredulous look at her, a shaft she felt through her downcast lids. It demanded whether father and mother had equally forsaken him, and gave her a quick, sharp pang, and a blinding flash of tears. But she went on mixing cake, and battling arguments as she worked, and when her tin was in the oven, washed her baking dishes methodically and then sat down by the window to read the weekly paper. But as she read, she glanced up, now and then, at the familiar walls of her kitchen, and through the window at the trees just shimmering into green and the skyey intervals over them. This was the pictured landscape she had looked on, framed by these wide, low windows, for all the years she had lived here, doing her wifely duties soberly, and her motherly ones with a hidden and ecstatic buoyancy.

The house, the bit of the world it gave upon, seemed a part of her life, the containing husk of all the fruitage born to her. It was incredible that she was to give it up and undertake not only a heavier load of work but a new scene for it, at a time when she longed to fold her hands and

sit musing while young things filled the picture with beautiful dancing motions, and the loves and fears she remembered as a part of the warm reality of it, but not now so intimately her own. It was as if the heaped-up basket of earthly fruits had passed her by, to be given into other hands; but she had eaten and was content, if only she might see the banquet lamps and hear the happy laughter. She began to feel light-headed from the pain of it all, the pleasures and sadnesses of memory, the fear of anticipation, and turned again to her paper with the intent of giving her mind to safe and homely things. But something caught her eyes and held them. A window seemed to be opened before her. She looked through it into her tumultuous past. Or was this a weapon put into her hand for the exacting future?

That night Myron Dill came into the sitting-room after his chores were done, and lay down on the lounge between the two front windows. He composed himself on his back with his hands placidly folded, and there his wife found him when she came in after her own completed list of deeds. He did not look up at her, and she was glad. She did not know how her eyes gleamed behind the glittering plane of their glasses, nor how deep the red was in her cheeks; but she was conscious of an inward tumult which must, she knew, somehow betray itself. For an instant she stood and looked at her husband, in what might have been relenting or anticipation of the road she had to take. She knew so well what mantle of repose was over him; how he liked the peeping of the frogs through the open window, and what measure of satisfaction there was for him in the consciousness of full rest and the certainty that next day would usher in a crowding horde of duties he felt perfectly able to administer. Mrs. Dill was a feminine creature, charged to the full with the love of service and unerring intuition as to the manner of it, and she did love to "see menfolks comfortable."

"Don't you want I should pull your boots off?" This she said unwillingly, because she was about to break the current of his peace, and it seemed deceitful to offer him an alleviation that would do him no good after all.

"No," said Myron sleepily. "Let 'em be as they are."

Mrs. Dill drew up a chair and sat down in it at his side, as if she were the watcher by a sick-bed or the partner in a cozy conversation.

"Myron," said she. Her voice frightened her. It sounded hoarse and strange, and yet there was very little of it, deserted by her failing breath.

"What say?" he answered from his drowse.

"I found a real interestin' piece in the *Monitor* this morning. It was how some folks ain't jest one person, as we think, but they're two and sometimes three. And mebbe one of 'em's good, and t'other two are bad, and when they're bad they can't help it. They can't help it, Myron, the bad ones can't, no matter how hard they try."

"Yes, I believe I come acrost it," said Myron. "Terrible foolish it was. That's one o' the things doctors get up to feather their own nest."

"No, Myron, it ain't foolish," said his wife. She moved her chair nearer, and her glasses glittered at him. "It ain't foolish, for I'm one o' that same kind, and I know."

His eyes came open, and he turned his head to look at her.

"Ain't you feelin' well, Caddie?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, yes, I'm well as common," she answered. "But it ain't foolish, Myron, and you've got to hear me. 'Double Personality,' that's what they call it. Well, I've got it. I've got double personality."

Myron Dill put his feet to the floor, and sat upright. He was regarding his wife anxiously, but he took pains to speak with a commonplace assurance.

"We might as well be gettin' off to

bed early, I guess. I'm tired, and so be you."

"I've felt it for quite a long spell," said his wife earnestly. "I don't know but I've always felt it — leastways, all through my married life. It's somethin' that makes me as mad as tophet when you start me out to do anything I don't feel it's no ways right to do, and it keeps whisperin' to me I'm a fool to do it. That's what it says, Myron. 'You're a fool to do it!' "

Myron was touched at last, through his armor of esteem.

"I ain't asked you to do what ain't right, Caddie," he asseverated. "What makes you tell me I have?"

"That's what it says to me," she repeated fixedly. "'You're a fool to do it.' That's what it says. It's my double personality."

It seemed best to Myron to humor this inexplicable mood, until he could persuade her back into a normal one.

"That wan't the way I understood it," he told her, "when I read the piece. The folks that were afflicted seemed like different folks. Now, you ain't any different, rain or shine. You're as even as anybody I should wish to see. That 's what I've liked about ye, Caddie."

The softness of the implication she swept aside, as if she hardly dared regard it lest it weaken her resolve.

"Oh, I ain't goin' to be the same, day in, day out," she declared eagerly. "I feel I ain't, Myron. It's gettin' the best of me, the other creatur' that wants to have its own way. It 's been growin' and growin', same as a child grows up, and now it's goin' to take its course. Same's Hermie 's growed up, you know. He 's old enough to have his way, and lead his life same's we've led ours, and we've got to stand one side and let him do it."

Her husband gave her a sharp, sudden glance, and then fell again to the contemplation of his knotted brown hands that seemed, like all his equipment, informed with specialized power.

"Well," he said at length, "I guess you need a kind of a change. You'll feel better when you get over to t'other house. There's a different outlook over there, and you'll have more to take up your mind."

She answered instantly, in the haste that dares not wait upon reflection. Her eyes were brighter now, and her hands worked nervously.

"Oh, I ain't goin' to move, Myron. I might as well tell you that now. I'm goin' to stay right here where I be. I don't feel able to help it. That's my double personality. It won't let me."

Her husband was looking at her now in what seemed to her a very threatening way. His shaggy eyebrows were drawn together and his eyes had lightning in them. She continued staring at him, held by the fascination of her terror. In that instant she realized a great many things: chiefly that she had never seen her husband angry with her, because she had taken every path to avoid the possibility, and that it was even more sickening than she could have thought. But she knew also that the battle was on, and suddenly, for no reason she could formulate, she remembered one of her own fighting ancestors who was said to have died hard in the Revolution.

"That was old Abner Kinsman," she broke out; and when her husband asked, out of his amaze at her irrelevance, "What's that you said?" she only answered confusedly, "Nothin', I guess."

At that the storm seemed to Myron to be over, and his forehead cleared of anger. He looked at her in much concern.

"I guess you better lay late to-morrer mornin'," he said, rising to close the windows and wind the clock. "I'll ride over and get Sally Drew to come and stay a spell and help you."

Something tightened through her tense body, and she answered instantly in a clear, loud note, —

"I ain't goin' to have Sally Drew. Last time I had her she washed up the hearth with the dish-cloth. If I want me

a girl, I'll get one; but mebbe I shan't want one till Hermie brings Annie into the neighborhood to live."

She stood still in her place for a moment, trembling all over and wondering what would happen when Myron had wound the clock and closed the windows and turned the wooden button of the door. He did not look at her, nor did he speak again, and when she heard his deep, regular breathing from the bedroom she slipped in softly, made ready for bed, and lay down beside him.

She slept very little that night. He seemed to be a stranger, because there had been outward division between them; and yet, curiously, she felt nearer to him because she might have hurt him, and the jealous partisanship within her kept prompting her to a more tumultuous good will, a warmer service.

Next morning, when Hermie had left them at the breakfast-table, and gone silently to his tasks, his mother leaned across the table as if, for some reason, she had to attract her husband's attention before speaking to him. He was just taking the last swallow of coffee, and now he set down his cup with decision, and moved away his plate. She knew what the next step would be. He would push back his chair, clear his throat, and then he would be gone.

"Myron!" she said. She spoke as something within Myron remembered the school-teacher speaking, when she called him to the board. The something within him responded to it, and without knowing why, he straightened and looked attentive. "You noticed Hermie, did n't you?" she adjured him. "You noticed he did n't have a word to say for himself, and he would n't look neither of us in the face?"

"What's he been up to?" Myron queried, with his ready frown. "He done somethin' out o' the way?"

"No, he ain't. I should think you'd be ashamed to hint such a thing, Myron Dill, your own boy, too! All he's done is to stay here, and work his fingers to the bone, and no thanks for it, and he's right down discouraged. I know how the boy feels. Myron, I want you should do somethin'. I want you should do it now."

Myron gave his chair the expected push, but he still sat there.

"Well," he said, "what is it? I've got to be off down to the medderlands."

"I want you should make over the Turnbull place to Hermie, and have him fetch Annie there as soon as ever she'll come, and let him farm it without if or but from you and me."

Myron was on his feet. He looked portentously large and masterful.

"You better not think o' packin' the chiny," he said, in his ordinary tone of generalship. "We can set it into baskets with a mite o' hay, and it'll get as fur as that without any breakages."

His wife slipped out of her chair, and went round the table to him. She laid a hand on his arm. Myron wanted, in the irritation of the moment, to shake it off, but he was a man of dignity, and forbore. His wife was speaking in a very gentle tone, but somehow different from the one he was used to noting.

"Myron, ain't you goin' to hear me?"

"I ain't goin' to listen to any tomfoolery, and I ain't goin' to have anybody dictatin' to me about my own business."

"It ain't your business, Myron, any more 'n 't is mine. Hermie's much my son as he is your'n, and what you bought that place with is as much mine as 't is your'n. I helped you earn it. Myron, it's comin' up in me. I can feel it."

"What is?"

In spite of all his old dull certainties, he felt the shock of wonder. He looked at her, her scarlet cheeks and widening eyes. Even her pretty hair seemed to have acquired a nervous life, and stood out in a quivering aureole. Myron was much bound to his Caddie in his way of being attached to his own life and breath. A change in her was horrible to him, like the disturbance of illness in an ordered house.

"What is it?" he inquired again. "What is it you feel?"

"It's that," she said, with an added vehemence. "It's my double personality."

Myron Dill could have wept from the surprise of it all, the assault upon his ordered nerves.

"You spread up the bed in the bedroom, Caddie," he bade her, "and go lay down a spell."

"No," said his wife, "I shan't lay down, and I shan't give up to you. It's riz up in me, the one that's goin' to beat, no matter what comes of it, same as old Abner Kinsman stood up a'ginst the British. Mebbe it'll die fightin', same's he did, and I never'll hear no more from it, — and a good riddance. But Myron, it's goin' to beat."

Her husband was frowning, not harshly now, but from the extremity of his distress. He spoke in a tone of well-considered adjuration.

"Caddie, you know what you're doin' of? You're settin' up your will in place o' mine."

"Oh, no, I ain't, Myron," she responded eagerly, with an earnest motion toward him, as if she besought him to put faith in her. "It ain't me that's doin' it."

"It ain't you? Who is it, then?"

"Why, it's my double personality. Ain't I just told you so?"

Myron stood gazing at her in the futility of comprehension he had felt years ago, when Caddie, who had been "a great reader," as the neighbors said, before the avalanche of household cares had overwhelmed her, propounded to him, while he was drawing off his boots for an hour of twilight somnolence before going to bed, problems that, he knew, no man could answer. Neither were they to be illumined by Holy Writ, for he had offered that loophole of exit, and Caddie had shaken her head at him disconsolately, and implied that the prophets would not do. But when she had seemed to forget that interrogative attitude toward life, he had settled down to unquestioning content in knowing he had the best housekeeper in the neighborhood. Now here it was again, the spectre of her queerness rising to distress him.

She looked at him with wide, affrighted eyes.

"You set here with me a spell," she adjured him. "I'll lay down on the sofy, and you take the big rocker. If you see it comin' up in me, you kinder say somethin', and maybe it'll go away."

Myron, though in extreme unwillingness, did as he was bidden. He wanted to bundle the whole troop of her imaginings out of doors, and plod off, like a sane man, to his fencing; but somehow her earnestness itself forbade. When they were established, she on the sofa, with her bright eyes piercing him, and he seated at an angle where a nurse might easiest wait upon a patient's needs, the absurdity of it all swept over him. The clock was ticking irritatingly behind him. He looked at his watch, and the vision of the flying day gave him assurance.

"Now, Caddie," said he, in that specious soothing we accord to children, "you lay right still, and I'll go out a spell and do a few chores, and then mebbe I'll come in and see how you be."

Caddie put out a hand, and fastened it upon his in an inexorable clasp.

"No, Myron," said she, "you ain't goin'. If I should be left here to myself, and it come up in me, I dunno what I might do."

Myron felt himself yielding again, and clutched at confidence as the spent swimmer reaches for a plank.

"What do you think you'd do, Caddie?" he demanded. "That's what I want to know."

"I can't tell, Myron," she returned solemnly. "True as I'm a livin' woman, I can't tell you. Mebbe I'd go over to the Turnbull house and set it a-fire, so 't I should n't ever live in it. Mebbe I'd take my bank-book, and go up to the Street, and draw out that money Aunt Susan left me, and give it to Hermie, so's

he could run away, and take Annie with him. If that other one come up in me, I dunno what I'd do."

Myron gazed at her, aghast.

"Why, Caddie," said he, "you can't go round settin' houses a-fire. That's arson."

"Is it?" she inquired. "Well, I dunno what it's called, but if that other one gets the better o' me, mebbe that's what I shall do."

Myron held her hand now with an involuntary fervor of his own, not so much because she bade him, but with the purpose of restraining her. An hour passed, and her blue eyes were fixed upon him with the same imploring force. He fidgeted, and at last longed childishly to see them wink.

"Don't you want to see the doctor?" he ventured.

"No," said Caddie, in the same tone of wild asseveration. "Doctors won't do me a mite o' good. Besides, doctors know all about it, and they'd see what was to pay, and they'd send me off to some kind of a hospital, and there'd be a pretty bill o' costs."

"I don't believe a word of it," Myron ventured, with a grasp at mental liberty. He essayed, at the same time, to draw away his hand, but Caddie seemed to fix him with a sharper eye-gleam, and he forbore.

"There's Hermie," she said. "I hear him in the shed, rattlin' round amongst the tools. You call him in here, and when he's here, you tell him he's goin' to have the Turnbull place, and have it now. Myron, you tell him."

Myron made a slight involuntary movement in his chair, as if he were about to rise and carry out her mandate; but he settled back again, and Herman, having selected the tool he wanted, went off through the shed and, as they both knew, down the garden-path.

The forenoon went on in a strange silence, save for the sound of the birds, and an occasional voice of neighbors calling to Herman as they passed. Myron had still that sickening sense of illness in the house. The breakfast dishes were, he knew, untouched upon the table. The cat came in, looked incidentally at the sofa as if she were accustomed to occupy it at that particular hour, and walked out again. Myron drew out his watch, and looked at it with a stealthiness he could not explain.

"Why," said he, with a simulated wonder, "it's nigh half after eleven. Had n't you better see about gettin' dinner?"

"I ain't agoin' to get any dinner," his wife responded. "I don't know as I shall ever get dinners any more. Myron, it's comin' up in me. I feel it." She dropped his hand and rose to a sitting posture, and for a moment, yielding to the physical relief of the broken clasp, he leaned back in his chair and drew a hearty breath.

"Myron," said his wife. There was something mandatory in her voice, and he came upright again. "Now I'm goin' to do it. I don't know what 't is, but it's got the better o' me and I'm goin' to do what it says. But 'fore I give way to it, I'm goin' to tell you this. You've got as good a home and as good a son and as good a wife, if I do say it, as any man in the state o' New Hampshire. And you can keep 'em, Myron, jest as they be, jest as good as they always have been, if you'll only hear to reason and give other folks a chance. You've got to give me a chance, and you've got to give Herman a chance. I guess maybe I'd sell all my chances for the sake of turnin' 'em in with Hermie's. But you've got to do it, and you've got to do it now. And if you don't, somethin's goin' to happen. I don't know what it is. I don't know no more'n the dead, for this is the first time I ever really knew I had that terrible creatur' inside of me that's goin' to beat. But I do know it, and you've got to stand from under."

She turned about and walked to the side window, looking on the garden. She was a slight woman, but Myron,

watching her in the fascination of his dread, had momentary remembrance of her father, who had been a man of majestic presence and unflinching will.

" Herman," his wife was calling from the window. " Herman, you come here." That new mysterious note in her voice evidently affected the young man also. He came, hurrying, and when he had entered stayed upon the threshold, warm-hued with work and bringing with him the odor of the soil. His brown eyes went from one of them to the other, and questioned them.

" What is it? " he inquired. " What's happened? "

Myron got upon his feet. He had a dazed feeling that the two were against him, and he could face them better so. He hated the situation, the abasement that came from a secret self within him which was almost terribly moved by some of the things his wife had spoken out of her long silence. He was a proud man, and it seemed to him dreadful that he should in any way have won such harsh appeal.

" Herman," his wife was beginning, " your father's got somethin' to say to you."

Herman waited, but his father could not speak. Myron was really seeing, as in a homely vision, the peace of the garden where he might at this moment have been expecting the call to dinner if he had not been summoned to the bar of judgment.

" I guess he's goin' to let me say it," his wife continued. " Father's goin' to give you a deed o' the Turnbull place. It's goin' to be yours, same as if you'd bought it, and you and Annie are goin' to live there all your days, same's we're goin' to live here."

Herman turned impetuously upon his father. There was a great rush of life to his face, and his father saw it and understood, in the amazement of it, things he had never stopped to consider about the boy who had miraculously grown to be a man. But Herman was finding something in his father's jaded mien. It stopped him on the tide of happiness, and he spoke impetuously.

" She's dragged it out o' you! Mother's been tellin' you! I don't want it that way, father, not unless it's your own free will. I won't have it no other way."

It was a man's word to a man. Myron straightened himself to his former bearing. In a flash of memory he remembered the day when his father, an old-fashioned man, had given him his freedom suit and shaken hands with him and wished him well. Involuntarily he put out his hand.

" It's my own will, Hermie," he said, in a tone they had not heard from him since the day, eighteen years behind them, when the boy Hermie was rescued from the " old swimmin'-hole." " We'll have the deeds drawed up to-morrer."

They stood an instant, hands gripped, regarding each other in the allegiance not of blood alone. The clasp broke, and they remembered the woman and turned to her. There she stood, trembling a little, but apparently removed from all affairs too large for her. She had taken a cover from the stove, and was obviously reflecting on the next step in her domestic progress.

" I guess you better bring me in a handful o' that fine kindlin', Hermie," she remarked, in her wonted tone of brisk suggestion, " so's 't I can brash up the fire. I shan't have dinner on the stroke — not 'fore half-past one."

THE "SPECTATOR" AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM

BY LAWRENCE LEWIS

"It is my Custom in a Dearth of News to entertain my self with those Collections of Advertisements that appear at the End of all our publick Prints. These I consider as Accounts of News from the little World, in the same Manner that the foregoing Parts of the Paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a Sovereign Prince is fled from his Capital City, in the other we hear of a Tradesman who hath shut up his Shop and run away. If in one we find the Victory of a General, in the other we see the Desertion of a private Soldier. I must confess, I have a certain Weakness in my Temper, that is often very much affected by these little Domestick Occurrences, and have frequently been caught with Tears in my Eyes over a melancholy Advertisement." — ADDISON in "TATLER" No. 224, "From *Tuesday September* 12. to *Thursday September* 14. 1710."

To one not a miser of old books, nor a scholar, who is reasonably familiar with the essays of Steele and Addison, and is interested in the history, life, and letters of Queen Anne's England, the advertisements are the most significant of the distinctive features of a first edition of the *Spectator*. As one turns these half sheets, — which, as a correspondent said of the *Tatler*, are of "Tobacco Paper," and printed "in Scurvy Letter," but, after two centuries, are now little more faded than many a twenty-year-old file of a modern newspaper, — and as one notes the advertisements printed at the end of contributions from the most renowned wits of the day, many allusions, before obscure or absolutely meaningless, become clear. The advertisements, furthermore, fully explain many casual references in other writings of the time; they contain considerable matter worthy of careful study by historians of literature and politics; they furnish much valuable material for students of the manners and customs of the so-called "Augustan Age." Finally, they richly reward even cursory examination by editors and publishers who are interested in the *Spectator*, not merely as a collection of essays, but as the most representative periodical of the time. Although one of the earliest of daily publications, the *Spectator* affords significant evidence of the rapid development of forms of advertisement with which we are familiar, and of relations between the editorial and business departments.

It is doubtful if, in any other collection of essays, is to be found a more happy and uniform combination of the qualities which appeal to all ages with a surprising "timeliness" in relation to events of the passing hour. Yet, because of this timeliness, the writers naturally took much for granted.

All Londoners understood at once what was referred to by the writer of the letter in Number 271 who offered to wait upon Mr. Spectator "in the Dusk of the Evening, with his *Show* upon his Back, which he carried about with him in a Box, as only consisting of a Man, a Woman, and a Horse." This rather fantastic letter is explained in later reprints of the essays by a note that is not needed by those who see the first edition. These papers, we know, were read, even "in the fens of Lincolnshire or the more distant wilds of Perthshire," by country gentlemen, who gathered on Sundays or on post-days for the purpose. Yet even to such of these as had never been in London, it was clear, as it may be to us, from current advertisements, that people of fashion, in order to gratify the insatiable craving for the

unusual of any sort which was especially characteristic of the age, were going in crowds "Just over-against the Muse Gate at Charing-Cross [to see] . . . these Rarities following, viz. a little Man 3 Foot high, and 32 Years of Age, strait and proportionable every way, . . . his Wife, . . . not 3 Foot high, and 30 Years of Age, who diverts the Company by her extraordinary Dancing . . . likewise their little Horse, 2 Foot odd Inches high, which performs several wonderful Actions by the word of Command, being so small that it's kept in a Box."

Besides explaining many allusions in the main essays, the advertisements in the *Spectator* make clear passing remarks in such contemporary writings as the *Journal to Stella*. Indeed a most excellent set of clear notes to the *Journal*, and to other writings of the time, might be made up solely of extracts from advertisements out of the *Spectator*.

Here and there, in books on the Queen Anne period, one finds quotations from the advertising sections of newspapers like the *Courant* and the *Postboy*, but almost none from those of the *Spectator*. Only the extreme rarity of complete collections of the original sheets can explain this failure of writers of literary and political histories to study these advertisements systematically.

The *Spectator* first appeared Thursday, March 1, 1711, and continued to be published daily, except Sundays, until Saturday, December 6, 1712. The 555 numbers issued in this period make up the "first series." Addison, without assistance from Steele, published on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between June 18, 1714 and December 20, 1714, the 80 numbers which compose "Volume VIII," or the "second series." Of the first 555 numbers, there are a few incomplete files; but files, even incomplete, of the last eighty numbers are still more rare. There are comparatively few complete sets of all 635 numbers. Among the best known are the one in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, that in the private library of Robert Hoe of New York, and the set, once Edmond Malone's, which was acquired in the autumn of 1906 by the Harvard College Library. It is to the last I have had access. Even the British Museum had no complete collection of the original numbers at the time of the publication of the last catalogue.

This may explain why even Thackeray was probably familiar only with later editions, although, while preparing his course of lectures on *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, he steeped himself so thoroughly in all available material relating to the life and letters of the time of Queen Anne that he was presently able to compass such a splendid literary anachronism as *Henry Esmond*. For, even in the "delightful paper which pretends to be Number 341 of the *Spectator* for All Fools' Day, 1712," although borrowing for Colonel Esmond "not only Steele's voice, but his very trick of speech," Thackeray commits a glaring minor blunder of which no one familiar with the first edition could have been guilty. As Austin Dobson has pointed out, "although this pseudo-*Spectator* is stated to have been printed 'exactly as those famous journals' were printed . . . Mr. Esmond, to his very apposite Latin epigraph, unluckily appended an English translation — a concession to the country gentlemen from which both Addison and Steele had deliberately abstained" in the original papers, but which was made in later reprints of the essays.

Thackeray apparently is not alone in his unfamiliarity with the first edition. Even John Ashton, who compiled his *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* entirely from original sources, makes very few references to advertisements in the *Spectator*, although he frequently refers to those in less representative periodicals. Could students have had the opportunity to examine all the original sheets, they would have found in the *Spectator* advertisements conclusive evidence on such points in literary history as the day of first publication of pieces of litera-

ture about which there has been considerable controversy.

It has, I believe, been hitherto unsettled in which of two books was first published the story of Alexander Selkirk, or Selcraig, whose experiences were made the basis for *Robinson Crusoe*, which Defoe published in 1719. At his own request Selkirk had been put ashore in October, 1704, on the island of Juan Fernandez in the South Pacific, where he lived alone for fifty-two months, until he was rescued by an English privateering expedition. It is often said that the first printed narrative of Selkirk's adventures was a book which was advertised in *Spectator* No. 412, for Monday, June 23, 1712, as follows:

On Thursday next will be Published,

A Cruising Voyage round the World, first to the South Seas, thence to the East-Indies, and homewards by the Cape of Good Hope. Begun in 1708, and finished in 1711. Containing a Journal of all the remarkable Transactions, particularly of the taking of Puna and Guiaquil, of the Acapulco Ship, and other Prizes. A more particular Account of Alexander Selkirk's living alone four Years and four Months in an Island, than has hitherto been given. Also a brief Description of several Countries in our Course noted for Trade, especially in the South Sea. Together with a Table of every Days run cross that great Ocean from California to the Island Guam in the East Indies. Also Maps of all the Coasts of South America for 6000 Miles, taken from the best Spanish Manuscript Draughts. And an Introduction relating to the South Sea Trade. By Capt. Woodes Rogers Commander in chief of the Expedition with the ships Duke and Dutchess of Bristol. Printed for A. Bell and Bernard Lintott, and sold by Mr. Horn, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Philips by the Exchange, Mr. Mount on Tower-hill, and Mr. Tracey on London-bridge. Price bound 6*s*.

The former account hinted at in this advertisement was mentioned by Howell; but has not, I believe, been generally recognized to have preceded Rogers's book. Almost three months before the publication of this log by the commander-in-chief, Captain Woodes Rogers, his subordinate, Captain Edward Cooke, who was second captain aboard the Dutchess, had printed what, I venture to say, was the first authoritative story about Selkirk. The notice of this book in *Spectator* No. 337, for Thursday, March 27, 1712, was as follows: —

This Day is Published

A Voyage to the South Sea, and round the World, performed in the Ships Duke and Dutchess of Bristol, in the years 1708, 1709, 1710 and 1711. Containing a Journal of all memorable Transactions during the said Voyage; the Winds, Currents and Variation of the Compass; the taking of the Towns of Puna and Guayaquil, and several Prizes, one of which is a rich Acapulco Ship. A Description of the American Coasts, from Tierra del Fuego in the South, to California in the North. (from the Coasting Pilot, a Spanish Manuscript.) An Historical Account of all those Countries from the best Authors. With a new Map and Description of the mighty River of the Amazons. Wherein an Account is given of Mr. Alexander Selkirk, his Manner of living and taming some wild Beasts during the four Years and four Months he lived upon the uninhabited Island of Juan Fernandes. Illustrated with Cuts and Maps: By Captain Edward Cooke. Printed for B. Lintott and R. Gosling in Fleetstreet, A. Bettesworth on London-bridge, and W. Innys in St. Paul's Church-yard.

From the advertisements, it appears that this privateering cruise appealed strongly to the popular imagination, and, at the time, was probably more celebrated than any other naval exploit of Queen Anne's reign except the Vigo expedition. An advertisement, not in the *Spectator*, announced that, at Elford's Coffee House, was "to be seen and read Gratis, the Journal of the famous Voyage of the Duke and Dutchess Privateer of Bristol, that took the rich Aquiápulco Ship containing many remarkable Transactions. Also an Account of a Man living alone 4 Years and 4 Months in the Island of John Fernando, which they brought with them." Public disposition of part of the booty was also advertised. So great was the interest in these "South Sea ships" that at least one other "Sale by Inch of Candle," — a peculiar method of auction common at the time, — which had been

announced previously for the same day, was postponed.

This record of plunder taken from the Spaniards is not all that the advertisements tell of the campaigns carried on under letters of marque — an important minor phase of the War of the Spanish Succession which has been neglected by historians. The French also were sufferers, as is shown by notices of a very large number of auctions, such as that of "26 Puncheons of excellent Bordeaux and Coniacq Brandy, neat, full Proof, and of a true Flavour; taken from the French by a Guernzey Privateer, and condemn'd Prize in the High Court of Admiralty." Nor did the English commerce escape entirely, as Swift testifies in his *Journal*. In the *Spectator* for March 14, 1712, the famous wine-merchants "Brooke and Hillier give Notice, that they have now on the Road from Bristol an entire Cargo of the Johns Galley, (consisting of 140 Pipes of new natural Oporto Wines, Red and White) which is the only Ship except one more that has escaped the Enemy this year, loaden with those sort of Wines," etc.

Besides these numerous records of irregular warfare, there are many other advertisements interesting because of their bearing upon the history of the time. A large number, naturally, have to do with John Churchill, who, not very long before, had won his dukedom of Marlborough. While Swift was thundering in the *Examiner* against the peculations and intrigues of the victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and was complaining of the enormous expenditure of public funds on the Captain General's splendid mansion, then being built at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, which had already cost the nation £200,000, and "not yet near finished," the following appeared in the *Spectator*: —

With Her Majesty's Royal Privilege and Licence, there is now Printing an exact Description of the Palace of Blenheim in Oxfordshire, in a large Folio. Illustrated with the Plans, Elevations, Sections and Perspectives, Engraven by the best Hands on Copper Plates; several of which being already finished, are just Published in distinct Sheets by Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over against Catharine-street in the Strand.

The bitterness of the struggle between political parties is suggested by two advertisements printed close together in the edition for December 18, 1711: —

This Day is Published,

A second Part of the Caveat against the Whigs, in a short Historical View of their Transactions; wherein are discovered their many Attempts and Contrivances against the Established Government, both in Church and State, since the Restoration of King Charles 2d. With a Preface to both Parts. Sold by J. Morphew near Stationer's-Hall, price 1*s*. Where is to be had the second Edition of the first Part.

This Day is Publish'd,

Tory Partiality detected: Or a True State of the Pole and Scrutiny of Broad-street Ward, on the Election of an Alderman in the room of Sir Joseph Wolf deceas'd; Begun Sept. 13 and continu'd by several Necessary and unavoidable Adjournments to the 27th of October following: Before Sir Gilbert Heathcot Kt. late Lord Mayor of the City of London. Printed for J. Baker at the Black-Boy in Pater-noster-Row. Price 3*d*.

Another notice which enforces the same point was printed as much as a year later.

Who Plot best; the Whigs or the Tories. Being a brief Account of all the Plots that have happen'd within these Thirty Years, viz Three Tory Plots, the Popish, the Abdication, the Assassination. Five Whig Plots, the Presbyterian, the Pinns, the Puppets, the Mohocks, the Band-Box. In a Letter to Mr. Ferguson. Printed for A. Baldwin, near the Oxford Arms in Warwick-Lane. Price 4*d*.

How bitterly religious controversy still raged, is shown by notices of two pamphlets from champions of the Church of England — one directed against the Roman Catholics, the other against the "dissenters," or "non-conforming" Protestants: —

This Day is Published a Neat Elziver Edition of

Dean Sherlock's Preservative against Popery in two Parts. The first being some plain Directions how to dispute with Romish Priests. The Second shewing how contrary Popery is to the true Ends of the Christian Religion. Both fitted for the Instruction of unlearned Protestants. Printed for D. Brown, J. Walthoe, J. Nicholson, B. Tooke, J. Pemberton and T. Ward.

Just publish'd

A Sermon Preach'd at Patrixbourne, near Canterbury; proving that Dissenters are impos'd upon by their Teachers, and that they ought to conform to the Church of England, as by Law establish'd. With a Preface to shew their Mistake, about the Act of Exemption, and that they can have no Claim to that Indulgence, without certain Conditions therein mention'd. By J. Bowtell, B. D., Fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge. Printed for R. Knaplock at the Bishop's-Head in St. Paul's Church-yard. Price 3*d*.

The dissenters, however, were not without their own pamphleteer champions, as the following shows: —

The charge of Schism against the Dissenters, Discharg'd; in Reply to a Tract of the Reverend Mr. Norris on this Subject; wherein the Extent of the Toleration-Act is consider'd, and it 's prov'd that by Virtue of it, the Dissenters are no longer Offenders against Human Laws by their Separation, and that they are not guilty of Schism by Virtue of any Law of God. By S. Brown, Minister of Portsmouth. Printed for J. Lawrence, at the Angel in the Poultrey.

An interesting series of advertisements has to do with the death of Queen Anne and the accession of George I, August 1, 1714. "The Mausoleum, a Poem, sacred to the Memory of her late Majesty Queen Anne, by Mr. Theobald," was so popular as to warrant a second edition. "Edward Young, Fellow of All-Souls College, Oxon.," afterwards author of *Night Thoughts*, marked the occasion by "A Poem on the Late Queen's Death, and His Majesty's Accession to the Throne, Inscribed to Joseph Addison, Esq., Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices."

How ludicrously fulsome were some of these productions — concerning a monarch whose character, Green says, "as nearly approached insignificance as it is possible for human character to approach it;" whose "temper" was that of a "gentleman usher;" whose "one care was to get money for his favourites and himself;" and whose chief public virtue was that he "frankly accepted the irksome position of a constitutional king," — is shown by "A Poem on the Accession of His Majesty King George, Inscrib'd to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough," which is entitled "Augustus."

A suggestion of the amusing ignorance of the people in general concerning the personality of the rather contemptible princeling, who had been sent for overseas in order "to serve the nation's turn" as figurehead of the government, is furnished by this advertisement: —

This Day is published,

An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover: Sent to a Minister of State in Holland. In which are contain'd the Characters of the Elector of Hanover, now King of England; the Electoral Prince, Duke of Cambridge, and others of that illustrious Family. To which are added, The Ordinances and Statutes of the Royal Academy erected by the King of Prussia at Berlin. And the Declaration of the Elector Palatine in favour of his Protestant Subjects. All three publish'd by Mr. Toland. Sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, J. Harrison at the Royal-Exchange, A. Dodd without Temple-Bar, and J. Graves in St. James's Street. Price in Sheep 2*s*. in Calf 2*s*. 6*d*.

In view of their almost total lack of information concerning the new king, it was no wonder there was considerable curiosity at least to see him — a feeling which is indicated by notices like the following, which was printed Friday, September 17, 1714: —

The Golden Lion in Cheapside, by Mercers Chapel, is commodiously fitted with Benches, and is to be Let either entire, Balcony and Dining Room seperate, or otherwise in single Places to Gentlemen and Ladies who are minded to see the Royal Entrance of His

Majesty. Inquire at the Anchor in Friday-street near Cheapside. N. B. Here Ladies won't be discommoded with the ill Conveniency of being confin'd to their Places, as they must in publick Stands; nor may they fear the Night's Approach ere the Cavalcade be past.

We are reminded by the following of the almost indecent haste with which, after the death of Queen Anne, this sorry successor to the great Edwards, Henrys, and Williams formally assumed their regalia: —

This Day is published,

The Second Edition of an Exact Account of the Form and Ceremony of His Majesty's Coronation, as it was solemnly perform'd in the Collegiate Church at Westminster, on Wednesday the 20th of this Instant October, price 5*d*. Sold by J. Baker in Pater-noster-row. . . .

These never-reprinted advertisements are interesting, moreover, for other reasons than the explanation they afford of oblique allusions in the literature of the time; they are valuable for more than the light they throw upon obscure details of literary and political history. When supplemented by the advertisements, the main essays give a much clearer notion of what sort of place was London when, early those foggy mornings, the "Sheets-ful of Thoughts for the benefit of Contemporaries" were sent by Sam Buckley, the printer "at the Dolphin in Little Britain," around to "A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane," and to "Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand," where they were sold. From the quaintly worded notices of mercers, snuff-dealers, lotteries, quacks, booksellers, — of all who catered to the world of fashion, — we can reconstruct many of the details of scenes later in the day, when, lounging in their morning gowns, scholars at the Grecian and wits at Will's Coffee House tried to "smoak" the author of that morning's essay.

Then, nearer noon, after a night at the Duchess of Hamilton's "drum," or Her Grace of Shrewsbury's "rout," we can fancy Lady Jane Hyde, Lady Betty Harley, Lady Betty Butler, Miss Forrester or some other of the "top toasts," or other of Her Majesty's maids of honor, signalizing her awakening by three tugs at the bell-rope and as many raps with a slipper on the floor. Woe to the little Negro — in Turkish costume and with a silver collar, bearing his mistress's name, riveted about his neck — if, with the rolls and the "dishes" of tea or chocolate, he failed to bring, as an indispensable "Part of the Tea Equipage," that day's *Spectator!* We can imagine milady sipping her Bohea or her "Chocolate made from the best Cracco nuts," and her exclamations, as she read — under what to her doubtless were the thin disguises of "Sempronia," "Flavia," "Florinda," of "Cynthio" or "Lionel" — of the follies of some members of the fashionable world. We may see her pouting prettily at "The Exercise of the Fan," or smiling — let us hope blushing a little also — at the letters concerning escapades at Tunbridge of "Rachel Shoestring," "Sarah Trice," and "Alice Blue-garter."

We may be reasonably certain, moreover, that she did not overlook the advertisements of "fresh and clean Parcels of Silk Gowns;" of "cosmaticks" and "beauty doctors;" of "great Pennyworths" in "Macklyn and Brussels Lace," in "Hooped Petticoats," in "extraordinary fine Bohee Tea." Let us be so rude as to peep over her paper now and see what it is that so especially amuses her. Ah! here it is: —

The highest Compounded Spirit of Lavender: The most Glorious (if the Expression may be us'd) Enlivening Scent and Flavour that can possibly be: In Vapours, sick Fits, Faintings, &c. finest too, or dropt upon a bit of Loaf-Sugar, and eaten or dissolv'd in Wine, Coffee, Tea, or what Liquor you please, so charms the Spirits, delights the Gust, and gives such Airs to the Countenance, as are not to be imagin'd but by those that have try'd it. The meanest Sort of the thing is admir'd by most Gentlemen and Ladies, but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common Esteem. Is sold only

(in neat Flint Bottles fit for the Pocket) at 3*s*. 6*d*. each, at the Golden-Key in Warton's-Court, near Holborn-Bars.

Addison himself had previously commented upon the "Ciceronian Manner" of this. Although, with him, we cannot fail to "recommend" the "several Flowers in which this Spirit of Lavender is wrapped up ('if the Expression may be us'd')," we cannot but regret the inevitable conclusion that fashionable ladies read and secretly acted upon advertisements similar to the following — inevitable because the frequency with which such notices appeared in the *Spectator* is a sure sign they were "getting results."

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:

Which gives such a delightful blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubb'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be discover'd by the nearest Friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World. Is sold only at Mr. Payn's Toyshop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapside, at 3*s*. 6*d*. a Bottle, with Directions.

By the same reasoning from the persistent advertising of many remedies for what the writer of a letter in the *Spectator* characterizes as "this fashionable reigning Distemper," we may conclude that the novelists and essayists of the eighteenth century were not exaggerating when they afflicted their heroines with frequent attacks of "the Vapours." "A Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Passions, vulgarly called the HYPO in Men and VAPOURS in Women," was advertised, as well as many nostrums of which the following is a typical notice: —

The Vapours in Women infallibly Cured in an Instant, so as never to return again, by an admirable Chymical Secret, a few drops of which takes off a Fit in a Moment, dispels Sadness, clears the Head, takes away all Swimming, Giddiness, Dimness of Sight, Flushings in the Face, &c. to a Miracle, and most certainly prevents the Vapours returning again; for by Rooting out the very Cause it perfectly Cures as Hundreds have experienc'd: It . . . causes Liveliness and settled Health. Is sold only at Mrs. Osborn's, Toy-shop, at the Rose and Crown under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, at 2s. 6d. the Bottle, with directions.

Now, assuming our time is our own to kill in manner approved for young men about town, let us "take the air" after our call upon milady — a not unprecedented call, by the way. For, on the authority of Addison and other writers, if it was not usual in the age of the *Spectator* for a gentlewoman to see men before she was out of bed, it had been very common but a few years before; and, throughout the eighteenth century, all "ladies of quality," while making their toilet, received friends.

We have now made our congés, however, and, with the mincing gait affected by gentlemen of quality, have tiptoed out of doors. Now we begin to work our way slowly through the narrow, foul-smelling streets, rutty and puddly, with only a row of stone posts to separate pedestrians from the crowd of chairs, coaches, "leather-bodied chariots," drays; streets resonant with the oaths of chairmen and carters, with the cries of seventy-four or more different kinds of itinerant tradesmen; streets overhung with hundreds of creaking signs representing "blue Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not to mention flying Pigs, and Hogs in Armour, with many other Creatures more extraordinary than any in the Desarts of *Africk*." On foot if we will, splashed with mud from the "kennel," yielding the coveted place next the wall to "serving-wenches" and poor gentlewomen with pinned-up petticoats, and disputing for it with apprentices and gorgeous swaggering guardsmen, with beaux in red-heeled shoes, with tradesmen and pickpockets; or in a coach or chair — if

we would keep our clothes immaculate — we go to Saint James's Park to saunter up and down the Mall. Or, maybe, we wish to go to a coffee-house to see if our numbers are among those posted as having drawn prizes in one of the lotteries, or to read the latest Newsletter from the Continent.

Or, perhaps, we are sufficiently interested in some of the editions of the "Works of Mr. Congreve," of "Mr. John Milton," or of "Mr. Dryden," "printed with a neat Elziver Letter in small Pocket Volumes," to stop at some of the booksellers, such as "Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's head over-against Catherine-street in the Strand," "Bernard Lintott at the Cross-Keys between the two Temple Gates in Fleetstreet," "J. Morphew near Stationer's Hall," "Owen Lloyd near the Church in the Temple," "T. Osborn in Grays-Inn near the Walks," or "W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Noster Row."

Or we may wish to attend a sale of what is advertised as "An extraordinary Collection of Original Paintings by the most eminent Masters, viz. Raphael, Titiano, Correggio, Guido Reni . . . Vandyke;" or an auction of the personal effects of some late gentleman "by Order of his Executioners" — for these sales, held usually between the hours of nine and one, are largely attended even by those who have no intention of buying. Or we may go to buy a pair of silk stockings, or a Steinkirk, or, at any rate, to ogle the pretty shop-girls in the "New Exchange." Here, doubtless, Swift bought for "Mrs." Johnson and Mrs. Dingley the contents of that famous box, speculations upon the miscarriage of which occupy so much space in his *Journal* of letters. Some time between two and four, we go to dinner, at a friend's house, at Pontack's, or at some "ordinary," where we eat and drink heavily for an hour or more.

The early evening we may dawdle away at a coffee house, "settling the Characters of My Lord Rochester and Boileau," finishing "the Merits of several Dramatick Writers," or making "an End of the Nature of the True Sublime." Or we may attend "A Course of Experiments in order to demonstrate the Laws of the Gravitations of Fluids," and the working of other physical forces, by "Mr. Fra. Hauksbee, Sen. F. R. S.," or "A compleat Course of Chimistry, consisting of above 100 Operations . . . at the Laboratory of M. Edw. Bright, Chymist."

If the season and weather are propitious, we may prefer, in the late afternoon or early evening, to put on a coat, like Dr. Swift's, of light camlet, faced with red velvet and silver buttons, and go riding in Hyde Park or a few miles into the country. In "the Ring," or between fields and hedgerows, we shall probably see at least one of the more energetic of the reigning "toasts," dressed "like a Man," in "an Equestrian Habit," perhaps of "Blue Camlet, well laced with Silver, being a Coat, Wastecoat, Petticoat, Hat and Feather." If the rogue knows us, she will, perhaps, as she rides by, "fly in the Face of Justice, pull off her Hat — with the Mein and Air of a young Officer, saying at the same Time, 'your Servant Mr. ——'."

If our tastes run in that direction we may, on the other hand, go at five or six o'clock to "Punch's Theatre," the puppet-show managed by Powell in the Little Piazza of Covent Garden, to hear the "diverting Dialogue between Signior Punchanella and Madamoiselle Sousabella Pignatella, and other Diversions too long to insert here." Or we may visit such continuous performances of what were called "moving Pictures," as "Mr. Penkethman's Wonderful Invention, call'd the Pantheon: Or, the Temple of the Heathen-gods. The Work of several Years and great Expence . . . the Figures [of] which are above 100, and move their Heads, Legs, Arms, and Fingers, so exactly to what they perform . . . that it justly deserves to be esteem'd the greatest Wonder of the Age." Or we

may marvel at "The Lest Man and Hors in the World," previously mentioned; or at "An Entertainment by Mr. CLINCH of BARNET, who imitates the Flute, Double Curtel, the Organ with 3 Voices, the Horn, Huntsman and Pack of Hounds, the Sham-Doctor, the Old Woman, the Drunken-Man, the Bells: All Instruments . . . performed by his natural Voice."

"At the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet-street, in the great Room, is to be seen the famous Posture-Master of Europe who . . . extends his Body into all deformed Shapes; makes his Hip and Shoulder Bones meet together . . . stands upon one Leg, and extends the other in a perpendicular Line half a Yard above his Head. . . . Likewise a Child of about 9 Years of Age, that shews such Postures as never was seen perform'd by one of his Age. Also the famous English Artist, who . . . takes an empty Bag, which after being turn'd, trod, and stampt on, produces some Hundreds of Eggs, and at last a living Hen," and "other Marvels too tedious to mention."

Or we may attend "the famous Water-Theatre of the late ingenious Mr. Winstanly," which is "at the lower End of Pickadilly, and is known by the Windmill on the Top of it." Here are "the greatest Curiosities in Water-works, the like was never perform'd by any . . . with several new Additions, as three Stages, Sea Gods and Goddesses, Nymphs, Mermaids and Satires, all of them playing of Water as suitable, and some Fire mingling with the Water, and Sea Triumphs round the Barrel that plays so many Liquors; all which is taken away after it hath perform'd its Part, and the Barrel is broken in Pieces before the Spectators."

If it is a warm season, we may follow Sir Roger de Coverley's example, and, embarking at the Temple Stairs with the old sailor who lost a leg at La Hogue, or with some other of the Thames boatmen, go to Spring-Garden (afterwards called Vauxhall), where, amidst the "Walks and Bowers with the Choirs of Birds that sing upon the Trees, and the loose Tribe of People that walk under their Shades," we may spend the evening.

If we are fond of music, we shall have several opportunities, during the season between December and May, to attend "Consorts," of which the following is a typical notice: —

For the Entertainment of his Highness Prince Eugene of Savoy, at Stationer's-Hall,

On Monday next, being the 21st Instant, will be performed a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick to begin at 6 a Clock. Tickets are to be had at Charles Lillie's, a Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford Buildings in the Strand, and at Mr. Manship's at the Temple Tavern in Fleetstreet, at 5*s.* each. No Person to be admitted without Tickets. N. B. The Tickets delivered for the 18th Instant at the Golden Balls in Hart-Street will be taken for the Entertainment.

Then there are frequent performances at the Queen's Theatre, built in 1704 especially to provide a place for the performance of the Italian opera just coming into vogue. Here is the announcement of a performance in which Nicolini, the most famous tenor of Queen Anne's day, sang the leading part: —

At the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, to Morrow being Wednesday, the 11th Day of June, Signior Chevaleri Nicolini Grimaldi will take his leave of England, in the last Italian Opera call'd Hercules. Boxes 8*s.* Pit 5*s.* First Gallery 2*s.* 6*d.* Upper Gallery 1*s.* 6*d.* Boxes upon the Stage half a Guinea. To begin exactly at Seven. By Her Majesty's Command, no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

Whatever we do on other evenings, we shall certainly spend one at the famous theatre which, in spite of rivals of all sorts, remains the principal place of amusement. Here is a typical notice: —

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this present Tuesday, the 18th Day of Decem-

ber, will be presented a Comedy call'd, The Tender Husband or the Accomplish'd Fools. For the Entertainment of the New Toasts, and several Ladies of Quality. The part of Biddy by Mrs. Oldfield, Sir Harry Gubbin by Mr. Bullock, Mr. Tipkin by Mr. Norris. Mr. Clerimont by Mr. Mills, Capt. Clerimont by Mr. Wilks, Humphrey Gubbin by Mr. Penkethman, Mr. Pounce by Mr. Pack, Mrs. Clerimont by Mrs. Bradshaw, the Aunt by Mrs. Powell. To which (at the Desire of several Persons of Quality) will be added, a Farce of one Act only, call'd, The Country Wake. The Part of Hob by Mr. Dogget, Sir. Thomas Testy by Mr. Bullock, Friendly by Mr. Pack, Flora by Mrs. Santlow.

From six or seven until ten, or thereabouts, — making our seats in the pit, in a box under the first gallery or on the stage, merely bases of operations, — we move about the play-house. When Mrs. Oldfield or Mr. Wilks is before us, perhaps we give attention: but, if we follow the highest fashion. we spend more time taking snuff with great periwigs and stars; in ridiculing the actors and the "Poet;" in confounding as "clumsy awkward fellows" the box-keepers, and the candle-snuffer who busies himself with the lights; and in buying fruit, and exchanging risqué witticisms with the pert, pretty orange-girls.

Thence we go directly to the carefully painted, powdered and patched young ladies of quality, who reply to our studiously impudent or ardent speeches with languishing glances, and with such irrelevant questions as whether we do not think Miss B—— is a "dowd" or has a "squint;" whether we do not agree that the "Saylor's Jig" and the "Dance of Four Scaramouch's," sometimes introduced between the acts, are more entertaining than "those dull speeches of Colley Cibber;" or whether, on the whole, we do not prefer Mrs. Santlow, the dancer, to Mrs. Oldfield.

We wait, perhaps, until some beauty allows us the honor of handing her to the door and into her scarlet-lined chair; otherwise, whether the performance be over or not, we go about ten o'clock to "Tom's or Will's coffee houses, near adjoining, where there is 'picket' playing, and the best of conversation till midnight." Or we may be invited to some of the great houses in Soho Square to play at basset or ombre. Or we may join a party of sad young dogs whose wanderings, after the theatre, are suggested by an advertisement: —

Lost on Thursday last the 3d Instant, or left in a Hackney Coach that took up Company at Drury-Lane Play-House and set them down at the three Tuns in Shandois-street, and from thence to Leaden hall-street, from thence to Park-street St. James's, a green emerod Ring, enclosed with 8 Diamonds and 14 Sparks round the Hoop, and ingraved in the Inside an H, crowned with an Earl's Coronet. If the said Coachman, or any other Person, will bring it to Mr. Charles Lillie's the Corner of Beaufort Buildings, they shall receive 2 Guineas Reward; or if offered to be sold or pawned you are desired to stop it, and the Reward abovesaid shall be paid.

Then there is the notorious masquerade, which is resorted to, not only by ladies and gentlemen of quality, but also by those of the purlieus of Covent Garden. We have all read Mr. Spectator's satirical papers on this, and his burlesque advertisement of the "eminent Italian Chirurgeon arriv'd from the Carnaval at Venice," who holds forth "within two Doors of the Masquerade," and who "draws Teeth without pulling off your Mask."

But, if we have not been laughed into shame, we may attend what is thus advertised: —

At the Request of several Foreigners lately arrived, The Masquerade in Old Spring Garden, Charing Cross, will be this present Tuesday, being the First Day of May. Note, That upon this Occasion a Gentleman is pleased to give for the Diversion of the Masquers, an Entertainment of Musick, both Vocal and Instrumental, by some of the best Masters in London. This Entertainment will begin exactly at Ten a Clock. Tickets may be had at Mr. Thurmond's in King's Court, Russel-street, Covent-Garden, and at the House in Spring Garden; price Half a Guinea. No person whatsoever to be admitted Unmask'd or Arm'd.

Probably some time between midnight and dawn, in a coach or chair if we are prudent and have not lost all our money "at play," or at least with a servant or link-boy, whose flambeau makes our way through the dim, wretched streets a little less difficult and dangerous, we go to our lodgings, thinking ourselves fortunate indeed if we escape muddy clothes or barked shins, and the scarcely less nearly omnipresent dangers from highwaymen and Mohocks.

An interesting city is this we see in these advertisements, — an interesting and, in some aspects, a picturesque age; yet altogether different in character of detail from that drawn for us in pretty *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* for nice people, and in recent expurgated historical novels.

Indeed, the London of Queen Anne, as shown by present-day idealizers, has for us much the same illusion as persons in the stagebox at Drury Lane doubtless had for a country boy in the upper gallery. We cannot, at this distance, detect, in the soft candlelight, the dirt under the fine lady's powder and patches, the snuff on her upper lip, or the rouge smeared from eyes to chin. We do not even surmise that she "squints." We cannot hear her vapid or even profane remarks, delivered with what seems such a charming, high-bred smile, to the gentleman who looks so grand, so distinguished, in his great powdered periwig, his neckcloth of Mechlin lace, and his coat glittering with embroidery and stars. We cannot note that his Steinkirk is "snuff-begrimed," that his gold embroidery is slightly frayed, that his hands are not as clean as they should be, that his eyes are dulled by dissipation, that he reeks with wine. We do not know that he paid for his stars perhaps by the sale of places in church and state, by treachery to friends, by cruelty, by betrayals of public trust. We do not guess that physically, mentally, and morally he is corrupt. So, if only to make us more content with our own age, which, for all its faults, is on the average ever so much a better one in which to live, it is well occasionally to see this place, and yonder people near at hand, in the merciless sunlight of contemporary evidence.

THE AERONAUTS

BY RHODA HERO DUNN

How will they look upon us wingless ones,
Our great aerial children soon to come,
Who even now begin to quicken life
With movement toward their finer element,
And fierce essays against the weight of Time?
When, in the weary lapse of some long flight,
Dawn, undisturbed of any lifting leaf,
Uninterrupted of a waking bird,
Shakes its vast silence in among the stars,
Will they not turn from radiant tides of light,
And, steering earthward, softly speak of us
Their fathers, long contented under trees?
Yet who shall blame them if they soon forget?
The sunlight will be woven in their blood,
And breadth of spaces, native to their breath,
Will urge them till they soar again for joy.
To them the hills will rise no more, but knit
By river-threads of silver to the vales,
Will trace one pattern to the fringing seas.
Down, ever downward, floats earth's tapestry!
Its mountain folds to emerald ripples smoothed
By intervening heights of azure air.
Up, up they mount! Where never eagles' wing
Drops feather; or the smallest waft of cloud
Casts its translucent shadow; till the line
Of earth's horizon brims a cup so huge
Its rim dissolves the endless distances
In purple interminglings of faint mist.
And there, within the Garden of the Skies,
With Heaven above, and heaven, as fair, below,
Only the winds, forever voicelessly
Astir among the daffodils of morn
Or soft in petals of the sunset rose,
Recall them to those meadows whence they sprung.
Cloud-cradled must the youth, indeed, have been,

And intimate with starry altitudes,
Whose song would venture that new Paradise,
Or lips attempt that greater Adam's fame
Who pioneered against the rising sun
And staked his claim above the rainbow's sign.
But unto us, the wingless, in our dreams
May come a faint prevision of that hour.
On cloudless mornings after days of rain;
Or from some mountain summit's lift of snow;
Or in a sunset reddening far at sea
The moment may be miraged. And our hearts,
Now islanded by little miles of grass
And tiny leagues of waving forest leaves
Into dissenting nations, leap to meet
A future wherein unfenced realms of air
Have mingled all earth's peoples into one
And banished war forever from the world.
Yet seldom dare we dream of such a dream
Lest we despair that we must die too soon.

THE INDUSTRIAL DILEMMA

IV

THE RAILROADS AND PUBLICITY

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

A SHORT time ago, in a speech made to a class in Economics at Harvard University, Dr. Charles W. Eliot made the following statement: —

" A great remedy — possibly the remedy — for strikes and troubles between capital and labor, is publicity. Is it not a great comfort, after all, that publicity is the great remedy for public wrong, or private wrong, for that matter? Why is it? Because the majority of people in this world, despite all ancient theological teachings, want to do what is right."

Here we have a solution of industrial problems theoretically enunciated. The application of this theory to the situation on the railroads, and to the policy and work of managers and labor organization, brings to the surface a most interesting story.

In its best educational meaning, publicity stands for knowledge, enlightenment, efficiency, the best possible type of manhood and womanhood, and for so-

cial betterment in every direction. On the railroads, for example, it is an easy matter to demonstrate to what a wonderful degree publicity means prevention as well as cure. The success of any campaign to secure greater efficiency of service and to improve the standards and ideals of the workers is now to be fought out and secured by means of this powerful agency. There was a time when it did not make so much difference what was known or what was concealed, for the reason that the public conscience was to a great extent indifferent; but to-day society is keenly alive to the situation, and recognizes the fact that publicity is the most powerful and wholesome educator in the laboratory of social science.

While then, generally speaking, the publicity method will be found to result in a useful knowledge of conditions, of methods, and of men, there is also concealed in it an art of a very practical description. In everyday life and work this may be termed the art of social persuasion and uplift. In municipal, as well as in industrial affairs, *the best possible* conditions are always fostered and encouraged by absolute publicity; *the worst imaginable* by political and industrial secrecy. To convert the latter into the former, with or without legislation, is the mission of social persuasion. This social betterment instinct, in this country at any rate, always has the majority at its back. It is always reaching out into the future where majority interests are centred. From barbarism to the projected efficiency of the highest civilization is almost an infinite span. Publicity, as I am about to explain it, is the highest point in the climbing process that has yet been reached by human effort and the human conscience. For centuries, with very little force or method behind it, publicity has been knocking at the gate of human progress, but not until lately has its widespread significance been understood. In the industrial world, for example, we are now beginning to understand that publicity, or social persuasion, is actually the art of bringing labor and capital, men and managers, together in the interests of the people. Its present and prospective value as the most useful agency in betterment work can be emphasized by a glance at the industrial situation.

Turn where we will at the present day, we find the distinguishing feature of the industrial world to be specialization for material ends and purposes. The struggle of authority to hold its ground, of capital to retain its supremacy and to reap its harvest, of labor to assert itself and to secure its due proportion of profits, has brought into active service an army of specialists, whose life-work seems to consist in upsetting the plans and defeating the specialties of their competitors. Under the direction of these trained specialists, the different interests have formed themselves into isolated group-centres. In order to safeguard their possessions, and to ward off interference, these group-centres have surrounded themselves with all kinds of financial, legal, and legislative barricades.

The railroad world in particular is completely roped off and specialized in this manner. These groups of capitalists, workers, and managers can neither be broken up nor scattered by legal or legislative action. With their group-interests and group-ideals, these people are narrowing the horizon of national life. The specialists who manage their affairs and preside over their councils are seldom permitted to extend their vision, or exercise their sympathies, an inch beyond their own premises and interests. With their limited vision, these groups are socially incomplete. They lack the salt of a wide social brotherhood. The social conscience must now take them in hand, and inoculate them with the leaven of a wider philanthropy. The original soulless corporation has already been purged of its most flagrant abuses. It has now joined the brotherhood of groups, and is no better and no worse than the rest of them. In this way, the problem has widened and become more intense. Its

economic importance has been dwarfed by a paramount human issue. It is, first of all, a question of American manhood and womanhood. In the interests of social betterment it thus becomes the business of publicity, or the art of social persuasion, to see what can be done with the group situation in American industrial life.

I

To begin with, what is it like, and how does it work on the railroad? In making the best of a rather uncomfortable predicament, the manager has become attached to the group situation. It is now the only peg on which he can hang the hat of his authority. In fact, the principle of management has now been reduced to these forms and to these terms. As the manager looks at it, the greater the number of groups, the less chance for unanimity among them, for the groups are self-centred and selfish. On a given railroad they have no common base; the engineer, to a sufficient degree for the manager's purpose, looks askance at the fireman, the trainman at the conductor; and the towerman, as a rule, cannot be persuaded to cast in his lot with the telegraph operator. Amid these varied interests and little storm-centres the manager plays his part, and the harmonious relations that exist are the result of his manipulation, and a tribute to his skill. But in this industrial shuffle the individual is passing through a humiliating experience. My own position on the railroad will serve as an illustration.

My term of service on the Boston and Maine Railroad extends over a period of twenty-eight years. So far as I am aware, there are no marks of any kind on my record. Consequently I think I am justified in contending that, in my own interest, and that of the service, if there are any avenues of promotion in the tower service they should be kept open so that I and others may have them in mind as an ever-present incentive for exertion and faithful service. Nevertheless, since management by group and schedule has been inaugurated, I and others in similar positions have been like so much dead-sea fruit. By reason of pressure from other groups, the field of promotion is confined to my own group. The avenue along which I should be able to press upwards and forwards in the tower service has been blocked by rigid agreements between the management and the different group-interests.

I work on the Fitchburg Division. On other divisions of the road there are situations that for a long time have paid a dollar a day more than that which I hold. Of course, if these divisions were separate railroads, nothing more could be said; but they are all under the same management, and a towerman can qualify for a new job on another division nearly as quickly as he can for one on his own. But if I desire one of these higher positions on another division, it is open to me only in one way — I must throw up my record of service and my seniority and ability privileges on my own division, and begin life over again on the other, at the bottom of the ladder; which, of course, is practically out of the question. A telegraph operator in a tower in the terminal division, with a few months' service to his credit, has the call on the tower work on that division ahead of a man who has been working for the same corporation for over a quarter of a century. Neither seniority, merit, nor ability is permitted to interfere with the interests which each group formulates for itself, and which are at present impervious to publicity. It is hardly to be supposed that the manager is alone responsible for this state of affairs, for it must be evident that his ability to place his men to the best advantage is circumscribed, while the liberty and individuality of the worker receive no recognition.

But publicity, or social persuasion, in the United States, has the biggest kind of a mission. Its main business is to explain and to illuminate the industrial dilemma, so that the people as a whole

can be brought to understand the situation. The collective good sense of the community, without much fuss, will then take care of its own interests. But, unfortunately, publicity is no part of the programme of organized labor. Many of its principles will not stand the test of social scrutiny. In the interests of the labor body as a whole, its inefficient members are only too often protected and retained in the service. Our unions discourage criticism and discussion, and insist upon discipline in the dark.

Bishop Keane, in an address at Denver, Colorado, some time ago, made the following statement: —

"Labor unions should not therefore destroy competition, even in labor, by denying efficiency extraordinary compensation." But the seniority rule, as in actual practice on the railroads, denies to efficiency this extraordinary compensation, contrary to the manifest interests and requirements of the public service.

A short time ago I read in a Boston newspaper an account of fifty or more teamsters who had been fined for disobeying certain traffic rules, which had been laid down by the city authorities for the safety and convenience of travel. Since the new traffic law went into effect, January first, there have been 1061 teamsters in court. Of this number 944 paid fines of five dollars each. Both fines and the names of the offenders were published in the daily papers. The city of Boston, it would seem, does not believe in the Brown system of discipline in relation to street traffic. Presumably the city would long ago have adopted secret and psychological methods of discipline if they could anticipate better results. So the question arises — If publicity is good for the teamster, why is it not equally so for the railroad man? On the railroad, when an employee disobeys a traffic regulation he is treated psychologically in the dark. So far as his fellows are concerned, there is no lesson or warning attached to it, as in the case of the teamsters.

In passing, the psychological problem on the railroad deserves a word or two in its relation to publicity. Some of the managers have taken hold of this matter in practical fashion. They give as one reason the fact that nowadays juries and arbitrators must be addressed and worked upon psychologically, or very little impression can be made on them.

The railroad manager meets the psychological problem at every turn. In a sort of despairing effort to compel employees to read attentively and correctly in sending and repeating train-orders, for example, he will change the names of a dozen railroad stations to meet certain psychological possibilities. Another bugbear of this description relates to divided responsibility. Until quite recently, this poor old world has been run on the supposition that two hurdles in your path are more likely to arrest your career than one, and that double protection is more reliable than a single safeguard. Under stress of psychological promptings, which whisper to the easy-going twentieth century that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, the props are being knocked from under this common-sense logic. The situation is becoming most peculiar in its practical aspect, more especially on the railroads, where the interests and safety of the public are now threatened from so many directions.

Not long ago extensive tests were instituted on a well-known railroad. The manager of the road told me a curious incident in connection with these tests. The record was almost perfect. The only out about it related to one particular signal. Nearly every engineman on the division disregarded this signal, for some unknown reason. The manager, an acute judge of human nature, as it lived, moved, and received encouragement on his railroad, at once detected a cause. Personally he investigated the matter; as he approached the signal in question, the reason for its neglect was very evident: a second signal, some distance ahead of the signal which had purposely been set at danger was plainly seen to be in the

safety position. What, then, was the use of bothering about signal No. 1 when the track was certainly clear up to and beyond signal No. 2? Here we have the usual psychological excuse for disobedience.

II

But, regardless of their own indiscretions here and there, I think the managers of railroads are beginning to perceive that they are likely to gain more than they lose by encouraging publicity methods. One western railroad goes so far as to publish instructions, and all sorts of warnings to employees, in the daily papers. Take, for example, the following from a newspaper published in Bloomington, Illinois: —

"It has developed of late that some train baggagemen delivered milk and cream to the wrong persons, causing heavy loss to the company in settling damage claims. Hereafter every case of such carelessness, where claims must be paid, will be charged to the baggagemen at fault."

"Towermen, agents, yardmen, and crossing-tenders, are asked to do what they can to avoid delay of passenger trains. The performance sheets of late show considerable delay due to the carelessness, laziness, and negligence of certain employees who are not alert in the effort to prevent delay. All concerned are again urged to do better in the way of accelerating the movement of such trains."

"Crews are asked to respect the orders about not running too fast down-hill and around curves, Plainview being a notable example. Speed there should not exceed fifty miles an hour."

By the way, fifty miles an hour round curves is n't at all bad as a reduction in speed.

To secure the attention of the employee, and to enlist his interest in the cause of efficient service, the modern manager is now willing to go to any extreme. He is even prepared to surrender his prerogative and to share his duties with the employee.

On a western railroad it has been decided to appoint engineers and conductors to examine and instruct employees in regard to rules and duties. These men are to be placed on regular pay, and called in to coöperate with the officials. The idea of appointing employees for this purpose is a novel one, and its success will be watched with considerable interest.

But there are all sorts of strings to the publicity kite, which fact is a reminder of another phase of the topic that also seems to call for a little attention. I allude to the personnel and the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission in relation to organized labor and the public interests.

The Interstate Commerce Commission employs something like twenty-one inspectors. All but three of these men are members of the four big railroad orders, in good standing; and, indeed, service for the Interstate Commerce Commission is used as a stepping-stone of promotion in these orders. In connection with the promotions recently made, due to the resignation of Chief Hanrahan of the Firemen, and of Chief Morrisey of the Trainmen, three different Interstate Commerce Commission Inspectors have been promoted to positions as officers of the orders.

Another point, which is certainly of interest to the public, is that representation on this government board of inspectors is in proportion to the membership of each of the large orders. Now, not for a minute do I presume to say that these men are not good men, that they are not competent, and that they cannot serve their country well. What I do say is that, under their oaths to their organizations they owe allegiance to them; and that this is not in line with the best ideals of public service.

The comfortable, matter-of-fact way in which the organization of Railroad Trainmen looks upon the merging of labor interests and those of the people under one head, is particularly noticeable.

The following information on the subject is from the Railroad Trainmen: —

"On January 1, 1909, the lately appointed Vice Grand-Master, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, will assume his duties. He has been careful and painstaking in all his work, and in everything pertaining to his business connection with the organization has proven himself to be a thorough-going capable officer, whose record as such is the reason for his appointment.

"He has been employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission for a number of years as inspector of safety appliances, and while in this employ has been the means, in a large number of instances, of bringing suit against railway companies for violation of the law; and very many decisions in favor of the act are to be credited to his efforts in seeking its enforcement."

This is a very satisfactory arrangement for the labor organization. The public service, however, should be free from such entangling alliances. How would it look if the railroad officials of the country, through the American Railway Association, for example, should get together and select from their number a man whom they should nominate to act as Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and if, having obtained that position, should then proceed to nominate men for inspectors? How would the country at large look upon such a situation? It is simply unthinkable. In the case as I have stated it there seems to be plenty of room for a little "social persuasion" of a very healthy description.

III

But the deeper we study publicity and its history, the more interesting are the developments. For a start, then, publicity must breathe and work in an honest, unprejudiced atmosphere. In other words, public opinion and public ideals must approach the industrial future with a clean record. Its methods cannot be confined to a process of showing up the intrigues of railroad managers. As a matter of fact, at the present day the railroads are more sinned against than sinning.

Up to the present time the American people have desired publicity in regard to corporations, but they have fought shy of it any nearer home. Consequently, publicity as a clarifier and rectifier of industrial conditions is sadly handicapped. The good sense of the people is beginning to appreciate the situation, and is now calling for a wider application of the publicity methods. In no line of work can these facts be so fruitfully studied as in the railroad business, particularly in relation to efficiency of service and the safety of travel.

Just at present an interesting comparison can be drawn between the American and the Canadian ideas and methods of publicity. In this country, when conditions in the railroad business attract attention and adverse criticism, a commission looks into the trouble and publishes a report containing a few interesting generalities. If politics or labor questions are involved, the commissioners know better than to express themselves on these topics. In regard to accident reports and methods of investigation, the American newspapers, for example, invariably neglect to describe the nature of the trouble, the mistakes that are made, and the lessons to be derived from them for public information and criticism. They give much more attention to publicity in Canada. The following is an extract from a Canadian newspaper of recent date: —

"At nine o'clock this morning his Lordship, Justice Riddell, imposed sentence upon the three trainmen found guilty, at the recent spring assizes, of criminal negligence in connection with the wreck on the G. T. R. some time ago near Harriston." In the course of his judgment, Justice Riddell said: —

"It is a terrible thought that if any one of you men had done his plain duty,

no accident would have happened. Five men were found who all neglected their plain duty at the same time, and as a consequence two men were hurled into eternity and a third was maimed for life. Had any one said in advance that this concurrent negligence of five men might happen, it would have been thought incredible. But such is the fact."

The sentences imposed by the judge were particularly impressive, and, so far as I have been able to discover, nothing so solemn and significant has ever been administered in American railroad life.

"You, Engineer ——, must suffer immediate imprisonment. In view of your past good character and of the recommendations to mercy of the jury, and of the strong representations of others in your favor, and also your apparent penitence, I think I may reduce the term of your imprisonment to eight months. You will therefore be imprisoned in the common jail at Guelph, without hard labor, for that term.

"You, Conductor ——, and you, Fireman ——, I shall not sentence at the present time. You did wrong, and will have for life the consciousness that you have killed two innocent men, and that two, dead by your act, are awaiting you on the other shore. But I think that while you are justly convicted, I may, for the time being, at least, refrain from sending you to the convict's cell. You will have the opportunity to go back to the world and regain the places you have lost."

In referring to a petition for clemency, the judge remarked that he could n't believe that *a Canadian had drafted it.* It is evident that in Canada verdicts and opinions are published with startling impartiality.

As President Eliot informs us, the Canadian law and methods have been in sight of American employers and employees for nearly two years, and no employer or employee in the United States likes the looks of them. Let us see how the Canadian law and methods are put in force in regard to railroad accidents.

Under the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, 1907, the following is an account of the settlement of a dispute between the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers. The number of employees affected, or likely to be affected, was estimated at two thousand directly and five thousand indirectly. The differences in question were set forth as follows: —

"(1) The dismissal of Engineer William McGonegal, of Sault Ste. Marie, for alleged violation of rule 89 (a) of the Company's Rule Book on November 12, 1907. 'Claims wrongful dismissal: requests reinstatement and pay for time lost.'

"(2) The dismissal of Engineer Thomas W. McAuley, of North Bay, for alleged recklessness in or about the month of November, 1907. 'Claims wrongful dismissal: requests reinstatement and pay for time lost.' "

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in its statement in reply to the application, expressed its unwillingness to reinstate either of the two dismissed employees, holding that both had been dismissed with good cause, and insisting that the provisions of the act could not properly be invoked in respect to cases such as those indicated. In other words, the company insisted upon its inherent right and duty, in the interest of public safety, to administer discipline without interference of any kind.

However, the Minister, having duly considered the circumstances, established a Board, and appointed thereto Mr. Wallace Nesbitt on the recommendation of the company, and Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue on the recommendation of the employees. These gentlemen being unable to agree upon the third member of the board, the Minister appointed Mr. Justice Fortin, of Montreal.

In the case of McGonegal, the collision, which resulted in injuries to persons

and damages to property was, according to the evidence, the direct result of said McGonegal's attempting to take the switch at Blind River at the east end instead of at the west end, in disregard and violation, by McGonegal, of the company's rules and regulations.

In the second case, the position of the company in regard to McAuley was as follows: —

"The said McAuley was dismissed from the company's service for recklessness in the operation of his train under the following circumstances: The said McAuley was in charge of Engine 1626 on November 21, 1907, and becoming stalled at or near mileage 82, had to take the front of his train to Azilda. On returning to pick up his train he approached it too fast, resulting in collision and damage to the company's property."

The finding of the Board in these cases was as follows: —

"In the matter of William McGonegal. The majority of the Board came to the conclusion that the contention of Engineer McGonegal, as to the construction of rule 89 (a), was incorrect, and that he should have backed his train and pulled into the siding. The contention of the company was therefore sustained.

"In the matter of Thomas W. McAuley. The Board, having heard the parties, was of opinion that the officers of the company were justified, on McAuley's signed statement the day following the accident, in dismissing him. Furthermore, in both these matters the Board was unanimously of opinion *that it should be clearly recognized by the employers and the employed, in the interest of the public, that the employer must have the inherent right of regulating, subject to the contract between the parties and the law of the land, the discipline and organization of the company.*"

This report, which is published in the *Labor Gazette*, bears the date January 15, 1909.

The significance and value of this report lies in its direct appeal to the intelligence and moral support of the people. This appeal direct to the people by means of publicity is the point at which I have been aiming in the preceding articles in this magazine. It may be looked upon as the "farthest north" of all the attempts that have yet been made to work out some kind of practical solution of the industrial dilemma. The manner in which it can be applied to the accident and efficiency problems on American railroads is the most important and the practical feature to be considered.

IV

Let us now apply our publicity method to the railroad crossings, and to the fatalities that are daily taking place at these points. Doubtless many of us think we understand all about these crossings — just how they are managed, and what the equipment of the crossing-tender should be in order to run a crossing with satisfaction to the railroad and the public. And yet I have little hesitation in stating that there are not a dozen men in the country who have actually studied the matter and are capable of giving the story in truthful detail. In relation to loss of life and personal injury, the crossing problem is one of the most important with which the public to-day is concerned. In order to make its importance clear to all, I call attention to a report which was prepared on a well-known railroad for the information of its president: —

"Double the outgo for injuries to passengers was that for 380 killed and injured who were neither passengers, employees, nor trespassers. Of the number 33 were killed; 195 persons were struck on public streets or crossings; 16 of these cases, settled through suits, averaged $1,365.67 each, and 82 other cases settled by claim agent averaged $137.27 each. Through crossings acknowledged to be defective there were 25 additional cases of injury, the four court cases averaging $1,205.76 each and the others $66.00. Eight cases

under the general head miscellaneous, settled by suit, averaged $1,976 each, 32 others cost $97.14 each. Colliding with trolley car at crossing caused injuries to 18 persons, settlement in two cases averaging $803.18, seven others averaging $154.88 each. Nineteen out of twenty-eight cases of injury occasioned by moving engines or cars without warning to men and teams working about them were settled at an average of $376.25 for four court cases, and $48 for the other fifteen. Negligence in crossing-men handling gates led to 25 instances of injury to persons; five of them, settled through suits, averaged $615 each, and eleven others, through claim agent, $5. The enumerated and other analogous causes brought the outgo for the year to approximately $75,000, and almost as many claims left pending as were closed during the twelve months."

In this report there are probably as many as twenty different kinds of dangers and difficulties that crossing-men have to encounter, and in regard to which one would naturally suppose a green crossing-man would receive some kind of instructions.

The importance of the crossing being conceded, let us now turn to the efficiency of the service connected with it. To begin with, the rules and regulations issued by the managements of railroads for the guidance of employees cannot be said to contain any specific instructions as to what to do, or how to behave, in relation to the dangers to which I have called attention. There are certain dangers peculiar to each individual crossing, which have to be carefully guarded against, and from which accidents are almost daily taking place. But we find that when a new man is hired and put to work on a crossing he is, for the most part, left to learn about the dangers from object-lessons and narrow escapes. I have asked a score of crossing-men if they had received any instructions from any quarter, and they all answered in the negative. One and all will tell you that they were called upon to sign the usual application-for-employment blank, and were then examined for eyesight and hearing, but that they heard not a word about their duties, either specifically or generally. Some time ago I inquired of an old and faithful crossing-man, if in all his thirty-five years of service he had ever known or heard of any systematic supervision or instruction for crossing-men, and his reply was, "You must be dreaming."

In plain English, then, the distressing accidents, of which we receive reports almost daily, are only too frequently the price paid for experience of new men learning their jobs.

I believe that I am describing a situation that is more or less similar on all American railroads. The public interests in this business receive about as much recognition as the crossing-man himself. Judging from our accident reports, his position is at least twice as important as that of a passenger brakeman. All told, everything connected with the crossing is an object lesson in efficiency or inefficiency well worth public consideration.

V

The lesson derived from this story of the railroad crossing can be applied to nearly every branch of the operating departments on American railroads. Over all there is a lamentable lack of supervision, and no method by means of which the public can be kept informed of what is going on. Into the scheme of management everywhere a system of publicity must be introduced. *But the success of publicity methods of betterment is absolutely dependent, under present conditions, upon the elimination of the brotherhood man as a factor in the supervision of his fellow employees. The organizations have repeatedly put themselves on record against the simplest and sanest methods of improving the service along these lines.*

Very recently one of the largest railroad systems in the country organized an as-

sociation of employees for the purpose of studying the safety problem, and the improvement of the service in relation thereto. So far, the men in the different branches of the service have been brought together to discuss the prevention of accidents arising out of the application of the rules. But the formation of this society has already attracted the attention of the unions among the men, and some of them have gone to the extent of proposing that any man who joins the safety association shall forfeit his membership in the union.

It is well thoroughly to understand this phase of the situation, for the reason that if inquiries were made, the railroad manager would probably assert that the supervision of his system is of a substantial and adequate character. He might call your attention to the work and services of his railroad detectives, and of his traveling engineers and conductors, But when you look into the matter and ask for illustrations and proof to show that these men actually report their fellows for carelessness and disregard of rules, the evidence will not be forthcoming.

As a matter of fact, the duties of the traveling engineman are mechanical, or relate to the care of the equipment, while the conductor is kept busy with problems relating to the freight business and the overtime of the men. These supervisors and traveling overseers in the operating department are brotherhood men. No sane railroad manager expects to secure adequate and reliable statistics from this source. In fact, the men should not be called upon to do this work, and yet the information must be secured in some way. The interest in his business, on the part of one of these men, can be placed alongside the interest of the inspectors employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the latter case the inspector will do anything to hunt up his evidence and secure a conviction, in the former he will do anything to avoid the necessity for so doing.

VI

The conclusion we are compelled to arrive at is obvious. The public, that is to say, society itself, must take a hand in the actual management or supervision of the railroad. In plain English, *the railroads should be called upon to appoint supervisors who are not union men.* They should be paid by the railroad manager, and work exclusively under his direction. But these men should also be in the service of the public. Their reports, monthly or otherwise, should be sent, word for word, both to the manager and to the railroad commissioners. Between the watchfulness and anxiety of the management and the duty and responsibility of the commissioners in relation to these reports, the public interests would be amply taken care of. Methods of watchfulness and security, with prevention as the principal object in view, would immediately result from this publicity plan. The traveling crossing-man, engineman, conductor, and trainman, would constitute the safety department on the railroad at very little added expense. Under the public eye, the publicity system of betterment work would be placed on a practical and businesslike basis, and the responsibilities of these public inspectors would be clearly defined, and it would become practically impossible for the employee, management, or railroad commissioners to neglect their duties.

It is impossible in an article of this description to go into the details of this publicity plan in its practical application to the efficiency and safety problems on our railroads. It must suffice, at present, to describe the conditions, and the necessity for betterment which can actually be secured by the publicity route. In the situation as we find it to-day, the most inexcusable injustice is being inflicted on the rising generation of workers by means of some of the principles of our labor organizations, which, as it seems to me, the American people can by no means continue to countenance. This

conclusion applies not only to the railroad business, but to the industrial life of the nation.

A young man enters the service of a wholesale manufacturing concern. The superintendent informs him that if he takes an interest in the business the business will take an interest in him. After the boy has become acquainted with the routine of his office-work he begins to look round him a little. During the busy hours he steps into the shipping-room or the salesroom and gives a little assistance here and there. He is permitted to do this for a day or two, but before long a man steps up to him and says, "What are you doing here? If the boss wants to hire any more help, let him do so. Don't you understand that you are probably taking the bread and butter away from some hard-up fellow, who is out of employment and who would be likely to get a job if you would stay where you belong? Go back to the office and attend to your own business, or the union will get after you." The boy suddenly awakes to the situation. He has to choose between the slurs of his fellows and what he considers to be his duty to his employers. He is a good-natured young fellow, and his companions soon carry him off his feet. Later, when the boss asks him why he does not take more interest in the business, he tells his story, and only too often the superintendent is compelled to leave him to his fate, for the business is found to be permeated with this spirit from cellar to garret.

Some day, perhaps, a shipment worth $1000 to the firm is being loaded on teams when the clock strikes twelve. Immediately every man on the job quits work. From 12 to 1 P. M. is the dinner hour; it is so stipulated in the schedule. The foreman explains to the men that the shipment will miss its train-connection and the sale be canceled if there is a minute's delay. But it is useless to discuss the matter. There is no flexibility to a schedule. The men explain that if they work during the noon hour they will lose their union cards. That ends the discussion. The goods are replaced in the store.

It requires no prophet to predict some kind of a halt to this kind of industrial progress. The people will be neither slow nor careful in answering those who persistently dwarf the energies and misdirect the social principles of the young workers on whom the nation depends for its industrial future. In railroad life the situation is even more unaccountable and indefensible than in other industries. There are absolutely no social ethics or principles whatever in the present method of management by group-interests and by the law of the schedule.

For efficiency of service and safety of travel the public continues to appeal to the managing department, and yet, by this time, we must all be well aware of the fact that this manager, from whom so much is expected, has been legislated and unionized out of existence. The old-time manager was an autocratic, irresponsible individual. But he has been called to account. The history of the limitations that have been imposed upon him during the past ten years is descriptive of a continuous slide downhill. To-day there is no one small enough to do him reverence. He now remains silent and contemplative. He has no explanation to offer; he has made all the signs he is going to. If the public is dissatisfied, let the authorities tackle the problem. Meanwhile liberty, variety, and individuality in the railroad business are adrift.

CHARTER-MAKING IN AMERICA

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

CHARTER-MAKING seems to have become a fixed habit with most American communities. New York may be said to have a perennial charter commission in session. The subject has been conspicuously before Chicago for at least a dozen years. Minneapolis has prepared and rejected four charters within a decade. At the present time the question is up for active discussion in a score of leading communities, and, judging from the number of articles on the Galveston and Des Moines plans, there is a national interest in those two striking experiments in municipal management. Indeed, for the past score of years, charter-making has been a most fruitful theme of municipal reformers and administrations. So general and so persistent has been this interest, that one perforce must ask what it all means, and what it portends.

On the one hand, it is a struggle for adjustment; and on the other, the fight of the American people for the right of local self-government. The average citizen does not always recognize it, in either of these forms, as a part of the perpetual fight for democracy, but in essence the movement means these two things. For the first hundred years of our national existence the people were busy with problems of conquest, expansion, and certain pressing national problems. These were solved one by one, or rather simultaneously, but at the expense of the cities, which were left, like Topsy, to grow just as they pleased, and they pleased to grow " every which way; " but grow they did, and at a rate which startled student and official alike when they began " to take notice." There was no state or national policy as to cities such as has prevailed in England since 1835. One could often find in a single state as many forms of city government as there were cities in it, and a city charter frequently more nearly resembled a crazy patchwork quilt, than anything else. Indeed, to call such an instrument, or conglomeration of acts, a charter, was a euphemism.

The " charter " of Boston, that "hub of the universe," that " Athens of America," consisted a few years ago of seven hundred and fifty separate acts, and I have no doubt that the number has been increased since that count was made. No wonder that during the past year we have heard serious suggestions that Boston be placed in the hands of a receiver. The proposed plan, as set forth by the Boston *Transcript*, which is not for a moment to be suspected of levity, was: Suspension by the legislature of the powers of the city council over appropriations and loans; the transfer of these powers, for a certain period, to the Finance Commission, to be exercised subject to an absolute veto by the mayor; the grant of power to the mayor to consolidate, rearrange, and abolish, at the recommendation of the commission, any part of the city's government; the grant of power, on the same terms, to suspend ordinances; the authorizing of the commission to prepare and recommend charter amendments with a view to a permanent reorganization of the municipal administration. And no less a statesman than United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is reported by the Boston *Herald*, in a campaign speech at Chelsea, in the autumn of 1907, as saying: —

" They are charging that I have advocated the government of Boston by a state commission. I have never mentioned

the word 'commission' in connection with Boston in any speech that I have made. I do not believe, myself, in taking the government of Boston out of the hands of its people and placing it in the hands of a state commission. I am too strong a believer in the right of local self-government.

"What I have said, and what I now repeat, is this, that the condition of Boston under the present city administration is deplorable; that Boston, if an ordinary business corporation, would be in the hands of a receiver; and that there is every reason to believe, from the revelations already made by the Finance Commission, that there is a great deal of corruption in the city government."

Naturally, the suggestion of a receiver attracts general attention in over-taxed, politics-ridden, and financially crippled cities; but there is not much likelihood of its being adopted in Boston or any other city, even though it may be as badly needed as Senator Lodge averred it was, and most of us believe it was, in Boston, under the administration of Mayor Fitzgerald. The people themselves applied a practical remedy when they chose George A. Hibbard as his successor; but a still further remedy is needed, and that is a larger measure of home rule.

In 1773 Boston set the colonies an example of independence when it held the famous "tea party," refusing to use tea which had been taxed by a body in which it had no representation. Its present subjection to the Massachusetts Legislature, however, is far more subversive of the fundamental principles of local self-rule. Boston constantly looks to the State House for relief from ills, rather than to the City Hall, where, under any proper system of municipal government, it should. If an Englishman finds anything going contrary to his sense of right or justice, one does not find him running off to the Parliament in London; he goes directly to the local council, and seeks his relief there, where he should and does find it. In America, however, in every one of the states east of the Mississippi, and in a majority of those to the west, the offended citizen or the reformer proceeds to the state legislature in session at the state capital. So strong is this tendency that it is no exaggeration to say, as I pointed out some years ago, and the same remains true to this day, that the bulk of the work of the average state legislature is the consideration of measures relating to municipal affairs.

For the five years preceding the sitting of the Fassett Investigating Committee in New York, the New York State Legislature passed 1084 bills relating to the cities in the state. The latest New York Charter Revision Committee is authority for the averment that between 1897 and the revision of 1901, 58 separate acts amending the charter of 1897 became law. Since the 1901 revision, 267 sections have been amended, and 46 new sections added. Apart from these numerous amendatory acts, there have been passed since 1897, approximately 650 separate and special acts, each directly affecting the property, government, or rights, of the city, 322 of them since 1901, and none of these is included in or made a part of the charter. In 1906, 556 local acts affecting New York were introduced into the legislature; and in 1907, 631. These bills are all part of the persistent desire for charter-rebuilding (and the proportion is no doubt the same in other states), and are efforts to adjust the old conditions to the new, and to substitute improved governmental machinery for the old and antiquated.

The trouble, as I shall point out later on, cannot be cured by frequent recourse to an outside body, but must be cured by home application. Nevertheless the various efforts, crude and awkward though many of them may be, are mostly in the right direction, and although the progress may be slow, it is on the whole sure. As the *London Municipal Journal* pointed out, in reference to the recommendations of the Charter Revision Committee of 1907, "A number of important recom-

mendations are made by the recently appointed New York Charter Revision Committee, which has reported with commendable promptitude notwithstanding the magnitude of its task. New York, like London [which is the one exception to the English rule of simplicity and directness in municipal government], has a very obsolete form of government, a much-patched and cumbrous fabric, and any improvement the virtual metropolis of America is able to effect should certainly be a stimulus, and may possibly afford a lesson, to ourselves. The existing charter of New York dates back to the eighties, though it has been a good deal amended since. Yet the net result of the Commission's deliberations is that 'experience demonstrates that the present Charter, even as revised in 1901, has not worked satisfactorily.' All the proposals of the Commission are put forward with the object of securing unification and concentration of administration, and a more definite fixing of responsibility. 'The distribution of functions and location of powers,' says the Commission, 'are incoherent, illogical, and unpractical, which results in conflict of jurisdiction and extravagance.' The Commission makes numerous recommendations designed to end this state of affairs. Where one department can better do the work of three or four of the same kind, it desires the abolition of the latter; it wants greater power conferred on the mayor and other executive officers, so that responsibility can be plainly allocated; and it wishes the city to control and arrange its own finance without the thrusting on it of mandatory appropriations by outside authority. The Commission also desires either to abolish or greatly restrict the power of the board of aldermen, and to lessen the opportunities of the constituent boroughs to hamper the administration of New York as a whole," — a purpose which the Charter formally recommended by the Commission of 1908, and introduced into the 1909 session of the New York Legislature, carries out, thereby providing for more efficient and direct means of communication between the people and the central government.

Chicago is likewise fighting for her freedom. In some directions she has made a longer step forward than most of her sister cities, because she has to a measurable extent improved the personnel of her local legislative body; but like the average American city, she is tied to the tail of the state legislative kite. Under the Illinois Constitution of 1870 the legislature was required to pass a general incorporation law to govern all cities, and special legislation was forbidden. It is almost needless to add that this management did not work well for Chicago, whose needs and desires were totally different from those of any other city in the state. She had two million, and no other city had even a hundred thousand inhabitants. The disparity was distressingly great, and the conditions so radically different, that municipal legislation suited to the needs of the one was totally unsuited to those of the others.

In 1904 the Constitution of Illinois was so amended as to give the metropolis of the State a special charter. To draft this special charter, a Charter Convention was provided for by an ordinance of council, to be composed of seventy-four members, and made up of aldermen, state legislators, representatives of various local government bodies, and thirty citizens, one-half appointed by the governor (Deneen), the rest by the mayor (Dunne). This convention, after a year's hard work, came to a substantial agreement. The instrument agreed upon had to run the gauntlet of the legislature, in 1907, in the usual American way, and with the usual results. It made numerous changes, notably in refusing to sanction important provisions designed to promote political independence. The legislature also struck out the direct primary feature which had been adopted by the Charter Convention. It also refused to make any concession whatever to the demand for the elimination of the party circle from

the ballot in municipal elections. The charter, however, was especially notable for its broad grant of home-rule powers to the city of Chicago and its city council. Rural critics of the bill even said that its effect would be to make of Chicago a separate state.

As a matter of precaution, the existing enumerated powers of the city were repeated, but the dependence of the charter-makers was upon the grant to the city, in general terms, of the broad power to do all things necessary for the government of the city, except such as might be in conflict with the provisions of the Constitution or of general laws; and herein it was in harmony with the best modern thought on the subject. General laws hereafter passed relating to cities were declared not to be construed as applying to Chicago unless specifically so stated. The aim of the framers of the charter was to give Chicago power to work out its own local problems in its own way, so far as possible free from legislative interference or the necessity of appealing continually to the legislature for additional powers.

The legislative eliminations and alterations, however, were such as to arouse the antagonism of the truly independent elements, of the foreign-born population, and of the Democratic organization, and the result was defeat; well-merited defeat some said, because of the unnecessary political interference of the legislature. These same critics, many of them thoughtful students of the problem, do not hesitate to say that the defeat was in reality a victory for self-government, as it means that in the future the state legislature may be less likely to deny the formal demands of the city as embodied in a carefully chosen charter convention. The present session of the Illinois Legislature will show whether this view is well founded, as a new charter proposition has been submitted.

Washington, the capital city of our nation, instead of affording, as it should, the most striking model of self-government in the whole country, is as a matter of fact a most horrible example of just the reverse. The city has a fair measure of good government, but it is not democratic good government. It is imposed upon the city. It does not come as the self-conscious deliberate effort of the people who are affected. Congress governs the city absolutely, and the people have nothing to say about the personnel of their governors or the form of their government. The President, by and with the advice of the Senate, determines one; and Congress the other. We never hear of charter reform in Washington, except when Congress or the President starts the discussion; and this former President Roosevelt did, appointing, not a charter convention of residents, but an expert from New York in the person of James Bronson Reynolds. There are few better equipped men for the task, but the recommendations are his, not those of the people whose interests are involved. With nearly all that Mr. Reynolds suggests, one is likely to be in entire sympathy, especially with what he has to say about administration: —

"The present administration of the affairs of the District of Columbia by three commissioners has the advantage of the intimate association and frequent conference of three executives of equal rank. But it has the inevitable defects of divided responsibility, confusion of authority, and of administration by a board instead of by a single responsible executive. While in certain respects the District has the government of a territory, it is, in fact, a large city, and its administration should conform to the methods adopted in other large cities in this country. After careful consideration of the subject, and conference with many citizens of the District, and of other cities, I recommend a serious consideration of the substitution of a single chief executive for the present Board of Commissioners. For this official the title of governor has been suggested, as he would be governor of the District of Columbia as well as mayor of the city of Washington,

the duties of both officers now devolving upon the three District Commissioners. He should receive compensation in proportion to the importance of the office and the arduous duties which it would impose.

" I also recommend that eligibility for the office of governor be extended. Of the present district commissioners, ' two must have been actual residents of the District for three years next before their appointment, and have during that period claimed residence nowhere else.' The third is detailed from time to time from the engineer corps of the U. S. Army by the President of the United States. While residents of the District should naturally have preference, I believe the President should be free to consider the availability of successful and experienced mayors in other cities of the country who might be especially qualified to become the chief executive officer of the national capital.

" It is, I think, generally recognized that the best governed cities of the world are those of Germany. In that country the mayors of the larger cities are selected from the mayors of smaller cities who have demonstrated their knowledge of municipal affairs and their executive efficiency. The present Mayor of Berlin, for instance, served very successfully as mayor of two smaller cities before he reached his present position. The present mayors of Frankfort and Leipzig had also distinguished records as mayors in other cities.

"Those who are familiar with municipal progress in our country are aware of the increasing number of able municipal executives who are being developed in our large cities. Such executives, at the end of one or two terms, have no further opportunity for public service in the line of their successful experience. From them might be chosen an executive worthy of the high honor of being the chief executive of the national capital. I therefore recommend that eligibility be extended to include those who have served not less than one term as mayor in a city of not less than fifty thousand inhabitants."

These recommendations are in the line of efficiency, and are worthy of the most careful consideration. I hope the experiment will be tried, as I believe it will prove of far-reaching value and influence throughout the country; but its value will be very largely diminished, because it is not a democratic experiment, that is, one entered upon by the people of the District with a full sense of their responsibility. If successful, it will be imposed good government; and this, happening at the seat of a nation which boasts of its democratic government, constitutes a solecism of the first magnitude. For even Mr. Reynolds does not suggest suffrage, but, instead, a citizens' committee of one hundred to represent all general civic interests, saying and arguing in behalf of this recommendation, —

" The importance of the service of civic organizations in the District of Columbia is emphasized, not diminished, by the absence of the right to vote. On the material side, such service is rendered by the Board of Trade, the Business Men's Association, the Jobbers and Shippers' Association, and various sectional associations. These organizations have also shown an interest in the general civic concerns of the District. There does not, however, exist any strong organization charging itself primarily with the disinterested promotion of the general public welfare. Such an organization is greatly needed, and I suggest the propriety of your naming a committee of one hundred, to be composed of representatives of all elements, and to express the varied interests of the District in relation to all questions of social reform and administration. It would differ from commercial organizations, whose primary interest is material and personal, in that its primary interest would be civic and general. The recommendations of such a body would undoubtedly have weight with the President with Congress, and with the administrative officers of the District; and its

conferences would furnish a forum for discussion and the expression and enlightenment of public opinion."

A very clear idea of the problem of charter reform and revision in an average growing American city can perhaps be best gathered by recounting the quite recent experience of Kansas City, Kansas, which sought to avail itself of the recently enacted Kansas law, which makes it possible for any city in the state to adopt the commission (Galveston) form of government. The letter from which I quote was not written for publication, but it tells so well the story of a city's problems and its struggle for their solution, that I avail myself of it, rather than attempt a description of my own: —

"The law under which Kansas City sought to overthrow the ward system and establish government by commission, was passed by the legislature in March, 1907. The plan has been voted down in Coffeyville and Wichita, and adopted in Leavenworth. In the latter city it was adopted after a very hard fight last spring, and went into effect in April. So far it has proved successful. The proposition has been revived in Wichita, and will be voted on again August 4, at the time of the general primary.

"The Kansas law is similar to the Texas law, and in some respects is an improvement upon it, although it does not contain the newer features of the later Des Moines law, such as the recall and the mandatory referendum of utility franchises. Some amendments have been drafted. which will be presented to the next session of the legislature.

"To understand all the reasons for the defeat of the proposition in Kansas City, some knowledge of conditions is necessary. The city is divided into six wards, and is a consolidation of three cities. The first ward, formerly Kansas City, Kansas, was chartered in 1868. The sixth ward was formerly the city of Armourdale, chartered in 1882. The other four wards developed from the original 'City of Wyandotte,' which was founded at the juncture of the Kaw and Missouri rivers in 1857. Each ward is represented by two members in the council, composed of one body, one councilman being elected from each ward each year. The mayor is elected at large every two years. The first ward has a large foreign population, and has long been largely dominated by one man and his friends, sending the same men to the council year after year.

"We have circulated 100,000 copies of a pamphlet giving the history of the fight for the closing of the liquor 'joints' in this city, and the results of law enforcement, to answer the charges that the city was bankrupted by the closing of the saloons. All of these things had a bearing on the commission fight.

"In the campaign which ended in our defeat by about 750 votes, we were opposed by the following elements: —

"Residents of the first and sixth wards who feared they would lose their representation. These wards went heavily against us. We carried, by smaller majorities, the third, fourth, and fifth wards;

"Nearly the entire large negro vote in the city went against the commission. The negroes were told that the plan was against their interests, because it originated in Texas. The man who helped 'turn this trick,' by the way, is a corporation lawyer;

"A very conservative element that conscientiously feared the workings of commission government, arguing that it placed too much power in the hands of a few men. Their position was strengthened by the fact that the law does not contain a recall provision, or any provision whereby the city may return to the old system if it desires;

"Nearly all the city employees and smaller politicians;

"The element unfriendly to law enforcement, and especially the enemies of the man who closed the joints and is personally unpopular.

"That many citizens did not become familiar with the plan within the short time the campaign was carried on, or remained

indifferent to it, was shown by the fact that only about one-third of the voters went to the polls. Many stayed at home because they thought the plan was certain to win on its merits. The business men did not become thoroughly aroused.

" These are the principal reasons why the proposition was defeated. The fact that we were able to carry three wards was a big surprise to the city administration politicians, and has given encouragement to the friends of the plan. Within a day or so after the election (June 2) a movement was begun to procure some amendments to the law at the next session of the legislature, which meets in January, and fight for the adoption of the law again in the spring. An organization was formed and several amendments drawn, including the following: the recall; provision allowing resubmission after six years; a general non-partisan primary and ticket, following the Des Moines law; mandatory referendum of all franchise renewals, and a five per cent referendum on all other franchises; a modified initiative.

" Letters have been sent to all the candidates for the legislature, asking them to define their position upon the amendments."

Certainly the fight for charter reform is one of readjustment, and is therefore a most difficult one. We see it in metropolitan New York, where five huge boroughs have been consolidated; and in Kansas City, Kansas, where three small communities have been merged in one. We find the liquor question and the foreign population a prominent factor in the latter, and in cosmopolitan Chicago. Wherever we go, north or south, east or west, we find the same sort of difficulties, the same sort of complications (the principal difference being one of degree), and the same strenuous, persistent effort at adaptation and adjustment.

No small part of the rapid rise and spread of the Galveston-Des Moines plan is due to its simplicity and ready adaptability to varying conditions. Moreover, it represents a further, practical concentration of responsibility, which is daily coming to be more and more demanded. Five men representing the whole city can be so much more easily watched and followed than half a hundred representatives, a score, or a dozen, elected from numerous wards.

To digress just a moment, it is interesting and instructive to note the size of some American municipal councils. According to the figures given by Dr. Fairlie, in his *Essays in Municipal Administration*, New York has 79 municipal legislators, Chicago 70, Boston 79, Providence and Hartford 40, Cleveland 33, Cincinnati 32, and very few (excepting, of course, those that have adopted the Galveston-Des Moines Plan) have less than ten. The tendency, however, is very decidedly toward smaller legislative bodies, and toward the election of them to represent the city at large, rather than arbitrarily appointed districts.

The Galveston plan, it will be remembered, was adopted just after the flood of 1900 had crippled the resources of the city, as some thought beyond repair. However, as we are told in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

> Experience is by industry achieved,
> And perfected by the swift course of time.

And Galveston worked out a scheme of municipal government that has set the country talking, and has served as a model in fully a score of cities. It is based, consciously or otherwise, on the county commissioner system so widely prevalent in the United States in the management of county affairs. It provides for

(1) A commission of five men, constituting the governing body of the city, instead of the usual mayor and council of the ordinary American city. This commission is the municipal government of the city. One of the commissioners is called the mayor-president, and presides at all meetings; he votes as one of the five, and a majority settles every question, but he has no veto. His duty is to oversee the city business as a whole, and he must give

at least six hours a day to the discharge of his municipal duties. Of the other four, one commissioner has charge of the police and fire departments; one is commissioner of streets and public property, including lighting and street-cleaning; one is water-works and sewerage commissioner; and the fourth is commissioner of finance and revenue.

(2) To these five men is given power (*a*) "to appoint all officers and subordinates in all departments of said city;" (*b*) "to make and enforce such rules and regulations as they may see fit and proper for . . . the organization, management, and operation of all of the departments of said city and whatever agencies may be created for the administration of its affairs;" (*c*) "to make all laws and ordinances not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of this State, touching every object, matter, and subject within the purview of the local government."

In brief, the Commission makes, by a majority of votes, all local laws and ordinances; appoints and removes all employees; determines all salaries and qualifications; and grants all franchises.

According to the city's own official statement, on taking charge the Commission found an empty treasury, a city without credit, employees paid in scrip, which was subject to a large discount for cash, and a floating indebtedness running back for several years. The personnel of the Commission, together with the heads of departments, inspired confidence, and the city was soon put on a cash basis, her credit restored so that she could go into the open market and buy supplies on the same terms and prices as the best merchants or wealthiest citizens; and the outstanding scrip was being taken up with the surplus cash as it accumulated in the treasury.

"The result of the commission form of government met the expectation of its most ardent friends, and was the pride of every patriotic and civic-loving citizen. Every detail worked without any friction or hitch until a drayman was arrested and fined ten dollars by our Recorder, for violating a sanitary ordinance. The case was appealed to the Criminal District Court, upon the ground that our whole city government was unconstitutional, hence the Recorder had no authority whatever to impose a fine; and the ground for such action was that, a majority of our Commission being appointive, the citizen was deprived of the right of ballot guaranteed him by the constitution. The Criminal District Court affirmed the verdict of the Recorder, but the case was again appealed to the Supreme *Criminal* Court of the state, and to the great astonishment of our people that court, by a vote of two to one, pronounced our form of government unconstitutional, on the ground that our citizens had no voice in the selection of the officers who were administering the government. Later, the Supreme *Civil* Court held that the appointive feature was constitutional; thus our Commission was constitutional in civil matters, but had no police jurisdiction. There was but one thing to be done, and that was to apply to the Legislature, then in session and nearing its close, for a change in our charter eliminating the appointive feature, which was the weak point, as decided by the Supreme Criminal Court. We regretted to give up this feature of our charter, because we believed that the very best material for our city government could always be had by the appointive clause it contained.

"The emergency required quick action, and, upon application of our Board, joined by our citizens, the seemingly objectionable part of our charter was revoked, the entire elective feature substituted, and in just two days this act was passed by both branches of the State Legislature, signed by the Governor on March 30, 1903, and election of five commissioners under the new charter was ordered.

"Our city was again fortunate in getting the consent of the original five commissioners to run for their respective of-

fices, and all were elected by handsome majorities, and our city is to-day under the control of the same five commissioners and heads of departments, with the exception of Mayor-President Austin who died in November, 1905, City Attorney Scott, who died in January, 1904, and City Engineer Sias and Secretary Artz, both of whom resigned soon after appointment to accept other employment."

At first an imposed form of government, the Galveston plan was made elective, and if that city enjoys good government, as she now certainly does, the credit lies at the doors of the electors who select the right sort of men to execute it.

Some idea of the spread of the Galveston plan may be gathered from the fact that Houston, Fort Worth, Waco, San Antonio, among Texas cities, are considering its adoption or have already adopted it. Iowa, Kansas, and South Dakota have recently passed laws providing for a system of municipal government based upon the Texas idea, giving the communities therein the option of having it applied to their affairs. Chelsea, Massachusetts, in the east has adopted the plan. In November last I noted that the plan was under consideration in Salt Lake City, in Salina, Leavenworth, Kansas City (Kansas), Davenport, Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Sioux City, Omaha, Los Angeles, Owensboro (Kentucky), Buffalo, Concord (New Hampshire), and Natchez (Mississippi); and since that time the list of cities has been materially lengthened.

Professor Munro of Harvard, in discussing the plan before the National Municipal League, pointed out that the crucial question is really whether, under the commission system, cities could permanently secure better men in municipal office. For an interval after the establishment of the new system this might very well be achieved; it has been so in Galveston. But would the standard be permanently maintained? Almost every important change in the framework of city government has been accompanied by a spasm of efficiency, but this has invariably been followed by a lapse into former conditions. "Too much emphasis ought not to be laid upon Galveston's experience, for Galveston found herself face to face with conditions which were very unusual. A receivership may be the best means of putting an insolvent business corporation upon its financial feet, but it does not logically follow that all solvent corporations should permanently adopt this method of doing business. Galveston conditions are not even yet normal; and it remains to be seen whether the system will prove wholly satisfactory when matters become so, and when the novelty of the new régime has completely worn off. Nevertheless the system of government by commission has established a prima facie case in its favor, and while no one who properly appreciates the complex character of American municipal problems will expect to find in it a panacea for all municipal ills, it points the way to some simplification in the machinery of civic administration. A sympathetic trial on a sufficiently broad scale ought to be welcomed, as serving to demonstrate what the real merits and defects of the system are."

While sympathizing with Dr. Munro's cautious views, one must not overlook the important and significant fact that the system is generally working well, and that by reforming methods we ofttimes can best reform the electorate, that is, ourselves.

The Des Moines plan combines all the desirable features of the Galveston system, with non-partisan nominations and elections; the initiative and the referendum, including the submission of all franchises to the people; the recall, and the merit system for all employees. It has too recently gone into effect to speak with positiveness, but there are certain features of the Galveston-Des Moines plan that are of the highest importance and value — the simplification of governmental machinery, the elimination of

ward lines, and the concentration of responsibility.

President Eliot highly commends the plan because it means city government by fewer men. "We have an advantage in New England," he believes. "We have seen and known for centuries an almost perfect form of municipal government — the town government. Can not we get back to it with modifications? I should prefer to call what we seek, government by selectmen. That is exactly what we want. How many selectmen are there in a good Massachusetts town today? Three. Now, the city is larger than the town: we might ask for seven selectmen to govern, if you please, the city of Boston." President Eliot is a distinguished man, indeed he is one of the most distinguished men in America today, but I am doubtful if his analysis of the municipal situation and his proposed remedy are sufficient. Surely municipal affairs involve much that is not business, for all that he so stoutly maintains that they are "nothing but business, pure business." If for no other reason than that they are not run for profit, the management of cities is more than business, it is a government function of the first importance.

There are not wanting those who believe that the New England town meeting will prove to be the *via media* by which we shall reach the solution of our municipal ills, and the Newport plan is an adaptation based on that idea. It is an ingenious extension of the representative principle in government, and as such, is in character intermediate between the Galveston and the Des Moines plans. A representative council of 195 members is elected, each member for three years: 39 members from each ward, one-third of them going out yearly. The electorate for the council, by a proviso of the Rhode Island Constitution, consists of those voters only who pay a property tax on not less than $134. Of the 5400 voters of Newport, about 1400 are by this rule disqualified from voting for members of the council, or on any proposition to impose a tax or to spend money. The representative council is a legislative body having, in general, the powers of a New England town meeting. The executive power is vested in a mayor and five aldermen, elected for one year, and having in general the powers of a board of selectmen. A committee of twenty-five members of the council prepares the annual budget, which must be printed and distributed to all tax-paying voters at least a week before its consideration by the council. The council can be called together at any time upon the written request of twenty-five members, or upon the request of the Board of Aldermen. Its meetings must be open, and all its records must be open to public inspection. It elects city officials, fixes salaries, and defines duties. By a two-thirds vote of all its members, it may remove an officer for misconduct or incapacity.

There are still others who believe in the town-meeting idea pure and simple.

Arthur W. Spencer, editor of the *Brookline Chronicle*, has prepared a very interesting article on Brookline's solution of the problem of municipal government, entitled, "Back to the Town Meeting." He believes that every city which is perplexed by the problem of improving its government should seek to utilize as much as it can of everything in the town meeting that is any way adaptable to its conditions. "To return to the town meeting will mean a renewal of the vigor and vitality of its institutions." He admits, however, that his views differ radically from those of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, whose knowledge of conditions in Quincy, before that Massachusetts community became a city, prompted him to write: —

"Just in the degree in which civic population increases . . . the town meeting becomes unwieldy and unreliable; until at last it has to be laid aside as something which the community has outgrown. It becomes a relic, though always an interesting one, of a simpler and possibly

better past. Moreover, the indications that the system is breaking down are always the same. The meetings become numerous, noisy, and unable to dispose of business. Disputed questions cannot be decided; demagogues obtain control; the more intelligent cease to attend." [1]

Charter-making in America proceeds apace, taking various routes, but always in the direction of greater adaptability to American conditions, and of a larger and still larger measure of local self-government.

Ten years ago the National Municipal League, in its "Municipal Programme," described the fundamental principles which must underlie successful municipal government. The lapse of time and the consequent experience have only served to confirm and strengthen them. We find their adoption in an increasing number of charters. Although in nowise speaking for the National Municipal League, Governor Hughes has given a clear and concise description of the now almost universal demand for municipal home rule: —

"I am impressed with the diversities that exist in the mechanism of local government throughout the State, and the constant legislative tinkering that seems to be needed to bring these mechanisms into accord with the wishes of the citizens of the various administrations seems an idle dream. And the constant legislative interference to meet naturally recurring exigencies makes of our charters a sorry patchwork. Legislation breeds legislation. Restrictions upon local administration are made only to be altered as emergencies arise. And where restriction is absent it is thought necessary to provide it.

"I am convinced that the way of improvement lies in the direction of simplicity of charters, providing a framework of government with a grant of appropriate general powers and with guarantees of fundamental rights. The minutiæ of administration should be governed by by-laws or ordinances enacted directly by the community through its representatives, without interference by the Legislature.

"Of the steps which would be necessary to accomplish this result, I shall not attempt to speak at this time. But the success of democratic government in meeting the increased demands of our growing urban population must depend upon our broadening and strengthening its base. It must rest upon the appreciation by the individual citizen of his responsibility for the welfare of the community in which he lives, and upon the quickening of his interest in the conduct of its affairs. Every city should be a school of statesmanship. There should be taught the lessons of civic honor and of devotion to the public weal.

"There should be found the sacrifices of patriotism in times of peace. There should be the training for the wider responsibilities of state and nation. And there should be developed that sense of the dignity and worth of citizenship which will bring to naught the devices of those who twist our republican forms of government to suit their petty despotisms, and who seek to control for purposes of tribute the highways of our political life.

"The source of political power is more and more to be found in our cities. And there also, in an awakened feeling of responsibility with regard to matters which directly concern the lives of the citizens, may be found the needed purifying force.

"We cannot have progress unless we have security; we cannot have security unless we have respect for law and order; we cannot have that respect if administration be bent by caprice, or the powers of government be corrupted to serve a favored few. As we search the records of the past and learn the lessons of our history, may we appreciate more fully our obligations to the future, and may we unreservedly devote ourselves to the cause

[1] *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*; vol. ii, 976.

of liberty established by laws conserved in a spirit of justice and impartially administered."

To date the fullest embodiment of the principles of the Municipal Programme is to be found in the Charter recommended by the Boston Finance Commission, and now pending before the Massachusetts legislature. It is clear and direct in form; it establishes a simple plan of government, and places that plan within the easy and immediate control of the people of Boston.

Charter reform, with some, means more than readjustment; more than a fight to break the shackles which bind American cities; more than an effort to establish municipal self-government. To them it means an attempt to reform conditions through the operation of law. There are those who fully believe that, if you improve the system, all will conform to the new order. There is a considerable measure of truth in this position. We cannot have a complete and lasting change in conditions unless we change the forms and methods of our governmental machinery. A city can no more keep up with modern conditions while maintaining antiquated methods, than can a manufacturing concern. American cities must learn the value of the scrap-heap, but they must never forget what the lamented William E. Russell once pointed out, that "no philosopher's stone of a constitution can produce golden conduct from leaden instincts. No legislative manipulation can eke out an insufficient morality into a sufficient one. No administrative sleight of hand can save us from ourselves." The most that good laws can do is to make it more difficult for the reactionary elements to promote evils, and easier for the progressive elements, not only to prevent or cure them, but easily and effectively to advance the general welfare of the community.

The Galveston Commissioners, in the official statement which I quoted from, a short way back, naïvely pointed out that while the city administration has accomplished much, and the accomplishment is attributable perhaps to the change in form of government, "the reform and beneficial changes in our county government have been phenomenal, and this has been accomplished under the old system, which is the same as in every county in the State. Our people were again fortunate in getting good men to serve as commissioners [*i. e.*, County Commissioners], men who were honest and capable, who at once set to work putting our county's affairs on a business basis; they stopped the leaks, they inaugurated system and method, displacing chaos and confusion, soon getting every fund upon its proper cash basis."

Whatever view, however, we may take, it is an encouraging one. The machinery is being improved, and the engineers are becoming more competent. We are slowly but surely awakening to the fact that it is a crime to place a delicate mechanism in charge of an incompetent or a novice; and that it is almost equally blameworthy to give a capable mechanic poor or dull or antiquated tools.

THE COBWEB

BY ZONA GALE

I

EVENINGS, at seven o'clock, the new Timber Library opened for an hour. Unless there was a band concert, or a moving-picture show, or a night that Timber called "real bad and sloppy out," Emmons's store was, for that hour, the centre of village life. A corner of the store was the City Library. There Bethany Emmons kept sacred to books a section of shelves, beyond the canned goods and above the salt-fish barrel. The top shelf, too high to be reached by Lissa Bard, the librarian, held the dried-fruit boxes. The grocery was not large; and by seven o'clock, one winter Saturday night, it was filled with women borrowers.

Lissa Bard had not come in. However, it not infrequently happened that Lissa, by the newness of her duties or by her nature, was late at her post. And of this, and of other things about her, three women, near the threshold of the little dark, coffee-smelling back room of the store, talked enjoyably while they waited.

"It's often that way with sisters, so," Mis' Hibbard observed. (Mis' Hibbard always set the *t* in "often," and the *n* in "column," "because," she defended, "there they are, all ready to say 'em. It ain't like the psalm *p* — that's Bible, an' old-fashioned, an' not a real necessary word anyway. But 'often' an' 'column' you hear every day, an' that's all the more reason to take pains with 'em.")

"Yes, you look at the Clark girls," Mis' Arthur, with her challenging emphasis, agreed; "one is light skin an' no life, an' the other one's black hair, an' goes like the wind. An' the Mosses: one of 'em like real folks, an' the other one just kind o' big, an' in the way. But the two Bards: they're more differ'nt than it's possible *to* be."

"Lissy always was a real scholar," Mis' Main said, sighing, "an' real intelligent, too. But of them two, poor Kate is the only housekeeper."

Mis' Arthur nodded, tapping an emphasis on the cook-book she was returning.

"Well," she said, "if you ain't a good housekeeper, with all that means, *what are you?* An' Kate is. The run o' books is all very well, an' nobody likes to see 'em in anybody's parlor more than our family, but there's no contradictin': they ain't to eat nor drink, nor sweep the floor with. Kate Bard keeps house like wax-works if Lissy *has* got the brains."

In the moment of strained silence that fell as the three women became conscious of her presence, Kate Bard, who had entered the store through the little dark back room, stood at their elbows, nodded to them all, and looked elaborately as if she had not heard. But they all knew that she must have heard.

Mis' Arthur, as the culprit, did her part, and laughed out, heartily and guiltily.

"Lawsey, Kate," she said, "you listenin'? Well, nobody born keeps house any neater 'n you do, an' you know it."

Kate Bard, little, flat-waisted, her pointed face held slightly down, her large eyes raised, the gray shawl about her head caught tightly beneath her chin, looked at the three with a faint twist of a smile, and briefly-closed lids.

"Shucks," she said, and passed them.

Seeing her, Bethany Emmons took down the lamp from its bracket above his desk, and set it on the deal table of the City Library.

"Lissa's late gettin' started," Kate explained to every one, throwing off her shawl, with a stiff swing of her head to keep her hair free of it. "She wanted 't I should come on ahead, an' say 't she 'd be right over. She was afraid somebody might get tired waitin', an' try to go off."

She sat at the table awkwardly; the librarianship was new to Lissa, and Kate had not before been asked to take her sister's place. She fell to rearranging the little articles: the petrified potato inkwell, the pretty stone, the smart plush case of the thermometer. The movement displayed on her wrists broad, tortoise-shell bracelets over which fell the loose sleeves of her figured blue dressing-sack.

Mis' Arthur, who had followed her to the table, laid down the cook-book.

"I've got to get back home, an' hunt up the clean clothes," Mis' Arthur said, "so mebbe you could give me some book yourself, Kate. I thought of *The Pathfinder*. I've been readin' that all my life, off an' on. I guess I'll get it out, an' read a couple or two more chapters on it. I can't seem to think of the name of any other book."

Kate rose, and took up the lamp, and held it in both hands while she looked along the lowest shelf, squinting in the light, her lips moving as she read the titles. The lowest shelf held the set of Dickens, bound in four volumes, and that of Scott, in eight, and of Dumas in eight: tall, startled-looking tomes, each appearing to wonder at itself for being so many books in one. Half-way across the row Kate turned, frowning a little.

"Know who wrote it?" she inquired.

"Well-a, was n't his name Cooper, or like that?" Mis' Arthur hesitated. "I've got that name around in my head, anyhow."

"Is it poetry or readin'?" Kate demanded.

"Oh, readin'," Mis' Arthur said hastily. "Land! It's for myself."

"Anybody got it out?" Kate called in a moment. "Anybody got out a book called *Pathfinder?*" she repeated over-shoulder.

"I've read it." "I've read it twice," several volunteered. And, "I ain't ever read it, but I've heard of it," offered Mis' Hibbard pleasantly. "I donno but what you're lookin' at the wrong writers," she added to Kate. "Mr. Cooper ain't a set. He's just that one."

And now Kate's search was extending laboriously over the titles on the Histories and Lives. And at last it touched at a big, black book without a binding, and she set down the lamp to take the volume from the shelf. But when it was in her hands she did not see the title.

"My soul," she said, "look at the dust."

From the top of the black book she blew a fine, quite visible cloud, in evidence for one full breath; and at one more breath there was a little second cloud. And from the book's edge fine tentacles of cobweb clung and outwavered and caught at Kate's hands, and drew about her wrists like airy manacles. Quite instinctively she turned to the side of the shelves, where a dust-cloth might be native; and, the cloth not being there, she opened the table-drawer and reached capably back among its tumbled papers. Evidently Lissa had no dust-cloth, and Kate glanced perplexedly about. "I never come out without my handkerchief, that I ain't sure to need it for something," she observed, and caught up a corner of her dressing-sack, and dusted the black book. Then she took down another book and another — the Histories and the Lives — and from each she blew fine, condemnatory dust, and each she carefully brushed with the dressing-sack until the blue cloth, like her hands, was cobweb-covered.

She was still at her task when the bell above the store's front door jingled noisily, much as if a gay little wind had prevailed against it. The wind — that one or another — entering with the opening of the door, breathed on a kerosene lamp a-swing from the ceiling, and momentarily it flared up and brightened all the

store. Then the door was smartly shut, and Lissa Bard came down the room, a little, tender, blown leaf of a figure, wind still in her soft strayed hair, and brightness in her face. She was very tiny — frail of waist and wrist, evidently unable to undertake tasks of the hand, but armored with the distinction of her book-craft, and with mere charm; so that whatever was her excuse, — and no one quite caught it, — it seemed admirably to answer, and no one seemed really to care that, when the librarian reached the City Library, the clock above the cheese pointed to fifteen past seven.

Kate stood hitching her shawl from side to side, upward from waist to shoulder.

"Have you got Cooper's *Pathfinder* in the library?" she asked, and, intent on her shawl, missed the shade of amused surprise in Lissa's look.

"Why yes!" Lissa said. "Don't you know —"

"Well, somebody must have it out," Kate went on. "It ain't in the shelves. I've read through 'most every name."

Lissa's eyes danced.

"Why, *we've* got it out!" she cried. "I read it out loud to you last night."

At that the women about the table laughed, frankly and unrestrainedly. On which Kate Bard colored slowly, her thin cheeks burning in two high, bright spots. Then she made her twisted smile, and closed her eyes momentarily, pinning the shawl tightly about her face.

"I ain't no hand to look at the name of a book I'm interested in," she said. "Every man's name that writes 'em sounds just alike to me, anyhow. Good-night, all."

But as she crossed the alley from the store to the house where, until Lissa's recent home-coming, she had lived alone, Kate's smile went out. She fumbled in the pump-spout for the key, stepped into the chill cheer of the kitchen, went about the unimportant offices of her return; and in her breast something hurt and seemed heavy, so that she felt a sickness almost physical. But then for days she had not been well, — "sort o' spindlin' an' petered out, an' peaked-feelin'," she had described her state to Lissa, — and now she tried to think that this was the weakness that she felt. She knew better than that, though; and when she had turned up the wick, and poked at the fire in the cooking-stove, she sat down before the open oven door, her skirt turned back to dry its hem, and tried to brave the thing that hurt. And what she had to brave were Lissa's eyes, dancing to her own reply, and Lissa's light laughter threading the inadvertent, wounding mockery of the women.

From her school, Lissa had lately come into Kate's orderly life and home, and quite casually had accepted both. Kate's surprise, first amused, then grieved, grew to an understanding that her own talent in what she called "flyin' 'round the house" was to Lissa a matter of course — as spring must be a matter of course to a tributary wind. Kate observed that Lissa at her "book-readin'" quickened as she never quickened in the presence of that vague spirit of home to which Kate sacrificed with her exquisite housewifery. And of all this the older sister had come to think with tender tolerance for the child ill-equipped for home-craft, and promptness, and all exactitudes. Yet this child and the women had laughed at her for not knowing about *Pathfinding*, and nobody had laughed at the dust on the City Library books. And Mis' Arthur had used a kind of defense in: "Kate Bard keeps house like wax-works if Lissy has got all the brains."

Her resentment toward Lissa could not all have come in that hour, for now it was big in her heart, a living thing. Lissa had laughed with the rest; and since her return home there must have been other things at which she had laughed, secretly. In spite of Kate's own chieftainship in the home, Lissa must have all this time been making allowance for her, — Lissa, who had always been auxiliary in the house-

hold and not a burden-bearer, who was temperamentally alien to responsibility, who was of those who never turn the soil for a garden, but merely drop in the seeds. "She's a poor little stick of a housekeeper and always will be," Kate thought miserably; "everybody in Timber knows that. An' yet they'll bow down to her, knee to dust, because she knows a few funny names." So she thought about it, burning, resolutely overcoming her own tenderness.

After a time, as she tended her skirt's hem in the growing warmth, her look fell on her cooking-stove oven, from which she had drawn thousands of loaves and cakes. Behind the sink looking-glass there was a paper on which she had once tried to compute these loaves, and to reckon how many times she had turned the clock-key. And by the wood-box stood the little toy broom which she used for sweeping the top of the long stovepipe, where dust and cobwebs never gathered, and of the cupboard, where no spider ever lived a day. The cupboards locked away the dishes which she knew; oh, as Lissa knew the City Library books, Kate knew those dishes, line and crack and nick: knew what should be piled in what on the ordered shelves; knew every stain and knot-hole of the unpainted floor; and the look of the other rooms, lying beyond in the dark, — spotless, dustless, their parts adjusted in all the scrupulous nicety with which men should legislate a nation. It was the work of her hands. And suddenly her heart leaped within her, as a heart leaps when eyes rest upon their kingdom. Her glowing was that of the creator who greets his achievement and his waiting material, and lords it over them, and in them passionately sees, for his spirit, the way out. All this was hers, as peculiarly hers as Lissa's little toy kingdom of funny names. Here she was mistress, here her skill was of sovereign importance, here — she sank in the consciousness as into cherishing arms — Lissa could never enter in.

"An' they ain't a housekeeper in Timber but what knows that!" Kate thought, with her little twisted smile.

When her sister came from the library, Kate still sat by the open oven door. Unaccustomed to fathom mood, to divine the tentacle-like, waving things that web it round, Lissa, bright and uncorrelated, chattered while her wraps came off.

"Oh, so many books went out. I haven't started keeping the cards yet, but I guess Bethany could tell how many. Everybody that took a book bought something: *Kenilworth* and ten cents' worth of crackers; *David Copperfield* and a jug of vinegar; *Vanity Fair* and a pound of prunes. We had to stop the whole circulating department while Bethany climbed the library desk to get those prunes down. O Kate! And little Aggie Ellsworth asked me for Thweet Pickelth, and I reached for the catalogue before I saw the tin pail and sent her across to Bethany!"

Kate did not laugh.

"Been me," she said sombrely, "I'd 'a' been huntin' along the shelves for it yet. Without," she added, "Aggie'd 'a' spoke the pickle man's name. Them pickle authors I can seem to keep pretty straight in my head."

Something in her sister's attitude, as obvious as drooping wings, arrested Lissa's look as she came to the stove.

"You cold?" she inquired.

"No," Kate answered listlessly. "I donno. I feel some chilly — on my shoulders. But I guess I just like to be warm."

"You are n't well," Lissa said with decision. "You have n't felt well for days. I'll put a flat-iron on. You sit there and toast your feet and I'll read to you while the iron heats."

Without waiting for assent, Lissa brought *The Pathfinder* from the "other" room and set the table lamp on a wooden-bottomed chair drawn to the hearth. She herself sat on the braided hearth-rug. As she read, Kate looked down at her — a frail little figure whose bent head showed her fair curls at their best. The warm light from the open draft fell on the sweet, small-featured face, no longer in its first

youth, but having that perennial youth of a body remote from the activities that age, of a spirit without flight, but perpetually fanning little wings. And as she looked, Kate for the first time became conscious of, say, these little wings. Maybe Lissa's " book-readin' " was a kingdom of more than funny names. Maybe it was as real a comfort to her as " flyin' round the house " to Kate herself. Maybe it was a bigger, better place to be, and this the women in the store knew, and that was why they had laughed. The perception came to the older woman in an impression as sharp, and as wordless, as a hurt. And the conviction possessed her the more that her perceptions could not be ordered or explained by her, but merely suffered.

" It's somethin' inside of her that I ain't got an' never did hev," Kate thought. " We're differ'nt, but it ain't the same kind of differ'nt as her likin' her bread thin an' me likin' mine thick, or her openin' her window nights an' me shuttin' mine most down, or her turnin' the lamp wick down an' me blazin' it 'way up. She's got some woke-up thing in her that bites a-hold o' i-dees the way I spy onto dust an' cobwebs. She's more than differ'nt. She's the otherest a person can be."

And as the understanding grew upon her, Kate turned the more passionately to her own place, as if her little way of skill were a very pleasance where her soul might have its ease, take its way out. Lissa might have some dimly-guessed, bigger, better kingdom; but Kate's kingdom was her own. She was like a word, envious of an idea, glorying in the certainty that the idea could not be spelled without her.

Until Lissa had finished a chapter and had gone away to iron the chill sheets of her sister's bedroom, Kate brooded and burned. Then she rose and took the book from the wing of the stove where Lissa had laid it, and turned to the title-page. So many books! So many different names! But it would not be a disgrace not to remember who had been president of the United States in a certain year, and that was far more important than book names. Yet all those women had laughed at her, and Lissa's eyes had laughed. If only Lissa would laugh at her now for that blunder in the library! " No need o' her keepin' such a nasty, delicate silence," Kate thought.

" The bed's all ready when you are," Lissa called.

Kate closed the book and spoke overshoulder to the open door.

" I ain't anywheres near ready," she said tartly. " Lissa Bard! You've let the books down to the City Library get a perfect sight. They's dust on 'em like feathers, an' cobwebs a regular fringe. An' now you've laid Mr. Cooper's book on the stove-wing out here so 's it'll get all splattered with the grease. If I was so crazy about book-readin', I declare if I would n't do differ'nt."

In Lissa's amazed silence, away there in the bedroom, Kate looked about the kitchen. Then she opened the cupboard door, and, tiptoe, laid the book on the top shelf. There, with the toy broom kept for stovepipe cobwebs, she thrust *The Pathfinder* far back beside the cherry pitter.

II

Her chilliness and weariness had foretold the illness which seized Kate that night, and when the Sunday morning came she was hot with fever and throbbing with pain. Lissa woke, vaguely alarmed not to hear her sister already astir, and for a little lay listening, then went softly to her door.

" I do' want no doctor," Kate observed weakly. " I'd just as lives have a cat open the door an' walk around the bed. You heat me a cup o' hot water."

Lissa, trembling, hurried her dressing, built a fire in the frosty kitchen, waited interminably for the kettle to boil. Kate's silence and her inability to drink even the water terrified the girl as if in the little house some sinister presence had ap-

peared. And when it was church time, and from the kitchen window she saw Mis' Arthur and Mis' Hibbard coming down the street, she threw her apron over her head and, not to pass Kate's window, stumbled through the deep snow on the side of the yard that was pathless.

"Oh," she told them. "I don't know what's the matter with Kate. She's sick and in the bed."

The women, accustomed to treat all crises as their own, followed Lissa to the house, accepting the pathless way as a matter of course, and briskly questioning. Was Kate conscious? When was she taken? There was a lots o' colds everywhere an' it was real pneumonia weather. Had she had her sister's hands and feet in good, hot water? They laid their hymn-books by the unwashed dishes, and stalked through the cold dining-room to Kate's little grave of a chamber.

"Lawsey, Kate Bard, thought *you'd* take down to relieve the monotony, did you?" one of them greeted her.

Kate, opening her eyes, saw them standing in a place without walls and from which she was infinitely remote. She knew them, but instantly she was conscious that they were allied against her, and with them was Lissa. Secure in some friendly and infinitely companionable understanding to which she was alien, they were all laughing at her. And so thought drifted out, without her power to grasp at one association to stay its drifting.

In the weeks that followed, her wandering look often rested unseeingly on one or other of those two faces, or on the face of Mis' Main, who forever crossed the alley from her home to bring a covered bowl of something steaming. Sometimes Kate saw them quite clearly; sometimes the faces blurred and flickered, the better to menace her; always they were quick with an understanding of something which she did not know. But even a greater vexation was the face which hovered constantly above her — that of Lissa. The stricken brain, become a thing of sick impressions which outwavered and clung and fled, lay as if webbed about by its last sane sensation. They were all persistently "against her," they all knew something that she did not know — and with them was Lissa, who could not even take care of her books. Lissa's books were all dust and cobwebs. The dust and cobwebs were what shut away the meaning in the books so that she could not know all about them, as Lissa knew. And before she, too, could know, the dust and cobwebs must all be swept away with the toy broom.

Dust and cobwebs — dust and cobwebs. In her fever this became to her a kind of refrain. And it was no great gulf to have bridged from fantasy to faculty when at last one day Kate lay quiet, listening to what the women were saying, and realized that she had been listening for some moments before she was self-conscious.

". . . *awful.* I donno how it is folks can do as they *do* do. Some seems just bent on gettin' along 'most any way they can. Should n't you think she'd 'a' noticed it by now if she was calculatin' to do any noticin'?"

It was Mis' Hibbard's voice; without lifting her tired lids Kate knew that. Mis' Arthur's emphasis seemed as usual to make a kind of groove for her own reply.

"Well," Mis' Arthur put it, "if ever I see anybody no hand to take notice, it's her. She don't seem to go by no rhyme nor rule. If she was a clock you could n't tell the time by her no more than you could tell time by a wild duck. She just sort o' goes along, an' goes along — "

Kate's little figure lay tense. They meant her!

". . . for eight days, hand-runnin'," Mis' Main was saying. "And there it is, full the way it was when I first laid look to it — floatin' away as hard as could float, an' just like it was made for floatin'."

And "It don't seem," Mis' Arthur said, "as if two sisters could be so opposite. Do you s'pose Kate Bard, in her

well days, would ever leave a cobweb swingin' that long?"

At that a pang of fierce delight shot through Kate's whole body. It was not she whom they meant. It was not she!

"The idea," the hushed voices went on, "of takin' no more responsibility. It's plumb over Kate's head when she lays on the back pillow. It might drop on her any minute."

"The only wonder is it ain't fell on her long before now. But it's a good strong cobweb — it's old enough to hev body to it, the dear land knows. *How* long do you s'pose Lissy'll leave it be there?"

"I've set an' watched her when she dusts, an' she goes right past it like it hed been a wreath in the border. I s'pose it's mean, but I declare I've got real interested seein' how long it'll stay there. Why, Kate Bard'd die rather'n hev a cobweb in the family that long."

When the women, still talking, had left the room, Kate lay for a long time without opening her eyes. Like a warm lapping bath it rested her, this indignant praise of her, yes, and this arraignment of Lissa. She lay, luxuriously glad, smiling a little, alive and praised. And after a very long time she languidly opened her eyes, and, almost with a sense of gratitude, looked about for the cobweb.

In all Kate's lifetime there had never been, in the bare little room, a cobweb like that. It hung from the corner above the bed, attached just where the eagle on the side-wall border met the stars on the ceiling. To eagle and stars it clung by many a visible filament and, escaping these, it floated, in vagrant currents, its full yard of length. It was, Kate thought dreamily, like an attic cobweb, a cobweb of behind the storeroom blinds in housecleaning. But a house cobweb, a bedroom cobweb like that — her head drooped sidewise on its pillow, and her eyes fell on the little toy broom in a corner — she must have brought the little broom in with her from the kitchen on the night of her illness, and Lissa had left it there. Its uselessness and isolation in the face of so obvious a task moved her to laughter, without her knowing why she laughed. She lay for a little, shaken with silent mirth, until from very weakness she fell asleep.

When she awoke, Lissa sat by the bed with a book. If only Lissa had been sewing, the return to life would have been a simpler matter; but Lissa was reading. For some time she did not lift her eyes from the page, and Kate lay watching her. The girl's face was pleased and quiet, and it shut Kate out.

"What you readin'?" Kate demanded abruptly.

Lissa started, tossed aside the book, hung above her sister with little happy exclamations; but these and the many tender questions Kate passed impatiently.

"What you readin'?" she persisted. "*Pathfinder?*"

"No," Lissa said. "Kate, I found *The Pathfinder* away on the top shelf of the cupboard, when I was looking for the potato-masher. How do you suppose it ever got up there?"

To which, with closed eyes and a mere shadow of her twisted smile, Kate responded, "Who ever heard o' keepin' anybody's potato-masher on the *top* shelf? What you readin'?"

In some wonder Lissa named her book, a strange, singing name which told Kate nothing.

"Read some out loud," she commanded; and at Lissa's look, "Go on!" she added. "I ain't out o' my head. I feel just like life."

So Lissa read to her at random, wondering very much, secretly simplifying, or making in her voice little shallows of shadow and crests of clearness, more safely to bear meaning. But she knew that she was alone as she read, and that it was Kate who could not come to her. When the reading paused, —

"Keep it up," Kate said, "I donno what it means, but it kind o' rubs around nice on the outside o' my brain."

But Lissa, Kate was brooding, did know what it meant. Lissa knew, not

just with her brain, outside or inside, but with the " woke-up thing " in her, the thing that somehow could " bite a-hold o' life." She could not have told why she had wanted Lissa to read, whether in some dim wistfulness to try to share whatever Lissa had, or whether for a kind of dogged strengthening of her own resentment. As she lay with closed eyes, listening, her thought returned and beat upon Lissa, and her own irritation increased and mounted and possessed her. So then she turned passionately to the warm spot in her consciousness, the certainty, unformulated but secure, that for her the way of " bitin' a-hold o' life " lay in manipulating those little engineries of home which she called " flyin' round the house."

She moved her head, and lay looking up at where the eagle met the stars, above the back pillow. Oh, it was thick and gray and dusty, that cobweb. And all this time, in spite of that mysterious, wise, " woke-up thing " within her, Lissa had missed the cobweb, — as of course Lissa would miss it! A little glow crept and warmed Kate. Poor Lissa, she thought. She said it over and over, luxuriously as, lulled by the singing things freed from the book, she fell asleep.

The four o'clock sun streamed across the blue coverlet, illumining the rose wax blossoms of a begonia on the windowsill, wakening Kate as if spirit had signaled to spirit. In the bedroom it was deliciously quiet. A wood-fire was crackling in the parlor stove. On the table a napkin-covered dish of something delectable awaited her mood. Murmur of voices penetrated the closed kitchen door, both eloquent of the gentleness that tended her. The convalescent's sense of well-being filled Kate, like response.

In a week, she thought, she would be about again — flyin' round the house. How long it had been since she had seen her oven. It would be good to shut the hot door on a batch of bread, a tin of cake, a pan of cookies. She must get at her cupboards, and give them " a good going-over." Lissa never could remember what was to be piled in what. She found herself even wanting to wind the clock, — Lissa had probably let it run down and, when she set it, had guessed at the time. (Poor Lissa! she thought pleasurably.) Yes, the whole house must be gone over thoroughly, must be swept and dusted and rid of its cobwebs — the very first day that she was about again, down should come that cobweb wavering there over her head. Then, when Mis' Hibbard and Mis' Arthur and Mis' Main dropped in, she would make excuse to lead them into the bedroom. She would pretend not to see them look up in the cobweb corner, not to see them exchange glances of approval of her and of her housekeeping, that was so much better than Lissa's. Poor Lissa.

On that, as at a motif, Lissa came into the room, in her hand a blue dust-cloth and a feather-duster. From the kitchen still sounded the voices, and Lissa answered Kate's questioning look.

"I was just coming to wipe up the dust a little, if you were awake," she explained, " when Mis' Hibbard and Mis' Arthur and Mis' Main came in. They'd heard you were conscious. They told me to go right ahead, I'd had to neglect this room so long, an' they'd sit there, and get warm, and come in and see you afterward."

" Oh," said Kate, " *that's* how they done it."

She lay quite still while Lissa dusted. When she was well it had immeasurably irritated Kate to see Lissa dust. To all wide, flat, horizontal surfaces the girl gave the prettiest attention, bending to her task till the curls in her neck were at their best. But all narrow edges, the tops of chairs, of splashers, of pictures, she neglected as if these were in another dimension, and flat vertical surfaces she treated as if they were in no dimension at all. For Lissa, dust that was immaterial was non-existent. For Kate, even if dust were non-existent, dusting was dusting.

Yet that day it was with definite enjoyment that Kate lay with half-closed eyes and watched.

A gay little wind would have dusted a room much as did Lissa. The wind — that one, or another — would have entered and breathed on this and that, touching and lifting, rearranging a disorder rather than ordering. And so Lissa did, omitting needs in all the pretty complaisance with which a housekeeper divines them. Ordinarily Kate would have crashed down on the process with the finality of a drawn blind. Now she lay, benignly indulgent — as Mother Spring at the sweet gaucheries of some little tributary wind.

But there had always been, in Kate's attitude to Lissa, much of this attitude of motherhood. Lissa's little body had constantly demanded the guardianship of which her mind was childishly impatient. And this late resentment of Kate's was wholly toward that mysterious, "wake-up thing," unfostered of her, which made Lissa remote, versed in baffling matters. Yet now, as she worked, these matters were no longer evident. Instead, in her own unwonted leisure and supineness, she was suddenly immeasurably struck with the littleness of her sister, with her physical unfitness for tasks of the hand. Her slenderness of throat, of waist, of wrist, her narrowness of shoulder and thigh, — these smote Kate with a sudden pitying sense of the girl's utter inadequacy for her woman's work. Poor little Lissa — poor little Lissa. That was it: *poor little Lissa!*

Lissa came, in her dusting, to the bed's head, and this, presumably because of Kate's presence, she did not touch at all. Lying so that she could see the cobweb, Kate held her breath as Lissa moved about its corner. Because of her long habit of getting good things for her, almost Kate wished that Lissa would look up to where it hung. There came a little still-born impulse to tell her. But Kate watched her turn away without an upward glance toward eagles and stars, and then, when the impulse to tell her had not yet wholly passed, the girl serenely shook the dust-cloth in the room, in the mere general direction of the paper basket.

"Shall I have Mis' Hibbard and Mis' Arthur and Mis' Main come in a minute?" she asked, while she was guilty of this.

"*Yes!*" Kate burst out. "My land, yes. Hev 'em in here! An' you get back to your book."

Lissa looked at her inquiringly.

"I've got the supper to get pretty soon now," she said, quite gently.

As one divining the tentacle-like, waving things that web one round, Kate heard the under-note of weariness in the girl's voice. Her fragility had always made Kate fear that she might be tired, or ill, or even merely cold. The older sister threw out her hand on the coverlet.

"Well, you keep 'em out there a minute or two," she said irresolutely. "I'll pound on the wall with the little broom there — you set it by the bed — in just a minute. Then you can let 'em in."

Left alone, Kate shut her eyes tightly, grotesquely, in her unwonted will to think swiftly, and to a purpose. And in that troubled darkness she visualized the faces of the three women, looking her over sympathetically enough, asking their intimate questions, honestly glad of her recovery, but all the while waiting for a chance to peer up in that cobweb corner, and then to look at one another, moving confirmatory eyebrows, or lids, or lips. It all came to Kate as a picture only, but she knew its truth. She knew how they would go away telling scornfully about Lissa Bard's housekeeping, and praising her — Kate — in the comparison; these very women who had laughed at her, as Lissa had laughed. Oh, but they must not laugh at Lissa too, poor little Lissa!

Kate lifted her head tentatively from the pillow, and then drew herself to sit erect, a scant, gaunt figure in its outing flannel, with a thin, tight little braid of gray hair, reaching hardly half-way down the gown's yoke. Something seemed tip-

ping her poor, dizzy head like a weight when, with infinite difficulty, she groped out for the toy broom. In the faintness that seized her as she pulled herself to her knees on the bed, then unsteadily to her feet, the darkness within her closed lids changed to a glow of red. She saw nothing of what she was doing as she laboriously lifted the little broom up the wall, and swept long, random strokes about the corner, freeing from its hold the flaunting filaments which clung and wavered very near her hair, as if they would have webbed her about. Then she sank, her head jarred to dull aching, throbbing and chill in all her body. So she lay, huddled outside the covers until, hearing some stir in the kitchen, she crept into her place, and the toy broom slipped behind the bed to the floor.

Mis' Hibbard and Mis' Arthur and Mis' Main came tiptoeing through the parlor, and pushed the bedroom door.

" We'll just peek in an' see if she's awake, anyhow," they said to Lissa, who had thought to wait the summons. " You 'wake, Kate? " one put it fairly.

In the whimsical, faint answer there was all the old vitality.

" If you're the nightmare, I ain't," she said, " an' if you're a call, I am. Come along in, why don't you? "

They came to the bedside, their shawls, worn for " runnin' round the neighborhood," slipping loosely down blue calico, and flannel dressing-sack, and " mornin' house-work dress."

" Showed the sense to get well, did n't you, Kate? " said one. " Well said. I'm real pleased you've come to."

" May be you think we ain't danced round lively over you while you've been lazin' here in the bed," said another. " My soul, if you're threatenin' well I donno who's got the biggest chore done, you or us."

" Lawsey, Kate Bard," said the third, " I thought one while 't your coffin was cut, but I guess it's green wood yet awhile, an' mebbe growin'."

And, having told her like this of their genuine gladness at her recovery, they all three, with one accord, looked up at the corner of the eagle and the stars. Kate saw them look, and look again, and risk peering this way and that. Mis' Hibbard stepped about the foot of the bed to try a new light, Mis' Arthur came close to Kate's head, as if her assurance was almost reluctant. And then, certainty being fully established, they glanced at one another, and moved surprised, commendatory heads.

Lissa, tying on her big gingham apron, came to the bedroom door.

" Well, sir, Kate," Mis' Hibbard said, " I tell you, Lissy's gettin' to be quite a first-class housekeeper. She'll beat you at it if you don't look out."

In Kate's unimportant reply they could not divine the leaping exultation, — as it were, the very romance of renunciation. Nor did they understand her little twisted smile.

TO RICHARD WATSON GILDER [1]

BY WILLIAM WATSON

TAKE, Poet, take these thanks too long deferred —
You that have made me richer year by year,
Across the vast and desert waters drear
Wafting your marriage-chimes of thought and word,
Your true-born, truthful songs. Not April bird
Utters abroad his wisdom morning-clear
From fuller heart. Still sing, with note sincere,
And English pure as English air hath heard.

And so, though all the fops of style misuse
Our great brave language — tricking out with beads
This noble vesture that no frippery needs —
Help still to save, while Time around him strews
Old shards of empire, and much dust of creeds,
The honor and the glory of the muse.

NEWSPAPERS AS HISTORICAL SOURCES

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

THE impulse of an American writer in justifying the use of newspapers as historical materials is to adopt an apologetic tone. It is somewhat curious that such should be the case, for newspapers satisfy so many canons of historical evidence. They are contemporary, and, being written without knowledge of the end, cannot bolster any cause without making a plain showing of their intent. Their object is the relation of daily events; and if their relation is colored by honest or dishonest partisanship, this is easily discernible by the critic from the internal evidence and from an easily acquired knowledge of a few external facts. As the journals themselves say, their aim is to print the news; and much of the news is present politics. Moreover, the newspaper itself, its news and editorial columns, its advertisements, is a graphic picture of society.

When Aulard, in his illuminating criticism of Taine, writes that the journals are a very important source of the history of the French Revolution, provided they are revised and checked by one another, the statement seems in accordance with the canons of historical writing; and

[1] Copyright, 1909, by JOHN LANE.

when he blames Taine for using two journals only and neglecting ten others, which he names, the impression on the mind is the same as if Taine were charged with the neglect of evidence of another class. One would hardly attempt to justify Taine by declaring that all journals are inaccurate, partisan, and dishonest, and that the omission was a merit, not a defect. Leaving out of account the greater size and diffuseness of the modern journal, the dictum of Aulard would seem to apply to any period of history.

Why is it then that some American students fall consciously or unconsciously into an apologetic tone when they attempt to justify the use of newspapers as historical sources? I suppose it is because of the attitude of cultivated society to the newspaper of to-day. Society calls the ordinary newspaper sensational and unreliable; and, if neither, its accounts are so diffuse and badly proportioned as to weary the seeker after the facts of any given transaction. Despite the disfavor into which the American newspaper has fallen in certain circles, I suspect that it has only exaggerated these defects, and that the journals of different democracies have more resemblances than diversities. The newspaper that caters to the "masses" will never suit the "classes," and the necessity for a large circulation induces it to furnish the sheet which the greatest number of readers desire.

But this does not concern the historian. He does not make his materials. He has to take them as they are. It would undoubtedly render his task easier if all men spoke and wrote everywhere with accuracy and sincerity; but his work would lose much of its interest. Take the newspaper for what it is, a hasty gatherer of facts, a hurried commentator on the same, and it may well constitute a part of historical evidence.

When, in 1887, I began the critical study of the History of the United States from 1850–1860, I was struck with the paucity of material which would serve the purpose of an animated narrative. The main facts were to be had in the state papers, the Statutes, the *Congressional Globe* and documents, the records of national conventions and platforms, and the tabulated results of elections. But there was much less private correspondence than is available for the early history of our country; and, compared with the period of the Civil War and later, a scarcity of biographies and reminiscences, containing personal letters of high historical value. Since I wrote my first two volumes, much new matter concerning the decade of 1850 to 1860 has been published. The work of the American Historical Association, and of many historical societies, the monographs of advanced university students, have thrown light upon this, as they have upon other periods, with the result that future delvers in this field can hardly be so much struck with the paucity of material as I was twenty-one years ago.

Boy though I was during the decade of 1850 to 1860, I had a vivid remembrance of the part that the newspaper played in politics, and the thought came to me that the best way to arrive at the spirit of the times was to steep my mind in journalistic material; that there was the secret of living over again that decade, as the Abolitionist, the Republican, the Whig, and the Democrat had actually lived in it. In the critical use of such sources, I was helped by the example of von Holst, who employed them freely in his volumes covering the same period, and by the counsel and collaboration of my friend Edward G. Bourne, whose training was in the modern school. For whatever training I had beyond that of self came from the mastery, under the guidance of teachers, of certain general historians belonging to an epoch when power of expression was as much studied as the collecting and sifting of evidence.

While considering my materials, I was struck with a statement cited by Herbert Spencer as an illustration in his *Philosophy of Style:* "A modern newspaper statement, though probably true, if quoted in

a book as testimony, would be laughed at; but the letter of a court gossip, if written some centuries ago, is thought good historical evidence." At about the same time, I noticed that Motley used as one of his main authorities for the battle of St. Quentin the manuscript of an anonymous writer. From these two circumstances, it was a logical reflection that some historians might make an exaggerated estimate of the value of manuscript material because it reposed in dusty archives and could be utilized only by severe labor and long patience; and that, imbued with this idea, other historians for other periods might neglect the newspaper because of its ready accessibility.

These several considerations justified a belief, arrived at from my preliminary survey of the field, that the use of newspapers as sources for the decade of 1850 to 1860 was desirable. At each step of my pretty thorough study of them, I became more and more convinced that I was on the right track. I found facts in them which I could have found nowhere else. The public meeting is a great factor in the political life of this decade, and is most fully and graphically reported in the press. The newspaper, too, was a vehicle for personal accounts of a quasi-confidential nature, of which I can give a significant example. In an investigation that Edward Bourne made for me during the summer of 1889, he came across, in the *Boston Courier*, an inside account of the Whig convention of 1852, showing, more conclusively than I have seen elsewhere, the reason of the failure to unite the conservative Whigs, who were apparently in a majority, on Webster. From collateral evidence we were convinced that it was written by a Massachusetts delegate; and the *Springfield Republican*, which copied the account, furnished a confirmation of it. It was an interesting story, and I incorporated it in my narrative.

I am well aware that Dr. Dryasdust may ask, What of it? The report of the convention shows that Webster received a very small vote and that Scott was nominated. Why waste time and words over the "might have been"? I can plead only the human interest in the great Daniel Webster ardently desiring that nomination, Rufus Choate advocating it in sublime oratory, the two antislavery delegates from Massachusetts refusing their votes for Webster, thus preventing a unanimous Massachusetts, and the delegates from Maine, among whom was Webster's godson William P. Fessenden, coldly refusing their much-needed aid.

General Scott, having received the nomination, made a stumping-tour in the autumn through some of the Western States. No accurate account of it is possible without the newspapers, yet it was esteemed a factor in his overwhelming defeat, and the story of it is well worth preserving as data for a discussion of the question, Is it wise for a presidential candidate to make a stumping-tour during his electoral campaign?

The story of the formation of the Republican party, and the rise of the Know-nothings, may possibly be written without recourse to the newspapers, but thorough steeping in such material cannot fail to add to the animation and accuracy of the story. In detailed history and biographical books, dates, through mistakes of the writer or printer, are frequently wrong; and when the date was an affair of supreme importance, I have sometimes found a doubt resolved by a reference to the newspaper, which, from its strictly contemporary character, cannot in such a matter lead one astray.

I found the newspapers of value in the correction of logical assumptions, which frequently appear in American historical and biographical books, especially in those written by men who bore a part in public affairs. By a logical assumption, I mean the statement of a seemingly necessary consequence which apparently ought to follow some well-attested fact or condition. A striking instance of this occurred during the political campaign of 1856, when "bleeding Kansas" was a thrilling catchword used by the Republi-

cans, whose candidate for president was Frémont. In a year and a half seven free-state men had been killed in Kansas by the border ruffians, and these outrages, thoroughly ventilated, made excellent campaign ammunition. But the Democrats had a *tu quoque* argument which ought to have done much towards eliminating this question from the canvass.

On the night of May 24, 1856, five pro-slavery men, living on the Pottawatomie Creek, were deliberately and foully murdered by John Brown and seven of his disciples; and, while this massacre caused profound excitement in Kansas and Missouri, it seems to have had no influence east of the Mississippi River, although the fact was well attested. A Kansas journalist of 1856, writing in 1879, made this logical assumption: "The opposition press both North and South took up the damning tale . . . of that midnight butchery on the Pottawatomie . . . Whole columns of leaders from week to week, with startling head-lines, liberally distributed capitals, and frightful exclamation points, filled all the newspapers." And it was his opinion that, had it not been for this massacre, Frémont would have been elected.

But I could not discover that the massacre had any influence on the voters in the pivotal states. I examined, or had examined, the files of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, *New York Herald*, *Philadelphia Pennsylvanian*, *Washington Union*, and *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, all Democratic papers except the *New York Herald*, and I was struck with the fact that substantially no use was made of the massacre as a campaign argument. Yet could anything have been more logical than the assumption that the Democrats would have been equal to their opportunity and spread far and wide such a story? The facts in the case show therefore that cause and effect in actual American history are not always the same as the statesman may conceive them in his cabinet or the historian in his study.

In the newspapers of 1850 to 1860 many speeches, and many public, and some private, letters of conspicuous public men are printed; these are valuable material for the history of the decade, and their use is in entire accordance with modern historical canons.

I have so far considered the press in its character of a register of facts; but it has a further use for historical purposes, since it is both a representative and guide of public sentiment. Kinglake shows that the *Times* was the potent influence which induced England to invade the Crimea; Bismarck said in 1877 that the press "was the cause of the last three wars;" Lord Cromer writes, "The people of England as represented by the press insisted on sending General Gordon to the Soudan, and accordingly to the Soudan he was sent;" and it is current talk that the yellow journals brought on the Spanish-American War. Giving these statements due weight, can a historian be justified in neglecting the important influence of the press on public opinion?

As reflecting and leading popular sentiment during the decade of 1850 to 1860, the newspapers of the Northern States were potent. I own that many times one needs no further index to public sentiment than our frequent elections, but in 1854 conditions were peculiar. The repeal of the Kansas-Nebraska Act had outraged the North and indicated that a new party must be formed to resist the extension of slavery. In the disorganization of the Democratic party, and the effacement of the Whig, nowhere may the new movement so well be traced as in the news and editorial columns of the newspapers, and in the speeches of the Northern leaders, many of these indeed being printed nowhere else than in the press. What journals and what journalists there were in those days! Greeley and Dana of the *New York Tribune;* Bryant and Bigelow of the *Evening Post;* Raymond of the *Times;* Webb of the *Courier* and *Enquirer;* Bowles of the *Springfield Republican;* Thurlow Weed of the *Albany*

Journal; Schouler of the *Cincinnati Gazette;* Medill of the *Chicago Tribune,* — all, inspired by their opposition to the spread of slavery, wrote with vigor and enthusiasm, representing the ideas of men who had burning thoughts without power of expression, and guiding others who needed the constant iteration of positive opinions to determine their political action.

The main and cross currents which resulted in the formation of the compact Republican party of 1856 have their principal record in the press, and from it, directly or indirectly, must the story be told. Unquestionably the newspapers had greater influence than in an ordinary time, because the question was a moral one and could be concretely put. Was slavery right or wrong? If wrong, should not its extension be stopped? That was the issue, and all the arguments, constitutional and social, turned on that point.

The greatest single journalistic influence was the New York weekly *Tribune* which had in 1854 a circulation of 112,000, and many times that number of readers. These readers were of the thorough kind, reading all the news, all the printed speeches and addresses, and all the editorials, and pondering as they read. The questions were discussed in their family circles and with their neighbors, and, as differences arose, the *Tribune,* always at hand, was consulted and re-read. There being few popular magazines during this decade, the weekly newspaper, in some degree, took their place; and, through this medium, Greeley and his able coadjutors spoke to the people of New York and of the West, where New England ideas predominated, with a power never before or since known in this country. When Motley was studying the old letters and documents of the sixteenth century in the archives of Brussels, he wrote: "It is something to read the real *bona fide* signs manual of such fellows as William of Orange, Count Egmont, Alexander Farnese, Philip the Second, Cardinal Granville and the rest of them. It gives a 'realizing sense' as the Americans have it." I had somewhat of the same feeling as I turned over the pages of the bound volumes of the weekly *Tribune,* reading the editorials and letters of Greeley, the articles of Dana and Hildreth. I could recall enough of the time to feel the influence of this political bible, as it was termed, and I can emphatically say that if you want to penetrate into the thoughts, feelings, and ground of decision of the 1,866,000 men who voted for Lincoln in 1860, you should study with care the New York weekly *Tribune.*

One reason why the press was a better representative of opinion during the years from 1854 to 1860 than now, is that there were few, if any, independent journals. The party man read his own newspaper and no other; in that, he found an expression of his own views. And the party newspaper in the main printed only the speeches and arguments of its own side. Greeley on one occasion was asked by John Russell Young, an associate, for permission to reprint a speech of Horatio Seymour in full as a matter of news. "Yes," Greeley said, "I will print Seymour's speech when the *World* will print those of our side."

Before the war, Charleston was one of the most interesting cities of the country. It was a small aristocratic community, with an air of refinement and distinction. The story of Athens proclaims that a large population is not necessary to exercise a powerful influence on the world; and, after the election of Lincoln in 1860, the 40,000 people of Charleston, or rather the few patricians who controlled its fate and that of South Carolina, attracted the attention of the whole country. The story of the secession movement of November and December, 1860, cannot be told with correctness and life without frequent references to the *Charleston Mercury* and the *Charleston Courier.* The *Mercury* especially was an index of opinion, and so vivid is its daily chronicle of events that the historian is able to put himself in the place of those ardent South Caro-

linians and understand their point of view.

For the history of the Civil War, newspapers are not so important. The other material is superabundant, and in choosing from the mass of it, the newspapers, so far as affairs at the North are concerned, need only be used in special cases, and rarely for matters of fact. The accounts of campaigns and battles, which filled so much of their space, may be ignored, as the best possible authorities for these are the one hundred and twenty-eight volumes of the United States government publication, the *Official Records* of the Union and Confederate armies. The faithful study of the correspondence and the reports in these unique volumes is absolutely essential to a comprehension of the war; and it is a labor of love. When one thinks of the mass of manuscripts students of certain periods of European history have been obliged to read, the American historian is profoundly grateful to his government that at a cost to itself of $2233 per volume it has furnished him this priceless material in neatly printed volumes with excellent indexes. The serious student can generally procure these volumes gratis through the favor of his Congressman; or, failing in this, may purchase the set at a moderate price, so that he is not obliged to go to a public library to consult them.

Next to manuscript material, the physical and mental labor of turning over and reading bound volumes of newspapers is the most severe, and I remember my feeling of relief at being able to divert my attention from what Edward L. Pierce called this back-breaking and eye-destroying labor, much of it in public libraries, to these convenient books in my own private library. A mass of other materials, notably Nicolay and Hay's contributions, military narratives, biographies, private correspondence, to say nothing of the Congressional publications, render the student fairly independent of the newspapers. But I did myself make, for certain periods, special researches among them to ascertain their influence on public sentiment; and I also found them very useful in my account of the New York draft riots of 1863. It is true the press did not accurately reflect the gloom and sickness of heart at the North after the battle of Chancellorsville, for the reason that many editors wrote for the purpose of keeping up the hopes of their readers. In sum, the student may congratulate himself that a continuous study of the Northern newspapers for the period of the Civil War is unnecessary, for their size and diffuseness are appalling.

But what I have said about the press of the North, will not apply to that of the South. Though strenuous efforts have been made, with the diligent coöperation of Southern men, to secure the utmost possible amount of Confederate material for the *Official Records*, it actually forms only about twenty-nine per cent of the whole matter. Other historical material is also less copious. For example, there is no record of the proceedings of the Confederate Congress, like the *Globe;* there are no reports of committees like that of the Committee on the Conduct of the War; and even the journal of the Congress was kept on loose memoranda, and not written up until after the close of the war. With the exception of this journal, which has been printed by our government, and the *Statutes at Large*, our information of the work of the Confederate Congress comes from the newspapers and some books of biography and recollections. The case of the Southern States was peculiar, because they were so long cut off from intercourse with the outer world, owing to the efficient Federal blockade; and the newspaper in its local news, editorials, and advertisements, is important material for portraying life in the Confederacy during the Civil War. Fortunately for the student, the Southern newspaper was not the same voluminous issue as the Northern, and, if it had not been badly printed, its use would be attended with little difficulty. Owing to the scarcity of paper, many of the newspapers were gradually reduced in size, and

in the end were printed on half-sheets, occasionally one on brown paper, and another on wall paper; even the white paper was frequently coarse, and this, with poor type, made the news-sheet itself a daily record of the waning fortunes of the Confederacy.

In the history of Reconstruction the historian may be to a large extent independent of the daily newspaper. For the work of reconstruction was done by Congress, and Congress had the full support of the Northern people, as was shown by the continuous large Republican majority which was maintained. The debates, the reports, and the acts of Congress are essential, and little else is required except whatever private correspondence may be accessible. Congress represented public sentiment of the North, and if one desires newspaper opinion, one may find it in many pithy expressions on the floor of the House or the Senate. For the Congressman and the Senator are industrious newspaper readers. They are apt to read some able New York journal which speaks for their party, and the Congressman will read the daily and weekly newspapers of his district, and the Senator the prominent ones of his state which belong to his party.

For the period which covered Reconstruction, from 1865 to 1877, I used the *Nation* to a large extent. Its bound volumes are convenient to handle in one's own library, and its summary of events is useful in itself, and as giving leads to the investigation of other material. Frequently its editorials have spoken for the sober sense of the people with amazing success. As a constant reader of the *Nation* since 1866, I have felt the fascination of Godkin, and have been consciously on guard against it. I tried not to be led away by his incisive statements and sometimes uncharitable judgments. But whatever may be thought of his bias, he had an honest mind, and was incapable of knowingly making a false statement; and this, with his other qualities, makes his journal excellent historical material. After considering with great care some friendly criticism, I can truly say that I have no apology to make for the extent to which I used the *Nation*.

Recurring now to the point with which I began this discussion, — that learned prejudice against employing newspapers as historical material, — I wish to add that, like all other evidence, they must be used with care and skepticism, as one good authority is undoubtedly better than a dozen poor ones. An anecdote I heard years ago has been useful to me in weighing different historical evidence. A Pennsylvania-Dutch justice of the peace in one of the interior townships of Ohio had a man arraigned before him for stealing a pig. One witness swore that he distinctly saw the theft committed; eight swore that they never saw the accused steal a pig, and the verdict was worthy of Dogberry. "I discharge the accused," said the Justice. "The testimony of eight men is certainly worth more than the testimony of one."

Private and confidential correspondence is highly valuable historical material, for such utterances are less constrained and more sincere than public declarations; but all men cannot be rated alike. Some men have lied as freely in private letters as in public speeches; therefore the historian must get at the character of the man who has written the letter and the influences surrounding him; these factors must count in any satisfactory estimate of his accuracy and truth. The newspaper must be subjected to similar tests. For example, to test an article or public letter written by Greeley or Godkin, the general situation, the surrounding influences, and the individual bias must be taken into account, and, when allowance is made for these circumstances as well as for the public character of the utterance, it may be used for historical evidence. For the history of the last half of the nineteenth century just such material must be used. Neglect of it would be like neglect of the third estate in the history of France for the eighteenth century.

In the United States we have not, politically speaking, either the first or second estates, but we have the third and fourth estates with an intimate connection between the two. Lord Cromer said, when writing of the sending of Gordon to the Soudan, "Newspaper government has certain disadvantages;" and this he emphasized by quoting a wise remark of Sir George Cornewall Lewis: "Anonymous authorship places the public under the direction of guides who have no sense of personal responsibility." Nevertheless this newspaper government must be reckoned with. The duty of the historian is, not to decide if the newspapers are as good as they ought to be, but to measure their influence on the present, and to recognize their importance as an ample and contemporary record of the past.

SPRING IN IRELAND

BY ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

THE sea of Spring, with curling combs
And golden glooms —
A tide of green that breaks and foams
In leaves and blooms.

On heart and soul grave deep and fast
This splash sublime,
Whose memoried radiance shall outlast
The doom of time:

And through eternities unseen
For light suffice—
Because there may not be this green
In Paradise.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES[1]

IV

THE MISTAKES OF SEWARD

THE PETERHOFF MUDDLE

[In the autumn of 1862 Mr. Seward, in his eagerness to conciliate British feeling, wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, to which we have referred in an earlier article, stating that "It is thought expedient that instructions be given to the blockading and naval officers that, in case of capture of merchant vessels suspected or proved to be vessels of the insurgents or contraband," the mails "should not be searched or opened, but be put as speedily as may be convenient on the way to their designated destination." Although entirely unauthorized, the step would have done no harm had not Mr. Seward sent a copy of his letter to Mr. Stuart, in charge of the British legation, through whom its contents were communicated to his government. Lord Lyons, the British minister, was not slow to avail himself of the gratuitous advantage presented by the Secretary of State, for which, as Mr. Welles maintained, there was no existing warrant in international law; and the following April, on the occasion of the capture of the blockade-runner Peterhoff, he wrote to Mr. Seward that the opening of her mail-bags in the Prize Commissioners' office in New York was "so contrary to your letter to the Secretary of the Navy that I cannot help hoping you will send orders by telegraph to stop them." The Secretary of State, in distress, urged upon Welles the necessity of sending such an order. Welles refused absolutely, and Seward brought the matter to the attention of the President.]

Saturday, April 11, 1863.

Seward is in great trouble about the mail of the Peterhoff, a captured blockade runner. Wants the mail given up. Says the instructions which he prepared insured the inviolability and security of the mails. I told him he had no authority to prepare such instructions, that the law was paramount, and that anything which he proposed in opposition to and disregarding the law was not observed.

Thursday, April 16, 1863.

Received a singular letter from Seward respecting the mail of the Peterhoff, undertaking to set aside law, usage, principle, established and always recognized rights, under the pretence that it will not do to introduce new questions on the belligerent right of search. He has inconsiderately — and in an ostentatious attempt to put off upon the English legation a show of power and authority which he does not possess and cannot exercise — involved himself in difficulty, conceded away the rights of his country without authority, without law, without a treaty, without equivalent; and, to sustain this novel and extraordinary proceeding, he artfully talks about new questions in the belligerent right of search. The President has been beguiled by ex parte representations and misrepresentations to indorse "approved" on Seward's little contrivance. But this question cannot be so disposed of. The President may be induced to order the mail to be given up, but the law is higher than an executive order, and the judiciary has a duty to perform. The mail is in the custody of the court.

[1] Copyright, 1909, by Edgar T. Welles.

Friday, April 17, 1863.

But little was before the Cabinet, which of late can hardly be called a Council. Each Department conducts and manages its own affairs, informing the President to the extent it pleases. Seward encourages this state of things. He has less active duties than others, and watches and waits on the President daily, and gathers from him the doings of his associates, and often influences indirectly, and not always advantageously, their measures and movements, while he communicates very little, especially of that which he does not wish them to know.

Blair walked over with me from the White House to the Navy Department, and I showed him the correspondence which had taken place respecting captured mails. Understanding Seward thoroughly as he does, he detected the sly management by which Seward first got himself into difficulty and is now striving to get out of it. My course he pronounced correct, and [declared] that the President must not be entrapped into any false step to extricate Seward, who, he says, is the least of a statesman and knows less of public law and of administrative duties than any man who ever held a seat in the Cabinet. This is strong statement, but I have been surprised to find him so unpractical, so erratic, so little acquainted with the books (he has told me more than once that he never opened them, that he was too old to study). He has, with all his bustle and activity, but little application, relies on Hunter and his clerk, Smith, perhaps Cushing also, to sustain him and hunt up his authorities, commits himself, as in the case of the mails, without knowing what he is about.

Saturday, April 18, 1863.

Went to the President and read to him my letter of this date to Mr. Seward, on the subject of the Peterhoff mail. I have done this, that the President may have both sides of the question, and understand what is being done with his "approval," without consultation with me and the members of the Cabinet in council. The Secretary of State, for reasons best known to himself, if he has any reason for his action, has advised with no one in a novel and extraordinary proceeding on his part. He has made concessions by which our rights and interests have been given up, and the law disregarded. When confronted, instead of entering upon investigation himself or consulting with others, [he] has gone privately to the President, stated his own case and got the President committed to his unauthorized acts. I therefore prepared my letter of this date, and before sending it to Mr. Seward, I deemed it best that the President should know its contents. He was surprised and very much interested, took the letter and reread it, said the subject involved questions which he did not understand, — that his object was to "keep the peace," for we could not afford to take upon ourselves a war with England and France which was threatened if we stopped their mails, and concluded by requesting me to send my letter to Seward, who would bring the subject to his attention for further action. My object was gained. The President has "approved," without knowledge, on the representation of Seward.

THE PRESIDENT TAKES A HAND

Tuesday, April 21, 1863.

Only some light matters came before the Cabinet. Chase and Blair were absent. The President requested Seward and myself to remain. As soon as the others left, he said his object was to get the right of the question in relation to the seizure of foreign mails. There had evidently been an interview between him and Seward since I read my letter to him on Saturday, and he had also seen Seward's reply. But he was not satisfied. The subject was novel to him.

Mr. Seward began by stating some of the embarrassments of the present peculiar contest in which we were engaged, — the unfriendly feeling of foreign gov-

ernments, the difficulty of preventing England and France from taking part with the rebels. He dwelt at length on the subject of mail communications and mails generally, the changes which had taken place during the last fifty years; spoke of the affair of the Trent, a mail packet, of the necessity of keeping on the best terms we could with England. Said his arrangement with Mr. Stuart, who was in charge of the British legation, had been made with the approval of the President, though he had not communicated that fact to me, etc., etc.

I stated that this whole subject belonged to the courts which had, by law, the possession of the mail; that I knew of no right which he, or even the Executive, had to interfere; that I had not regarded the note of the 31st of October as more than a mere suggestion, without examination or consideration, for there had been no Cabinet consultation; that it was an abandonment of our rights and an entire subversion of the policy of our own, and of all other governments, which I had not supposed any one who had looked into the matter would seriously attempt to set aside without consultation with the proper Department and advisement, indeed, with the whole Cabinet; that had there been such consultation the subject would, I was convinced, have gone no farther, for it was in conflict with our stated law and the law of nations; that this "arrangement," as the Secretary of State called it, was a sort of post-treaty, by which our rights were surrendered without an equivalent — a treaty which he was not in my opinion authorized to make.

Mr. Seward said he considered the arrangement reciprocal, and if it was not expressed in words or by interchange, it was to be [the] inferred policy of England, for she would not require of us what she would not give.

I declined to discuss the question of what might be *inferred* would be the future policy of England on a subject where she had been strenuous beyond any other government. I would not trust her generosity in any respect. I had no faith that she would *give* beyond what was stipulated in legible characters; nor did I believe she would, by any arrangement her *Chargé* might make, consent to abandon the principle recognized among nations, and which she had always maintained. If this arrangement or treaty was reciprocal, it should be so stated, recorded, and universally understood. So important a change ought not and could not be made except by legislation or treaty; and if by treaty, the Senate must confirm it, if by legislation, the parliamentary bodies of both countries. There had been no such legislation, no such treaty, and I could not admit that any one Department, or the President even, could assume to make such a change.

The President thought that perhaps the Executive had some rights on this subject but was not certain what they were, what the practice had been, what was the law, national or international. The Trent case he did not consider analogous in several respects. I had said in reply to Seward that the Trent was not a blockade-runner but a regular mail packet, had a semi-official character with a government officer on board in charge of the mails. The President said he wished to know the usage, — whether the public official seals, or mail-bags of a neutral power, were ever violated. Seward said certainly not. I maintained that the question had not been raised in regard to a captured legal prize, not a doubt [had been] expressed, and the very fact that Stuart had applied to him for mail-exemption was evidence that he so understood the subject. Where was the necessity of this arrangement, or treaty, if that were not the usage? The case was plain.

Our only present difficulty grew out of the unfortunate letter of the 31st of October — the more unfortunate from the fact that it had been communicated to the British government as the policy of our government, while never, by any word or letter, have they ever admitted it

was their policy. It is not the policy of our government, nor is it the law of our country. Our naval commanders know of no such policy, no such usage, no such law. They have never been so instructed, nor have our district attorneys. The President (although he had affixed his name to the word " approved " in Seward's late letter, and although he neither admitted nor controverted the statement that the letter of the 31st of October was with his knowledge and approval) was a good deal " obfusticated " in regard to the merits of the question and the proceedings of Seward, who appeared to be greatly alarmed lest we should offend England, but was nevertheless unwilling to commit himself without farther examination. He said, after frankly declaring his ignorance and that he had no recollection of the question until recently called to his notice, that he would address us interrogatories. Mr. Seward declared, under some excitement and alarm, there was not time — that Lord Lyons was importunate in his demands, claiming that the arrangement should be fulfilled in good faith. I replied that Lord Lyons, or the British government, had no claim whatever except [through] the concession made by him (Seward) in his letter of the 31st of October, while there was no concession or equivalent from England.

Wednesday, April 22, 1863.

Received the President's letter and interrogatories concerning the mail. The evening papers state that the mail of the Peterhoff has been given up by District Attorney Delafield Smith, who applied to the court under direction of the Secretary of State " approved " by the President. It is a great error, which has its origin in the meddlesome disposition and loose and inconsiderate action of Mr. Seward who has meddlesomely committed himself. Having in a weak moment conceded away an incontestible national right, he has sought to extricate himself, not by retracing his steps, but by involving the President, who confides in him and over whom he has, at times, an unfortunate influence. The influence with the judiciary which has admiralty jurisdiction is improper, and the President is one of the very last men who would himself intrude on the rights or prerogatives of any other department of the government, one of the last also to yield a national right. In this instance, and often: he has deferred his better sense and judgment to what he thinks the superior knowledge of the Secretary of State, who [has] had greater experience, been a Senator, Governor of the great State of New York, and is a lawyer and politician of repute and standing. But while Mr. Seward has talents and genius he has not the profound knowledge, nor the solid sense, correct views, and unswerving right intentions of the President, who would never have committed the egregious indiscretion of writing such a letter and making such a concession as the letter of the 31st of October; or if he could have committed such an error, or serious error of any kind, he would not have hesitated a moment to retrace his steps and correct it; but that is the difference between Abraham Lincoln and William H. Seward.

I have set Watkins and Eames to ransack the books. Upton must help them. I want the authorities that I may respond to the President; though his sympathies are enlisted for Seward who is in difficulty, and I have no doubt he will strive to relieve him and shield the State Department. We must, however, have law, usage, right, respected and maintained. The mail of the Peterhoff is given up, but that is not law, and the law must be maintained if the Secretary of State is humiliated.

Thursday, April 23, 1863.

Senator Sumner called this afternoon to talk over the matter of the Peterhoff mail. Says he has been examining the case [and] that he fully indorses my views. Seward, he avers, knows nothing of the international law and is wanting in common sense, treats grave questions lightly and without comprehending their

importance and bearings. He calls my attention to the opinion of Attorney General Wirt as to the rights of the Judiciary.

Friday, April 24, 1863.

Little of importance at the Cabinet meeting. Seward left early. He seemed uneasy, and I thought was apprehensive I might bring up the subject of the Peterhoff mails. It suits him better to have interviews with the President alone than with a full Cabinet, especially on points where he knows himself wrong. I did not feel particularly anxious that the subject should be introduced to-day, for I am not fully prepared with my reply, though busily occupied on the subject — giving it every moment I can spare from pressing current business.

Monday, April 27, 1863.

Finished and gave to the President my letter on the subject of mails on captured vessels. It has occupied almost every moment of my time for a week aided by Eames, Watkins, Upton, and suggestions from Sumner, who has entered earnestly into the subject.

The President was alone when I called on him with the document, which looked formidable, filling thirty-one pages of foolscap. He was pleased and interested, not at all discouraged by my paper, — said he should read every word of it, that he wanted to understand the question, etc. He told me Seward had sent in his answer this morning but it was in some respects not satisfactory, particularly as regarded the Adela. He had sent for Hunter, who, however, did not understand readily the case, or what was wanted.

SUMNER'S STRICTURES ON LINCOLN

Tuesday, April 28, 1863.

Nothing at Cabinet, Seward and Chase absent. The President engaged in selecting Provosts-Marshal.

Sumner called this evening at the Department, was much discomfited with an interview which he had last evening with the President. The latter was just filing a paper as Sumner went in. After a few moments Sumner took two slips from his pocket, — one cut from the Boston *Transcript*, the other from the Chicago *Tribune*, — each taking strong ground against surrendering the Peterhoff mail. The President, after reading them, opened the paper he had just filed and read to Sumner his letter addressed to the Secretary of the State and the Secretary of the Navy. He told Sumner he had received the replies and just concluded reading mine. After some comments on them, he said to Sumner, "I will not show these papers to you now — perhaps I never shall." A conversation then took place which greatly mortified and chagrined Sumner, who declares the President is very ignorant or very deceptive. The President, he says, is horrified, or appeared to be, with the idea of a war with England, which he assumed depended on this question. He was confident we should have war with England if we presumed to open their mail-bags, or break their seals or locks. They would not submit to it, and we were in no condition to plunge into a foreign war on a subject of so little importance in comparison with the terrible consequences which must follow our act. Of this idea of a war with England, Sumner could not dispossess him by argument, or by showing its absurdity. Whether it was real, or affected ignorance Sumner was not satisfied.

I have no doubts of the President's sincerity, and so told Sumner. But he has been imposed upon by a man in whom he confides. His confidence has been abused. He does not comprehend the principles involved nor the question itself. Seward does not intend that he shall comprehend it. While attempting to look into it, the Secretary of State is daily, and almost hourly, wailing in his ears the calamities of a war with England, which he is striving to prevent. The President is thus led away from the real question, and will probably decide it, not on its merits, but on this false issue, raised by the man who is the author of the difficulty.

[On April 27 Hooker began a series of movements which, without the cost of a battle, transferred his army of 130,000 men south of the Rapidan and Rappahannock. The commander was jubilant. "The operations of the last three days," he declared, "have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defence and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." It was on the next day, May 1, that he gave the order to fall back which marked the beginning of the tragedy of Chancellorsville.]

Wednesday, April 29, 1863.

The atmosphere is thick with rumors of army movements. Hooker is reported to have crossed the river. Not unlikely a portion of his force has done so, and all may. That there may be a battle imminent is not improbable. I shall not be surprised, however, if only smart skirmishes take place.

Senator Sumner called on me this P. M. in relation to the coast defence of Massachusetts. I received a letter from Governor Andrew this A. M. on the same subject. The President has also been to see me in regard to it.

After disposing of that question, Sumner related an interesting conversation which he had last evening with Lord Lyons at Tassara's, the Spanish Minister. I was an hour or two at Tassara's party, in the early part of the evening, and observed S[umner] and Lord L[yons] in earnest conversation. Sumner says their whole talk was on the subject of the mails on captured vessels. He opened the subject by regretting that in the peculiar conditions of our affairs, Lord Lyons should have made a demand that could not be yielded without national dishonor, and said that the question was one of judicature rather than diplomacy. Lord Lyons disavowed ever having made a demand; said he was cautious and careful in all his transactions with Mr. Seward; that he made it a point to reduce all matters with Seward of a public nature to writing; that he had done so in regard to the mail of the Peterhoff, and studiously avoided any demand. He authorized Sumner, who is Chairman of Foreign Relations, to see all his letters in relation to the mails, etc., etc.

To-day Sumner saw the President and repeated to him this conversation, Lord Lyons having authorised him to do so. The President, he says, seemed astounded, and after some general conversation of the subject, said, in his emphatic way, "I shall have to cut this knot."

Friday, May 1, 1863.

After Cabinet meeting walked over with Attorney General Bates to his office. Had a very full talk with him concerning the question of captured mails, — the jurisdiction of the courts, the law, and usage, and rights of the government. He is unqualifiedly with me in my views and principles — the law and our rights. He dwelt with some feeling on the courtesy which ought to exist between the several departments, and was by them generally observed. Although cautious and guarded in his remarks, he did not conceal his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Secretary of State in writing to attorneys and marshals, and assuming to instruct and direct them in their official duties, which were assigned to and required by law to be done by the Attorney General.

We are getting vague rumors of Army operations, but nothing intelligible or reliable.

IGNORANCE OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT

[On May 2 occurred the famous flanking march of Stonewall Jackson and his crushing attack on the Federal right, followed by a mortal wound in the hour of victory. At nine o'clock the next morning Hooker was knocked insensible, when a cannon-ball struck the pillar against which he was leaning at headquarters. Throughout the day great confusion prevailed among the Federal forces, which accounts for the delay of authentic news in reaching Washington.]

Saturday, May 2, 1863.

Thick rumors concerning the Army of the Potomac — little, however, from official sources. I abstain from going to the War Department more than is necessary, or consulting operators at the telegraph, for there is a hazy uncertainty there. This indefiniteness, and the manner attending it, is a pretty certain indication that the information received is not particularly gratifying. Whether Hooker refuses to communicate, and prevents others from communicating, I know not. Other members of the Cabinet, like myself, are, I find, disinclined to visit the War Department under the circumstances.

Monday, May 4, 1863.

Great uneasiness and uncertainty prevail in regard to army movements. I think the War Department is really poorly advised of operations. I could learn nothing from them yesterday or to-day. Such information as I have is picked up from correspondents and news-gatherers, and from naval officers who arrive from below.

I this P. M. met the President at the War Department. He said he had a feverish anxiety to get facts, was constantly walking up and down, for nothing reliable came from the front. There is an impression, which is very general, that our army has been successful, but that there has been great slaughter, and that still fiercer and more terrible fights are impending.

I am not satisfied. If we have success, the tidings would come to us in volumes. We may not be beaten. Stoneman [1] with 13,000 cavalry and six days' supply, has cut his way into the enemy's country, but we know not his fate, farther than we hear nothing from him or of him. If overwhelmed, we should know it from the rebels. There are rumors that the rebels again reoccupy the entrenchments on the heights in the rear of Fredericksburg, but the rumor is traceable to no reliable source.

[A corps of the Federal Army, detached by Hooker for the purpose, took possession of Fredericksburg and of the important strategic position of Marye's Heights. From this favorable position the Federals were dislodged by an attack of Lee's main army on May 4. On May 6, Hooker's forces recrossed the Rappahannock, having suffered the loss of upwards of seventeen thousand men in the fighting about Chancellorsville.]

Tuesday, May 5, 1863.

But little of importance at the Cabinet. The President read a brief telegram which he got last night from General Hooker, to whom, getting nothing from the War Department, he had applied direct to ascertain whether the rebels were in possession of the works on the heights of Fredericksburg. Hooker replied he believed it was true, but if so it was of no importance. This reply communicates nothing of operations, but the tone and whole thing — even its brevity — inspire right feelings. It is strange, however, that no reliable intelligence reaches us from the army of what it is doing, or not doing. This fact itself forebodes no good.

Sumner came in this afternoon and read to me from two or three documents — one the late speech of the Solicitor of the Treasury, in the British Parliament, on the matter of prize and prize courts, which are particularly favorable to our views in the Peterhoff case.

From this we got on to the absorbing topic of the army under Hooker. Sumner is hopeful, and if he did not inspire me with his confidence, I was made glad by his faith. The President came in while we were discussing the subject, and, as is his way, at once earnestly participated. His suggestions and inferences struck me as probable, hopeful, nothing more.

[1] General George Stoneman was conducting an extensive cavalry operation intended to cut off Lee's army after its expected defeat. The unlooked-for discomfiture of the Federal forces placed Stoneman in considerable danger, but he succeeded in rejoining Hooker's main army on May 7.

Like the rest of us, he wants facts; without them we have only surmises, and surmises indicate doubt, uncertainty. He is not informed of occurrences as he should be, but is in the dark, with no official data, which confirms me in the belief that the War Department is in ignorance, for they would not withhold favorable intelligence from him; yet it is strange, very strange. In the absence of news, the President strives to feel encouraged and to inspire others, but I can perceive he has doubts and misgivings, though he does not express them. Like my own, perhaps, his fears are the result of absence of facts, rather than from any information received.

SUMNER'S DESPAIR

Wednesday, May 6, 1863.

We have news, via Richmond, that Stoneman has destroyed bridges and torn up rails on the Richmond Road, thus cutting off communication between that city and the rebel army. Simultaneously with this intelligence, there is a rumor that Hooker has re-crossed the river and is at Falmouth. I went to the War Department about noon to ascertain the facts, but Stanton said he had no such intelligence nor did he believe it. I told him I had nothing definite or very authentic, that he certainly ought to be better posted than I could be; but I had seen a brief telegram from young Dahlgren, who is on Hooker's staff, dated this A. M. "Head Quarters near Falmouth — All right." This to me was pretty significant of the fact that Hooker and his army had re-crossed. Stanton was a little disconcerted. He said Hooker had as yet no definite plan. His headquarters are not far from Falmouth. Of course, nothing further was to be said, yet I was by no means satisfied with his remarks or manner.

An hour later Sumner came into my room, and raising both hands exclaimed, "Lost, lost, all is lost!" I asked what he meant. He said Hooker and his army had been defeated and driven back to this side of the Rappahannock. Sumner came direct from the President who, he said, was extremely dejected. I told him I had been apprehensive that disaster had occurred; but when I asked under what circumstances this reverse had taken place, he could give me no particulars.

I went soon after to the War Department. Seward was sitting with Stanton, as when I left him two or three hours before. I asked Stanton if he knew where Hooker was. He answered curtly, "No." I looked at him sharply, and I have no doubt with incredulity, for he, after a moment's pause, said, "He is on this side of the river, but I know not where." "Well," said I, "he is near his old quarters, and I wish to know if Stoneman is with him, or if he or you know anything of that force." Stanton said he had no information in regard to that force, and it was one of the most unpleasant things of the whole affair that Hooker should have abandoned Stoneman.

The President, uneasy, uncomfortable, and dissatisfied with the meagre information and its gloomy aspect, went himself this evening to the army, with Gen. Halleck.

Thursday, May 7, 1863.

Our people, though shocked and very much disappointed, are in better tone and temper than I feared they would be. The press had wrought the public mind to high expectation by predicting certain success, which all wished to believe. I have not been confident, though I had hopes.

[The evacuation by the Confederates of the fortified bluff on the Mississippi known as Grand Gulf, after a vigorous attack by Porter's gunboats, gave Grant a secure base for his advance upon Vicksburg.]

Friday, May 8, 1863.

A telegraph despatch this morning from Admiral Porter states he has possession of Grand Gulf. The news was highly gratifying to the President, who

had not heard of it until I met him at the Cabinet meeting.

Tuesday, May 12, 1863.

We have information that Stonewall Jackson, one of the best Generals in the rebel, and, in some respects, perhaps, in either service, is dead. One cannot but lament the death of such a man in such a cause too. He was fanatically earnest, and a Christian but bigoted soldier.

Mr. Seward came to my house last evening and read a confidential despatch from Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, relative to threatened difficulties with England, and the unpleasant condition of affairs between the two countries. He asked if anything could be done with Wilkes, whom he has hitherto favored but against whom the Englishmen, without any sufficient cause, are highly incensed. I told him he might be transferred to the Pacific, which is as honorable but a less active command. That he had favored Wilkes, who was not one of the most comfortable officers for the Navy Department. I was free to say, however, I had seen nothing in his conduct thus far, in his present command, towards the English deserving of censure, and that the irritation and prejudice against him were unworthy; yet, under the peculiar condition of things, it would perhaps be well to make this concession. I read to him an extract from a confidential letter of J. M. Forbes, now in England, a most earnest and sincere Union man, urging that W[ilkes] should be withdrawn, and quoting the private remarks of Mr. Cobden to that effect. I had read the same extract to the President last Friday evening, Mr. Sumner being present. He (Sumner) remarked it was singular, but that he had called on the President to read to him a letter which he had just received from the Duke of Argyll, in which he advised that very change. This letter Sumner has since read to me. It is replete with good sense and good feeling.

I have to-day taken preliminary steps to transfer Wilkes, and to give Bell command in the West Indies. It will not surprise me if this, besides angering Wilkes, gives public discontent. His strange course in taking Slidell and Mason from the Trent was popular, and is remembered with gratitude by the people, who are not aware that his work was but half done, and that, by not bringing in the Trent as prize, he put himself and the country in the wrong. Seward at first approved the course of Wilkes in capturing Slidell and Mason, and added to my embarrassment, in so disposing of the question as not to create discontent by rebuking Wilkes, for what the country approved. But when, under British menace, Seward changed his position, he took my position, and the country gave him great credit for what was really my act, and the undoubted law of the case. My letter congratulating Wilkes on the capture of the rebel enemies was particularly guarded, and warned him and naval officers against a similar offence. The letter was acceptable to all parties — the administration, the country; and even Wilkes was contented.

It is best under the circumstances that Wilkes should be withdrawn from the West Indies, where he was sent by Seward's special request, unless as he says we are ready for a war with England. I sometimes think that is not the worst alternative, she behaves so badly.

Wednesday, May 13, 1863.

The last arrival from England brings Earl Russell's speech on American affairs. Its tone and views are less offensive than some things we have had, and manifest a dawning realization of what must follow if England persists in her unfriendly policy. In his speech, Earl R[ussell], in some remarks relative to the opinions of the law officers of the crown on the subject of mails captured on blockade-runners, adroitly quotes the letter of Seward to me on the 31st of October, and announces that to be the policy of the U. S. Government, and the regulations which govern our naval officers. It is not the

English policy, nor a regulation which they adopt, reciprocate or respect, but the tame, flat concession of the Secretary of State, made without authority, or law. The statement of Earl Russell is not correct. No such orders as he represents have issued from the Navy Department. Not a naval officer or District Attorney has ever been instructed to surrender the mails as stated, nor is there a court in the United States which would regard such instructions, if given, as good law. It is nothing more or less than an attempted abandonment, an ignominious surrender, of our undoubted legal rights by a Secretary of State, who knew not what he was about. The President may, under the influence of Mr. Seward, commit himself to this inconsiderate and illegal proceeding and direct such instructions to be issued; but if so, the act shall be his, not mine, and he will find it an unhappy error. But Seward has been complimented in Parliament for giving away to our worst enemy his country's rights, — for an impertinent and improper intermeddling, or attempt to intermeddle with and direct the action of another department, and the incense which he has received will tickle his vanity.

C. F. ADAMS AND HIS TROUBLES

Sumner tells me of a queer interview he had with Seward. The first part of the conversation was harmonious, and related chiefly to the shrewd and cautious policy and management of the British ministry, who carefully referred all complex questions to the law officers of her Majesty's government. It might have been a hint to Seward to be more prudent and considerate, and to take legal advice instead of pushing on slovenly, as is sometimes done. Allusion was made to Mr. Adams and an unfortunate letter [he had written]. Our Minister, Mr. Adams, was spoken of as too reserved and retiring for his own and the general good. Sumner said, in justification and by way of excuse for him, that it would be pleasanter and happier for him if he had a Secretary of Legation whose deportment, manner, and social position were different, if he were more affable and courteous, in short, more of a gentleman, for he could in that case make up for some of Mr. A[dams]'s deficiencies.

At this point Seward flew into a passion, and, in a high key, told Sumner he knew nothing of political (meaning party) claims and services and accused him of a design to cut the throat of the Secretary of Legation at London. Sumner wholly disclaimed any such design, or any personal knowledge of the man, but said he had been informed, and had no doubt of the fact, that it was the daily practice of [the Secretary] to go to Morley's, seat himself in a conspicuous place, throw his legs upon the table, and, in warm language, abuse England and the English. Whatever might be our grievances and wrong, this, Sumner thought, was not a happy method of correcting them, nor would such conduct on the part of the second officer of the legation bring about kinder feelings or a better state of things, whereas a true gentleman could by suavity and dignity in such a position win respect, strengthen his principal, and benefit the country. These remarks only made Seward more violent, and louder in his declaration that [the Secretary] was a clever fellow and should be sustained.

I read to Attorney General Bates the letters and papers in relation to mails on captured vessels, of which he had some previous knowledge. He complimented my letters and argument, and said my position was impregnable, and the Secretary of State wholly and utterly wrong.

The President called on me this morning with the basis of a despatch which Lord Lyons proposed to send home. He had submitted it to Mr. Seward, who handed it to the President, and he brought it to me. The President read it to me, and when he concluded, I remarked that the whole question of the mails belonged properly to the courts, and I thought unless we proposed some new treaty arrangement it would be best the subject

should continue with the courts, as law and usage directed. "But," he inquired, "have the courts ever opened the mails of a neutral government?" I replied always when the captured vessels on which mails were found were considered good prize. "Why then," he said, "do you not furnish me with the fact. That is what I want, but you furnish me with no report that any neutral has ever been searched." I said I was not aware that the right had ever been questioned. The courts made no reports to me whether they opened or did not open the mail. The courts are independent of the departments, to which they are not amenable. In the mails was often the best and only evidence that could ensure condemnation. That I should as soon have expected an inquiry whether evidence was taken, witnesses sworn, and the cargoes examined, as whether mails were examined. But if mails ever are examined, said he, the fact must be known and recorded. "What vessels," he asked, "have we captured where we have examined the mails?" "All, doubtless, that have had mails on board," I replied. "Probably most of them were not entrusted with mails." "When," asked he, "was the first vessel taken?" "I do not recollect the name, a small blockade-runner I think; I presume she had no mail. If she had, I have no doubt the court searched it and examined all letters and papers."

He was extremely anxious to learn if I recollected, or knew, that any captured mail had been searched. I told him I remembered no specific mention — doubted if the courts ever reported to the Navy Department — foreign governments knowing of the blockade, would not be likely to make up mails for the ports blockaded. [I told him] that the Peterhoff had a mail ostensibly for Matamoras, which was her destination, but with a cargo and mails which we knew were intended for the rebels — though the proof might be difficult since the mail had been given up.

I sent for Watkins, who has charge of prize matters, to know if there was any record or mention of mails in any of the papers sent the Navy Department, but he could not call to mind anything conclusive. Some mention was made of mails or despatches in the mail on board the Bermuda which we captured, but it was incidental. Perhaps the facts might be got from the District Attorneys; though he thought, as I did, that but few regular mails were given to blockade-runners. The President said he would frame a letter to the District Attorneys, and in the afternoon he brought in a form to be sent to the Attorneys in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

Read Chase the principal points in the Peterhoff case. He approved of my views, concurred in them fully, and said there was no getting around them.

Saturday, May 16, 1863.

Saw Seward this morning respecting Wilkes. After talking over the subject he said he cared nothing about Wilkes, that if he was removed he would be made a martyr, and both he (Seward) and myself would be blamed and abused by the people who knew not the cause that influenced and governed us. He then for the first time alluded to the removal of Butler, which he said was a necessity to appease France, nevertheless France was not satisfied, yet Butler's removal had occasioned great discontent and called down much censure. If I could stand the recall of Wilkes, he thought he could. I answered him that any abuse of me in the discharge of my duty, and when I knew I was right, would never influence my course. In this case I could better stand his recall than the responsibility of sending him into the Pacific, where he would have great power and be the representative of the government; for he is erratic, impulsive, opinionated, somewhat arbitrary towards his subordinates, and is always disinclined to obey orders that he receives if they do not comport with his own notions. His special mission, in his present command, had been to capture

the Alabama. In this he had totally failed, while zealous to catch blockade-runners and get prize-money. Had he not been in the West Indies, we might have captured her, but he had seized the Vanderbilt, which had specific orders and destination, and gone off with her prize-hunting, thereby defeating our plans. Seward wished me to detach him because he had not taken the Alabama, and give that as the reason. I care to assign no reasons — none but the true ones, — and it is not politic to state them.

Monday, May 18, 1863.

Sumner called this evening and read to me a letter he had received from Mr. Cobden, and also one from Mr. Bright. Both in good tone and of right feeling. These two men are statesmen and patriots in the true sense of the word, such as do honor to England and give vigor to the government. They and Sumner have done much to preserve the peace of the two countries.

Senator Doolittle was to see me to-day. Has faith, he says, but fears that General Hooker has no religious faith — laments the infirmities of that officer, and attributes our late misfortune to the want of godliness in the commanding general.

Sunday, May 24, 1863.

We have had gratifying intelligence from the South-West for several days past — particularly in the vicinity of Vicksburg. It is pretty certain that Grant will capture the place. And it is hoped Pemberton's army also. There is a rumor that the Stars and Stripes wave over Vicksburg, but the telegraph wires are broken and communication interrupted.

DUPONT'S SHORTCOMINGS

Monday, May 25, 1863.

Am anxious in relation to the South Atlantic Squadron, and feel daily the necessity of selecting a new Commander. Dupont is determined Charleston shall not be captured by the Navy and that the Navy shall not attempt it, thinks it dangerous for the vessels to remain [near] Charleston harbor and prefers to occupy his palace-ship, the Wabash, at Port Royal to roughing it in a smaller vessel off the port. His prize-money would doubtless be greater without any risk. All officers under him are becoming affected by his feelings, adopt his tone, think inactivity best — that the iron-clads are mere batteries, not naval vessels, and that outside blockade is the true and only policy. Dupont feels that he is strong in the Navy, strong in Congress, and strong in the country, and not without reason. There is not a more accomplished or shrewder gentleman in the service. Since Barron and others left, no officer has gathered [so] formidable a clique in the Navy. He has studied with some effect to create one for himself, and has in his personal interest a number of excellent officers, who I had hoped would not be inveigled. Good officers have warned me against him as a shrewd intriguer, but I have hoped to get along with him, for I valued his general intelligence, critical abilities, and advice. But I perceive that in all things he never forgets Dupont. His success at Port Royal has made him feel that he is indispensable to the service. The modern changes in naval warfare, and in naval vessels, are repugnant to him; and to the turret vessels he has a declared aversion. He has been active in schemes to retire officers, he is now at work to retire iron-clads and impair confidence in them. As yet he professes respect and high regard for me personally, but he is not an admirer of the President, and has got greatly out with Fox,[1] who has been his too partial friend.

An attack is, however, to be made on the Department by opposing its policy and condemning its vessels. This will raise a party to attack and a party to defend. The Monitors are to be pronounced failures, and the Department

[1] Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

which introduced, adopted, and patronized them, is to be held responsible, and not Dupont, for the abortive attempt to reach Charleston! Drayton, who is his best friend, says to me in confidence that Dupont has been too long confined on shipboard, and that his system mentally and physically is affected; and I have no doubt thinks, but does not say, he ought to be relieved for his own good as well as that of the service. Dupont is proud and will not willingly relinquish his command, although he has in a half-defiant way said, if his course was not approved I must find another [commander].

I look upon it, however, as a fixed fact that he will leave that Squadron, but he is a favorite and I am at a loss as to his successor. Farragut, if not employed elsewhere, would be the man, and the country would accept the change with favor. The age and standing of D. D. Porter would be deemed objectionable by many, yet he has some good points for that duty. Foote would be a good man for the place in many respects, but is somewhat overshadowed by Dupont, with whom he has been associated and to whom he greatly defers. Dahlgren earnestly wants the position, and is the choice of the President, but there would be general discontent were he selected. Older officers who have had vastly greater sea-service would feel aggrieved at the selection of Dahlgren, and find ready sympathizers among the juniors. I have thought of Admiral Gregory, whom I was originally inclined to designate as Commander of the Gulf Blockading Squadron at the beginning of the War, but was over persuaded by Paulding to take Mervine. A mistake, but a lesson. It taught me not to yield my deliberate convictions in appointments and matters of this kind to the mere advice and opinion of another without a reason. Both Fox and Foote indorse Gregory. His age is against him for such active service, and would give the partisans of Dupont opportunity to cavil.

Tuesday, May 26, 1863.

Much of the time at the Cabinet meeting was consumed in endeavoring to make it appear that one Cuniston, tried and condemned as a spy, was not exactly a spy, and that he might be let off. I did not participate in the discussion. It appeared to me from the statement on all hands, and from the finding of the court, that he was clearly and beyond a question a spy, and I should have said so, had my opinion been asked, but I did not care to volunteer, unsolicited and without a thorough knowedge of all the facts, to argue away the life of a fellow-being.

There was a sharp controversy between Chase and Blair on the subject of the fugitive slave law, as attempted to be executed on one Hall here in the District. Both were earnest; Blair for executing the law, Chase for permitting the man to enter the service of the United States instead of being remanded into slavery. The President said that this was one of the questions that always embarrassed him. It reminded him of a man in Illinois who was in debt and terribly annoyed by a pressing creditor, until finally the debtor assumed to be crazy whenever the creditor broached the subject.

"I," said the President, "have on more than one occasion in this room when beset by extremists on this question, been compelled to appear to be very mad. I think," he continued, "none of you will ever dispose of this subject without getting mad."

[The capture of Charleston — the Mother of Rebellion — was an undertaking desired in the North with an eagerness out of all proportion to the strategic importance of occupying a port already shut tight by the blockade. A fleet of ironclads fitted out with great energy and expense was unable to reduce the city or do serious damage to Fort Sumter. It was now six weeks since the unsuccessful attack.]

I am by no means certain that it is wise or best to commence immediate operations upon Charleston. It is a much more difficult task now than it was before the late undertaking. Our own men have less confidence, while our opponents have much more. The place has no strategic importance, yet there is not another place our anxious countrymen would so rejoice to see taken as this original seat of the great wickedness that has befallen our country. The moral effect of its capture would be great.

Wednesday, May 27, 1863.

No decisive news from Vicksburg. The public mind is uneasy at the delay, yet I am glad to see blame attaches to no one because the place was not taken at once. There have been strange evidences of an unreasonable people on many occasions during the war. Had Halleck shown half the earnestness and ability of Farragut, we should have had Vicksburg in our possession a year ago.

HARCOURT ON SEWARD'S POLICY

Thursday, May 28, 1863.

I this morning got hold of the pamphlet of Sir [William] Vernon Harcourt, "Historicus," and am delighted to find a coincidence of views between him and myself on the subject of mails captured on vessels running the blockade, or carrying contraband. He warns his countrymen that "THE DANGER IS NOT THAT AMERICANS WILL CONCEDE TOO LITTLE, BUT THAT GREAT BRITAIN MAY ACCEPT TOO MUCH." This is a mortifying, humiliating fact, the more so from its truth. Mr. Seward is not aware of what he is doing, and the injustice and dishonor he is inflicting on his country by his concession. It is lamentable that the President is misled in these matters, for Mr. Seward is tampering and trifling with National rights. I have no doubt he acted inconsiderately and ignorantly of any wrong in the first instance, when he took upon himself to make these extraordinary and disgraceful concessions; but having become involved in error, he has studied, not to enlighten himself and serve the country, but to impose upon and mislead the President in order to extricate himself.

Dahlgren to-day broached the subject of operations against Charleston. He speaks of it earnestly and energetically. Were it not so that his assignment to that command would cause dissatisfaction, I would, as the President strongly favors him, let him show his ability as an officer in his legitimate professional duty.

Brown of the wrecked Indianola and Fontaine of the burnt Mississippi, each called on me to-day. They were both captured last February, have been exchanged, and arrived to-day from Richmond. Their accounts correspond with each other and with what we have previously heard in regard to the deplorable state of things in the rebel region. Poor beef three times a week and corn bread daily, were dealt to them. The white male population was all away. The railroads are in a wretched condition; the running stock, worse than the roads.

Friday, May 29, 1863.

I this morning sent for Admiral Foote and had a free and full talk with him in regard to the command of the South Atlantic Squadron. I am satisfied he would be pleased with the position — and really desired it when he knew Dupont was to be relieved. I then introduced him to Gen. Gilmore, and, with the charts and maps before us, took a rapid survey of the harbor and plan of operations. Before doing this, I said to Foote that I thought it would be well for the country, the service, and himself, were Admiral Dahlgren associated with him. He expressed the pleasure it would give him, but doubted if D[ahlgren] would consent to serve as second.

I requested Mr. Fox to call on D[ahlgren] and inform him that I had given Foote the squadron, — that I should be glad to have him embark with Foote, and take an active part against Charleston.

If he responded favorably, I wished him to come with Fox to the conference. Fox returned with an answer that not only was D[ahlgren] unwilling to go as second, but that he wished to decline entirely, unless he could have command of both naval and land forces. This precludes farther thought of him. I regret it for his own sake. It is one of the errors of a lifetime.

Foote says he will himself see D[ahlgren], and has a conviction that he can induce him to go with him. I doubt it. Dahlgren is very proud and aspiring, and will injure himself and his professional standing in consequence.

(*To be continued.*)

TAKING THE CIRCUS SERIOUSLY

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

"Professor" Manuel Herzog, irreproachably garbed as beseems a representative of that most carefully and expensively costumed enterprise, a modern circus, had just come out of the ring in which he had been putting six magnificent black stallions through a series of graceful and complicated evolutions. His horses had been led away to their temporary stable, and the trainer paused a moment at the curtained entrance of the arena, watching with an idle eye the fruitless efforts of the "Auguste" clown to make himself useful in helping the ring attendants to arrange the paraphernalia of a troupe of Japanese acrobats. It is the business of an Auguste clown to make himself fruitlessly useful. Like so many other amusing things, he was invented in Germany, where his dress suit is already traditional, and his title a natural inheritance from the first wag who called him "Auguste" from the spectators' benches. Joining Mr. Herzog, I remarked that the antics of Auguste made a striking contrast to the grace and beauty of his own performing stallions.

The trainer's eye kindled. "Ah, that is it," he replied gravely; "the grace and beauty! It is for that that the artist must work."

For it seems in very truth that the circus is not only a strikingly domestic institution (as will be shown later), but has its claim to be regarded as an expression of art. To an American this is a new point of view from which to examine a familiar spectacle, and it may even happen that the spectacle loses its former triteness and is reborn into a something different that appeals to a more subtle kind of appreciation.

As there are two ways of reading a novel, one for the conclusion of the story, the other for the more attentive pleasure of traveling the path by which the author gets to the end, so there are two ways of taking our satisfaction at the circus. The first is, and must always be, the more widely popular. But as the second may lead to many re-readings of the same story, each time with some new sense of pleasant discovery, so it may lead many times to the circus, with a fresh enjoyment in each repetition of performances that are, in their general intent, necessarily and eternally identical. That this enjoyment, if we care to analyze it, will be found akin to the æsthetic pleasure that we recognize so tangibly in painting and sculpture, and more intangibly in literature, music, and the

drama, is the circus performer's claim to be considered an artist.

All the circus-posters in the world to the contrary, there is little that is really new in any circus programme, and nothing whatever in the legitimate field of acrobatics, tumbling, riding, and aerial performance. The old man is at least half right who says, " If you've seen one circus you've seen all of 'em." What is new is mechanical, like the somersaulting automobile. The rings of the big American circus multiply the number of performers, but cannot increase the number of feats, and are in fact simply the natural result of having to provide entertainment for an audience too large to be seated around a single centre of interest. But as for what goes on, either in one ring or many, the beginnings of these special manifestations of physical activity are so humble, and so far back in human history, that the " original " feat of any modern performer is pretty sure to be a repetition of some other temporarily forgotten repetition of some altogether forgotten original. Here, therefore, is one of the first requirements of definite art — a long line of accumulated tradition. When the Lowande family, for example, surprise and hold an audience by the skill and daring of a series of acrobatic feats performed on a moving coach and the backs of the horses that draw it, they are simply repeating arenic history, with the coach as an innovation; they illustrate the one possible ambition of the circus artist, — to find a new way of accomplishing feats that have in themselves already been carried to the limit of human possibility.

Like art again, the circus is cosmopolitan, speaks a universal language, and cares not a whit for national politics. Its names are foreign, not for pictorial effect, but because its men and women are of all countries. The American circus performer preceded the American actor before European audiences. If his feats cannot be intrinsically new, there is a further analogy in that they vary in the " style " in which they are executed. There may be dash, daring, and vigor in the riding of an American bareback equestrian, and yet a lack of the distinctive elegance that marks the exponent of European training in arenic equestrianism. And this on examination may be traced to differences in tradition. Almost from the beginning the American rider has practiced on horseback, but the European rider must first of all have acquired the art of ballet-dancing. The difference is characteristic. The eye of a performer — not of all performers, but of the minority that here as elsewhere represents the higher altitudes of the profession — sees these distinctions and looks for " style " much more keenly than for the successful achievement of some startling dénouement.

They are by no means easy to know, these circus people, living as they do in a world of their own, into which the outsider is not too carelessly invited to penetrate. As M. Hugues Le Roux says of them in the most important study that has yet been made of the subject: "The Mountebank is too jealous of his freedom to talk openly to every one who approaches him. The same patience which travelers use in their relations with savages must be employed before one can hope for any intimacy with this people, who are still as much scattered, as varied, as strangely mixed, as vagabond, as their ancestors, the gipsies, who, guitar on back, hoop in hand, their black hair encircled with a copper diadem, traversed the Middle Ages, protected from the hatred of the lower classes and the cruelty of the great by the talisman of superstitious terror." Here, in a few words, is the genealogy of the circus; but the word " vagabond," as applied to modern conditions, hardly connotes the fact that many a circus performer, when not actually on the road, maintains a home for his family in some quiet community, where the life of the circus is temporarily forgotten in the luxury of being commonplace and domestic. Taken as a whole, however, so

unrestricted and wandering are their lives, in which the one thing stable the whole world over is the size of the ring in which they make their appearances, that what is said of any one country applies, broadly speaking, to any other. But without personal acquaintance it is impossible for us on this side of the water to understand what the performer means when he refers to himself as an artist, or to realize how fully there exists under the dome of the " big tent " a point of view by no means dissimilar to that of the other arts.

In using the term " other arts," and thus frankly admitting the circus performer to the great (and little) company of artists, I am by no means seeking the cheap triumph of establishing a paradox. If such inclusion be a paradox, it is already established by the position which the circus performer has attained in the larger European cities. There, in the winter circus that competes with the theatre, he is admittedly an artist, without quotation marks. At the Circus Schuman, Berlin, audiences have recalled the Banvards, an American troupe of aerialists, with an enthusiasm quite equal to that with which American audiences have recalled the famous singers in German opera. Nor is this inclusion altogether surprising, for art, in its broadest sense, is a far-reaching democracy. Combine the definitions and we shall see that it demands of its citizens only that they seek to express something of beauty, and seek to express it in all sincerity — on the other side of their natures let them be moral or immoral, humble or conceited, austere or extravagant, refined or uncultivated; there is room and to spare for Villon and Milton, Burns and Shakespeare, Mistress Nell Gwin and Sir Henry Irving. So long as they produce beauty in some one of its infinite manifestations, that is all that the term " artist " demands of them — no slight demand, mark you, for it means the sincere expression of what is best in the individual. And if some betray us with false coin, it is the inevitable result of conditions that make art, not only a form of religion, but the means of earning a livelihood.

It is in the visible expression of strength, grace, and vitality, that the artist of the circus holds himself at one with the painter and sculptor; but his art, like that of the actor, is necessarily alive and impermanent. Let the painter set on canvas his fixed presentment of lion, tiger, or leopard, the trainer, by his dangerous medium of whip and training-stick, will make the living animals exhibit endless graces of subtle line and lovely color. When he puts his head in the lion's mouth, believe me, he considers it nothing better than a concession to the groundlings — a mere vulgar, necessary pot-boiler. When he compels the great tawny thing to repeat the grace of a natural movement (the training of wild animals being always along the line of what they do naturally), and leap in a long, gracious curve across the arena to an unstable landing on a rolling sphere, he feels that he is doing something worthy of himself and his animals. Or, again, let the sculptor depict a flying Mercury; Mercury must at least have a point of arrival or departure. But for one brief moment the young woman of the circus, swinging through space from one trapeze to another, *is* the grace of the flying Mercury. To attain this moment of self-expression she has given as long and arduous an apprenticeship as the artist who works in clay, bronze, or marble. And her tradition, like his, is to do this thing naturally, easily, without apparent effort — in other words, to acquire that highest attribute of the mechanical side of art, the ability to conceal itself. Similar analogy the thoughtful artist of the circus can carry into practically every act on the programme, although he will hardly go so far as to tell you that the contortionist is an example of the decadence of Greek art as expressed in the Laocoön. And others, less acutely intelligent, will argue that their own art is superior to the stage, in that the actor is not an independent

artist but must depend on the playwright.

It is hardly surprising that this comparison, the art of the circus with the art of the stage, should have an objective interest to many circus performers, although, it need hardly be said, it has no interest whatever to the professional actor. It merely amuses the more intelligent people of the circus — those, in fact, who see clearly that there is no real basis for such comparison. Analogy can here go no further than the fact that stage and arena are both directly visible to an audience; the performer appears personally before it, and hears personally whatever applause may reward his efforts. Beyond this point the man or woman of the circus is doing one thing, and the man or woman of the stage something altogether different. The circus artist cannot be an interpreter; he creates no human character, tragic, comic, or melodramatic; and such creation is no more to be expected of him than that Forbes Robertson should illuminate the madness of Hamlet by turning somersaults. Nor do we expect in this performance of Hamlet the rhythmic — almost melodic — charm of motion that gives its own excuse of beauty to circus equestrianism.

The appeal to the mind, which is so large a factor in the highest expression of the artist in human emotion, is the least important factor in the work of the artist in human grace, strength, agility, or domination over brute force. The appeal to the emotions — our admiration of courage, our enjoyment of suspense, our interest in any struggle between opposing forces — that makes another vital element of the stage, is to be found in the circus, but it is so modified and reduced to first principles that it affords no real ground for comparison. Truth to tell we are deceived by the skill of a great actor into the belief that his fictitious danger is real, and by the skill of a great circus performer into the belief that his real danger is fictitious. It is the test of art in both cases. But the existence of the play, the presence of a specific tale to be told, completely separates the art of the stage from that of the arena, and so places our friend of the circus much more substantially in the company of those other artists whose professional pride is that they tell no " stories." What he does must reach his audience through the sense of vision; let it delight the majority as a " stunt," the few as yet another of the many varied expressions of beauty, and the initiated as an example of masterful technique. And so the art of the circus, even more perishable than that of the stage because it has no historians, actually invades for a fleeting moment the province of those arts which are considered most imperishable.

But an audience, taken as a whole, cares little enough for art, and makes no bones of preferring that which is boldly startling to that which is subtly difficult. It wants the end of the story. It so little appreciates the strain and nervous tension, felt by even a long experienced performer during the deeply concentrated effort of mind and body necessary to his act in the ring, that it fondly imagines the life is " easy," and the act not so very difficult after all, if one has the knack of it. The typical murmur of the artist that his best work is unrecognized and his worst applauded, is therefore no more characteristic of the studio than of the circus. I have known an elephant trainer whose soul mourned daily over the satisfaction of audiences in seeing an elephant made ridiculous.

So, too, the individual point of view of the performer toward his work is full of surprises. Rarely, if ever, is he worried over the things that the audience imagines make him uneasy — and never about his own equipment of nerve, muscle, and judgment. The bareback rider worries about his horse, for the slightest deviation from the animal's customary course and gait ruin a harmony between horse and rider upon which depends the success, and even the life, of the performer. The man on the trapeze is not at all disturbed

at being so high up in the air; the higher up he is the more security he feels that in case of accident he will have time enough instinctively to twist his body into the right position for falling into the net. What worries him most is the fear of some unsuspected weakness in his apparatus. The animal-trainer is more afraid of an accidental scratch from a good-natured but blood-poisoning claw than of any actual conflict with an angry animal; more than that, he has a real affection for his animals and dislikes the stern necessity of punishing them. The very clown is not so much pleased by the laughter of his audience as disturbed by the thought that it quite fails to appreciate the time and care he has expended in working out the details of his humorous contribution.

That the typical circus performer should be illiterate is a natural conclusion for those who believe that the beginning of all circus experience is a running away from school. Many of us perhaps argue from remembrance; we too have been tempted, but were too modest in our own conceit to take the irrevocable step of abandoning home and family. Something held us back, and that something proves that we have no genuine latent talent for the arena. To others the call has been more insistent, and many a circus artist dates his career from this precocious elopement with seductive adventure. But such would be few in number in the roll-call of an average circus, and to regard the performer as necessarily once a runaway boy is as absurd as to cultivate melancholy over the thought that the world's merchant marine is manned and officered at the expense of innumerable aged and abandoned parents. The circus, in fact, is too much a domestic institution to need this assault on other domestic circles. When a boy runs after it, it is not because the circus wants the boy but because the boy wants the circus. The institution recruits itself largely from its own family circles, and the very tendency of these families to have homes of their own during at least some part of the winter, supplies a legitimate connecting link between the ring and the world, — a door, indeed, by which many undoubtedly enter the calling in a most practical and unromantic spirit. The circus family returning to the tented field brings some of its neighbors with it, and thus begins another circus family. One does not need to be so very skillful to enter the primary stages of this remarkably varied occupation; to take the road with a small circus it is enough to be able to do a passable " turn " in the concert, or a very moderate kind of " stunt " in the side-show; and from this point (if one has youth, patience, and talent) any achievement is finally possible. Moreover, except in size, the small circus is not necessarily very inferior to the big one, for it often contains individual performers of equal ability.

But the true type of performer, the real artist of the arena, is born into the life, and honestly proud of his circus ancestry. By its very isolation from the rest of humanity, the circus has become domestic; its own convention is stoutly anchored to the institution of matrimony, and disinclined, with an almost aristocratic disinclination, to marry outside its traditional circle. The circus family — not that of the poster, the majority of whose members may or may not be consanguineous, but the genuine family group — may often trace its lineage through several generations of performers; and you will to-day find members of the same family in the rings of two continents. Among these people it is a commonplace to have an aunt who rides bareback, but it is equally possible, and extremely likely, that she also knows how to make her own dresses. The remarkable thing would be to have a relative who is n't somehow or other connected with the show business. Like any other successful worker — doctor, lawyer, college professor, financier, artist, editor, or what not — the circus performer is knit by habit and association into the fabric of his occupation; crit-

icise it he may on occasion, with all the harshness of an old acquaintance; respect it he must at bottom, and be by no means sorry when his children elect to continue the tradition that he may have inherited from his father's father.

As for the child, it sometimes happens that he reverses the usual order of things and runs away from the circus. His young life, at all events, must be passed away from it (which, in this country of public schools, casts an interesting sidelight on the supposed illiteracy of circus performers), for a circus on the road burdens itself with no such superfluities as useless children. Man and wife must each have something to do, in the ring or in some other capacity about the show, or they must separate during the season. If they do an act together, so much the better; and better yet if it is one in which they can include the children as they grow old enough. Thus the nucleus of the poster family is likely to consist of parents and children, and such is the tonic wholesomeness of this life of careful living, fresh air, and vigorous exercise, that they are, to all intents and purposes, all young together. The circus child, moreover, is born with a livelihood, and learns almost by instinct the fundamental feats of flexibility, strength, and agility that are the A B C of every arenic performance. The lowest type of performer teaches his children these rudiments as a matter of business; he means the children to become so many financial assets, and their education is likely to be confined as closely as possible to the arena. But, even so, the wandering life of the profession is itself a university; he whom we regard from the audience as probably illiterate may have a conversational knowledge of several languages.

To the higher type of performer, he who regards his work most seriously, and realizes also that it outlaws him from the life of that great majority of " other people," the instruction of his children is a matter of precaution, taking the hour when it is ripe to provide a sound foundation for future bodily agility. The parent in this case recognizes his other responsibilities; the boy or girl is sent away to be educated, and there is no compulsion, save the call of the blood, to force a return to the circus. Yet the chances are that the child will follow in the paternal and maternal footsteps.

About this nomadic existence there is unquestionably a potent fascination, no more potent perhaps than that which holds the business man to his office-chair when friends, family, and the physician beg him to be off and enjoy himself, but to the world at large much more readily explainable. The performer, we say, lives by applause and cannot get on without it. But we forget that, in the three-ring circus, no one performer can be certain that the applause is his own instead of his neighbor's, in which case his satisfaction must obviously supply a new quality to be reckoned with by students of human nature. The canvas man, equally wedded to the circus, gets no applause whatever. Applause is only a partial explanation; a fuller one is that the circus artist lives in a state of freedom to which his own nature, however varied may be its other manifestations, is peculiarly suited. " It is a free life " — such is the current phrase in which many a performer, and many a canvas man, expresses the call of the circus

And yet, from the point of view of the man in the office-chair, they deceive themselves heartily, for this " free life " consists of most unremitting discipline, both of the individual over himself and the circus over the individual. Seen from outside, it is the freedom of leisure and the emancipation of morals — a brief period of work each day and a long period of irresponsible idleness. The circus inherits the prejudice that the world has originally held toward all its entertainers, and that still makes the wandering painter a suspicious character in the gossip of small communities. But the boy who longs to become a part of this nomad life sees more clearly than his elders. What attracts him is the ability of these won-

derful people to perform feats; he envies the strong man his muscles, the animal-trainer his courage, the rider his horsemanship, the acrobat his agility, the clown his humor. And these things — even in the case of the clown, who is also an acrobat — do not comport with riotous living. The circus, to be sure, has its "booze-fighters," as the term is; incredible things have been done on the flying trapeze by men who were actually intoxicated when they climbed the swaying rope-ladder — but such are the exceptions to a rule of rigid training, and, in a way, almost monastic living. The exigencies of the life forbid dissipation, as a mere matter of self-preservation, and in the circus artist who has attained distinction the temperate life has usually acquired the tenacity of a confirmed habit. As the trainer of wild animals is usually a kind-hearted individual with a philosophical toleration for the inherent strain of treachery in the beast-nature, so the typical first-class performer is usually a decent enough fellow himself, with a philosophical toleration of vice in others.

Hence it follows that no young woman is more carefully chaperoned than the girl of the circus. A circus mother is often honestly scandalized at the latitude which mothers outside the circus allow their daughters. And this chaperonage is by no means confined to those circus families whose instinctive morality is fully as high as the instinctive morality that creates social respectability the world over, in or out of circuses. The purely mercenary desire to keep together the several performers in a family act, tends to extreme watchfulness over the members lest sex-attraction should draw them into other affiliations. The management itself is zealously watchful, divides its employees into married and unmarried, and keeps the sexes carefully separated except where matrimony has joined them together and man or management may not put asunder. If this matrimony is fictitious, it must at least last out the season; and that this sometimes happens may be fairly conceded, to appease the popular notion that all circus people are disreputable. But genealogies, although even the best of them have their black sheep, cannot be founded on fictitious marriages, and the aristocracy of the circus is singularly free from either the convenience of divorce, or the irresponsibility of race-suicide. Said a young trapeze performer in a confidential moment, "Real circus families are like that Four Hundred you read about, only it ain't so easy to break into one of 'em." Which was meant as a deserved compliment to the circus, but is merely an undeserved tribute to the "Four Hundred."

Space forbids that one should begin quoting from the long list of rules and regulations that the management of a big circus imposes upon its employees. Let us take a simple example — the mere fact that a performer who should be caught flirting with a ballet girl (or any female member of the circus) would be fined for the first offense, and discharged if his attentions continued. A like fate would befall the performer if he were discovered making clandestine acquaintance with any woman not connected with the circus; and the same rule, the other way round, applies to the ballet girl. All told there are some thirty or forty rules governing the performer's conduct. His costume must be spotless, and his speech decent and without profanity — perhaps for this very reason many a circus performer is startlingly profane and Rabelaisian in private conversation. But so is many a college boy, and in both cases the profanity is curbed, and Rabelais scuttles out of sight, in the presence of women. The stains of the circus are the stains of human nature; the fortunately exceptional cases where man is brutal and debased exist in every occupation, and no single occupation can be held responsible. It is so with the stage, but perhaps even more so with the circus, for here the occupation demands an almost universal condition of perfect physical training.

Yet it is not so very long since British law classed all actors together as "rogues and vagabonds." Respectability drew aside its skirts — all who made a livelihood by acting were, as the saying is, tarred with the same stick, and therefore none could be humanly domestic or attain to the commonplace, but desirable, respectability of " other people." It may be questioned whether the modern respectability of acting, as a profession, has actually improved the art of the individual actor; at all events it has opened the door to many whose vocation for the stage would hardly have been strong enough to overcome the earlier condition. In the general estimation, the circus today holds in this country a position not unlike that of the stage in England more than a century ago — although it has no Garrick to dignify it; but in Europe the circus artist has visibly emerged into middle-class respectability. And for much the same reason. His work, which had long seemed the idle amusement of an idle hour, has attained the dignity of something that appeals to a higher instinct than mere curiosity. His character, which had long seemed coarse and immoral as a natural result of his roving existence, has been found on closer acquaintance to compare favorably with that of the workers in any other sphere of human activity.

OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE AND ECONOMIC WASTE

BY C-E. A. WINSLOW

Experience teaches most effectively when it comes in vivid and dramatic form. The loss of 350 lives in coal-mine accidents a year ago, in a period of three weeks, was so startling as to awaken the public conscience. Many, who never gave the matter thought before, know to-day that our annual tribute to carelessness in mining is 2000 lives a year. The stain which rests upon the operation of our railroads is recognized as blacker still; for the annual toll paid on train and track amounts to 10,000 lives. Most of this slaughter is preventable, — is prevented, by other nations. It was no overzealous reformer, but the Governor of the State of New York, who recently said, " The shocking number of preventable casualties in our industrial employments, . . . in the light of comparative statistics, constitutes a disgrace to the country." These are signs of an awakening. The day is coming when we shall no longer remain " the scandal of the elder earth " in our indifference to the waste of human life.

It is important to realize, however, that there are other dangers of industrial life, less obvious than exploding firedamp or colliding locomotives, but even more sinister in their end results. These are the occupational diseases. When a mine explosion occurs, it is telegraphed over half the world. When, here and there, hundreds and thousands of workers grow pale and listless, and one by one drop out, and pass from the factory to the hospital, the tragedy is unnoted. Yet, year by year, disease causes ten times as many deaths as accidents.

Let us take tuberculosis as an example. In many discussions of this much discussed disease its relation to industry is scarcely mentioned. Yet a study of vital statistics shows that its prevalence is correlated with occupation to a significant degree. Among the stone-cutters at Barre, Vermont, and at Quincy, Mass-

achusetts, the death-rate from tuberculosis is double that of workers at other trades; and the cutlers at Northampton, Massachusetts, die from tuberculosis at four times the normal rate. Statistics give a pale and meagre picture of what this means. The following letter, written five years ago by a physician in a New England town, is more vivid than pages of figures: —

"I have been in practice in East Douglas since 1863, with the exception of some thirteen years following 1872. I have seen quite a number of cases of so-called grinders' consumption. I have examined one case *post mortem*. I found the smaller bronchial tubes thoroughly filled with the grindstone grit; the lung in the lower part looked and felt like the liver after cooking. The symptoms are excessive dyspnœa on slight exertion, dry cough, and great prostration. The grinders are from the Polanders and Finns for the past dozen years. The disease takes hold of them more frequently, and is more rapidly fatal than among the grinders of former years and of other nationalities. When I came here forty years ago, I found the victims among the Yankees who had ground some twenty years before. Those would grind eighteen or twenty years before having to give up work. The French Canadians were then grinding. They could work twelve to sixteen years. They became frightened off, and the Swedes took up the work. They would get the disease in eight or ten years. Now the Finns and Polanders are at it, and they last only three to five years, and the disease is more common among them."

The normal, healthy body has its "fighting edge;" and, if given a fair chance, is able to protect itself against such foes as the tubercle germ. The successful cure, even of advanced consumption, by fresh air and good food, exercise, and rest, shows how well the healing force of nature plays its part. In the East Douglas axe factory these defensive agents had no chance. The delicate lung-tissue in which bacilli and body-cells were contending, was lacerated by sharp particles of steel, and aid and comfort were thus given to the invaders, rather than to the defending garrison. Metallic dust, which forms a scarcely perceptible cloud in the air, threatens sickness and death, by injuring the lung-tissue and favoring consumption, as surely as the unguarded railroad track invites damage to life and limb.

The injury to the lungs, and the consequent high death-rate from consumption, are most marked in industries which are associated with the production of sharp particles of mineral or metallic nature. Cutlery and stone-cutting, pottery- and earthenware-making, file-cutting, glass-making, horn- and celluloid-working, pearl-button-making, emery- and corundum-working, are examples of this sort; and they show tuberculosis death-rates from two to four times as high as the normal. Other dusts of non-metallic kinds are less injurious, but are serious enough. Among the felt-hat-makers of Orange, New Jersey, the pointed shreds of hair produce sufficient damage to double the amount of consumption that would occur under normal conditions. Shoddy-makers, rope-makers, rag-pickers, brush-makers, cigar-makers, workers in some parts of the cotton and woolen industries and of paper-making, carpet-makers, flax- and hemp-pickers and carders, operatives in horse-hair factories, and many more, suffer in varying degrees.

Even where there is no special dust, the ordinary vitiation of air must be reckoned with, as contributing its share to occupational disease. In the large cities of the East thousands of men and women work at cigar-making, in small and large establishments. Some are in excellent sanitary condition; others are very bad; and the Cigar-makers' Union, though a strong and intelligent labor organization, does little to improve them. In the summer, if the air be not too dry, windows may be opened and natural ventilation secured; but tobacco must be kept moist

in order to mould cigars efficiently, and if the outer air be dry, open windows are not permissible.

I visited, one afternoon in November, a hand-room in which 50 men were exhaling impurities, and eighteen gas-jets vitiating the air, in a space of less than 12,000 cubic feet. The temperature was 72 degrees, the relative humidity 78 degrees of saturation, and the air contained 35 parts of carbon dioxide per 100,000, ten times the value for good air. To the bad effect of such an abominable atmosphere was added the noxious irritation of the fumes of dry tobacco. The spitting habit is common in cigar factories; and, as the Massachusetts State Board of Health in a recent report points out, this " is particularly to be deprecated, in view of the fact that in the processes of manufacture considerable tobacco falls to the floor, and these fragments, if not gathered up and used on the premises, are very commonly swept up with all the dirt, dried sputum, and other matter, and sold as fillings for cheap cigars." It is not surprising that the Association for the Prevention and Control of Tuberculosis reports the tuberculosis death-rate among cigar-makers as 4.8 per 1000, — about twice the normal figure. I was once told by a cigar-maker that he could always recognize his fellow craftsmen by the " cough."

The actual amount of damage wrought by occupational disease is not known with any certainty. Vital statistics in the United States are deplorably faulty. There is no state or city in the Union which publishes accurate records of the death-rates in various industries from particular causes. Many records of death give no information as to occupation, and what information is given is often incomplete. It is possible, however, to make approximate estimates of the economic cost of dust and bad ventilation by a study of the ratio between the deaths from tuberculosis and those from all other causes. If, among grinders in a certain town, for example, the ratio of tuberculosis deaths to total deaths is twice or thrice that which obtains for the general adult population, it is fair to assume that the actual tuberculosis death-rate is at least twice or thrice the normal.

We know that ten out of every thousand adult persons in the United States die every year from all causes; and of these ten deaths, two or three are due to tuberculosis. Among grinders and cutlers and stone-cutters, the ratio of tuberculosis deaths rises from one-quarter to three-quarters of the deaths from all causes. Therefore it is fair to assume that at least five in every thousand workers at these industries die every year from tuberculosis as the direct result of their occupation.

The same line of reasoning enables us to gauge the economic waste in the larger industries, where the danger to the individual is less, but the number of individuals exposed to risk is vastly greater. I had occasion, a few years ago, to make a careful study of the statistics of operatives in the textile city of Fall River, Massachusetts. I found the ratio of tuberculosis deaths to total deaths, among all classes of operatives, to be 33 per cent, instead of 23 per cent for the corresponding general population. In certain branches of the industry it is less; among spinners and card-room hands, it is more. The records of a leading insurance company, to which I have recently had access, have confirmed my conclusion that the ratio of tuberculosis deaths to total deaths among textile workers of New England is fairly represented by that figure, 33 per cent. If that be the case, it implies that three or four of every thousand of these textile workers die of tuberculosis every year, against two or three of the population as a whole. The over-hot and over-moist and badly ventilated rooms of the cotton and woolen mills cost one life a year for every thousand operatives employed.

The textile industry does not stand alone. In the report on the sanitary condition of factories and workshops made

by the Massachusetts State Board of Health in 1907, is the following comment upon the boot and shoe industry: —

"In the majority of factories visited, the ventilation was found to be poor, and in many of them distinctly bad. Of the rooms not especially dusty, 102 were badly ventilated and 26 were overcrowded. In the rooms in which large amounts of dust are evolved, the number of machines with means for efficient or fairly efficient removal of dust was found to be 1630; the number either inefficiently equipped or devoid of equipment was 2769.

" Of 84 of the many dusty rooms reported, 40 were also overcrowded, 35 were dark, 21 were overheated, and 18 were overcrowded, dark, and overheated. In more than one-third of the factories visited, the conditions of water-closets were not commendable; most of them were dark and dirty to very dirty. In 50 establishments no spitting was noticed, in 173 there was some, in 115 considerable, and in 35 much."

Translate these bald facts into the experience of the individual worker. Figure him passing from the dark, overcrowded, overheated workroom into the chill night air of winter, with his throat and lungs filled with rasping dust. Imagine the facility with which the tubercle germs enter those lungs and grow in them and rot them away. Picture the infection of the wife and child which is so apt to follow.

The death-roll from occupational tuberculosis accounts, of course, for only a portion of the total industrial disease. Various of the lesser industries are subject to their own peculiar disorders. Specific poisonings supplement the general effect of poor ventilation and unsanitary conditions. Workers in lead, and those who make use of the metal in file-making, plumbing, painting, pottery, glass-making, and type-setting, assimilate minute quantities of this poisonous substance, which gradually accumulates in the body until serious results ensue. Painters' colic and wrist-drop are among the early symptoms; serious nervous derangements follow, and death may be the final result. Workers in mercury and in arsenic, handlers of bichromate, and operatives who deal with other poisonous substances, suffer in definite and specific ways.

In some trades it is noxious fumes which threaten the worker instead of metallic poisons. Carbon bisulphide and naphtha, as used in certain processes for treating india-rubber and gutta-percha, produce serious disorders of the nerves and the digestive system. A joint committee of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs and the Women's Educational and Industrial Union made, in 1904, a study of the conditions under which women were working in the rubber factories of New England. Their agent reported that most of the women handled compounds containing oxide of lead, many eating their lunch at the same work-bench, and some habitually putting the material in their mouths. Fumes of naphtha pervaded the air of most of the rooms. The women who made light rubber goods inhaled also a fine talc dust. Finally, in making rubber shoes the forms were pressed against the pit of the stomach in such a fashion as to produce serious internal derangements. The prevalence of anæmia, dyspepsia, and acute hysteria among rubber-workers was found to be a familiar fact to physicians who had come in contact with them.

It is unnecessary to dwell further on the dark side of this picture. Industrial disease exists. The important practical point is that its continuance is needless. All this waste of life and health is preventable. Dust in certain industries can be reduced to a minimum by substituting moist for dry processes. In others, it can be drawn off by special ventilation through hoods placed over the machines which produce it. In extreme cases, where these measures fail, the individual may be protected by the wearing of respirators designed for the purpose; and this should

not be left to the whim of ignorant operatives, but enforced by the employer and the State. Fresh air can be supplied to any workroom, and its temperature and moisture adjusted so that the industry in question may be carried on without undue damage to the workers. Against lead-poisoning, and naphtha fumes, and every other industrial danger, there are remedies which may be practically and efficiently applied.

It is no matter of theory that sanitary factories are possible. In the Massachusetts examination of industrial establishments, to which reference has been made, satisfactory conditions were found in certain factories in almost every industry. England and Germany, where these problems are older, and hence nearer to solution, teach us that factory sanitation is an attainable ideal.

Good factories cannot of course be had for nothing. Pure water costs, clean milk costs, and so does good air. Yet in each of these cases the investment yields ample returns. The worker in a ventilated factory gains in health and vigor and happiness, as well as in prolonged life. The employer gains, too, and not merely in moral satisfaction. I have heard of a rubber factory which was forced to close on half a dozen hot days in summer, because the women workers were fainting right and left; but this is poor policy. Human machines of low vitality mean a poor product. The increased efficiency obtained with healthy workers pays back in dollars and cents more than the outlay for fans and ventilators. Finally, the community gains, — in productive capacity and in physical soundness, for the present and the future. In the 1900 census the capital invested in cotton manufactures was estimated at $460,000,000. The annual payment in wages, corresponding, was $85,000,000. At 3½ per cent, this would represent a capital of more than $2,400,000,000. The investment of "Life Capital" is then by far the largest investment in the cotton industry, and in most other industries as well. If this capital is being squandered needlessly it behooves us to check the waste.

The community, the employer, and the employee are alike concerned in the betterment of factory conditions. All three must play their part if progress is to be assured. The State must be equipped with an efficient force of experts to discover where existing evils lie, and how they may be remedied. A few progressive states have advanced along this path already. In Massachusetts, a corps of fifteen medical inspectors was created for the task of factory inspection in 1907. A year ago a sanitary expert of high grade was added to the factory-inspection department in New York. The ideal board, with both medical and engineering knowledge at its disposal, is, however, yet to be created in most states.

The State cannot do everything. In this as in other reforms, it can, and should, furnish the best expert knowledge of evils and of remedies. If can, and should, establish a minimum of sanitary decency, and compel the reformation of the worst conditions. Beyond this, progress must come from private initiative. State inspectors can modify the worst conditions; only manufacturers can improve the best. A score or more of large establishments could be mentioned in which this opportunity has been generously realized. Far-sighted employers of labor have made it a point to go beyond law and custom, and have vied with each other in reforms which seem almost Utopian. Light and ventilation, the removal of dust and gases, guarding of machinery, provision of wash-rooms and locker-rooms with sanitary plumbing, establishment of lunch-rooms and emergency-rooms, are among the features of such model factories. More purely social enterprises, recreation-halls, classes for apprentices, dwellings for the workers, and insurance systems, supplement the direct physical provisions of "welfare work." The important point about it all is that the employers who have tried this policy find that it pays. According to "American

Industries," in one notable case in which new ventilation was introduced, " the cost of installation was six thousand dollars, but the reduction thereafter of the percentage of absences because of illness was so great that the employer was compensated for the outlay." Care of the living machine pays, — in the enthusiasm, the coöperation, the soundness of body, the efficiency of hand and eye, and the alertness of mind, which make a better workman.

Finally, a large share of responsibility for factory conditions must rest upon the worker himself. He alone is always on the spot. He alone knows, or ought to know, what actual conditions are. Unorganized, he may not be able to make his legitimate needs felt. With the growth of organization and the general recognition of the right to organize, the labor unions have a growing responsibility for industrial conditions. They have done much that is important in improving the lives of their members by shorter hours and higher wages. They have as yet done little in the intelligent reform of factory conditions in regard to sanitation. They have almost wholly failed to grasp the magnificent opportunity, which should be theirs, of bringing to the individual worker that knowledge of sanitary science which will enable him, in the factory and out of it, to maintain a maximum of health and efficiency.

The betterment of factory conditions is a cause which should enlist the publicist, the employer, and the labor unionist, in a zealous and intelligent coöperation. Sanitary work-rooms injure none, and benefit all. Ignorance of the dangers which exist, and of their simple remedies, is what stands in the way of progress. As with so many evils, it is not a case for denunciation, but for education. It is not grasping selfishness of the capitalist which is generally responsible for bad conditions. Nor is it willful carelessness of the workers. It is lack of knowledge on both sides. As knowledge of the real conditions grows, the waste of life-capital through occupational disease will cease. What are we doing as a nation to spread that knowledge? A year's budget of the United States Navy amounts to more than a hundred million dollars. The combined expenditure of all the States of the Union for the campaign against occupational disease amounts to perhaps a tenth of one per cent as much. We know that ill-ventilated factories will cost the lives of many thousand workers in 1909 and 1910. Is the danger of war more imminent?

THE TREES

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

I

Now, in the thousandth year,
When April 's near,
Now comes it that the great ones of the earth
Take all their mirth
Away with them, far off, to orchard-places, —
Nor they nor Solomon arrayed like these, —
To sun themselves at ease;
To breathe of wind-swept spaces;
To see some miracle of leafy graces; —
To catch the out-flowing rapture of the trees.
Considering the lilies.
— Yes. And when
Shall they consider Men?

(*O showering May-clad tree,*
Bear yet awhile with me.)

II

For now at last, they have beheld the trees.
Lo, even these! —
The men of sounding laughter and low fears;
The women of light laughter, and no tears;
The great ones of the town.
And those, of most renown,
That once sold doves, — now grown so penny-wise
To bargain with forlorner merchandise, —
They buy and sell, they buy and sell again,
The life-long toil of men.
Worn with their market strife to dispossess
The blind, — the fatherless,
They too go forth, to breathe of budding trees,
And woods with beckoning wonders new unfurled.
Yes, even these:

The money-changers and the Pharisees;
The rulers of the darkness of this world.

(*O choiring Summer tree,*
Bear yet awhile with me.)

III

For now, behold their heart's desire is thrall
To simpleness. — O new delight, unguessed,
In very rest!
And precious beyond all,
A garden-place; a garden with a wall!
To the green earth! All bountiful to bless
Hearts sickening with excess.
To the green earth, whose blithe replenishments
Shall fresh the jaded sense!
To the green earth the dust-corrupted soul
Returns, to be made whole.
For now it comes indeed,
They will go forth, all they, to see a reed
So shaken by the wind.
Men are no longer blind
To aught, save human kind.

(*O mellowing August tree,*
Bear yet awhile with me.)

IV

The wonder this. For some there are no trees;
Or in the trees no beauty and no mirth: —
Those dullest millions, pent
In life-long banishment
From all the gifts and creatures of the earth,
Shut in the inner darkness of the town;
Those blighted things you see,
But the Sun sees not at its going down:
Warped outcasts of some human forestry;
Blind victims of the blind,
Wreckt ones, and dark of mind,
With the poor fruit, after their piteous kind.

And if you take some Old One to the fields,
To see what Nature yields
With fullest hands to men already free,
It well may be,
As on some indecipherable book
The Guest will look,
With eyes too old, — too old, too dim to see;
Too old, too old to learn;
Or to discern
(Before it slips away)
The joy of such a late half-holiday.
Proffer those starved eyes your belated cup:
They look not up.
Too late, too late, for any sky to do
Brief kindness with its blue.

And what behold they, then?
In the shamed moment, when
Old eyes bow down again?

Down in the night and blackness of the heart,
The drowned things start.
And he recks nothing of the meadow air,
Because of what is There.
Lost things of hope and sorrow without tongue:
The human lilies, sprung
Out of the ooze, and trodden,
Even as they breathed and clung!
Lost lilies, bruised and sodden;
Lost faces, gleaming there,
Where misery blasphemes the sacred young.
Mute outcry, most, of those
Small suffering hands defrauded of their rose;
Faces the daylight shuns;
Ruinous faces of the little ones, —
Pale witness, unaware.
Starved lips, and withering blood —
O broken in the bud! —
Blank eyes, and blighted hair.

(*O golden, golden tree!*
Bear yet awhile with me.)

So is it, haply, when
Dull eyes look up, and then
Dull eyes look down again.
Waste no vain holiday on such as these;
For them there is no joy in blossomed trees.

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For them there is no joy in blossomed trees.
And with what eye-shut ease
We leave them, at the last, for company,
The Tree,
Whose two stark boughs no springtime yet unfurled,
Ever, since time began;
Nor bloom so strange to see:
Behold, the Man,
With His two arms outstretched to fold the World.

THE REVENGE OF CHANTICLEER

BY ERNEST DIMNET

One fine Sunday of last November, I happened to be, toward the end of the afternoon, in one of the quiet little streets just off the Luxembourg Garden. It being Sunday afternoon, I strolled along without any definite purpose, and with no more definite thought than that I was wandering through an extremely familiar locality. The streets were perfectly empty — not even one of the American students, who generally swarm in that quarter, breaking the provincial stillness of the place with his stride — and I only met a couple of lazy-looking *fiacres*. The day had been very fine, succeeding a rainy week, and the people had sought the country or the more lively scenes " on the other side of the water."

As I emerged from one of the byways into the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and, turning mechanically to the west, as I had done millions of times in years not so long past, bent my course towards a thoroughfare with *omnibus* and cars, I was suddenly confronted by a broad strip of clean-washed amber sky, and my mood changed at once. The sunset, with its strange succession of disquieting and soothing phases, is wasted on the man who just turns the light on when the room begins to sadden; but place the same man face to face with the swift changing presences in the evening west, he will no more resist their weird power than the little birds in the eaves. In a few moments I found myself within the precincts of the old college where I dreamed away eight or ten of the happiest years of my life, with a passionate longing to see the garden once more before the light wasted.

The streets outside were quiet, but the college might have been enchanted. Not a soul in court or cloister, not a sound from the rambling white buildings. The garden looked more spellbound than the rest, with a trim Sunday look about it; not a leaf on the lawns; the glossy shrubs prim and decorous; only, over the aerial tracery of branches and bows, the daffodil drapery already fading into turquoise. There was in the atmosphere a strange quality which seemed to remove the objects beyond their natural distances, and yet imparted an exceptional neatness to their contour. I went round once or twice without meeting anything alive, except a tomtit — a rare visitor in a Parisian garden — madly twittering as he tried and tried to finish the round of a tree. On the other side of a low ivy wall the *pavillon* stood by itself in its courtyard, a noble piece of truly French architecture. There I had had my rooms for all those years, and it was difficult to realize that it was my home no more. I waited a while outside, watching the wild tomtit at his play, and then quite naturally passed into the yard and walked upstairs. The man who had taken the rooms after me was an old friend — one of those old friends one never sees, but one is always glad to meet. I did not expect that he would be in, and I gave the sharp knock one gives preparatory to going away at once. To my astonishment a voice was heard inside and I pushed the door open.

" Halloa! " said I, " what are you doing here on a Sunday afternoon? I'll bet you wanted no visitors. There was something in your ' *Entrez* ' which meant ' Who are you? ' more plainly than any words."

" Sit down," was the reply. " I am delighted to see you."

My friend can be described as a

brusque, kind-hearted fellow, with occasional fits of reverie never even bordering on taciturnity, and I was surprised at his manner.

"For a man who is delighted to see another you really . . . But don't be afraid. I just wanted to see the old rooms again. I have no time for the cross hermit to whom I so kindly made them over. May I just look at the 'three houses' once more?"

He opened the window and I stepped out on to the leads where the old breezy air welcomed me. I looked around. The familiar outlines stood out unchanged against the deep blue sky. There was Quinet's house, on the other side of the garden, and Sainte-Beuve's homely dwelling, and, timorously retreating into the dark background of a deserted convent-garden, the glum crazy mansion where Victor Hugo first took his bride.

Between the street and the collegiate buildings there was the old jumble of studios, improbable little inns, and nondescript one-storied houses round the open space where the farm-house, the wonderful forgotten farm-house, was dozing as usual between its sheds and barn; and, just beneath me, the little garden and tiny cottage, just as it used to be, perhaps a shade more exquisitely tidy.

"They are out as usual on Sunday afternoons," I said from the roof to my friend, "how are they?"

"If you took as much interest as all that in those people you might have looked in before and not waited two years," he replied. "It amused you to look down every now and then and say a word or two, because the woman was pretty, but don't pretend you really cared a straw for those workers. They moved out long ago."

"Moved out long ago! . . . Where are they gone, I wonder? . . . But who lives there now?"

"Nobody lives there," Chevallier replied in a decidedly gruff tone. After a while, he added almost as if he spoke to himself, "They only die."

"What on earth is the matter?" I said, rather impatiently, "can't you be a little sociable and explicit?"

"Oh! there's nothing the matter, nothing whatever. It 's only because God, as usual, has to obey the devil in this world, and life is a ridiculous farce, and men are fools and murderers, thinking themselves very wise and highly civilized all the time. Oh! just sit down; you deserve to hear the story."

He shut the window, pulled the curtains, and switched on every light in the room.

"Why not wait till it is quite dark?" I said, "it is a pity to miss the twilight on such a day as this."

"Nonsense," Chevallier replied, fumbling at some shelves and taking down an armful of volumes.

I noticed that a bookcase in a corner had been emptied of its contents, and the books lay in a great heap as if they waited to be packed up.

"Your people," Chevallier returned, "moved off a few months after I had taken possession. I was not sorry. Every time I appeared on the roof the woman would pop out of the hut and try to speak to me. I did n't want to be so very neighborly."

"I have no doubt that she was perfectly all right," I interposed. "If you lived at the bottom of a well like that you would probably be only too glad to see a human face — were it the very image of yours — appear on high from time to time."

"Oh! leave the woman alone. I only said that she was pretty and invariably spied me out. When they were gone, the stillness was so deep down in the yard that I thought the poor little lodgings were deserted forever, and I grieved sometimes, thinking that the two lilac trees would bloom a short springtide in the tiny garden, and no poor people be happier for it. But it was winter still and the lilacs were a far-away hope. Toward the Carnival I fancied I heard occasional noises rise up from the garden, and one morning I was suddenly roused by

a sound which I know I must have heard several times before, but of which I had been only vaguely conscious. It was the lusty cackling of a hen which, I don't know why, I immediately imagined as one of those honest homely hens you see in distant districts still innocent of imported fowls, and so like stout Normand *paysannes* in full gray petticoats with a dash of red somewhere. Whatever her appearance, she was a talkative old hen. One generally imagines that hens only cackle over their new-laid egg. One will always imagine the wrong thing. Hens talk all day, sometimes in a subdued tone as if they were only remarking on little things, sometimes in a frightened or indignant chatter, and they keep up a great cackling for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour three or four times a day, especially when they hear bells. It amused me to gather all these particulars about gallinaceous habits, and there was something delightful in hearing only the plainest country noises and forgetting that the stone waves of the Parisian streets rolled for miles around.

"Who had brought the hen into the little garden, and who looked after her, I had no idea. No sound helped me to guess, and I liked the admixture of anonymousness and familiarity in my feathered neighbor. However, happening one Sunday to return here immediately after lunch, instead of paying my Sunday calls, I was surprised to hear the voices of two children in the little garden. They had the exquisite ring habitual with Paris-born children, — no matter who the parents are, — and I began to speculate about them, wondering whether they lived in the cottage and, if so, how I had never heard them, when they suddenly broke into a song of their own which told me all I wanted to know.

"'Dans le jardin de grand'mère,
Dans le jardin de grand'mère,'

they repeated in a sweet monotone which had more poetry in it than many a prize poem I had read.

"So there was a grandmother, who had come along with the hen. Once, when the two little voices rose to a rather high pitch, somebody said from the cottage, 'Finissez! Granny does not like noise;' a woman's voice.

"Toward four o'clock I heard the same voice bidding somebody good-by, and from the silence which immediately set in, I inferred that the old woman had been left alone and that the children and their mother lived elsewhere. Only the hen went on a little while, and suddenly, almost angrily, as if she had been chased and protested against the indignity. I opened the window, and for the first time since the winter months I stole on to the roof. An old woman was in the garden, and, as I expected, she was trying to drive the reluctant hen — gray and round as I had fancied her — into a sheltered recess where a few fagots and boxes were heaped up. She was a country woman, probably a Southerner, — if one was to judge from her headdress, — tall and thin, with a general stiffness in her demeanor and a permanently frightened expression on her face. She suddenly saw me, and we both retreated as if by one impulse into our respective lodgings. I felt sure I had given the poor old thing a turn.

"I saw her another time, several weeks later, on Easter-eve. I had little dreamed that the Easter Bells, the dear Easter Bells of my childhood, would remind me of their aerial journey to and from Rome in any connection with the old woman's backyard. But they did; and while I was packing up for the vacation I was delighted to hear the two children's overjoyed outbursts at each fresh discovery of a bright egg in the parsley or in the box border. There was a red one, and there was a blue one, and there were three more red ones. I could not resist the wish to see the happy boy and girl, and I got on to the roof just in time to hear them suggest that the blue eggs should be given to the gray hen (which they called *la Grise*) to hatch, as the chicks were sure to be the same

color as the eggs. They were dear little children in plain white pinafores. The grandmother replied that no doubt this was a very feasible thing, but the safest might be to eat the blue eggs rather than wait a few weeks for wonderful chickens. She spoke with a southern accent, in a quick whisper well in keeping with her sad, timid face. Just as she spoke, the boy noticed and mentioned my presence, and the grandmother looked up with a faint smile which I was stupid enough to return awkwardly, falling back at once towards the window as if I had been caught eavesdropping. That was my only interview with a woman who was probably worth a dozen of such as you and I."

Chevallier was telling all these trivial details with an earnestness and an animation very unusual with him, and I wondered at his tone.

"About a month after my return from the country," he went on, "the chicks really came. I was apprised of their advent by a special song which the boy dedicated to them. There were six of them, the childish rhyme said, and they were all yellow. I would certainly have tried to see them but for the presence of a man, evidently the children's father, whose voice frightened me. He had the clear, the over-clear intonation you hear everywhere between Marseilles and Bordeaux, and spoke incessantly on a variety of subjects, but mostly on suburban politics, which he viewed from the most radical socialist standpoint. I did not miss one syllable of what he said, and in half an hour's time I could have described him and his dark sunburnt face of an Aveyronese navvy, as accurately as if I had known him for years. He was not a bad fellow, and his love for the poor old mother whom his speeches terrified expressed itself roughly every now and then through his political bombast, — but I hate a race of men who will seem drunk when they are sober.

"I was glad to think that the man was too busy ranting in the Belleville wine-shops, of a Sunday afternoon, to come and disturb us with his saltpetre eloquence In fact, I never heard him again, and every time I noticed the children's presence, which was seldom, as I always went to Orléans for the week-end, they were with their mother. The summer, as you remember, was beautiful, and I enjoyed it as much sitting on a bench in the college garden or in the Luxembourg as if I had been in a Swiss valley. My rooms were beautifully cool in the morning. I did more work in those four months than in all the rest of the year."

"And what about the chickens?" I asked.

"I suppose they grew up and throve," Chevallier answered. "I never saw them, but I noticed for the first time in my life that their clucking was exactly like the melancholy piping of church rooks when they wheel round a steeple; and if you had been brought up, as I was, in a cathedral town, you would know that it means a great deal. I loved those chickens until I had to curse them."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll soon know. I went home, as usual, for the long vacation, and particularly enjoyed the two months' spell of deep quiet and half-slumbering rest. I know that I have not many of these peaceful periods in store, and the lurid glare and the bustle of Paris hurt me when I issued from the station the evening before resuming duty here. I reached the college about ten, found my rooms tidy, airy, cool, and quiet as ever, and after unpacking my things and putting away my portmanteau, and effacing all traces of recent arrival, which I detest, I sat down and thought. What did I think about? Nothing in particular. I only felt conscious that years go quickly by, that Paris eats one's life up fast, and that I had been very happy in the country. Just as the church bells chimed, preparatory to striking twelve, I was aroused by a clear, deep, all-awakening cock-crow, so near and singing that the bird might have

been roosting outside the window. For one moment two other clarions joined in, and the three chanticleers kept up a wonderful chorus till another crowing, lower-pitched, echoed somewhere in the direction of the Luxembourg. They went on for several minutes, filling the quiet night with that strange mysterious harmony which Shakespeare alone has really expressed. There certainly is a tuning between the nightly cock's notes and some deep chords in the human soul. Long after the birds had gone to sleep again I went on listening. 'Oh you darlings,' I said at last, moving towards the bedroom; 'to think that you are so grown!' The fact is that the soft clucking little creatures had grown into lusty adults while I was away. I heard them quite plainly in the day-time. It amused me to notice how positive and self-asserting the young fellows already were, and how the old hen's cackling savored of senile dotage in comparison.

" How can I explain to you that all of a sudden the pleasure I took in their crowing and bragging and squabbling was changed into insuperable aversion? One sleepless night, and one morning during which I wanted to work and could not, and put down my incapacity to their intrusion, were enough. I began to shut the windows to shut the crowing out, when the weather was warm enough for air and open casements. I dreaded being awakened by their furious empty music when twelve o'clock struck. I especially hated one of the three, possibly the least robust, who would insist on challenging the Luxembourg old fellow when the other two had long desisted. His shrill insatiable call was maddening. There was something foolish and stupid in it which I abhorred like the noise of an objectionable machine. One morning, after a feverish night of insomnia, I heard this particular cock going on in such a silly triumphant way that I rushed to the window and threw an old inkstand at him, just when he was jerking in his stretched neck and darting his round eyes right and left with a stupid admixture of gratuitous elation and terror at nothing. The bottle hit a watering-pot in the gravel-walk and was smashed to atoms, while I got back into the room, half-furious and half-ashamed.

"The same day I spoke of the nuisance at lunch, and somebody told me that the police regulations were strongly against all nocturnal noises and I had only to write to the *commissaire*. But I could see that the fellows were amused.

" After a few days more of patience, or, I should say, impatience, I made up my mind to write to the old woman, and took out one of my cards. But I did not know her name. Then I wrote a letter which I intended throwing down at the window. Just when I was going to drop it, and knelt near the edge with my letter in my hand, I thought myself ridiculous, and when the letter went down it was in small fragments, upon which the wretched fowls pounced as if it were manna. This suggested another plan. I made up my mind that if, by All Saints' Day, the cocks had not disappeared, — for people sometimes kill a chicken or two on such an occasion, — I would buy a pennyworth of poisoned Indian corn, which would attract the cocks more surely than paper, and send fifteen francs to the old woman, by post, the next day.

" But ten minutes after resolving on this cowardly course, I met the college secretary, one of the fellows who had thought my tales of sleepless nights good fun, and, as he asked me how I was and how my cocks were, I coldly told him that his business was to rid me of the nuisance and not chaff me about it. I looked more than serious, and the secretary saw it.

" ' Very well,' said he, half-humorously, ' I am to see the *commissaire* to-day; but won't you be sorry for your old woman? '

" ' My old woman is not sorry for me,' I replied.

" I impatiently waited for the night, childishly expecting that my troubles would be over then. But midnight was

hailed with the usual dead-awakening fanfare, and, as it was the same the next day and the day after, I came to the conclusion that the secretary had only been joking at my expense once more.

"So, without further parley and consideration, I sat down and wrote to the *commissaire*, whom I knew a little, a forcible and rather cutting *petit bleu*. The night came, and no sound whatever broke in upon the deadly stillness. Was I rid of my persecutors? I listened the whole of the next day, and no crowing was heard. My first feeling was one of infinite relief and triumph, promptly succeeded by a vague anxiety. I had grown so used lately to listen and listen, now in anger, now in hope, that all my soul seemed to be in my ears, and the unbroken silence soon weighed upon me like remorse. The old hen was not heard any more than her wretched sons, and I missed her honest clucking. Toward six o'clock I was glad to notice the presence of the children in the yard; but soon after they raised such a piteous crying that it was heartrending, and I began to feel as guilty as I had been glad. There could be no doubt that the children were in tears over the death or disappearance of their pets. I would have given anything to undo what I had done.

"The poor children were heard sobbing for a long time. When my servant came in to settle the bedroom, he listened for a while, and told me, 'There's something queer going on outside here, sir. You should have heard the racket yesterday afternoon.'

"'What was it?' I asked.

"'A man,' old Pierre replied, 'an infuriated man who came into the yard suddenly, and evidently killed every fowl in it, with the most terrible oaths I ever heard. "Bandits!" he shouted, as he went to work; "brigands! murderers!" But it seemed to me those words were sometimes hurled at the fowls, and sometimes at somebody in this house.'

"This narrative set me thinking. At first I thought the man must have been a policeman, but the idea was absurd. I soon came to the conclusion that it was the woman's son who had been apprised of my complaint, and was giving vent to his hatred against the *bourgeois* next door. The conjecture was rather a comfort. I preferred causing rage to causing distress.

"Early the next morning, there were sudden sounds, which I could not make out, in the little garden and in the long passage leading from it into the street. An irresistible impulse soon drove me to the roof, and I beheld a shocking scene. Four men, four workmen in Sunday clothes, were just lifting a coffin up before placing it on their shoulders, and a woman in a decent black dress was trying to prevent a man from laying the limp body of a dead fowl with a red comb on the shabby pall. Not a word passed between them, and the struggle was made more horrible by the ghastly grotesqueness of it, and by the absolute silence. At last the man said in an angry whisper, 'I tell you that the assassins must pay for it, shall pay for it.' And he marched behind the coffin with the bird dangling from his hand. The little procession was soon out of the passage, and I remained transfixed with horror and amazement."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that the poor old woman was dead, and that this was her funeral?"

"Yes, it was, and I shall not forget the scene in a hurry. I learned all the particulars at the police station where I called in the course of the day. A policeman was eating his lunch in a corner of the bleak room when I asked the *commissaire* what had happened. He heard my question, looked up, and pushed his plate away from him. The *commissaire* just nodded his way, as if he referred me to him, and the man answered me. There were sorrow in his face and voice.

"'It's all been a very unfortunate business, sir,' said he. 'The *commissaire* had told me to tell the old woman of your complaint a week ago. But I could not find the house, hidden away as it is in that maze. When your second

letter came, I was beginning to eat my dinner as I am now; the *commissaire* spoke to me rather shortly, and I left my soup to go straight to the place with your letter in my hand. You had described the situation of the house so clearly that in less than five minutes I was in the yard, boiling over, I must say, with impatience at what I considered a — not very pressing case. I pushed the door open rather roughly, and delivered my message in a more angry tone than if I had had time to realize that there was no other tenant of the cottage than an old woman. I shall never forget her terror when she looked round and saw me. In one second she was as pale as her cap, and sat down in a chair without a word. She died in a few hours. I saw a nun die like that of mere fright, five years ago. I hope this is the last woman I kill.'

" ' You see, my dear sir,' the *commissaire* said, ' she was a country-born and bred woman who had a mortal fright of Paris, and thought all the time that the police were after her son, and lived in such a state of anxiety, even in that quiet little yard, that the inspector here found a letter on the pincushion directed to her son in case of her sudden death. Poor old thing! But of course you were quite right in sending in your complaints, quite right. The regulations are absolutely on your side. Of course — But it's useless now.'

" I saw what the *commissaire* meant. He might have put it in the words I was hearing in my inner ear all the time, and said, ' Of course, you are right, but you are what the poor people call *raide comme la justice*. You are a civilized man whose civilization taught him to speak to his neighbor through the police. You are a murderer by accident, but you are a canting hypocrite by nature. If one said good-morning to one's neighbor, one would run less risk of killing him unawares.' I shall die with that old woman's death on my conscience."

I did not know what to say, and remained silent for a long time. At last I suggested taking Chevallier over to some restaurant on the other side of the river, and he agreed. The poetry of the evening was gone when we walked out, and neither of us thought the streets very gay that night. It seemed to me as if we, and all the people we saw, were wolves in smart disguise, and all the policemen knew it, and abetted it, and despised us for it.

WOMEN IN THE YOUNG TURKS MOVEMENT

BY DEMETRA KENNETH BROWN

A NATION which the world believed to be decayed and ready for dismemberment; a nation in which the rich were ignorant, fanatical, and living only for sensual enjoyment, and the poor, downtrodden and miserable; a nation ruled by a depraved autocrat and a *backsheesh*-loving, dishonest officialdom; a nation in which the men were bloodthirsty warriors, and voluptuaries, the women mere instruments for the gratification of the baser desires of men: — such a nation has just passed through a revolution unmatched in history for restraint and orderliness.

And such a change, in such a manner, could not have occurred unless the women secluded in the harems, as well as the men outside, had grown and progressed in thought, in belief, in hopes. At the time of my last visit to Turkey, my native land, a few years ago, I could see the indications of this growth, and I heard prophecies of the coming change, although at the time I no more believed in its imminence than did the world at large.

Yet I had a high opinion of the Turks — of the men and of the women — which to most of the Americans to whom I have talked about them seemed ridiculous. I have met a few Americans who, having lived among them, knew them as I did: the men, as chivalrous and gentle; the women, as intelligent and generally contented.

"A happy people has no history," and I sometimes think that happy women have no aspirations. Happiness, like perfection in climate, takes away the desire for activity — "mere existence becomes sufficient." And Turkish women are happier than are the Greek, Italian, French, and American women I have known. Perhaps because they do not hitch their wagon to a star. To them, to be beautiful, to be good wives and good mothers, sums up their ambitions, and they succeed in them as do the women of no other race. I have written elsewhere of them in their domestic rôle. Let me now consider those of them in whom the seed of discontent is working ravage. Some call the discontent divine: it may be — who can tell?

After several years' sojourn here in America, where gynecocracy is at its zenith, it was quite an experience to visit my Constantinople friends again in their homes. It was the antithesis of all I had become accustomed to in the new world. Especially delightful was the repose these visits afforded me. Yet when I had been there a few days I became aware that there existed a change, not in the general air of the harems, but in the attitude of certain of the inmates. The manner of life was in most instances exactly as I remembered it; but there was an indefinable, underlying sense of unrest, a social feeling akin to the physical feeling which precedes the advent of an earthquake. Among the households of happy, careless women, there would be one who was silent and thoughtful, and seemed always listening to something the others were unconscious of.

Some of these silent ones spoke to me of ideals formerly unknown in the harems. Others, not speaking, yet looked at me with wide-open lustrous eyes in which was a light such as might be in the eyes of beggar women when the queen passed by. For to them I was more than a queen, I was a free woman while they were in bondage. I could come and go as I pleased, and could live the life I chose.

My privileges took on marvelous proportions, such as only the imagination can bestow.

It may sound heretical to say that the better class of Turkish women are the superiors of American women in cultivation. Well-educated and with more leisure, since they do not have to spend so much of their time as their "civilized" sisters in frivolous pursuits, they give their attention to reading and to thinking. The new movement took root in the minds of some of these thoughtful women, and, finding the soil virgin, flourished quickly. And, owing to the peculiar social conditions, they were able to render service to the movement which men were unable to, although often they had to sacrifice to it what is among a woman's dearest possessions — her reputation.

I was fortunate enough to meet the daughter of Kiamal Pasha, a woman of perhaps fifty, and, if I am not mistaken, the first woman to be initiated into the Young Turks party. Born rich, and the daughter of a powerful pasha, life might have held for her the fortunate lot of wifehood and motherhood, had she so desired. But at the age of eighteen the young *hanoum* announced to her father that she would not marry, but would study and devote herself to helping to uplift the women of her race. Her aspiration might have remained unfulfilled had she not been the daughter of one of the Turks who was even then dreaming of the regeneration of his country.

For several years Refeka Hanoum studied under different masters, and then herself became a teacher in one of the most important girls' schools in Stamboul. She did not find her desire to uplift her sex so easy of accomplishment as she had imagined it would be. In Turkey young girls are much the same thoughtless, self-centred, and immature creatures they are everywhere. Little by little, however, Refeka Hanoum's story became known, and the ever romantic mind of the young girl began to worship her.

I asked her why she had not married and had children of her own to bring up in the new thought.

"I did not want to give my life to one set of children. I wanted to give it to all the women of my nation. Our system I believe to be wrong; but it is a gigantic undertaking to try to overthrow it. The majority of our women are happy, and you cannot reform a happy person. I studied the dispositions of my pupils, and when I found one that was of the right kind I set to work on her heart and mind. Thus in time I had quite a following, and not a little influence."

Knowing Refeka Hanoum to be an intimate friend of one of the Sultan's sisters, I asked if there was any truth in the rumor that the latter belonged to the Young Turks party.

Refeka Hanoum hesitated. Then, facing me squarely, she demanded: —

"You love Turkey, and above all Turkish women: why do you not help them?"

I laughed. "I don't believe in women's emancipation, for one thing. I prefer them as they now are in Turkey."

Unrepelled by my views on the subject, perhaps aware of my friendly feeling for her, personally, she plunged into a talk about her ideals, her hopes, and her work. And during that afternoon in her library I realized what it is to a woman to have a dream which embraces humanity. It was faith and religion to her. In her eagerness to convince me, she spoke with the utmost freedom of the plans of her party, and I was amazed at the information she intrusted to me. A little of it was enough to hang her, as I remarked.

"They don't hang people any more in Turkey," she replied.

"No, but they poison and drown them," I retorted. "They still manage to get them out of the way when they are troublesome."

She smiled at my warning, and in her smile lay her only beauty. Unlike most Turkish women, Refeka Hanoum was plain. Instead of the smooth skin and delightful complexion I always associate with the women of her nation, her face

was covered with innumerable lines, traced less by time than by thought and aspiration. Yet she was not ugly. A light burned in her eyes that often made her better to look upon than many a superb specimen of Oriental beauty.

She was the friend of men high in the government of the state; for, although Turkish women seldom see men who are not their relatives, Refeka Hanoum received many of them in her own home. Once the Porte forbade her receiving men as she did. The ever suspicious government was afraid of such a *coterie* as was gathered around her.

In telling me her life as frankly as she did, and in inviting me to spend the afternoon with her, I have an idea she had strong hopes of enlisting me in the Young Turks' cause. Her house was in Scutari, where the glorious scenery of the Bosphorus stretched out in front of us. It was a lovely September day, and Refeka Hanoum in her loose yellow gown sat cross-legged by the window, through the lattices of which we looked out. As she talked, her tone was not that of a person in conversation with another. She spoke with the level cadence, and rather monotonous effect, of a person reading. Thus in Turkey do we learn to converse on important topics; for reading aloud is a favorite pastime there, and if a spy should chance to be near, he would be less likely to pay attention to what was said if he were led to believe it only reading from a book.

"We were once a great nation," Refeka Hanoum said, "and shall yet be a great nation. The sun never sets except to rise again. But the women must do their share in the struggle."

"Do you find that you can trust them?" I asked.

Refeka Hanoum looked at me with severe disapproval. "You do not like women?"

"I do not like them where they do not belong," I answered.

"But they belong wherever they can help, and they are capable of tremendous sacrifices for a cause in which they once embark."

"Refeka Hanoum, you have said that your women are happy. Why do you wish to upset them? What have you to give them in exchange for their present contentment? You do not know how refreshing it is to come to Turkey and find them as they are now."

"Thank Allah Turkey does not exist for your selfish pleasure. A happiness which does not elevate ought not to be."

I gave up trying to argue her out of her beliefs, and inquired, "Have you really made any progress, and will the Young Turks party actually do anything beyond dreaming great things?"

With impressive faith she replied, "You will live to see what they can do, and you will not be so very old, either."

"Tell me something the women have done."

She clasped her capable hands together and looked searchingly at me from beneath her eyebrows without replying immediately.

"I am not a spy," I assured her.

She smiled in answer. "I know that very well. Before I invited you here I knew all about you. A great many of us know about you. But you are very selfish. You freed yourself from the tyranny of your country's prejudices, and now you refuse to help others."

"Because I found out that what I had clamored for was not worth while."

"Then help others to find that out, too. The best safeguard for human character is to let it know the truth. Help us to become free to act as we may choose — as we think best."

"I don't believe that women are capable of deciding for themselves."

"There are men who cannot choose wisely, but you would not deprive all men of the liberty of choice. But in asking your help I am asking it for the regeneration of the whole country, not for women's privileges especially — although you must know that in every great country women

are considered the equals of men. In ours alone they are not."

"Please don't discuss women with me," I said. "I am afraid I am hopeless. Tell me something of your work, of what *you* have accomplished; for at least I appreciate what a privilege it is to know a woman like yourself."

"But you would not help make women like me."

"They are not made by human effort: they are born by divine right."

She resigned herself to the impossibility of converting me by direct argument, and proceeded to tell me of the work, in the even, colorless voice I have already mentioned. From her tone one would not have guessed that she spoke of anything in which she took a great interest.

The Young Turks party, having made way with Sultan Aziz, and having deposed Sultan Murad, brought to the throne Sultan Abdul Hamid, believing him to be favorable to reform — as at first he was. He accepted the Constitution, but never gave it a chance to live; and from a liberal ruler changed into a wicked autocrat, apparently conceiving his power to be based on the ignorance and superstition of his subjects.

Sultan Abdul Hamid was neither old and feeble, as had been Sultan Aziz, nor weak-minded, like his brother Murad. He was a man of great intelligence and tremendous will-power. It was no easy matter to depose him and place another man on his throne. Besides, he was a wonderful statesman — if he could only be made a good ruler.

The men who formed the Young Turks party were men of vast experience and great political knowledge. They knew that, in order to force the Sultan to give back the Constitution, and to permit progress and freedom of thought, he must be absolutely cornered and see no other way of retaining his own position. For this it was necessary to enlist in their cause the heads of all the departments, and to gain the adherence of the army. Time and money were necessary: they could give both, and what they have accomplished since 1878 we have seen a few weeks ago.

Their work was done under the greatest difficulty. The Sultan is the son of an Armenian slave, and he inherited from his mother the most characteristic Armenian trait — cowardice; and being a coward he suspects everybody. The Young Turks soon learned that much of their propaganda could better be carried on by women than by men. Thus it was that Refeka Hanoum was approached: she was a dreamer of women's emancipation, they were dreamers of their country's regeneration. The pact between them was this: she was to prepare women to help on the great cause, and they, when the cause should be won, were to help her to ameliorate the lot of women in the newborn country. This bargain came easier to them since many of them lived abroad and had thus become imbued with modern ideas about women.

"And they did well to get us to help them," Refeka Hanoum exclaimed, her eyes flashing, and her voice losing its sing-song quality, "for only then can a nation be really great — when the women are raised to a level with the men. So long as women consider men their lords and masters, — so long as they believe that happiness only comes through serving them, — so long as women accept the love of men as an honor bestowed by a superior on an inferior, — so long will a nation remain degraded, no matter how happy its inhabitants may be."

With growing vehemence, my friend continued, "Woman is man's equal, although each has his sphere. If the man fights for his country, the woman cares for the sick and the wounded. Each has his work, and neither must be over-rated. I want our women to feel that, if it is an honor to receive man's love, it is also an honor to bestow her love on him. Only when the woman shall meet man on the same level will Allah bless the world."

She stopped and regarded me somewhat whimsically after her warmth.

"You do not care for this part of my

talk, do you? You would rather hear of deeds than listen to my theories. Very well! You asked if it was true that one of the Sultan's sisters was of our party. She is. She was my pupil for several years and is a person who loves to study and to think. I knew that she hated her brother, whom she always calls 'the usurper.' She does not believe that her other brother, Murad, has ever been insane. When she first joined us it was solely out of hate for Abdul Hamid, but now it is different. Now she realizes what our success would mean to the country, and she belongs to us because our cause has become the dream of her life. She has forgotten that she is the Sultan's sister, and remembers only that she is an Osmanli woman and a patriot.

"After gaining her, we began to have more adherents in the Patissah's very harem. We have been able to outwit him and his suspicions. He only smiles when he hears that a man of his *entourage* spends the night in a woman's boudoir, where the consorting together of men would put him at once on his guard. And our women have need of all their intelligence in their proselyting. It is no simple task to probe a man's political leanings, when he knows he is surrounded by spies and may lose his life by an incautious word. Before our women are ready to begin work they are taught political ecoomy, the natural resources of our country, the history of other nations as well as of our own, and what it would mean to have a constitution and a free press.

"Besides their good heads, they have big hearts. They throw themselves into the work with fervor. The world at large thinks Turkish women contented to be what they are; but at least a part of them have begun to want to be elevated from a mere pleasure-doll to the rank of companion. They have been given to understand, however, that they must move without haste and without noise, and that the emancipation of women will not at once follow the regeneration of the country. They understand that they may not be striving for themselves, but only for those who are to follow them. And here is where women are superior to men: when they espouse a cause they will labor for it unselfishly — not for their personal gain, as men do."

I could not help laughing, as I interrupted: "Refeka Hanoum, you have one thing in common with all women's rights women. While you are urging me to help you to make woman the equal of man, you convince me that what we both ought to be doing is to strive to elevate poor men to the superior plane of women."

Refeka Hanoum laughed too. "There's something in that," she admitted. "But what I said is true nevertheless. When women rise, it is to heights untouched by men. And that is another reason why woman should be uplifted: because she alone can help man to reach perfection."

This thought is by no means original with Refeka Hanoum. It is held by the majority of the thinkers among the Osmanli women, though they may not be in favor of "women's rights." I know one, the first of four wives, and a fervent believer in the old régime, who told me that it is the woman's forbearance, her sweetness and forgiving disposition, which will ultimately help to make men one with their God. It is rather a prevailing thought among them that to them is entrusted the uplifting of the human race.

"There is in the palace a Circassian of extraordinary beauty," Refeka Hanoum continued, "whose charm is so great that every one feels it. She has the reputation of a Borgia, although I know that there is not a woman living purer than she. She had to sacrifice her reputation to the cause, and if we had saints in our religion she would be canonized after her death. All the difficult tasks inside the palace are entrusted to her, and thus she is supposed to change lovers as the year changes months. If we had chosen a woman less charming, the usurper might have become suspicious; but a woman with her beauty can easily be

supposed to entrap men; and thus he only smiles when he hears that another has fallen a victim to her charms. Perhaps some day he will find out the truth. Then, if he still has the power, she will die suddenly. But what of that? She has given her reputation — she can easily give her life."

"But since she is so beautiful and wonderful, why does she not try to convert the Sultan? Then the rest would be easy."

"You think we have not tried? But the Sultan dreads the power of women. That is why he has the smallest harem of any sultan, and why he passes so little time in it. No woman has ever had any friendship with him. Even his first wife seldom sees him; and, as for favorites, he has none. He is the worst tyrant in the world, because there is no softness for women in his heart."

"How do you manage to send women into the different harems to carry on your work?" I asked.

"We sell them as slaves. When their work is done, we buy them back again. Sometimes these slaves are the wives and daughters of rich and powerful men, who are no longer in their youth. I will give you an instance. There was one of the heads of the army who seemed unapproachable. He considered the Sultan sacred. We wanted him to learn that the good of the country was above that of the ruler. One of our clever women was sold into his harem. She studied all the inmates and reported that he worshiped his youngest daughter. It took us a year to win her; two years more to fit her for our work; and not until five years had passed had she won her father to our cause.

"This is the work women have done for the Young Turks. When they shall be strong enough to act, Turkey will astonish the world. I do not say that the emancipation of women will immediately follow. We can wait. It is better to take time. But come back to see us again. If you find our women going about without being veiled, it will be because our men have learned that we can be trusted; and if you find us looking out of the window without lattices, it will be because men have learned that we can look upon the world unharmed. And women will have all these privileges because they have worked side by side with men and have proved to be their equals."

SORTING THE SEEDS

A SURVEY OF RECENT FICTION

When Psyche was commanded by a cruel taskmistress to separate all kinds of seeds, — wheat, barley, millet, beans, and lentils, — and was told that all of the same kind were to be put in a parcel by themselves, it is recorded that she sat stupid and silent, until a kindly god sent ants to take compassion on her. To be young and bewildered is but natural, and Psyche was only sharing the common lot; but to be in possession of the years that should mean wisdom and discernment, and yet to feel bewildered, in the presence of the piled-up novels of the last six months, with the task of discovering the trend of things, is harder fate, and no friendly ants are forthcoming to help in the matter of classification.

It is difficult to discover, in form or in matter, decided tendencies in this recent fiction. There is no assured new style, but a free use, and often a mixture, of various shades of manner of earlier days, while themes range all the way from those wherein the novel made its début down to the most recent philanthropic plea. Psychological analyses of character abound, as usual; the tendency to discuss social problems is always with us nowadays, — so far, but little further, one may play the part of discerning ant. For the rest, one wonders whether the impulse to write concerning patent medicines is to be as lasting and as irresistible as is the impulse to glorify the motor car in fiction.

With *Araminta* [1] one steps into "The Artificial Comedy of the Last Century." It brings a sense of momentary relief, if also a sense of loss, to leave the world where the modern novelist is pondering heavily on many things, — as Mr. Snaith himself does at times, — and to enter a world innocent of thought, destitute of problems. It would be impossible to imagine a type of fiction lighter than *Araminta;* undoubtedly amusing, it arouses now a shout of laughter, and again a quiet chuckle. Here we have, in prose narrative, the comedy of manners, with its juxtaposition of contrasting types, and its constant effort, in situation and in grouping, to bring out shades of social difference. The wicked old lady; her worldly-wise friend, Lord Cheriton; the sentimental companion; the awe-inspiring butler; and, above all, the rustic maiden who goes up to London and takes the town by storm, — we have met them all, in type at least, in comedy, and in novel. Mr. Snaith manages this well-known art with practiced skill, and there is freshness in his character-presentation. To make the descendant of Harriet Byron and of Evelina six feet tall, and to draw attention constantly from her sensibility to her appetite, shows daring that none has equaled; to make her at the same time charming is a triumph. Araminta with her flapping hat, her pet ferret, Tobias, her lack of mind, her engaging frankness, is a refreshing young person to encounter.

The book reminds one of Thackeray, the announcements say. Alas, most novels of society remind one of Thackeray by way of contrast! This, in the figure of the worldly old lady and her cherished counsellor, comes nearer than is usually the case; and the repartee between the two shows Mr. Snaith's jibing audacities of thought at their best; but the resemblance to Thackeray is not deep. The remarks of Thackeray's ancient, wicked folk are always a play and

[1] *Araminta.* By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

sparkle of light on the surface of a deep and sympathetic study of human life; here these critical comments represent the profoundest element in the book, and give us the impression of two smart old people discussing the farce as it goes on.

One sees often upon the stage a play that would be better in story form; here we have the reverse, and the story, in its situations and in its character-treatment, continually begs for a stage. The humor is, for the most part, stage humor; the incidents, the funny sayings, are, many of them, of the kind repeated in farce-comedy to extract the ultimate shout from the gallery. There is at times, if the expression may be permitted, something labored about Mr. Snaith's spontaneity. Engaging as the heroine is, her properties are overdone; the cream bun appears all too often, the epithet "goose" becomes unnecessary, and huge Araminta, bouncing into the centre of the stage again and again, at last comes to seem a kind of puppet, worked by an all-too-apparent cord. Mr. Snaith here, as in *Lady Barbarity*, does not always know when he has given us enough, and his undoubted skill in working out a humorous situation would have shown to far better advantage if Araminta's adventures had been half as long.

Another comedy type, not so well executed, appears in *The Post Girl*,[1] the work of a new author. Here we encounter, not emphasis on accent, clothes, manners, and laughter at incongruities, but the good old-fashioned adventures, and the good old-fashioned emotions of the romantic stage, not without the use of machinery, as ancient as Greek romance itself, in the disguised maiden of gentle birth, growing up among peasant-folk. As is always expected, her finer instincts show in her untutored years, and win her the love of a man of her own rank. Chloe in this case carries the mail; Daphnis is an unspeakably gifted musician. Of course one partaking more or less of the nature of a villain interposes between them; the white face, black coat, and convulsive passions of the village schoolmaster work what havoc they may; but not schoolmasters, nor raging tides, nor earlier engagements on the part of the hero, can keep asunder those whom the public insist on seeing united.

A quaintness of characterization in depicting Yorkshire peasant-folk, and the engaging priest, Father Mostyn, who shepherds his flock with many a mental crook of real philosophy; a power of dealing picturesquely with Yorkshire country, a freshness and zest in telling the old story again as it came to a girl of unspoiled charm and winsomeness, make the book an agreeable pastime for tired hours. The style, vigorous and spirited, is at times too intentionally vivacious, and it lends an air of over-great coquettishness to the young muse of Mr. Booth, busy in sketching backgrounds, or soliloquizing for the heroine, or working out the important dramatic scene, as the case may be. All the way through, the aforesaid muse is a bit loquacious, and too much inclined to strain word or phrase in modern fashion to produce more vivid effect. If she would but use fewer words, and at times be more fastidious in her choice, her distinction would be greater, as in the description of the heroine, where we encounter: "The dispassionate, narrow nose, sprinkled about its bridge . . . with a pepper-castor helping of freckled candor; . . . the quick throbbing throat, and the burning lobes of red, like live cinders in her hair!"

Nobility of theme, delicacy, and reserve in art are seen in *Katrine*,[2] whose careful finish in plot, characterization, and setting bespeaks long hours of work. Yet, to those who delighted in *Nancy Stair*, *Katrine* brings a sense of loss, for the fire and spirit of the earlier book are not here; and Katrine, less individual in type than Nancy, never for a moment wears her convincing air of being alive. The wo-

[1] *The Post Girl.* By EDWARD C. BOOTH. New York: Harper and Bros.

[2] *Katrine.* By ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE. New York: The Century Company.

man intended here is of higher type than Nancy, but she fails in reaching the verisimilitude of the latter, and nowhere do her struggle and her choice touch us with their pathos so deeply that we forget the humor of *Nancy Stair*. The plot, with its combination of unconfessed marriage difficulties, and missing bills of divorce, with the renouncement on the part of a woman of genius of all for love, has no new elements, nor does it combine the old in any guise of unusual interest. Valuable as *Katrine* is as a revelation of something fine and exquisite in the author's nature, it will hardly rank as achievement with *Nancy Stair*, wherein a lighter type of fiction with historical setting was done perhaps as well as it can be done.

Those who in early days yearned for fuller accounts of the female ogre of the fairy story, and never had enough of Sally Brass or of Mrs. Pipchin, will experience unusual pleasure in reading that book of absurd title, *Corrie Who?*[1] Four hundred and eighty-three solid pages of ogress seem more than an answer to the prayers of childhood; the "loose-jowled, dark and solemn" face, with "dull eyes, peering between thick and heavy lids," the "flabby lips that part with a gleam of teeth," make the reader share the "creepy, crawly feelings up and down Corrie's spine;" and it is enchanting to encounter a lady who "grunts thickly, smacking her lips and chuckling softly and grinning to herself," and whose cane continually thwacks the floor, "thump, thump along the hallways, the ivory hook reaching out unexpectedly and seizing like a claw." For all this, with the proper accompaniments, — imprisoned beautiful maiden of gentle birth, gallant hero, and the like, — to be set in modern New York, well within sight of glaring lights, and within hearing of electric cars and motors, gives the added pleasure of having the princess and monster brought up to date, with all modern improvements. The book is amazingly clever of its kind, with that rapid-speeding action that for some reason seems to have come into fiction along with the motor car, constant if somewhat repeated and overprolonged incident, and with its unusual power of grotesque portraiture. One cannot claim that it rouses the finest kind of æsthetic pleasure, but there are moments, when, even in Boston, the finest kind of æsthetic pleasure palls, and to fill these, probably nothing more entertaining could be found than *Corrie Who?*

The Three Brothers[2] belongs to a well-defined type of fiction, and one distinctly modern. The background of Devon coast and moorland is constantly kept before you, in its beauty of color and its freedom of wide spaces open to the sky, with so deep a sense of the association of human beings with the life of rain and sun and wind, that you almost expect to see the characters in the book putting down roots, or spreading suddenly into gracious green foliage. If one might say that this belongs to the Vegetable School of fiction it would be with wholly pleasant meaning, and it is with genuine sense of relief that one escapes to these wide stretches of heather and of gorse, from tales full of psychological subtleties which are not so subtle after all, and from American novels where a thin layer of culture, record of correct demeanor on the part of all the characters, and constant automobile-suggestion bespeak our demand that we be recognized as people of importance and of wealth. There are no subtleties in *The Three Brothers*, nor is there any affectation of smartness of our modern world. It is a kindly picture of life in its physical aspects, and in certain ethical aspects as well, done with a large stroke, by means of a generous brush which is not sparing of color.

The novel has more plot than is apparent, or than the author at first seems willing to admit, though in a way it reminds one of something which is said concern-

[1] *Corrie Who?* By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER. Small, Maynard & Co.

[2] *The Three Brothers.* By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. The Macmillan Co.

ing the Chinese drama, that its basic idea of unity is the family, all incidents connected with any member of it being considered germane to the subject. Somewhat overgrown by vegetation, somewhat obscured by rustic discussions of matters profound and otherwise, and by the account of picturesque old customs, such as the Saint George play, lies the tale of Humphrey Baskerville, an elderly misanthrope, who is won by tragic suffering, partly the result of his own blunder, to insight into the real meaning of things. By uttering cruel truths to his son's betrothed, he helps break the engagement between them, and the son commits suicide. Grief nourishes in the heart of the cynic seeds of mercy which had never sprouted, and the way in which he atones for the sins of his brother Nathan, whose secret marriage and whose speculations constitute the mystery of the plot, and for the human shortcomings of the other brother, make up a story of genuine, if not absorbing interest. The gnarled and crabbed character of Uncle Humphrey, with his rustic keenness, his sense of the deep realities of life, and the grim, if mistaken heroism which makes him dare to end, a few hours earlier than nature would have done, his brother Vivian's suffering in his last illness, is very real, and the touch of human sweetness which comes to him at last reminds one of the springtime blossoming of an aged apple tree.

The Vegetable School, — surely the name fits the way in which the characters are done, the very fashion in which the people are introduced reminding one of the differentiation of species in a nursery-man's catalogue. The first phrase that meets the eye upon the casual opening of such a catalogue to verify this remark proves an all-too-appropriate statement of the case. "Hardy Herbaceous Perennials Continued," leaves little to be said, if a mere pun may suggest the name of this author's master in the art of fiction. Mr. Phillpotts, while presenting life, as Hardy does, primarily in its physical aspects, has not the older author's skill, nor his knowledge of human passion. Beyond certain simple limits of observation, most of the personages in *The Three Brothers* are not characterized. You get, indeed, an idea of certain types whose counterparts you might meet any day in the next meadow or on the nearest roadside, and you see no reason why these should not go on flourishing as long as the soil of Devonshire remains fertile. One could wish for Mr. Phillpotts a keener humor and a deeper insight into ironic contradictions of life, which rustic folk themselves usually possess in greater degree than do any of the people who are writing about them.

Tono-Bungay[1] is Mr. H. G. Wells's first venture into fiction out of the realm of fantastic adventure. Following the fortunes of a youth from childhood to mature years, he presents a serious study of the growth of a soul, trying to develop in a world where the old order is changing, and nothing solid has, so far, appeared in the new. From the beginning of a hard struggle for existence, full of intellectual and spiritual endeavor, George Ponderero is suddenly carried into business competition, and shares the success of an uncle who makes a fortune out of a patent medicine, presenting the familiar spectacle of the idealist inextricably involved in the system which he despises but finds necessary. Among the various adventures and misadventures of the hero's lot, marriage proves not the least of his misfortunes, and love brings more loss than gain. Though the best that is offered him in the matter of thought and belief has to do with undirigible balloons and worthless remedies, which he sells without believing in them, he preserves a certain fineness, whether he is victim or deceiver, and we leave him at the end of the story with a sense that actual inner attainment has been won in spite of all obstacles.

It is impossible to conceive an art larger, more loose in ideas of structure, than that shown in this prose epic, *Tono-*

[1] *Tono-Bungay.* By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

Bungay. Swinging, as it does, in point of view, between huge deeds of physical adventure and psychological processes, it admits, not only everything that could happen to the hero, but also everything that the author could think about him. This picaresque novel of the soul is done with a De Morgan freedom, if not quite with a De Morgan length. The announcements say that Mr. Wells has been writing the book at intervals during the past years, and, in a way, it suggests those desk-drawers where treasures of thought accumulate in scraps as time goes on. All the garnered bits of wisdom of the years of mental adventure, brought back in his kit from strange flights of fancy on wings or otherwise, Mr. Wells embodies here. This species of novel seems, in certain ways, less an art than an industry.

Puck, turned philosopher, has, as might be expected, many wise things to say. The spectacle of Mr. Wells pursuing British respectabilities and British and American disrespectabilities with ironic laughter recalls more than once the merry wanderer of the night who asserted his programme of reform in: "I will lead them up and down!" In comment, in character-study, and in incident, we find many shrewd turns of thought, and sudden gleams of insight. The most vivid character in the book is Uncle George, with his questionable business methods, his mysticism, his applied poetry, his power of convincing even himself by his lying advertisements. His plea for the working of faith, suggesting in satiric fashion the comic side of the quack spirituality astray in the materialism of our age, is delightful.

"We mint faith, George," said my uncle one day. "That's what we do. And by Jove, we've got to keep on minting! We've been making human confidence ever since I drove the first cork of Tono-Bungay!"

The aunt, whose mood of ironic detachment does not seem to belong to her class, if one may make an essentially English remark, is always amusing with her attractions, her repulsions, her study of life "with the little quizzical wrinkle of the brow." One cannot help feeling that a mind so acute deserved a better vocabulary, and wishing that some of the subtleties of American slang could be substituted for the dull British equivalent.

The style of *Tono-Bungay* is more or less journalistic, and sometimes a bit slipshod, like Uncle George's mouth. The trail of the story of startling adventures is over this, which aims at something higher. Perhaps one should not be surprised if, in the matter of gait, Puck fails to have a stride all his own; if he sobers at times to Mr. De Morgan's pace; if his nimble, impish footing in circles about Uncle George suggests Meredith's dance of intellectual delight around Richmond Roy; if sometimes, as in the story of the unhappy married life, the measured tread reminds one of Miss May Sinclair's relentless little step.

In spite of a lack of distinction in manner, *Tono-Bungay* the book is wholesome, whatever the tonic may have been; and it is, as one might expect of Puck, a good philosophy, which is worked out through the hit-or-miss happenings of the story; a belief, surviving even the crash of æroplanes, of gigantic business enterprises, of social distinctions, even faith in the beloved; surviving even base success,—a belief in the worth of the chase. A philosophy of the zest of long pursuit, characteristic alike of Hegel and of Puck, is deliberately voiced:—

"All my life has been at bottom, seeking, disbelieving always, dissatisfied always, with the thing seen and the thing believed."

"We are all things that make and pass, striving upon a hidden mission out to the open sea."

Of far finer art and deeper, if less consoling thought, is Mr. John Galsworthy's *Fraternity*.[1] Here we are introduced to a number of people grouped about the Human Predicament, as in the old-fashioned

[1] *Fraternity*. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

British story and picture they used to be grouped about the social tea-table; there is grave difference between the smiling faces at the latter, and the grim questioning of the faces here. The book at first seems to be merely a study of the relation of class to class, but further reading discloses a profound irony. The author of *The Country House* possesses too deep insight to belong among those thinkers who trace all human tragedy to social conditions. In *Fraternity*, the inability to reach a compassionate hand from so-called upper to so-called lower class without doing more harm than good, is but one phase of the tragic isolation of the individual soul. It is hard to recall anywhere else a more poignant expression of the loneliness at the heart of the closest relationships of life; you do not feel the full sting of the title until you reach the end and find each character, high and low alike, withdrawn into himself in utter isolation, facing his problem alone, and greatly the loser, not the gainer, because of his contact with humankind.

Fraternity has a compact, closely worked-out plot, wherein the artist's power of concentration is shown in the presentation of the central situation, and the artist's sense of economy in the choice and the relation of incidents. Greater skill appears here than in some of Mr. Galsworthy's earlier work in introducing his characters and sketching preceding events. Carefully planned incidents lead from the opening to the final dilemma of the book, with, for the most part, true causal relationship worthy of dramatic art, and with little of the unessential. One might quarrel now and then perhaps with the retarded movement, for at times a tendency to finish and elaborate separate scenes interferes with the progress of the action, and gives the effect of stationary study of conditions rather than of story. The intrusion of the little model into the artistic home of Hilary Dallison and Bianca his wife, who are already beginning to travel apart; Hilary's philanthropic desire to help the friendless girl, which gets tangled in wholly human fashion with the little that is left in him of elemental manhood, and so brings about the tragi-comedy of the tale, — all this is presented in crisp and logical incident, on to the catastrophe, which is all the more dismaying because nothing very dreadful happens.

The character-study is full of thoughtful analysis, and the carefully varied types in *Fraternity* are skillfully grouped in a way to bring out fine shades of likeness and of difference. In a world where men and women have lost their way among their finer instincts and ideals, two characters serve as foils, bringing out admirably the exact degree of unreality in each thinker and dreamer, — the little model, with the appealing touch of common life about her; and Martin, the severe young socialist, who preaches a drastic gospel of action. For the rest, we have a study of Hamlet and his family, — his next of kin, not his relatives by marriage, — though Hilary Dallison is perhaps characterized more by uncertainty of mood than by uncertainty of thought, and has not the excuse of the royal Dane of possessing a mind too large for immediate decisions. In depicting him, his brother, a bit like yet more unlike him, and Bianca, " never willing to yield either to her spirit or her senses," Mr. Galsworthy shows keen insight, though there is nowhere quite so fine and so sympathetic rendering of human experience as in the portrait of Mrs. Pendyce in *The Country House*. About this group of people drifts the ironic figure of Mr. Stone, the aged, futile prophet of universal brotherhood, whose sayings sometimes envelop the atmosphere as in a fog, sometimes startle one into a region beyond the reach of mere thought.

Fraternity is finely wrought in thought and in art, and one is always aware of a certain finish in the style, in descriptive touch, in plot, in character-study, yet it is in certain ways an overthoughtful, self-conscious art. The people here are dressed too much in costume for any-

thing except the stage, and too much of tableau-effect comes in their presentation, the curtain rising again and again on groups varied a bit in attitude, without change of expression. All through the book — and this is surprising in the work of a master of stinging realism, whose acute thought is ably seconded by a power of vivid concrete presentation — there is too great an effort to enforce psychological processes by external effects. Mr. Stone's smoke-gray suit appears too often; and the little moonlight-colored dog, trained to act as symbol throughout the story, to suggest, by its over-refined instincts, its wavering, appealing paw, the character of its master, becomes a bit too insistent, as did the spaniel John in an earlier story. It has been whispered that women sometimes own dogs to match their hair or gowns, but not as yet that men own them to match their souls. When the realist borrows the symbol from the symbolist he is prone to overuse it, to demonstrate, prove with it, and thus deprive it of its only real power, that of suggesting. Here, too, one might protest the too-obviously allegorical names. Mrs. Tallents Makepeace; Dallison, the modern Hamlet; Thyme, his daughter; Creed, the ex-butler, who stands for ancient respectabilities; Worsted Skeynes, in *The Country House*, — these devices seem crude and unworthy of the author's real skill. Comparing this latest book with some of his earlier work, one is tempted to ask whether Mr. Galsworthy is nearing the danger line where realism, through a too shrewd selection of details all of one kind, fades into allegory, convincing perhaps as abstract idea, but never as art, because one feels that the many-sided facts have not been fairly used, and that endeavor to prove a certain point has led to one-sided selection, with consequent loss of fairness.

Mr. Galsworthy has undoubted power, and is an author to be reckoned with. His sympathy with human suffering and animal suffering is deep and poignant; his irony is keen and pungent. One cannot help hoping that the thought which cuts so far into human experience may in time cut farther still, with discovery of still more vital truth. In *Fraternity* we miss the larger view, the changing mood, the wholeness of presentation of life, with its encouragements, its fluctuations, its despairs of earlier writers. It commits the blunder, the essentially modern blunder, of seeing all of human life in one mood, relentlessly narrowing all to a single sad conception. It is significant that no moment of happiness is recorded for any character in this story of dull suffering, nor any moment of pain deep enough to tell the worth of it all.

It is perhaps hardly fair to keep on reading Meredith while looking over the fiction of the last six months, but doing so gives one food for thought. Are we past the days when the artist was permitted to hold the mirror up to nature, selecting, but selecting from the manifold, and presenting in his work a rounded view? It would seem that the artist who commits himself to dramatic form is in honor bound to give something of the complexity, the lights and shades that inevitably accompany the course of real events. To look at the great pageant and choose only the facts that are of one color is hardly fair, and the old fashion of confining the expression of single moments of feeling or of thought to the brief form of the lyric or of the short essay is one that we could wish were not outgrown.

For the rest, as one turns over the novels of the last six months, one cannot fail to notice, as perhaps the most decided trend of all, the way in which major and minor writers dwell on the purely physical aspects of human passion. This makes up the warp and woof of *David Bran;* surprises one with a sense of sudden shock, unconnected with all that has gone before, in *Thyrza;* is never absent from the author's consciousness in *Arminel of the West;* and it is only this side of human love which appears in *Fraternity.*

It seems as if our novelists of recent years must feel that no novel can justify

its existence, or can succeed, without this element, and so introduce it by force, if necessary, whether or not it is an integral part of the theme, often regardless of dramatic values. Fashions set in France are, perhaps, followed too blindly by English-speaking folk, whether they have to do with the canons of art or with the cut of sleeves; and there is often a lack of intelligence, or of skill, in the way in which this special French mode is copied. In French fiction the outspoken treatment of this side of human experience means, usually, steady adherence to a single point of view, with study of causes and effects; and something of perspective, of remoteness, is gained by the fact that the material wins to art form. While we are gaining in the matter of being outspoken, we are hardly making corresponding advance in art, and our English treatment of these subjects too often resolves itself into a bald record of apparently meaningless facts, or with too protracted lingering over moments of sense-experience. It is perhaps doubtful wisdom to single out one human impulse, and dwell on it too exclusively; in earlier novels, even in Fielding, we find it offset to some extent by mental processes, and by free exercise of brawn and muscle.

It used to be admitted that a man might possess soul and body too; in modern work — these are days of specialization — he usually has to choose, and too often he chooses the latter. It is a curious fact, evident as one recalls the fiction of recent years, that there is a tendency to treat the things of the mind, so far as they are treated at all, by themselves, the things of sense by themselves, with consequent lack of grasp of both. May we not hope that, in time, the author's mind, and not his senses, may predominate in his discussions of these matters, and that the present too-frequent suggestions of decadence may disappear from our fiction? One thinks wistfully of *Richard Feverel*, wishing that something of the nobility of treatment here could creep into the more modern presentations of sex-problems, and that we might once more have genuine study of development, setting forth a large and vital philosophy of life. Would it be too much to ask of some of our writers of to-day, that they leave out discussion of these matters until they can handle them better?

In attempting to suggest the danger, both to art and to ethics, of condoning too far the tendency to linger overlong in regions of mere sense, one might instance *David Bran*,[1] whose plea seems a bit obscure so long as our social standard remains monogamous. The huge figure of the hero, swaying between the woman of the home and the woman of the headlands, remains, as to significance, something of a puzzle. Purporting to be a study of fisher-folk on the English coast, the tale narrows to a long-drawn-out dwelling on the physical aspects of passion, scenery and characters serving as a thin veil or disguise. David does little fishing, and his heroic strength is more a thing of statement than of proof. One feels throughout the book a lack of sincerity, and of direct observation, and the impression is strengthened by a false pseudo-poetic quality in the diction. It has commonly been supposed that the years of experience in novel-writing have brought clearer and clearer study of life, and keener sense of artistic truth. In the late sixteenth century, when Lodge wrote his *Rosalynde*, he made the shepherdess Phœbe speak thus: "Love, sir, is chary in his laws, and whatsoever he sets down for justice, the sentence cannot be reversed. . . . I know Montanus is wise, and women's ears are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charm of a pleasant tongue as Ulysses the melody of the sirens. . . . Montanus is wealthy . . . Danaë was won with a golden shower when she could not be gotten with all the entreaties of Jupiter." We smile at the fantastic folly of the speech, in our modern knowledge that the phrase must be fitted to the person; yet are the following

[1] *David Bran*. By Morley Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

remarks of David Bran nearer than Phœbe's to the actual speech and thought of peasant folk?

"'I've given up Lou,' he said. 'I've given her up!' The tears ran down his face as he spoke. . . .

"'No, by God, I have n't, and I never will! She's been mine these many years, and if she'd had a child doubtless she would have married me. . . .

"'She's my dear, the first I ever loved, and though Kate 's got me, she can't put Lou aside. Kate's sweet — oh, *so* sweet, there's none like her. 'T is a maid out of the sea, out o' the moon, and her hair's all gold, and her eyes are blue and make me mad; but the brown arms of Lou are always about my neck, and she's the sweetest voice, and I've never heard Kate say things to make me dream. Kate will give me children, and I'll love her dear, and fight for her and the unborn ones, but I'll never give up Lou.'"

Oh, for one moment of the pen or the tongue of Dr. Samuel Johnson to express one's sense of both the import and the manner of this!

Turning to Miss Alice Brown's *Thyrza*,[1] from that delightful comedy, touched with melodrama, *Rose MacLeod*, wherein deft characterization, abundant humor, and sound philosophy more than atoned for too sudden movements in the machinery of the plot, — turning to *Thyrza*, one pauses in disappointment. The book has a great theme, but a great theme alone does not make a great novel, and this is presented in so fragmentary a fashion that it fails to convince. The intellectual old lady whose wickedness constitutes the chief charm of *Rose MacLeod*, was brilliantly and consistently portrayed, and was decidedly original; the intellectual young girl, Thyrza, is a studied and inconsistent sketch of a type often done before and better done, whether we think of her as Jane Eyre or Maggie Tulliver or Rebecca. The dark-haired child with elf-locks and an imagination, set off against her placid, smooth-faced blond sister or friend, needs something fresh and original in her rendering if she is to continue to appeal, and the new elements added by Miss Brown only detract from the spell that she has long exercised.

There is an essential incongruity in the way in which tragedy comes to her; it might indeed have come, but never in that guise. Miss Brown's heroine at this crucial moment is dropped many degrees lower in the scale of being than she has been up to this point; a girl of her instincts, and one, moreover, educated in that finest of all schools for girls, friendship with a high-minded man, would have been incapable of the step she took. Surely Thyrza's fate could have come to her only through her deepest affections; to have it come through mere momentary intrigue is revolting; it breaks the chain of Thyrza's development, and interferes with the dramatic causality of the tale. Lacking consistency and continuity, this study of a woman's development fails to satisfy. Miss Brown is more successful in setting forth intellectual dilemmas than emotional, and the theme of *Thyrza* demands a deeper knowledge of human passion than is shown here.

In different fashion the prevailing tendency mars the art of another recent novel, *Arminel of the West*.[2] Not interrupting in isolated incident, but subtle, pervading and tainting the whole, it perceptibly lessens the real charm of the tale. Cross-currents of love and of family pride in the attachment of Brian Challacome, of an ancient Devon family, to a moorsman's daughter make up an appealing story wherein you follow with rather unusual interest the fashion in which obstacles are piled high in the path of true love. The aforesaid obstacles help create a resourceful charm in the low-born heroine, who is nevertheless a lady, and her struggles and her triumph rouse increasing interest and sympathy until the final page is reached. Arminel captivates the

[1] *Thyrza*. By Alice Brown. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

[2] *Arminel of the West*. By John Trevena. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

reader as she did her husband's grim relatives, though that reader is forced to confess that there is a break somewhere in the character-presentation, and that the heroine of the latter part of the book is a distinctly different person from the girl who bears her name in the earlier pages.

It is a relief, after the many tales in which the appeal of Devon is rendered with a bit too much apple-blossom and clotted cream, to find a semi-realistic treatment of this corner of England and its inhabitants. Mr. Trevena has a graphic touch in presenting both, and the charm of country-side and country-folk gains by reason of his truthfulness. Real beauty and genuine idyllic charm appear at moments.

The pity is that an author, keen in perceiving, undoubtedly clever in plotting situations, does not approach in a somewhat different manner the situations he has created. One objects, not to that which happens in the tale, but to the author's way of telling what happens. A wrong note, a suggestion now and then of flippancy in dealing with sex-questions, a relish in recording the practices and the moral lapses of both the peasantry and their betters, interfere with full enjoyment of the book. We have a right to demand dignity of treatment where we no longer demand reserve. It decreases, too, in lamentable fashion, the power of the satirical underplot, wherein are set forth the sins of a clergyman, whose gospel of self-control, never once applied to his own life, brings to his daughter an absolutely logical but most cruel fate; worst of all, it lessens the appeal of the story of the rector's wife, wherein the everlasting dilemma of sex reaches grimmest tragedy.

Many kinds of instant relief are experienced in coming to *Septimus;*[1] the half year's output of fiction would be depressing indeed but for this homely figure, God's fool. Mr. Locke, perhaps the kindliest spirit in English letters since Lamb, has a way of carrying you into a region above your noblest convictions and your most insistent ideals, a very good world to which to be taken. Here simple goodness, in the form of absolute unselfishness, not only exists, but is unconscious of itself; and Mr. Locke achieves the impossible, here, as in *The Beloved Vagabond,* in making such goodness seem real. A few hours with him are always a summer vacation for the soul; better a few grains of this ripened wisdom than harvests of pungent criticism, or systems, invincible on paper, of social regeneration. After all, what achievement is finer than such fine understanding of humanity's best?

The plot of *Septimus* is, as might be expected, simplicity itself. The magnificent heroine, Zora, going out into the great world to search for its hidden treasure, finds it, but does not wholly recognize it in Septimus; the story of his great service to her through the rescue of the sister she loves, and of the way in which Septimus quite unexpectedly comes to his own is for the author to tell. The delicacy and reserve of Mr. Locke's manner in dealing with a situation full of possibilities in the way of unpleasant suggestion is something for which to give thanks in comparing him with those of his contemporaries who love to say or to hint that which is better left unsaid. The ending of the tale has his own stamp, humanly if not romantically satisfying. There are no complications, no subtleties in structure, and few surprises, yet the tale is fully told, and the charity which believeth all things, hopeth all things, becomes, in incident and in creation of character, visible, tangible, credible.

Of the few people whose fortunes make up the story, the magnificent heroine herself, Zora, is the least real, a man's woman, whose creator appreciates her spectacular effect better than her inner nature. The effort to make her produce upon the reader the effect she produces upon Septimus is not entirely successful. Next comes Clem Sypher, "friend of humanity;" surely no one but Mr. Locke would have thought of so extreme an ex-

[1] *Septimus.* By W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.

pression of faith in humanity as making the inventor and promoter of a patent medicine believe in it himself! Naturally the character-study of the book centres in the insignificant Septimus, with the touch of the grotesque in his appearance, and his flawless soul. If the book misses something of the golden glow which attends the footsteps of the Beloved Vagabond, the witchery of strange paths through southern lands and through human souls, it gains in subtlety of character interpretation. Here we have less broad laughter, less broad pathos, something a bit less obvious, to be discovered by search.

Mr. Locke, inheritor of more than one tradition of the English novel, does not scorn its ancient function of teaching, though none of his predecessors have succeeded in concealing so definite a doctrine behind so whimsical a smile. The way the touch and shock of experience act upon all the characters, the purifying processes even of sin itself, make up a creed of belief in life, refreshing in a world full of questioning and doubt.

Mr. Locke's manner of writing is different alike from the analytical and the anecdotal styles of his contemporaries. It is a dainty, whimsical art, full of delicate suggestions and significant omissions and eloquent silences, and it owes much to Laurence Sterne.

"'Septimus,' said Sypher, 'is one of the children of God.'

"'But he's a little bit incoherent on earth,' she rejoined with a smile.'" . . .

"'Those whom God had joined together' . . .

"'He did n't,' snapped Cousin Jane. 'They were joined together by a scrubby man in a registry office.'

"This is a wild and unjust way in which women talk. For aught Cousin Jane knew, the Chelsea Registrar might have been an Antinous for beauty." . . .

"'Bah, mon vieux,' said Hegisippe, 'what are you talking about? You owe me nothing.'

"'I owe you three lives,' said Septimus."

The last marks Mr. Locke's way of announcing the advent of Bébé. That power of the single thrust, of the word that speaks volumes, is almost equal to Sterne's own. To Sterne's manner also can be traced those odd tangents of thought, representing a kind of pun in idea, not mere word. So rare in our modern prose is the power of imaginative suggestion, that one gives a double welcome to Mr. Locke's art. Ideas nowadays are carved out as with a sharp knife in very definite outlines, and set down before you with a thud, so limited, definite, and tangible that you often get no further than the outlines; hence the great relief in finding an artist whose touch sets your imagination at work, and starts your mind in quest of subtler ideas and images than those written down.

It must be confessed that the late output of American fiction is distinctly inferior to the English, in imaginative power, depth of feeling, and, though this is perhaps the greatest blow of all to our pride, in quality of humor. When the British mind detaches itself sufficiently from the solid mass of the race to realize significances and to play, we get a humor that is rich and sweet, and more profound than our own. Their novelists have been doing better work than ours, though they have done nothing "choicely good;" and nothing comparable to Miss Sinclair's *Divine Fire* has been produced lately. So thin in quality, so lacking in depth and in richness, is most of the fiction recently produced on this side of the water, that one begins to wonder if there is something in our climate or our soil that prevents this species from taking deep root. *The Atlantic* would not suggest as news the self-evident fact that the great American novel has not appeared in the last six months, though this assertion would seem to convict the publishers of misunderstanding. The great English novels of earlier days stay unchallenged on their shelves, unless, indeed, we take them down and plunge into them for pure relief.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

COURTESY OF MIND

At a casual glance these words may not imply all they really stand for. They may seem to mean merely the knack of listening well, — although one should apologize for the word "merely" in this connection. To listen well is not merely a bit of luck; it is no slight accomplishment, no second-hand virtue. It is always a quietly attractive charm, and one deserving a higher place than it gets in any list of good resolutions. Just here one is tempted to add, that if to listen well is worth something, certainly the art of knowing when not to talk at all is worth more; for even the most garrulous of us likes now and then a pause. The man or woman who unremittingly ploughs through people's ideas, regardless of the conversational soil, may be a good, steady workman, but is none the less a bore. The pleasure of many a drive, a sail, or a summer's-day walk, has been quite spoiled by the one member of the party who felt it necessary to "keep things going." We do not always want our minds to be cut into furrows. There are times when we long to let them lie fallow, absorbing color and sound, and the hundred and one little impressions of sky and grass, or the warmth of a restful room.

But to return to our phrase. Courtesy of mind implies more than conversational good manners, more than a willing quietness. It means, first of all, a genuine respect for the other person's opinion, a desire to hear that opinion expressed, and an eagerness to modify one's own if something better can be learned. Have you never noticed how many people state their own views clearly, and then relapse into a state of nervous inattention while others speak? It may be done unconsciously, but its very unconsciousness is the more telling. When the first speaker's turn comes again, he takes up the argument where he dropped it, as if nothing had been heard during the interval, no modifying impression received. Like the farmer in the Berkshires, who could n't see the view because the hills were in the way, so we fail to see the next man's point because our own looms too large on the horizon. Indeed, just as one may be bright, yet crude; clever in speech, yet dull in the gentle art of understanding; so one may grasp firmly and with clear-mindedness big intellectual problems, yet fail to bring forth this finer flower of culture and of a loving heart — courtesy of mind. Its roots lie deep in unselfishness, and it grows only in the clear air of tolerance and the bright light of an open mind.

A deeper reason for cultivating this infrequent charm is the sincere wish to help other people think through their difficulties and solve their individual problems. To do this we must make them feel that they have our full attention, our responsive interest, and that every shade of feeling which they express is worth hearing. A kindly priest of the Roman church once said to the writer in speaking of the confessional, "The average sin told me is of a gross nature; there are rarely any subtle distinctions of conscience to be decided. I could tell instantly what should be done; but you can't do that; you must let the people talk; let them tell it all. It does them good." There is no doubt that this priest has gained the unusual power of understanding which he possesses, as much by his unfailing courtesy as by any more brilliant quality.

After all "courtesy of mind" is but an often overlooked phase of unselfishness, and its secret is expressed in the quiet lines of a quiet hymn, —

> **A heart at leisure from itself**
> **To soothe and sympathize.**

THE CONFIDANTIST

In these days when quaint ministering agencies — cleverly commercialized, perhaps, but nevertheless helpful — are springing up on all sides, there seems to the writer to be distinctly a place for the Confidantist. The word is obviously coined to mean one who makes a business of receiving confidences. Confidante would not answer as the dictionary has it. Read the elegant words of Dryden, considerately appended to the definition by way of illustration: —

> You love me for no other end
> Than to become my confidante and friend;
> As such I keep no secret from your sight.

Exactly! "Confidante and friend." But your Confidantist might or might not be your friend. It is the noun-suffix "ist," denoting one who practices, that saves the day.

First, the need of the Confidantist. It must have been apparent to all that every man — and woman — must, at some time, confide in some one. Suppose the case of an unhappy husband who is depressed by a friction between himself and his wife, and who, after brooding long over it, feels he must tell of it. To whom shall he go? His doctor will hardly do. His minister will come nearer; but perhaps he has none, being, let us imagine, a backslider and a bit shy of the clergy. Pride or actual fear of advice may deter him from confiding in his friends. But suppose, too, there is a Confidantist in the next block. The gentleman can relieve his mind for a nominal charge, and no one will be the wiser, except possibly himself. Expression may mend his sense of proportion, and show him what a molehill after all was his mountain.

The duties of the Confidantist would be simple and few. First, and perhaps last, he would need to listen sympathetically. Whether or not he should actually offer advice, particularly unpleasant advice, would depend on his discretion. Some of his "patients" — if the word is permitted — would not want it. Advice might be legitimately included in his field, however, and so render him tremendously influential. Strangers stranded in the city might seek to escape their loneliness simply by talking to him, and in such case, of course, he would need to take, at least, a small part in the conversation.

It may be objected that the so-called heart-to-heart columns of the newspapers and periodicals fill the need of the Confidantist; but while they prove it, are they not often inadequate to fill it? To an extent, of course, writing relieves a man's mind, but it cannot be compared to talking. Most of us talk more easily than we write. Moreover, unless a man wants advice or an answer to a question, he does not write to these columns at all, and his case remains unhelped. But, supposing he does want advice. The spoken word counts for more than cold, unfeeling type. The personality of the Confidantist would be his capital; that and his ability to listen sympathetically. The personality of the patient would also be of importance. Many printed replies to questions would be very different if the editor could meet his correspondent. But, as has already been hinted, many would visit a Confidantist merely to confide in him, and in their cases writing would be of no help.

Who cannot think for himself of beneficent results following the Confidantist? One alone would justify his existence: the harmless disposal of ideas, which, to express it inelegantly, have been kept too long. We all know that some thoughts, if unexpressed, become dangerous to the thinker. We say they work in. Or if they work out at the wrong time, they may take form in action harmful to others. In either case, some one is bound to suffer. If such thoughts had been confided to a Confidantist at the logical moment, that is, when they were ripe for expression, they would have passed off naturally and painlessly.

The very fact that a fee would be charged (which should be based on a sliding scale, whereby the longer and drearier a patient's story the higher the

charge) would induce many conscientious people who might otherwise suffer in silence to share their burdens with another. They would not scruple at distressing the listener if they were paying him for the privilege. Again, many would tell the Confidantist what they would tell no one else on earth, because they could be sure their confidences would never be repeated.

But another result not to be despised would be that we should possibly be protected from being confided in quite so often. The writer happens to follow a pursuit which seems particularly calculated to expose him to the confidences of total strangers. If there were enough Confidantists, he might reasonably expect to be spared. He therefore humbly offers the suggestion, hoping that some one may begin the profession of "confidentializing." Although his experiences have led him to suppose he might be a success in this line himself, he lacks the pioneer spirit to lead forth.

Hasten the day when we may behold such signs as this in golden letters:—

A. B. SMITH

CONFIDANTIST

Office Hours, 9–10 A. M. and 2–4 P. M.

FROUDE'S DEVONSHIRE: A SKETCH

IT is one of the quietest and loveliest, one of the cosiest and most restful of all the picturesque and fascinating corners on the coast of far-famed Devonshire. On the day I spent in Salcombe the blue of the summer sky arched brilliantly above the quiet harbor, and a gentle breeze was lending just a few slight wrinkles to the tide-borne waters which were moving up between the rolling hills.

I had gone there because of my interest in the life and writings of the historian Froude, — for it was there, a few miles distant from the village of his birth, that Froude had lived for many years, and there, in accordance with his wishes, he was buried.

The two abiding passions of Froude's life, it seems, were Devonshire and the sea. In the midst of a career of deep research and constant literary toil, he often longed for the shaded lanes and fragrant fields and sheltered harbors of his native county, where he might rest and be at peace; while of the sea itself, which never is more beautiful than off the cliffs and downs of southern England, he wrote and spoke with fervor and devotion to the last. "To a man of middle-age," he declared in his *Sea-Studies*, "whose occupations have long confined him to the unexhilarating atmosphere of a library, there is something unspeakably delightful in a sea-voyage. . . . Above our heads is the arch of the sky, around is the ocean, rolling free and fresh as it rolled a million years ago, and our spirits catch a contagion of the elements."

James Anthony Froude was born in Dartington, a little village of South Devon, some ten or a dozen miles from Dartmouth, on the upper waters of the famous stream from which both places take their names. The "Parsonage," or Rectory, which was his boyhood home, — for his father was rector of the church at Dartington, and archdeacon of Totnes, — is crouched demurely in an angle of two cross-roads, some way back from the quiet highways, and underneath great trees. It is a typically English house, — long, and low, and dignified, yet distinctly homelike, — with heavy ivy clinging to the walls, and roses creeping boldly up, and looking shyly in at the open door. The pretty entrance porch is on a level with the winding drive, and broad, deep windows reach down to the lawn, and open on a quiet garden at the side. It was here that Froude was born and grew to manhood; and it was here that he imbibed a love of outdoor life, together with an interest in the wild adventures and the weird romance of history.

Not half a mile from the rectory is Dartington Hall, — one of the most inter-

esting and beautiful old manor-houses in all England, — adjoining which, with stately tower, was his father's church. The Hall was built in the time of Richard II, by a half-brother of the king, and is rich in ruined glory and historic charm. It was the early home, I believe, of Katharine Champernowne, the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh; and the Champernowne family, after five long centuries of ownership, are still in proud possession of the great estate. Archdeacon Froude and the lord of the manor in his day were close and constant friends; and the churchman, who was something of an architect as well, designed the pretty lodge which stands at the gateway of the noble park. It was natural therefore that the rector's son should freely roam about the ancient Hall, and dream the dreams of splendid pageants which were held there in the days of Queen Elizabeth and earlier.

Moreover, close behind both Hall and rectory there lie deep stretches of dark wood, which are softly bound around by the silver girdle of the Dart. The woods and stream supplied the boy with a natural and enchanting playground, which, so far as the river was concerned, was almost equally a school. The youth no doubt had sometimes taken boat, and gone upon the ebb of the hurrying tide to Dartmouth, the famous harbor at the river mouth, whence so many brave and gallant men had embarked in other days to sail the Spanish Main, and engage in dangerous expeditions of discovery. As he rowed back on the force of the swirling flood, he passed beneath the front of Greenway House, high perched upon a wooded bank, the early home of Sir Walter Raleigh and the Gilberts. Beyond, in a quiet cove, lay Sandridge Farm, the birthplace of John Davis, who gave his name to Davis Straits. If scenery and surroundings have any influence on character and destiny, — as it can hardly be doubted that they have, — we might trace to the romance and beauty of the whole neighborhood of his birthplace something of the freshness and fervor of the historian's character, and the grace and vivid splendor of his style in writing.

Much of Froude's entire life, as I have said, was associated with this special section of what he called his " beloved Devon." It was in Torquay, some ten miles distant from the village of his birth, that he preached his first and only sermon. He lived and worked for a time in Babbacombe, another famous spot in Devonshire, a suburb of Torquay, where great red cliffs of rock and clay reach down, all belted with green shrubs and ferns, and bathe their sandy feet in the blue and gray of the changeful sea. Finally, the happiest, longest, and most restful days of his somewhat troublous life were spent at Salcombe, a little crevice in the cliffs between old Plymouth and Dartmouth.

It is not unlikely that these same surroundings, when looked at from another point of view, had much to do with the special work in life to which he gave himself with earnest purpose and a long-continued passion. Leaving aside his general and perhaps instinctive love of history, the things in history which most appealed to Froude were *men*, and the men he loved best to write about were men of *action*, men who *did* things, and engaged in fearless enterprises, whether in religious or in worldly things. But these were just the kind of men that Devonshire had wondrously produced, — those men who wrought so much upon the sea to render glorious the age of Queen Elizabeth. It was from Dartmouth, almost within sight of his native village, that Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed away on voyages of great discovery. Drake and Hawkins, the two most famous sea-fighters of the same, or almost any age, were reared and trained in Plymouth, which was only a few miles farther distant. Moreover, it was in Plymouth, as everybody knows, that the English fleet lay quietly at anchor awaiting Philip's great Armada, and it was thence that it sailed forth boldly to achieve its stupendous victory. It all took place in this quiet neighborhood where he was

born, and where in his later years he lovingly returned to live. As Kingsley, also a Devon man and lover, wrote his absorbing stories of *Westward Ho!* and *Two Years Ago*, which abound in local color, so Froude selected for his central theme in history the age which culminated in the sinking of Spain's giant fleet.

Besides all this, the southern shore of Devonshire is not without its relics and mementos of the great encounter. In Torquay is the "Spanish Barn," — a portion of old Tor Abbey, — so called because a batch of Spanish prisoners from a captured galleon were held there. The church at Dartmouth, I believe, has a pulpit taken from a vessel of the fleet; for Philip sent his navy forth equipped with religious furniture as well as instruments of war. And in Plymouth the tourist still may take his stand upon the famous Hoe, where the English captains were engaged in a game of bowls when news was brought that the Spaniards were in sight.

Such things as these may well have stirred the fancy, as they kindled high the admiration, of young Froude. He read of them as he browsed at will within his father's library, or wandered through the ruined Hall so near his early home. Perhaps he heard them talked of as a boy by the fishermen and sailors at the mouth of the historic river that flowed near his door; while among the friends and neighbors of his father's household were not a few descendants of the great sea-captains of the sixteenth century.

On a radiant summer day I made a pilgrimage to the little niche upon the seashore that he loved so well in life, and where he stipulated that his body should be laid in death. The village of Salcombe is tucked away upon a long thin arm of the neighboring sea, and nestles back upon a shoulder of green hill which rises sheer and soft from the water's edge. The little town is sheltered so tenderly and completely from the cold winds of the north that winter scarcely ever touches it with frigid hand and icy breath. The seasons come and go with a minimum of change. Groves of ilex trees, in gray and silver, wave their branches on the hillside. Oranges and citrons flourish in the open air the whole year round. All is peace and quiet and retirement and beauty, with the nearest railway six miles distant, and glorious vistas up the tidal estuary, and out beyond into the boisterous sea. It is an ideal spot for days of alternating work and rest, of toil and recreation.

Froude's garden-wall was washed by the ebb and flow of the ceaseless tides, and his study-windows opened on the quiet harbor, which was often white with sails of yachts and fishing-vessels. As he walked along the solemn cliffs, or fished in the waters that he loved so well, or sailed across the shining waves that broke in white confusion on the famous headland of "the Start," he was looking off to the very spot where the English vessels opened fire on Spain's great Armada. There, in a house that hung above the ruins of a castle built by Henry III, he wrote a large part of his brilliant history. There, at a later time, he prepared for the press his popular *Short Studies*, and wrote that graphic *Sketch* of Cæsar which he thought the best of all his books. And there, in the shortening days of a mellow autumn, he waited with calm patience for the dark-sailed ship of death to come and bear him on his last long voyage out beyond the familiar headlands to the waters of the great uncharted sea. Within sound almost of the rippling tides and the whispering waves, may be found the final resting-place of a Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

CONCERNING CHOICE SENTIMENTS

I AM not referring to those abstract sentiments of love and loyalty, and honesty and patriotism, which I hope have taken root in the soil of my mind, and which may, it is still more devoutly to be hoped, bring forth fruit in their season;

but I am referring now to those sentiments which are printed in red and green and gold, in the most artistic of type, on the choicest of cream-colored paper, or, perchance, are passe-partouted with funereal black edges, and neatly hung by rings from the back.

The sentiments are beautiful, ennobling; but what under the sun shall we do with them all — not the sentiments, but the reiterated expression of them? The things burden me, and, to tell the truth, not only do the oft-repeated phrases themselves become trite, but I grow positively hostile to them, after having them "rubbed in," as it were, season after season.

The first printed sentiment of the sort to which I refer, which came to me nine or ten years ago, gave me great pleasure. It was that paragraph from William Henry Channing, known, far and wide, as *My Symphony*. I hung my dainty card, from its cord of dull blue silk, up in my room, and was greatly elevated by the perusal of it. "To live content with small means" — certainly that was the road to bliss, and I decided that I could be happier listening to "babes and sages" than using the pink lustre tea-set which I had been coveting each time that I passed the window of a certain antique shop.

But by the time that I had been presented with *six* of those symphonies, — every possible anniversary for the next year bringing one or more, — I grew antagonistic, and read, with rebellion in my heart, "To live content with small means" and went out and bought a marabout boa, which I knew I could n't afford (the pink lustre tea-set had been taken from the antique-shop window before this). Then I packed away every blessed one of those symphonies in a drawer of my desk, and went to a club meeting in that distracting feather boa, with an unholy joy in my soul.

The *Footpath to Peace* was next sent to me. I thought the first one lovely, as indeed it was — so they all are; but by the end of two years I had trod so many footpaths to peace that there was n't a particle of room left in my soul for flowers or fruit, or even grass to grow; it was positively dusty with footpaths.

The *Goodnight* sentiment — "Sleep sweet within this quiet room" — pleased me mightily the first time and the second that I saw it, and even on the fifth I still remained peaceful; but by the *tenth*, I was in such state of mind that, when I found it in the guest-chamber where I was visiting, I could n't get to sleep for at least half an hour — and I am naturally one of those sleepers who simply "shut their eyes and go," conscience or a late supper notwithstanding.

I was having a season of the blues, partly from an attack of malaria and partly because Dick had lost a lot in copper, the first time that that sentiment about turning your clouds "wrong side out to show the lining" was given to me, and I braced right up, and turned my silver lining (though I did wish it was copper!) to the world, with great spirit; but by the time sympathizing friends had sent me *nine* of those things, I was rebellious clear through, and would n't even pretend or try to "turn my cloud about"!

This is all very wrong, I know; as wrong as when, at the age of twelve, I was required for the third time to begin at the beginning and read the Bible through (a chapter a day and three for Sundays), and suddenly felt that life was becoming unendurable, and stamped my foot and declared that I hated the Bible, — to the unending horror of the good aunt who was trying to lead my willful soul along the paths of righteousness — but some way I can't seem to help it.

It's an awful state of mind to be in, and I am properly worried about the tendencies of my own soul, but I am also perplexed as to what I shall do with the things themselves!

Six *Symphonies*, eight *Footpaths to Peace*, four *Goodnights*, nine *Clouds with Silver Linings*, seven *Smiles*, three *R. L. S.'s*, four *Lovesome Gardens*, and no-

body knows how many *Listens* by week after next!

I can't send them to my best friends on their birthdays, because they have sent them to me, and besides they must themselves have a stock sufficient to set up a store. One thinks of the missionaries, of course; but I have a horrible feeling that everybody else has thought of them, too, in this same connection, and that the walls of their domiciles are so hung with passe-partouted *Footpaths* and *Symphonies* that they could n't find a place for a real jolly poster even if we should be so misguided as to send them one. And then suppose that a poor missionary's wife, out on the frontier, should get, in the course of time, to feel as I do about them, what an awful responsibility to add to the weight of sin on her already exhausted conscience!

What do other people do with their "sentiments," I'd like to know, after they have accumulated them by the dozens? I really feel the need of advice. I *should* like to do the reasonable thing.

But sometimes — I blush to write it — I almost wish Dick had invested his money in a printing-press instead of in copper; the printing of "sentiments" must be profitable!

IN OUTER DARKNESS

Muscles triumphing over the conquered ascent; lungs exulting in the glorious air of the hill-top; meadow and mountain stretching dim and blue before your eyes; breezes of heaven lifting your hair, and a joy beyond understanding in your heart — and yet you are in outer darkness, for you have not picked one specimen to analyze, and you do not even remember whether it is cinquefoil or blueberry bushes through which you have been scrambling.

This is not a vindication that I am about to attempt, — for this reason if for no other, that I myself am in outer darkness, and can hardly expect much weight to attach to argument proceeding from that negligible region. Neither is my spirit the spirit of those strange persons who glory in their limitations, and proclaim with ill-masked complacency that they dislike poetry or do not care for classical music. With my last breath I stand ready to defend the poor sort of pleasure in nature that is mine own; but I recognize a great lack in myself, I confess a black ignorance, and from my soul I respect the naturalist.

Let me own the worst at once. I am one of those who know only the commonest birds, only the commonest flowers, and no stones at all. There is a confusion in our minds regarding stalactites, pyrites, and stylites. If confronted with it, we can recognize a field of daisies, and if it is sun-drenched and wind-swept we are almost certain not to pass it by unnoticed; we know a smoky spray of asters when we see it, and we like it; but for the most part the roadside tangle or the meadow carpet is a closed book to us, fair to look at, but mysterious to consider. As for birds, the return of robins in the spring excites us immensely; we are aware that the sight of a crow flying northward is encouraging; and we think bluebirds very pretty. Some little modest knowledge of bird-notes we may have. We identify immediately, at any distance, the cheerful responses of cocks; and when a partridge bounces up from under our feet we know perfectly well, after a moment, what it is that has deafened us; but we make no pretension to fine skill in discriminating. However, we do not sit at the symphony with our ears stuffed with cotton. It is true that if a list of the performers' names should be handed to us, we could not fit them to their owners, and that we are not always sure whether that fresh burst of music is a different piece or only another movement of the same one; but we listen with all our ears, and while we do not know much, we know enough not to applaud if we are hoping for an encore.

Perhaps you are of our inglorious com-

pany, and know all about it. You too have loved the wild rose and left it on its stalk; and left it with a suspicion that possibly it was not a wild rose at all, there are other blossoms so similar. You too, at the sudden rush, crackle, and crashing in the autumn woods, have known the fearful joy of feeling yourself within arm's length of whatever wild wood-creature your fancy might select — a joy out of the reach of the more sophisticated, who know the volume of sound that should accompany the transit of rabbit, bear, or mouse, and cannot taste the delight of uncertainty. And you, too, alas! have suffered the contempt of the instructed — contempt sometimes impatient, sometimes tolerant, sometimes pitying, sometimes even sorrowful, always deep.

How blind they think you, and how dull, the other people at the inn! You come down some perfect morning, with the blood racing so fast in your veins that if the breakfast were less good you could not stop for it, in your desire to be out and away. You mention the goal that you have chosen. Some one asks if you can find walking fern on the way. You cannot tell. You only know that the wood-road you take dips down through Arden, Sherwood, Arcadia, all the enchanted places known to man in one; and this fact you suppress, as scientifically unsatisfying. Some one else asks if any glacial boulders can be seen from the hilltop for which you are bound. Again you cannot say. You know that the hilltop is the spot nearest heaven that you have yet discovered, but you are not so foolish as to offer this bit of information to an eager geologist. When you decline a proffered field-glass, a very fine one, they wash their hands of you. They have done their best to stimulate your apperceptive centres, but wanton obstinacy is best left to go its own way. So down the road you swing, the sun on your face and the wind in your eyes, blind and dull, — you freely admit it, — but, in your mulish way, so royally content!

You have a wonderful morning. Your mood is not intellectual, it is perhaps barely intelligent; but you never miss your brain in the exaltation of — of what? Is it after all only your glorified senses? It feels remarkably like soul. You are immoderately amused by the mannerisms of a preposterous brigade of ducks that troop across your path: could a bird-expert, stalking a hermit thrush, spare so much enthusiasm for a domestic duck? Was that odd, angular rock near the bridge deposited by a glacier or by a dump-cart? You are glad that you need not decide. If the beauty of the early morning was a thing to gasp at in the glitter of the dew, it mellows and deepens from hour to hour. If you started feeling half tipsy, you return feeling like an archangel.

At luncheon, the talk is all of polypody and fly amanita. Some one has found delightful specimens; some one else disputes their identity; discussion grows warm; and at last chairs are simultaneously pushed back, and there is a quick adjournment to the piazza, where the causes of war are lying neatly on newspapers. You are feeling pleasantly fatigued, well-fed, and companionable; and sitting down by the naturalists, on the edge of the piazza, you ask some light question. Then are you relegated to your proper place in outer darkness. Some one turns an absent stare upon you; the rest do not hear you; your careless inquiry receives not even a careless answer; cries of delight and cries of dissent are going up; and every head but yours is bent over specimens, microscope, and reference-book.

It is stupid, no doubt, it is obstinate, it is wrong-headed; but as the excited wrangling rises upon the air, it is pleasant to lean your averted head against a pillar, to stare with dreamy eyes at the blue hills against the far-away sky, to listen to some bird — Heaven knows *what* bird: a thrush, perhaps, a cuckoo, or a pelican, for all you care — piping divine melody in the wood below the hill, and to feel that it all is very good.

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THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

I

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

From time to time, one or two friends have urged me to write of the war between the States, in which, as a boy, I took a humble part just after graduating at West Point; but I have always answered that nature had not given me the qualifications of an historian; and, moreover, that every nook and corner of the field had been reaped and garnered. So I kept on my way. But not long ago, while in a meditative mood, a brooding peace settled over my mind, and lo! across a solemn gorge, and far up and away against the past, lay the misty field of History. While my inward eye was wandering bewitched over it, a voice hailed me from a green knoll; adjacent was a little pond refreshed by a spring whose light-hearted current wimpled away from the foot of the knoll. "Come over here," said the voice, beckoning; and seeing that I stood still, and wore a perplexed look, it added feelingly, "You have written your boyhood memories of your old home, and you have written those of your cadet days at West Point; am I not dear to you, too? I am your boyhood memories of the War." At once, from the fields of Virginia the Army of the Potomac lifted as by magic and began to break camp to go on its last campaign; its old, battle-scarred flags were fluttering proudly, the batteries were drawing out, the bronze guns that I had heard thunder on many fields were sparkling gayly, and my horse, the same wide-nostriled, broad-chested, silky-haired black roan, stood saddled and bridled before my tent. I heard the trumpets sounding; and, as their notes died away, I picked up the pen once more.

Upon graduating at West Point in June, 1862, I was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Ordnance Corps and assigned to duty under Captain T. G. Baylor, commanding the Arsenal at Fort Monroe. Fort Monroe, or Old Point Comfort (which is the loving and venerable historic name of the place), at that time and throughout the war was the port and station of greatest importance on our Southern seaboard. Situated practically at the mouth of the James, it not only commanded the outlet from the Confederate capital at Richmond, but also the navigation of the Chesapeake and the Potomac, and offered a safe point for the assembly of fleets and armies preparatory to taking the offensive. When I reached there, it was the base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac, then on its last stage of the disastrous Peninsula campaign, and also for Burnside's army operating on the coast of North Carolina. Moreover, it was the rendezvous of our Atlantic fleets and of the foreign men-of-war, which, drawn as eagles to the scene of our conflict, came in and cast their anchors, though the hearts of most of them were not with us. The little Monitor was lying there, basking in her victory

over the huge, ungainly Merrimac; and alongside of her, their yards towering far above her, lay the pride of the old navy, the Wabash, the Colorado, and the Minnesota. Vessels, sail and steam, were coming and going, and the whole harbor was alive with naval and military activity. Nor did it cease when night came on; at all hours you could hear the deep and rumbling movements of ships loading and unloading. It was my first acquaintance with the sea, and I think I was fortunate in the spot where I gained my first impressions of it. For never yet have I stood on a beach where the water, rocking in long, regular beats, as if listening to music in its dreams, spread away in such mild union with the clouds and sunshine.

The Army of the Potomac, whose fortunes I was to share on many a field, had just been through the fierce battles of Fair Oaks, Gaines's Mill, Glendale (or Frazer's Farm as it is called by the Confederates), and Malvern Hill. In these desperate engagements it had been driven from the Chickahominy, and was then huddled around Harrison's Landing on the north bank of the James, about twenty-five miles below Richmond. The army had suffered terribly in this campaign, known as that of the Peninsula, but the government, though cast down and sorely disappointed at the outcome, immediately responded with vigor to its needs, and the river and Hampton Roads were lined day and night with transports taking supplies of all kinds to it, and bringing back the sick and wounded, of whom there were very, very many. Its commander was McClellan, perhaps the war's greatest marvel as an example of personal magnetism, and one of Fortune's dearest children; yet one who, when Victory again and again poised, ready to light on his banner, failed to give the decisive blow.

When Pope's army on the upper Rappahannock was threatened with disaster, the Army of the Potomac was recalled to Washington. It marched down the Peninsula to Old Point Comfort, where transports had been gathered to meet it. During that time McClellan and his staff were at our officers' mess for several days, and on one occasion I lunched almost alone with him. So sweet and winsome was he, that I ever after was one of his sympathetic and ardent admirers. Later on I served with Hooker, Burnside, Meade, and Grant, each of whom in turn followed him at the head of the Army of the Potomac, but were that old army to rise from its tomb, not one of them would call out such cheers as those which would break when " Little Mac," as it loved to call him, should appear.

It took three or four days to embark the troops, and meanwhile I visited the camps of many of my West Point friends, and for the first time heard the trumpets of the dear old army. At last they were all aboard, and I watched them heading off up the Chesapeake and longed to go with them, with my friends of cadet days, Custer, Cushing, Woodruff, Bowen, Kirby, Dimmock, and others, — all of whose cheery, young faces seemed to diffuse the very air of glory, while the colors of Regulars and Volunteers seemed to beckon me to follow as they were borne away.

The Army of the Potomac had come to be recognized at home and abroad as the country's chief safeguard, the one firm barrier to be relied upon to keep the South at bay. For, the National Capital once in the hands of the Confederates, the cause of the Union would be irretrievably lost. None saw this fact clearer than the commercial power of the North; its cold eyes lit up and its heart throbbed with the common love of the country's ideals. It showed that it had a civic pride also, and was ready to pour out its last cent for the cause. So, all over the North, and especially in the region east of the Alleghanies where the most of its rank and file were reared, the people were proud of the Army of the Potomac; and at sunrise and sunset, and around every fireside offered their prayers for it. Fearful indeed had been, and were to be, its trials. It had lost much blood, but the

people knew that it was ready to lose still more before it would yield to a truce or ignominious peace.

From the parapets of Fortress Monroe I saw that army move away. It soon met its old antagonist, the Army of Northern Virginia, the flower of the Southern armies, on the field of Manassas, and then, at Antietam, just as autumn's golden glow began to haze the fields, and at last in the short, cold days of December, it made its frightful assault on Lee's entrenchments along Marye's Heights, back of Fredericksburg. It never showed greater valor, and its losses were sickening. The army wintered on the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, and in sight of the lines it had vainly tried to carry. From time to time I heard from my friends with the army, and day after day continued my duties in the shops, or testing big guns on the beach, wondering if the war would be over before I should see any active service in the field. Thus winter passed and spring came — and nowhere does her face wear such a smile as at Old Point. The last of the migrating birds had passed, the sun was brightening, and I knew that the army would soon be moving again, and longed more and more to be with it. But my wonder and longing were soon to end.

On April 16, Captain Baylor called me into the office, and with a smile handed me the following: —

War Department,
Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, *April* 15, 1863.

Special Orders No. 173

24. First Lieut. Morris Schaff, Ordnance Department, is hereby assigned to duty with the Army of the Potomac, and will report in person without delay to Major-General Hooker, Commanding.

By Order of the Secretary of War,
E. D. Townsend,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

What a joy! I was in my twenty-second year, but what a mere, undeveloped boy! I bade good-by to Captain and Mrs. Baylor, and I never think of them without the tenderest emotion. He and a little group of friends, — in those days, as now, I made friends slowly, — all of whom were my seniors, went with me to the boat, and soon I was on my way.

Hooker's headquarters were at the Phillips house on one of the hills known as the hills of Stafford, which shoulder up in array along the north bank of the Rappahannock. On reporting to him I was assigned as assistant to his chief of Ordnance, the big-hearted Captain D. W. Flagler, with whom I had been at West Point for three years, thereby becoming a part of the headquarter-staff of the army. I never saw Hooker's equal in soldierly appearance; moreover, it had a certain air of promise, — at least so he impressed me, — as he came riding up to headquarters just after I got there. His plans were made, and he was almost ready to move.

A few days after I had reported, Hooker sent for my chief — at that time Captain Flagler — and gave him orders to have a supply of ammunition at the White House on the Pamunkey, which, as every one knows, is not far from Richmond, remarking that he had Lee's army in his grasp, and could crush it like *that*, — closing his hand firmly. When Flagler came back to the tent, and told me what the general had said, the big fellow smiled; and, in the light of what happened, well he might: for within a few weeks, at Chancellorsville, lying just within the eastern border of the Wilderness, Hooker met a crushing defeat, and his laurels, like those of his predecessors, McClellan, Burnside, and Pope, were permanently blasted.

The outlook from our headquarters, a truly venerable Virginia manor-house, was commanding and interesting. Before it on the other side of the river, and dreaming of its historic past, lay the old colonial town of Fredericksburg, in whose graveyard Washington's mother is buried. In front and below was the Rappahannock, bearing on peacefully be-

tween its willow-fringed banks. Starting at the southern side was a plain running off level as a floor, nearly a mile, to a line of encircling hills known as Marye's Heights. Back of the hills were fringes of timber, and then the rim of the bending sky. There lay Lee's intrepid army, under the command of Longstreet, Hill, and Stonewall Jackson. The view had a great charm for me, and I could look at it hour after hour.

At last all was ready, and Hooker, masked by the hills, moved up the river, crossed, and entered the Wilderness with boldness. He no sooner breathed its air than he lost all vigor, became dazed, and at Chancellorsville met his fate. In this savage encounter three of my young friends were either killed or mortally wounded, Marsh, Kirby, and Dimmock.

It will be remembered that Stonewall Jackson, conceded by friend and foe to be the most glowing star of the Rebellion's war constellation, lost his life by a volley from his own men at this battle of Chancellorsville, when on the very verge of delivering what might have proved a mortal blow to the Army of the Potomac. As the circumstances of this event, so momentous to the Confederacy, repeated themselves with startling fidelity just a year later on the same road, and not two miles away, in the battle of the Wilderness, stopping again, but this time for good and all, Lee's hour-hand of victory, there is established a mysteriously intimate and dramatic relation between the two battles, which will be revealed in its entire significance, we hope, as the narrative makes its way.

After Chancellorsville the defeated army staggered back to its old encampments, and the writer returned to the ordnance depot at Aquia Creek. There I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first and only time. He was seated in an ordinary, empty freight-car, on a stout plank supported at each end by a cracker-box. Halleck, in undress uniform, was on his left, a big man with baggy cheeks and pop eyes. Mr. Lincoln was gazing off over the heads of the starving groups of soldiers and laborers, white and black, to the silent, timbered Virginia shore of the Potomac. He seemed utterly unconscious of all who had gathered about him. He was on his way to Hooker's headquarters, and looked, and doubtless felt, sad enough. The world knows his features, the commonest and most preclusive that nature ever spread, it seems to me, over genius, winged with one of the kindest and most lyric hearts that ever beat.

Elated by his victory, Lee, within a month, began the movements toward the upper Potomac which culminated in the battle at Gettysburg, where for a time I remained, collecting the arms that were left on the field. I little dreamed then, as I rode and walked over that famous field, what an epoch it marked in the history of the war. Through the vast amount that has been written about the battle, and the devoted spirit in which the field has been preserved, and the services of those who fell commemorated, an impression prevails that the fate of the Confederacy was sealed that day, —an impression which a comprehensive view of the situation will, I believe, challenge if not remove. Let me state the grounds of my disbelief, and, if they do not convince, they may at least serve as a background for the narrative, aiding us to weigh the issues hanging on the campaign of '64.

When Grant was brought on from the West, and took virtual command of the Army of the Potomac, in the spring after Gettysburg, the war had been raging for three years. First and last, the North had put into the field rising two million men; and, although important victories, such as Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Missionary Ridge, had been won, and obviously the North had had the best of it, yet there is no gainsaying that her disappointments were great. She had hoped and had sincerely believed that long ere that time she would have put down the Rebellion. But, notwithstanding her supreme efforts, three battling years had

passed, and the South was in some respects closer knit than ever, and far from being conquered.

Keen were the North's disappointments and unrealized hopes, but keener still and harder to bear were the incipient sneers of the Old World looking on, day in and day out, with cold, unsympathetic eyes, while she struggled for existence. Moreover, her bodily wounds had been deep; and in more ways than one she had been sorely tried. Volunteering, which had begun spontaneously and with burning enthusiasm, had stopped; and the administration had been forced to resort to the draft. To make matters worse, successive defeats had bred factions within and without the cabinet,—factions made up of governors, editors, and senators, all secretly denouncing Mr. Lincoln and his administration, and actively plotting to defeat him at the forthcoming convention.

On the other hand, the government, fretted by repeated reverses, had become more and more irritable, and, as was natural with the continuance of the war, more and more arbitrary. Those in official life who criticised its policies were turned upon fiercely; the press, never an easy friend or foe to deal with in time of peril, was threatened with muzzling, and some papers were actually suppressed, and their proprietors imprisoned; the provost-marshals, of necessity invested with wide but delicate military authority, often became despotic in their arrests, and almost habitually haughty in parading of their office, — their haughtiness aggravated by ignorance, vanity, and bad manners. Under it all, discontent had grown and spread, until, by the time the campaign of 1864 was ready to open, in the states bordering on the Ohio there was a secret organization said to have had over four hundred thousand members, a coagulation of all phases of political hatred and tainted loyalty, only waiting for a substantial defeat of the Union army to break out into an open demand for an armistice, which, of course, meant the recognition of the South.

As a proof of the depth and reality of this overhanging danger, see the action of some of the courts, and the attempt of the legislature of Indiana to transfer the control of the state's arsenal, with its eighteen thousand arms, — directly, to be sure, to three trustees, but in the end to that ostensibly peace-seeking yet practically traitorous organization. Meantime throughout the North patriotism was smothering under the bitterness of faction, and the blighting evil of indifference to the country's glory, an indifference that nurses always at the breast of commercial prosperity. Corruption in official life, and dissipation in various forms, ran riot and made their way into the heart of civic morals and private manly virtues. Never were gambling-houses so common, low theatres so crowded, never streets gayer, or the rotundas of hotels and the richly furnished rooms of fashionable clubs more frequented by young, able-bodied, well-dressed " high rollers " and champagne-drinkers. Yet, let the sound of a drum be heard in the street at the head of some returning body of veterans, whom not one of them had had the courage or manliness to join in defense of the country, and lo! up would go the windows of the clubs, and the balcony of every hotel would be filled with cheering men.

This being the state of affairs, let us suppose that Lee, at the outset of the campaign of 1864, had defeated the Army of the Potomac decisively, and had driven Grant back across the Rappahannock, as he had driven Burnside, Pope, and Hooker, — where would the government have found men, with the virtues and courage of those of '61, to go to the front? How loud and almost irresistible would have been the cry for an armistice, supported (as it would have been) by Wall Street and all Europe! Where, then, would have been the victory of Gettysburg? Was it possible for Lee, in view of the disparity of numbers and the depleted resources of the Confederacy, to have given such a blow? Yes, and

had not Fate registered her decree that at the critical moment Longstreet was to fall in the Wilderness as Jackson had fallen at Chancellorsville, he would have come near doing so.

But, however this may be, it must not be forgotten that, counterbalancing the incongruous gayety and dissipation that prevailed in our large cities, the dying down of early ardor, and the disloyal hives that were ready to swarm, there were thousands of pure-minded, resolute men and women who remained faithful to their ideals and kept the national spirit alive; who, in sunshine and shadow, for the glory of the country and their generation, upheld Mr. Lincoln's hands and stood by him to the last most loyally. Neither defeat, pleas for peace, nor desire for ease prevailed against their heaven-inspired and steel-hardened determination to fight the Confederacy to an end; and on them and the army in the field, we think, the honors of carrying the country through its perils should fall.

It is true that a great majority of those steadfast, loyal people of the North had felt that slavery was wrong and altogether out of harmony with civilization and the spirit of a free government. Yet in the beginning of the war they had no desire or intent to interfere with it in the states; so dear were the memories of the Revolution, and so deep their reverence for Washington and his fellow slaveholding compatriots who had joined Puritan New England in establishing the independence of the colonies. Moreover, and notwithstanding those galling irritations which always attend the concession of social and political dominance, the North had not inherited any active hates or vindictiveness, although it had felt deeply of late the repeated scorn and increasing arrogance of the political leaders of the South, manifested in the discussion of slavery that had been going on for twenty or thirty years. It is needless to say that the language of Congress grew more and more heated, and that it was marked by asperity of criticism and ugliness of temper. Neither side was fair in judging the convictions or the situation of the other. The Disunionist was blind to the inevitable wreck of all that was dear in social and political life if he destroyed the Union; the Abolitionist was blind, utterly blind, to the immediate and lasting evils of having his way with slavery.

So it went on, till at last, burning with a raging fever over the John Brown raid, and lashed by a savage press, the South burst into delirium upon the election of Lincoln, and madly and vauntingly fired on the flag, unfolding in joyful, unmenacing peace with every breeze that blew over Sumter. It was meant for a stinging challenge, and it was so understood. Every beech and maple and strong-limbed oak in the North, every one of her hills and streams, every one of the old fields and the liberty-enjoying winds that swept them, said, " Accept the challenge. Go, Northerners, go and assert your manhood! " But Southerners! let me tell you that as they passed down the walks of the old home dooryards and out of the gates, followed by eyes that were dimmed with tears — the evils or the abolition of slavery did not enter the mind of one in a thousand. Their country and their honor were at stake, not the destruction of slavery. So it was generally, far and wide among the great body of the people. But with the progress of the war, and under the severe defeats of one army after another, as the South, out of the depths of her resolution struck again and again, the belief took root that God would not bless their arms while slavery had a recognized legal existence. Inasmuch as it became obvious that its death would be at the same hour as that of the Confederacy, the influence of long-accepted legal defense and the golden ties of friendship melted before the warmth of moral and patriotic emotion. As a result, Lincoln, sensitive in a marvelous degree to what was going on deep in the hearts of the common people, carved emancipation across the sky of those solemn days; while the army that had left

home without pronounced feeling against slavery said, "Amen!" And "Amen!" said all the civilized world.

There was also, coincident with this change, which in a sense was political, another in the army, which was spiritual. Gradually, for in the divine ordering of progress consecrating spirits reveal themselves slowly, the consciousness broke at last on the minds of officers and men that the dearest hopes of mankind were appealing to them individually in the name of duty and honor and all that was sacred, not to despair or to yield, come weal, come woe, till the country's supremacy was unchallenged, and the way cleared for her future. Of nothing am I surer than of this visitation and the consequent serious, deep, and exalted mood; and I am fain to believe that every drop of blood that strained through a heart that listened to these spiritual heralds and welcomed the vow, was permanently heightened in its color. When we realize how meagre had been the advantages among the rank and file, and how generally humble and obscure their homes, the marvel grows, and our hands reach instinctively for garlands for every one of them who gave up his life or who bore his part manfully.

Now, a word as to the South. If the disappointments of the North over the outcome of three years of war had been deep, those of the South had been deeper. So sure was she of the poltroonery of the North, and the indomitable courage of her own sons, that she had expected at the beginning to achieve her independence long, long ere the date of the campaign of May 1, 1864. In fact, thousands and thousands of her soldiers believed, as they set off in the spring of '61 for the Potomac and the Ohio, that the southern banks of these beautiful rivers were to be the northern boundaries of their proud and victorious confederacy; and this before the cotton, then ready to branch, should all be picked. But there had been Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Antietam, and Gettysburg in the east; Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, Stone River, and Vicksburg, in the west. No, they did not get back in time to see the cotton picked; many of them were never to see it bloom again. Year after year they had followed the drum, and were still far from home fighting for their wan, unacknowledged Confederacy, or sleeping in their graves.

There is pathos in the contrast, as we think of them walking their sentry-posts to and fro, half-fed and half-clothed, now under drenching rains, now shivering under northern winds, their hearts beating low, — so completely had the scene shifted and their hopes vanished. And what surprises they had, too! Where was the evidence of that poltroonery in their enemies that they were so sure of? Lo, as when the heavens at night are troubled, and lightning from some black cloud flashes as from a suddenly opened furnace door, revealing to us across a field a wood standing resolute in burnished glory, so in the light of their own follies again and again they had seen the North. More than once, also, they had witnessed Northern courage, as when the volunteers came on at Fort Donaldson and Fredericksburg, leaving the ground they passed over blue with dead. No, they had discovered that there was steel and iron in the Northern blood when it came to battling for their self-respect and a cause which they believed to be holy.

Again, when the Confederacy was launched at Montgomery, the South had the keen pleasure of seeing it hailed by several of the governments of Europe as a coming sister in the family of nations. While in buoyant self-confidence she was sure that all of them would recognize her sooner or later, yet it was her chief expectation and desire that England, with whose landed aristocracy the slave-holders had made themselves believe there was a natural sympathy, would be the first to reach out a welcoming hand. But days, months, and years had passed, and no hand had been extended. On the contrary, either through fear or interest, all, including England, had yielded to the demands of her despised adversary and

drawn the mantle of neutrality closely around them. Before the first day of May, 1864, she had seen through the sarcasm and mockery of their greeting smiles. The situation was humiliating to the last degree. Moreover, the North had driven the Southern armies back from the Potomac and the Ohio, it had wrested from them the control of the Mississippi Valley, and had overrun and desolated a great share of their home country.

In addition, the Confederacy's financial system, to their distress and mortification, had broken down completely, and about all their ports had been sealed up, thus cutting them off from both military and hospital supplies, and — at the time with which this narrative is dealing — humanity's pleading cry from their hospitals was heard day and night. They had the means neither to succor their own sick and wounded, nor to discharge their duties to the prisoners they held. The luxuries, too, once so abundant and so hospitably shared, were all gone; rich and poor were living from day to day on the plainest and most meagre food. As in the case of the North, the high wave of volunteering for service in the field had passed, and the conscripting officer had become a visitor at every door, no matter how secluded in the woods or remote in the mountains the home might be. At his first visit he called for the boys of eighteen and the men up to forty-five. Later he came again, and demanded this time the boy of seventeen and the man of fifty. Northern men, who after engagements went over the fields where the Southern dead lay, will recall the young faces and the venerable gray hairs among the fallen. I saw a boy with a sweet face, who could not have been over sixteen or seventeen years old, lying on his back in a clover field on the Beverly farm, within sight of Spottsylvania. He had just been killed. We had had two or three days of heavy rains, but that morning it had cleared off smilingly. Only a few drifting white clouds were left, and I am sure that they and the door of Heaven opened tenderly for his spirit as it mounted from the blooming clover. Well, so it was, — the boys and all the old men had been gleaned.

While these bitter experiences and disappointments were following one another year after year with their deepening gloom, a profound seriousness, which is reflected, I think, in the prayers, sermons, and diaries of the time, spread over the entire South. As a result, the war's passions and the grounds of its justification underwent a progressive metamorphosis in the minds and hearts of the Southern people, and especially of its armies, not unlike that which was going on simultaneously in the North. I sometimes think that a history of the Rebellion cannot be full, just, or truly enlightening, that does not try to give us as close and real a view as it can of these spiritual changes. In the case of the South, it accounts, or so it seems to me, for two very impressive things, namely, the gallantry with which Lee's army battled on, when the chance of success was almost hopeless; and the dearness of the memory of the Confederacy to all of them, notwithstanding that they see now, as we all see, that it was best that it should fail.

This temperamental change of the South in regard to the war and its issues embodied itself finally, as in the North, in a spirit of consecration. And to what? Her ports closed, her resources nearly exhausted, her dwindling armies suffering for food and clothing, a wide zone of desolation along her northern border, and unfriended by one of all the nations of the world, the South in her chagrin, humiliation, and despair turned for comfort to mind and heart, as we all do at last, invoking the guidance and help of her naturally religious better nature. In that solemn hour, banishing from her presence the hitherto baneful companions Arrogance and Disdain, who had caused her to drink of the full stream of trouble, she summoned back that master workman, Judgment, to whom in her delirium she had not listened; and behold, there

came with him an immortal youth whose name is The Future. The former, facing the cold realities, pronounced slavery dead, whether the Confederacy lived days or years; and Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, not the decree of one man, but the fiat of the civilized world.

While Judgment's verdict grew weightier and more certain as clearer and clearer became the writing on the wall, the immortal youth slowly drew back one of his curtains, revealing slavery becoming more and more abhorrent as mankind rose in intelligence and gentleness. Honor and Manliness, those two high-minded brothers in the Southerner's character, shrank back at the sight, and declared their unwillingness to leave as the ultimate verdict of history that the Southland, the home of Washington and Jefferson, had fought for the preservation of an institution so repellent. Then up spoke that mighty, but not over-scrupulous advocate called Reason, and on this occasion he spoke with sincerity unfeigned, saying, "If there are wrongs, there are also rights. Mankind knows that we of to-day are not responsible for slavery. It descended to us from our fathers, and through generations it has knit itself into our homes, our social and our political life. We cannot separate ourselves from it at once, if we would, without chaos and possibly universal massacre. But if our slaves are entitled to freedom, then we are entitled to govern ourselves; for that is the first of the heaven-born rights in the hands of freemen. In other words, we are asking only for our natural rights incorporated in the rights of our states, which underlie the foundations of the Union;" — and in majesty before the Southern mind the original sovereignty of the old colonies, with Washington and Adams at the head, passed in review.

"No, whatever may have been our delirium at the beginning of the war, we are not fighting for the defense of property in human beings, but for the ineradicable and unconquerable instinct of self-government as states; and for our homes." And lo! at this point of the argument, the light of their burning homes flashed across the scene; for hardly a day or night passed that somewhere the Southern sky was not lit by them. Whereupon, leader and officer and man in the ranks rose as one, and facing the immortal Youth, in whose eyes lay the question of justification, exclaimed resolutely, "On the ground of the right of self-government we will stand; and committing our souls to God and our memories to those who follow us, let history record what it may as to our justification in the years and days to come." And thus having answered the question in the eyes of The Future, resolutely but calmly, they fell on their knees and asked God to bless them. There, reader, we have the spring of their fortitude, and there we touch the tender chords which keep the memory of the Confederacy dear.

And really, friends, in the shadow of the clouds that overhung them, addressed by all the voices of their and our common nature, and moved by those deep currents which flow in every heart, could any other possible conclusion be expected of a proud people? I think not.

And now, having set forth, I trust with fidelity, I know with charity, the state of affairs North and South, as well as I can; and having brought into view, as faithfully and vividly as lies in my power, the spirits which animated both armies, my narrative will go on.

After Gettysburg, Lee, with what must have been a heavy heart, led his sorely wounded army back into Virginia. Then, passing through the upper gaps of the Blue Ridge, he took his stand once more behind the Rappahannock, near whose banks lower down he had played as a boy. Meade followed him, and when I was recalled from Gettysburg and rejoined his headquarters, I found them near Fayetteville, a little hamlet between Bealeton and Warrenton. They were pitched on a rise in a heaving old clearing more or less shadowed by a scattered

growth of young pines. I was glad to get back. The month I had passed at Gettysburg, however, was very interesting, and has left many memories, most of them dear to me. But after a battle is over and the army gone, you see the obverse side of glory so plainly that you long to get away from the blood-stained fields, and back from the loneliness of the shallow graves, to the cheering camp-fires and your young, light-hearted friends around them.

A few days after my return an incident took place which I think I should have laughed over whether we had gained a victory at Gettysburg or not. It was this. The tent I occupied was nearly opposite that of Colonel Shriver, inspector-general on the staff. The old Colonel, one of the cool officers of the army, was rather spare, very stern, and always neatly arrayed. About church time, one very sunshiny Sabbath morning, I noticed him walking back and forth before his tent in high and brilliantly polished cavalry boots, with prayer-book in hand, reading his prayers. I thought what a splendid example of a follower of Jesus he was, and wished that I had the courage to perform my devotions so openly, and acknowledge my religion. Suddenly I heard him call out, "James! James!" James was his vigorous young colored boy, and had a very nappy head. I looked up. The Colonel had halted, and his eyes were glaring across his well-defined nose toward James, who, sprawled out and bareheaded, was sunning himself with several other headquarter darkies behind the tent, and had probably gone dead asleep. "What are you up to there, you damned black rascal!" roared the Colonel. "Lift those tent-walls!" James was on his feet with startling rapidity, and dived for the tent-ropes. Up came the prayer-book, out went the Colonel's left foot, and when I saw his lips begin moving again reverently, boylike, I tumbled down on my bed and nearly died laughing. Even now a smile ripples as I recall the scene. Surely, our inconsistencies are a blessing, for they are one of the perpetual fountains of amusement.

The army was occupying the north bank of the Rappahannock from Kelly's Ford, a few miles below where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses the river, up to Warrenton. It had almost recovered from its severe engagement, and was beginning to realize the magnitude and significance of the victory it had won. That mild and deep joy which a soldier always feels when he has met danger and done his duty was in the hearts of all. Camp was bound to camp, corps to corps, and officer to private, by the ties of a new sense of high fellowship which proved to be abiding. This inspiring relation, the most valuable in an army's life, had been smelted, so to speak, in those three trying days at Gettysburg when cavalry, infantry, and artillery, line officers, staff officers, and privates in the ranks, had witnessed each other's steady, heroic conduct. And the result of this supreme test of courage was that officers and privates of the Army of the Potomac felt that respect for one another and that pride in one another that only a battlefield can create. Whoever will read Colonel Haskell's account of that day, far and away the best of all that has been written, will gain a notion how and why these ties were formed. Every living veteran who was there will recall Webb, Cushing, Woodruff, and Hall, who carried as mild a face as graced the West Point battalion while I was there. I saw Haskell frequently, and I have no doubt that Duty and Courage visit often, and linger fondly, around the spot where he fell at Cold Harbor. Allow me to add what I know to be true, that no matter how high or how low may be an officer's rank, no matter where he was educated, what name he bears, what blood may be in his veins, or what wealth at his command, if, when he is going up under fire, mounted or dismounted, a private or non-commissioned officer near him advances beside him with undaunted face, — more than once it was a lad from a farm or humble walk in life, — all the claims of

rank, wealth, and station are lost in admiration and sympathetic comradeship. What is more, he never forgets the boy.

In this connection I trust I may refer with propriety to what a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, a learned judge who carries some of the country's best blood, and who spilled some of it on several fields, told me one evening, before a quietly burning wood-fire, of an impression made on him at the Wilderness. In the midst of darkness and widespread panic, veteran regiments and brigades of the Sixth Corps breaking badly, an officer who had only casually gained his attention called out above the din, in a voice of perfect control, "Steady, steady — Massachusetts!" The gallant regiment steadied, and the incident left, as an enduring memory, the cool voice of the obscure officer still ringing across the vanished years.

Nay, we think, in fact we know, that the final test of the soldier is when the colors move forward or the enemy comes on at them. Thank God for all the tender and iron-hearted young fellows who have stood it.

From that camp dates my first deep interest in the unfortunate Warren, for it was there, while messing with him and his fellow engineer officers on the staff, that I saw him day after day at close range. The glory of having saved Round Top was beginning to break around him, and shortly after, as a reward, Meade assigned him to the command of Hancock's corps, Hancock having been wounded at Gettysburg. But it made no difference in his bearing, — which was unmistakably more scholarly than soldierly, — nor did it kindle any vanity in look or speech. It may have accounted, however, for the manifestation of what seemed to me a queer sense of humor, namely, his laughing and laughing again while alone in his tent over a small volume of "limericks," the first to appear, as I remember, in this country. He would repeat them at almost every meal, and, I think, with wonder that they did not seem nearly so amusing to others as they did to him. I am satisfied that it takes a transverse kind of humor to enjoy limericks.

There was a note of singular attraction in his voice. His hair, rather long and carried flat across his well-balanced forehead, was as black as I have ever seen. His eyes were small and jet black also, one of them apparently a bit smaller than the other, giving a suggestion of cast in his look. But the striking characteristic was an habitual and noticeably grave expression which harbored in his dusky, sallow face, and instead of lighting, deepened as he rose in fame and command. Now, as I recall his seriousness and almost sympathy-craving look as an instructor at West Point, and think over his beclouded, heart-broken end, I never see the name of Five Forks that I do not hear Sheridan peremptorily relieving him just after the victory was won, and while the smoke of battle still hung in the trees. From my youth, I have seen Fate's shadow falling across events, and I incline to believe that evil fortune took up its habitation in that deeply sallow, wistful face long before he or any one else dreamed of the great Rebellion. But, be that as it may, in that sunny field at headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, I gained my first boyhood impressions of Warren, whose sad fate haunts that army's history.

And now, on those soft mountain and valley winds of memory, which always set in when anything pensive warms the heart, are borne the notes of the bugles sounding taps in the camps around us on those long-vanished August nights. Camp after camp takes up the call, some near, some far. The last of the clear, lamenting tones die away sweetly and plaintively in the distance, and back comes the hush of night as of old. Again the sentinels are marching their beats slowly, most of them thinking of home, now and then one, with moistened eyes, of a baby in a cradle. Peace to the ashes of Warren, peace to those of the sentinels of the Army of the Potomac who walked their posts on those gone-by, starry nights.

(To be continued.)

SOME FAULTS OF AMERICAN MEN

BY ANNA A. ROGERS

I

It is a law of this universe, that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form. — *The Stones of Venice.*

PERHAPS it might be more definitive to speak of the shortcomings of American men, of their negative faults. These are, after all, the specifically national ones. The positive faults belong to the sex irrespective of nationality, and form too large a subject for such small handling as this. Furthermore, ever since Moses selected a negative phrasing when he hammered out the ten great moral laws, the world, with unconscious humor, has gone on listing a man's virtues negatively. We say: he does not drink; he does not gamble; he is nothing of a Lovelace. But his faults remain positive: " he is a thief," we say, rather than " he is not honest," which somehow sounds euphemistic, and breeds instant doubt of the entire truth of the statement. Perhaps, too, because of their less complex make-up, their tendency to fall by themselves, as it were, into classified types, one really gets a rough picture of the men thus negatively described. One likes or dislikes them on even such slight hearsay.

And yet what number of negations will ever convey the slightest idea of a woman? What availeth it to learn of her that she does not drink, is not given to habitual profanity? Even when the praise goes to excess, and we learn that she is not a gadabout, nor does she throw anything large or hard at her husband's head, we are still left in doubt concerning her attractiveness as a companion for either an hour or a lifetime. That a woman's virtues are still summed up positively, in face of much internal opposition to sex-differentiation of any sort, is a tribute to a difference of standard, which she should be the last to quarrel with, had she wisdom, instead of only a little learning. It also stands for the woman's greater complexity, in which lies half of her power in the world. It requires finer lines to limn her as an individual.

So we will keep (prayerfully!) to the sins of American masculine omission.

To begin with a caution bred of some experience with American complacency, it were as well to recognize at once that geographic isolation is largely responsible for the picture of supreme contentment with themselves which the men of this country present to the humbled beholder. We doubtless have inherited some of it with our British blood, but there still remains much that is stamped in clear lettering, " made in America." From a purely artistic point of view, it is a pity to try to disturb, even for an instant, a national pose so full of boyish optimism in a world largely given over to unsightly regret, humiliation, and despair. But as it is not yet universally admitted that the foremost ship of the millennium has already reached our golden shores, and as a whole nation's self-illusions have been known to vanish in one day and one night; and upon the bare chance that this may again happen, either in smoke literal or smoke metaphorical, may not a little of our own Yankee farsightedness be suggested — and pardoned — once in a way?

This American complacency embraces that citizen himself, as he sees himself; his wife (especially his wife) as he sees her; his children, if perchance he takes time to remember that he has any; his system of government, unless the ogre

known as the Other Party is in power, when the citizen is more critical; his country at large and all that therein is, from finance to watermelons. Like a Turk, he is particularly enamored of size in the harem of his affections.

" The great quality of Dulness is to be unalterably contented with itself," quoth Thackeray; but he was not writing of American human nature, nor are our men in the least dull. They have only been too long geographically removed from any just comparison with other civilized nations; and, what is more to the point, too absorbed mentally with domestic issues to bridge the seas with their minds, if not with their bodily senses, to learn that there are other points of view than our own, equally civilized, if not always more " advanced."

What the busy American citizen sees of those least worthy specimens of other nations who are so rashly welcomed to our shores, only serves further to enhance his own self-satisfaction. But is not that a little like judging one's host by spending the evening in his kitchen?

To offset in a measure this mental provincialism, would it not be possible to introduce in our more advanced grades, in all of our schools, the serious study of the criticisms of the United States written by the enlightened and just foreigners who have not always flattered us? We are surely in no further exigent need of flattery, much as our appetite remains childishly keen for such sweet relish. The habit instilled early of standing back from one's nation, and judging coolly between right and wrong, wisdom and fallacy, can hurt no patriotism worthy the name. " The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised," said one of our own great men.

If we wish to be treated as a nation of grown men among the world's opposed armies of men, there is no better strategy than to find out exactly how our enemy (commercial, political, military) estimates us. There has been more than one great general who has found success along that line, and laid his plans of offense or defense accordingly. Surely the time for " baby talk " has passed, young as we still obviously are. There are many valuable books written by clear-sighted aliens, criticising, not abusing, us as a people, socially, politically, economically, which might serve to shake this dangerous self-satisfaction, and open young American eyes to the fact that perfection itself has not yet quite been attained; there remains much to be done before we are what we think, or pretend to think, that we are. There is left a lot of plain, old-fashioned, everlasting human blundering going on here in the United States, as well as elsewhere in the world, now as from the beginning.

The just, temperate criticisms of our want of ideality, of beauty, of repose, by the great English critic Matthew Arnold (equally severe with his own people) would serve to clear the atmosphere of mirage, to give one or two illustrations of what is meant. The careful reading of Hugo Münsterberg's estimate of us is doubly valuable: first, because much of it was not primarily written for our eyes; second, because it is distinctly sympathetic, and the Sun succeeded in doing what the Wind failed to do in the shrewd old fable. One of the wisest Americans of the last half-century, whom the writer had the honor of knowing, once was heard to reply to a query: " No, never read antagonistic biography — it is a pure waste of time! An estimate to be absolutely just, must be in greater part sympathetic." He went on to compare the value of the first part of Bourrienne's *Life of Napoleon*, when he was in favor with his master, with the last part, when Napoleon no longer playfully pinched his quondam secretary's cheeks.

As our average men are admittedly not readers of books, however many newspapers and magazines they may devour, the writer proposes to quote and to paraphrase, for the sake of brevity, from Münsterberg's *American Traits*, especially from the chapter on " Education."

II

There was never before a nation that gave the education of the young into the hands of the lowest bidder. — Hugo Münsterberg.

This trenchant sentence was written of our educational system within ten years. It is based upon the fact that three-fourths of American education is in the hands of women, who are able to underbid the men by the very conditions of their being. Few of them are — what the average man is when he has reached the age when he is fitted to teach — the sole supporters of growing families; and hence they are willing to work for smaller salaries, thereby slowly driving the men from teaching as a paying profession. It was the business of male teachers to remain in the ranks and keep there their dominance, as in other nations which have grown great. If there were nothing more vital to the commonwealth than the distribution of the $200,000,000 yearly spent in education in this country, then perhaps we might readily comprehend and sympathize with the present attitude toward this serious matter. But to make that very secondary question the prime consideration is to lose sight altogether of the object of this vast expenditure.

Surely it is not to furnish honest support to a given number of needy women (worthy as that plea may be), women who have their full share of American snobbishness about working with their hands as a means of support. Is not the real object to get the best, broadest, sanest teachers for the children of the nation?

A civilization is indeed crude that is all eyes for the salary, with only a side-glance for the work to be performed in return.

Our distribution of the salaries of teachers in this country simply places a premium on the celibate spirit, exactly as Rome has for centuries. As a result, Italy to-day has difficulty in finding men to do her work. Some day we may be in equal need of men to be what men ought to be — the social backbone of the nation in all the ramifications of what is called civilization.

It is into the female celibate hands that our men have suffered the greater part of the education of their children to drift. It is a note of warning to our civilization, that cannot be too often repeated, this rapid "womanizing," as Münsterberg calls it, of almost the entire education of the American youth.

Is this complete *bouleversement* of sex-conditions so very much nearer the wise economic balance kept by the older nations of civilized Europe than the Eastern conditions where the men draw the curtains of the harem across all such vexing questions? Are our own men, after all, driven by overwork rather than by their senses, slowly reverting to that convenient condition of home affairs: "I have n't time, go ask your mother?" If that sentence was overheard anywhere on earth, would the speaker's nationality remain long in doubt, however free from colloquialism his accent?

That young American women stand abreast of men, even very often ahead of them, in college work, represents nothing important save to the most superficial vision. It simply stamps the nature of that work in American colleges. Nor does the fact that women make apparently good teachers settle the question satisfactorily. As our German critic gently puts it: "The work, which in all other civilized countries is done by men, cannot in the United States be slipped into the hands of women without being profoundly altered in character." And again: "If the entire culture of the nation is womanized, it will be in the end weak and without decisive influence on the progress of the world."

No poetical claim of idealizing their women, of having the utmost confidence in their judgment, will remove from American men the plain stigma of shirking the burdens borne by the men of all other civilized peoples; shirking them for what, up to the present time, have seemed to them of more importance — questions

of government and of the practical development of primitive conditions. And yet it was Wendell Phillips who wrote, "Education is the only interest worthy of the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man."

As the future of our republic is rooted in the average intelligence of the people, it is difficult to watch with patience the turning over of the mental training of our children to a sex profoundly dominated by the emotions.

Even a young and daring nation cannot fight the laws of nature, and "Nature cannot be dodged." She makes always for differentiation of function, not for empty repetitions of potentiality among species. The man has his, the woman hers, and our faulty system of education calls aloud for man's reinstated attention, his profoundest thought.

In this country, "the whole higher culture is feminized." Eighty-five per cent of the patrons of theatres are women, says our critic. Women are the readers of our books, they make up an American audience at public lectures, concerts. They control our charities and church work. In Europe at least one-half of the people present at an art exhibition are men; in this country one sees *less than five per centum* of men present at such an exhibition, by actual count. The germ of feminization is firmly planted in the whole national intellectuality, until now woman has the practical monopoly. The purely native resources of our nation and our politics remain in the hands of men; — it is about all they have retained, and the suffragists begrudge them even that.

III

The responsibility for the present humiliating slave-trade in which rich American girls are sold to the titled decadents of England and the Continent is almost wholly the fault of the men of this country. This opinion is offered only after years of observation and consideration of our social conditions, and after a pathological study of American men. Their open astonishment and chagrin at this phenomenon would be vastly amusing were it not so pathetic. Our men have a helpless inability to see themselves. Nor is the responsibility of the mother lost sight of, for the foreign suitor begins with her, as he does in Europe. She is the outer citadel which must first succumb to his studied charm.

This outer citadel is carried with astonishing ease, as he quickly discovers, and for three reasons. The mother is easily dazzled; her social foundations do not go down deep in the class to which she almost invariably belongs; her husband has made every dollar of the lure of those millions, without which there would not be this problem to solve. Second, the women who see what a given man really is, who estimate him at all justly, who begin even to understand men's social standards in this country or in Europe, are rare indeed. The American mother is clearly out of her depth at the start, as unfit as a child to counsel her daughter. She is not equipped for it. It is not her work. In the third place, that subtle relationship of sex which European men of any age always have the art of establishing with a woman of whatever age: their attention, their quick courtesy toward women, their habit of listening absorbedly when a woman speaks, — all this is so absolutely new to the American mother that she becomes hypnotized by it, and can no longer distinguish truth from falsity, or a mere national point of etiquette from a personal thoughtfulness and delicate tenderness of feeling.

She, poor soul, at the age most sensitive to flattery, is hungry for a little consideration. When it comes from this foreigner, unhappily there has been nothing in her past like it to help her to see through it to its core. On the contrary, she has been so long used to being treated as a social incumbrance, snubbed, interrupted, unconsidered by all of her daughter's domestic suitors, that to separate principles from manners, without the aid of her

husband, who "leaves it all to her," in the old, honored American way, is to demand of her impossibilities.

And he, the father? He is so used to the bees flying to and fro about his flower, he is so absolutely absorbed body and soul in his work, he has for so long shunted all such things off on his wife, that he only wakes up and "gets mad," as the saying is, when it is too late.

Then the astonishment of the thoughtless father and the selfish brother and the discarded, discourteous American suitor, are about equally divided. Any conception that they are in any way responsible for it, never enters their minds. The mother is unjustly blamed for the whole thing. Nor do they withhold the "I told you so," when the cruel ending comes, as it so often does. As if any mother, even a parvenue American, would have encouraged the suit of the foreigner, if she had not erred in her judgment of men.

After all, though the United States may be the girl's paradise, it distinctly is not the mother's. For she must carry the load alone, all but the monetary providing, — alone from the day of the child's birth to the day her boy kisses her lightly good-by, and goes on his way which she alone, not his weary, absent-minded father, helped him to select.

She carries her daughter, from babyhood, through all of her school-life (what number of American fathers know even the name of their daughters' day-schools, or had any part in the selection?) to the day when she too, unterrified through ignorance, opens the door of her own life and goes out hand-in-hand with some unknown man. More than one American mother has told the writer of her weariness in struggling alone with such responsibilities, — "a mother and yet husbandless."

The American masculine claim of absorption in his work does not in the least justify such a condition. Frenchmen support their wives and still find time to go shopping with them too! Englishmen do likewise, and find energy left to place their sons in school, energy to watch keenly the love-affairs of their daughters, unhesitatingly bidding this or that man be gone; moral courage and physical vitality left after the day's work to be in fact, as well as in fancy, "the head of the house." They have the wisdom to leave hours for play, for pure boyishness of living. And all this may be observed in the same middle class that with us turns the whole issue over to the wife, expecting of her all wisdom, though knowing her sheltered youth; and all vitality, to run unceasingly and unaided the whole machinery of the family. No wonder our women have "nerves"! No wonder they are becoming more and more restless (one of the first evidences of strain), more and more discontented as time passes. Masculine kindness to our women is sometimes so tangled up with selfishness that there need be no surprise that there is some confusion regarding them.

Not that our men want the money, after which they are striving, for themselves, for their pleasures. They do not. They are almost notoriously generous. Our rich men give, give, give: to their wives, their children, to colleges, to hospitals, to churches, until the whole world is amazed at their generosity.

The habit and fury of work, unreasoning, illogical, quite unrelated to any need, is a masculine disease in this country, and the whole social system has for years paid the inevitable penalty. Here and there a man tries to stop in time, but finds himself obsessed by work so that he can no longer think of anything else. He is as much a slave to it as is any opium-taker to his drug, or drunkard to his potion. It is a grave danger, not only to the individual, but to the whole American civilization.

The young Americans too, who are so contemptuous about our girls' preference for foreigners, must look to themselves and their shortcomings for some of the cause, and must, with the older men, share the

responsibility for it. In the first place, our young men are not good lovers, however in the end they may be good husbands. And what girl of twenty has the foresight to comprehend that?

If she has that foresight she is simply not "in love," as the phrase goes, — and alas! it takes so much love to carry a woman, any woman, through the tremendous strain of marriage. A very necessary and a very wise foresight is not natural in any maiden, and that is one of the solid advantages of the European system, at which we so glibly sneer.

The difference in the divorce records of Europe and the United States is not all to the credit of any church. Where the head dominates the heart, the results show in the long run in marriage as well as in any other undertaking. The over-sentimentalism in all such matters with us carries with it the gravest of dangers. We expect our girls to "fall in love" and at the same time be their own cool-headed chaperones; girls from whom we carefully hide the living truth. Is there logic in that? The opinion (which has been held for some twenty years) is ventured that the purely temperamental difference between American men and those of England and the Continent, is at the bottom of the freedom we have found it safe to accord our girls. The latter are not so intrinsically impeccable, but the former are by nature temperamentally cold, a condition perhaps due to several generations of overstraining.

No sensitive woman can be in Europe a single day without recognizing this fact beyond all caviling. No man save a trained psychologist would recognize this pathological fact, of which hundreds of average American women-travelers have spoken to the writer, from girls of seventeen to women of fifty. "We women count for so much more over there, don't we?" is very often the way it is put.

On the other hand, the leisure of our women, their coddling, their luxury of living, has developed them along exactly opposite lines. May not this growing temperamental difference account for some of the tendencies in our civilization that seem obscure?

Our young men lean back and complacently argue that, as their hands and hearts are clean, and as all other men are rascals, in greater or less degree, they should be of course preferred. Have they gone no deeper into the question than that? Would Thisbe have cared as ardently for Pyramis if the Wall had not been there?

Who carry flowers, jellies, books, sympathy to criminals, however hideous their crimes, but the women? The ill-regulated, unreasoning emotionality of a large number of our women is not to be overestimated in determining any question appertaining to them. Women's Rights women, — so-called, — who naturally affiliate one with another, may shudder and laugh derisively to their heart's content, but the truth is unassailable, that *worth* has not yet succeeded in deciding the love-affairs of either sex. Men are in no greater degree attracted by the gentle, well-balanced, womanly girls, who would make excellent wives, than the latter by the honest, disinterested, temperate, clean-hearted men. If men and women did make wise selections the villains would be at hand. Other matters decide such problems. The question of brilliancy of plumage is not so far behind us humans that it no longer counts. Our college men study these matters, but fail to make the atavistic analogy when it comes to social matters in their later lives. Hence their profane rage at the girls when foreigners come fortune-hunting.

If the truth were told, most young American men are not especially interesting. They do not keep up their reading. They have a national obtundity when it comes to music, to art, to literature; nor do many of them take any of these things at all seriously. The young among them are not good conversationalists. Our cleverest men are monologists pure and simple. They lecture admirably. They are born orators along modified

lines. They are inevitable story-tellers. None of this is conversation; and women like conversation, like its courtesies, which at least pretend a little interest when their turn comes in the game. Knowledge of people and affairs outside our own country pricks more than one bubble about our young men.

Tired men fill our vaudeville theatres, —for there at least the audience is largely masculine, — even in the daytime. They are too near exhaustion to do more than listen to wit quite easy of comprehension. Our girls are accustomed to amusing these tired men. That joy of being amused, of being interested by a man of the world, is not to be omitted in any just weighing of the question why they find foreigners attractive; and as time passes, in spite of all the bitter disillusionments of the past, our rich girls will make more and more unflattering selections from among suitors from across the seas. And it is full time our young men awakened to their own share in the causes which lead to such a condition. The whole social system of England and of Europe generally spares a girl such shameful sales. The mothers, the fathers, the men about her, are equipped to protect her, and they take the time and spare the energy to do so. Justly considered, it is a social, psychic question, quite apart from man's commercial value in the world.

TO THE VICTOR

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Man's mind is larger than his brow of tears:
This hour is not my all of Time; this place
My all of Earth; nor this obscene disgrace
My all of Life; and thy complacent sneers
Shall not pronounce my doom to my compeers,
Whilst the Hereafter lights me in the face,
And from the Past, as from the mountain's base,
Rise, as I rise, the long tumultuous cheers.

And me who slays must overcome a world:
Heroes at arms, and virgins who became
Mothers of children, prophecy and song;
Walls of old cities with their flags unfurled;
Peaks, headlands, ocean and its isles of fame —
And sun and moon and all that made me strong.

THE TIME-CLOCK

BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

Labor is a commodity just as is cotton, coal, or any other material making up the cost of production, but there is added to it the human element, and out of this fact arises the labor problem. This problem includes every question at issue between employer and employee, whether it concerns wages, hours of labor, or sanitary conditions; and, rightly analyzed, is a matter of bargain between the man who buys and the man who sells labor. To understand the labor problem, we must first know something of the factory system which has contributed so largely to our present social unrest.

In the beginning the factory was the creation, not of capital, but of labor; not of the employer, but of the workingman. It was a natural growth out of the home system of manufacture, under which raw material, bought either by the workman himself or given out to him by a second party, was manufactured into the finished product in the home. The transition from the home to the factory system may be studied at first hand in some countries to-day. In Japan, for instance, practically all the spinning of yarn is done in factories, while the larger part of the cloth is made on hand-looms in the homes of the weavers. The first spinning mill was undoubtedly built by some thrifty spinner who, obtaining more work than he could well do with his own hands, hired a few less capable workmen to assist him; afterwards he hired others, until the rooms of his house were too small to contain them and the machinery; then he built a shed devoted to his business, and this shed became the first cotton factory of Japan. Our own industrial development has been similar, and the conditions which we may observe to-day in Japan once existed in America.

In the early days of the nineteenth century a machinist's apprentice became a journeyman and received from his master, as was the custom in those days, a new suit of clothes and fifty dollars in money. He left the town in which he lived and sought employment in a neighboring village, where several cotton mills had been built. The mill in which he found work would be of interest to one familiar with the great plants of to-day; the owners, the superintendent, the workers, were all New England folk, among whom there was no social distinction. Tradition says that the weavers sat in rocking-chairs beside the newly-invented power-looms, and that some brought knitting to the mill to occupy their spare time, while others cultivated flowers in window-boxes; but rocking-chairs or no, employer and employee began work at the same hour each morning, returned home at the same hour in the evening, and after they had " washed up " and the supper dishes were put away, spent their evenings together.

The power-loom seemed a marvel of ingenuity to the young machinist; he watched the machines turning out their useful products, and repaired them when they failed to work. Then the thought occurred to him that some day he might build looms and sell them to the cotton factories. He became acquainted with another machinist, who had already made a start in this direction, and the two young men formed a partnership, built a small shop, and commenced business. They associated with them a few other machinists, and from bell-hour to bell-hour, employers and employees worked side by side at the bench and lathe. The

owners of the shop and the men who worked with them were friends and neighbors, who went to church and singing-school together, and in social life met as equals. In the shop disputes would arise concerning the hours of labor and the amount of work which might reasonably be expected from each man in his twelve hours of daily toil, and these questions were quarreled out in the evening.

As years went by and the business grew larger, the employers ceased to work at the bench and lathe. One became superintendent, and devoted his time to overseeing the work of the men; the other became treasurer, and attended to financial affairs, keeping the books, buying the iron, selling the machinery, and other matters incident to the general management; but this change in occupation did not alter the close personal relation between them and the men in their employ.

The shop produced a great variety of work: not only power-looms, but steam-engines, turbine water-wheels, machine-tools, shafting, hangers, pulleys, and other appliances for the transmission of power, hydraulic presses, and, as is impressively stated in an advertisement of the day, "machinery generally." Twenty men working together in the little shop were able to produce this vast array of mechanical devices; but each of these twenty men was a machinist who had served an apprenticeship of from five to seven years. He knew each machine he operated, and could make the machine with his own hands; the age of specialization — division of labor, it is called in the factory system — lay in the future.

The machinist's son became associated with him in business. He did not learn the trade, for by this time ability in finance was as essential to the success of the concern as mechanical skill; and the conditions which the son faced were more complex than the conditions the father knew, for the little machine shop had become a modern manufacturing establishment. The treasurer sat at his desk in the office; the superintendent had his desk, and under him were foremen who were responsible for the several departments of the plant. The traditions of an older day were still vital, a close personal relation existed between employer and employee, but the organization was more complex and the possibility of misunderstanding proportionately increased. Moreover, industrial conditions were changing: competition was becoming keen, the era of small profits and large volume of business was commencing.

In the later days of the century a grandson of the machinist sat at the treasurer's desk. His task would have been unimaginable to the machinist; there were letters to be dictated to a stenographer, not written out in a bold, round hand; there were cost-sheets to be examined — they had not been so particular as to the costs in the old days; the market reports had to be studied — there were no market reports in the days of the machinist. The grandfather once sold a few water-wheels in the southern states and made two tedious journeys, much of the way by stage; the grandson received daily inquiries for machinery from the South by mail and telegraph, and sometimes closed the bargain by telephone. Steam and electricity had annihilated distance; the old order had passed, giving place to the new; division of labor became a necessity.

Inside the factory, conditions were quite as changed as in the office. One man bored holes, another turned studs, each had his little share to contribute to the finished whole. One hundred men, each making a whole machine, might in a year build one hundred small steam-engines, but one man could bore many hundred cylinders, and another could turn many hundred cranks, and thus under the changed conditions a hundred engines could be built in the time formerly required to build one. The machinist gave seven years of his life to learning his trade; he was taught how to run a lathe, standing before it sometimes fourteen hours a day; hand and eye were

trained by countless repetitions of the same process, until the man and the machine became one; meanwhile he had learned to sharpen tools. In a modern shop, tool-sharpening is specialized: day in and day out men point bits of steel; but after a time the apprentice knew this trade as well as the best tool-sharpener. Specialization has increased the efficiency of the shop as an organization, but it has decreased the efficiency of the individual worker as a thinking creature. Under the factory system, the individuality of the worker is lost in the great organization of which he is a part; officially he has ceased to have a name.

Much of our industrial discontent arises from the time-clock, or rather from the thought for which the time-clock stands. Wherever the time-clock is in use, each worker is known by a number. He pushes a button on the clock-door when he commences or quits work, setting the mechanism in motion: the gear revolves, a little lever falls and prints, in blue or red ink, the information that "207 — 6.59" or "207 — 7.01;" which means that Christopher Cassidy, a citizen of the United States of America, and in the employ of the Union Steel Company, came to the factory that day at one minute before seven, or else that he was one minute late, for which offense the time-keeper is to dock his pay a quarter of an hour.

Now, while it is quite right to fine a man for being a minute late in getting to his work,—if it has become a fixed habit,—it is equally wrong to rob him of his name if the crime may be avoided. To condemn the use of the time-clock would be absurd, for this ingenious instrument has become a necessity in thousands of factories where great numbers of workingmen are employed; and no toiler can complain that the record it prints is incorrect, for when he presses the button he becomes his own time-keeper; yet the relation between the employer and the employee which the time-clock symbolizes is wholly bad. This relation is graphically set forth in a circular I once read advertising these machines. "Do you employ one hundred hands?" it asked. "Do you realize what the loss of five minutes a day by each man means to you in loss of profits in one year? Suppose your average wage is two dollars a day; fifteen hundred hours at twenty cents an hour. Three hundred dollars! Think of it! And if you employ a thousand hands, your loss will be three thousand dollars. Can you afford this?" At first it would seem that the only answer to the question must come in the form of an order for clocks, but upon reflection the employers may reply, "Possibly I can and possibly I cannot. If I consider each man in my employ as a machine which the overseer sets in motion each morning, as the operative starts his loom, by pressing the shipper-handle, I cannot afford it. But if I look upon the worker as a man capable of infinite growth, then the three hundred or three thousand dollars may be as nothing in my cost of production. The day does not begin at any particular moment; a man may press the button on the time-clock promptly at seven every morning in the year, yet the same man may cheat me out of three hundred hours every twelve months."

The amount of work which each man accomplishes during the day depends upon other factors than the mere hours of labor, and the most important of these factors is the spirit in which the work is done. The spirit of the day's work will depend upon the personal relation which exists between the office and the workshop. If the employer is known to be interested in the welfare of his men, they will be, more truly than otherwise, his retainers, more zealous for the prosperity of his business; but if his relation to them is that of a taskmaster, they will be his slaves merely, and quite capable of any treachery. The effort of the employer who would gain the loyal service of his men must be to preserve in every possible way the individuality of the employee, to emphasize his manhood, and thus to increase his self-respect.

A friend of mine employs several thou-

sand hands in his factories; he is a man who knows from his own experience the meaning of the day's toil, for he worked at the trade in his youth and belongs to that class of "risen workmen" that Shadwell calls hard taskmasters; he, however, is a most humane employer. Understanding from experience "time-clock" conditions, and knowing that the industrial value of a man is increased with the belief in the importance of his own work, this employer has adopted every means to develop in his employees a sense of their individuality. This is illustrated by the system of fines which is enforced in each department of his works. The man who in a week makes the most imperfect parts, loses a small percentage of his pay, and his loss goes as a prize to the man who makes the least bad work. In the main office a chained book is hung, and in it are recorded the mistakes made by the clerks; no penalty is exacted for these mistakes, but each clerk, by reading the record, may profit by the errors of the others; and it has come to be considered a fearful disgrace for one to have his name entered in the book, so vitally does the plan appeal to the individuality of the employee.

This employer also knows that the care of the body is the first step toward developing a sense of self-respect, and he has provided proper bathing facilities for his workers, means for warming the dinners brought to the factory in a thousand dinner-pails, a playground for field sports on Saturday afternoons, and he has spent many thousand dollars in improving the sanitary conditions of his plants; but more than this, he is easily accessible to his men. His private office is carefully guarded, for his time is too valuable to be wantonly wasted. I have seen a dozen men sitting outside his door waiting their turn to be received: trusted representatives of great selling houses, buyers of goods seeking to establish business relations with his firm, perhaps a wealthy philanthropist collecting funds for private charity, and all men of no little consequence as viewed by the laborer who diffidently enters the office; but this same laborer has only to write his name on a piece of paper and the busy man promptly receives him — so firmly does he cling to that spirit of equality which characterized, in a marked degree, the early days of the factory system.

Side by side with the industrial development of the factory system, there went a "social" development, using the word in its narrow meaning as referring to that body of the elect which worships at the shrine of Fashion. Even to-day the stratification of "Society" is one of the most interesting phenomena to the student of social conditions in a manufacturing community. The factory system is indeed, as Arthur Shadwell has said, "the history of workingmen rising to be employers;" and in the process, by the acquisition of wealth and a degree of leisure, there comes a change in the manner of living. On the surface it is a small matter — the bean-supper becomes a dinner party; the public ball, a dancing party; and the morning bath supersedes the Saturday night tubbing; but to the student of social conditions all this has a real significance.

The machinist who founded the corporation, the development of which we have just traced, lived simply, as did the men in his employ; his wife was cook, parlor-maid, and seamstress, and it was owing to her frugality, more than to any other factor, that he was able to create an establishment which to-day furnishes employment to several hundred machinists, each living under social conditions similar to those he knew. His son never wore overalls and jumper, never worked at the bench and lathe, and he was given an education which made his father's associates shake their heads and prophesy certain failure in life for the boy; so great was their distrust of "book-learning." The grandson of the machinist went to college, and his business failure was predicted. It would be difficult for one unfamiliar with the conditions to realize the con-

tempt with which the old-time machinist, trained under the apprentice system, looks upon a young man educated in a technical school, or how firm is his conviction that a college-bred man must fail hopelessly if he enters business. Machinists of this class may be found in any large shop; they are the survivors from an older day before imagination came to be the first essential to commercial success, and from the human links which unite the age of steam to the days of the stage-coach; in their reminiscences we may trace with authority the changes which have taken place in the relation of employer and employee with the growth of the factory system.

The social world in which the grandson lived had, like the industrial conditions, become complicated. If the machinist by some unlucky chance put a steel knife to his mouth, he might still be invited to the next bean-supper; but should the grandson fail to call either in person or by pasteboard on his hostess of two weeks before, his name might be dropped from her list. This social aspect had its influence in creating the labor problem, for the personal touch between employer and employee necessarily became weaker and weaker with the progress of social development. Moreover, an aristocracy of wealth arose, in which the heartless condescension of an aristocracy of blood was emphasized by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*. It is no less a sin to look down upon a man because his grandfather did not live on Beacon Hill than to despise him because he earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, but the latter sin is the more obvious.

I sometimes look out of my window when the bell rings from the school-house across the street. The children who come up the hill are ragged, some of them, while some who come in the opposite direction are brought in fine carriages driven by liveried coachmen. On the surface they belong to different classes, yet their fathers are engaged in the same business — the making of cotton cloth. It is true that their fathers go in different social "sets," yet in the mill the labor of each is essential to the welfare of the industry. The children, however, are of the same "set," and, in the democracy of the school-yard, mingle in their play, for as yet they have not learned the tremendous significance of clothes. The father of one of the children, who came to school in a motor-car, was offered a position of trust in a cotton factory, and his little daughter, when she heard the news, cried because she feared she might be asked to carry his dinner to him in a pail. When the girl is grown to be a woman she may laugh at this incident, yet it is full of significance. There are many families in every manufacturing town which conform to the democracy of the school-yard — men and women who, in their attitude toward the toilers, foretell that better understanding between the man who buys and the man who sells labor, which is the solution of the present problem; because they have not worked with their hands, they are better able to view the complex life of the community in true perspective; but during the process of rising from bench and lathe to leather-bottomed chair and desk telephone, the working man is apt to view the problem with distorted vision.

The history of the machine-shops which we have here briefly considered, is the history, I believe, of nearly all similar manufacturing companies in the country, and the facts in the development of the factory system which we have observed in a particular case, are applicable also to other industries.

In the history of the factory system two main factors appear, which have a direct bearing on our modern industrial unrest, both tending to minimize the importance of the individual worker and to create a laboring and an employing class. Division of labor is the first of these factors — the expression in the industrial world of that specialization which in scholarship has replaced the broader culture of our fathers with the more precise learn-

ing of to-day, and in the professions has given us doctors of medicine whose knowledge of anatomy is confined to a single organ, lawyers who are unable to address a jury, and clergymen who cannot preach sermons. I am not arguing against this specialization; there is much to be said to its advantage, but it has a tendency, in the professions, to a narrower culture, and in the workshop, to the elimination of the individuality of the worker.

Division of labor was made a necessity by the discovery of the power of steam and electricity, which united nation with nation, thus creating a world-market. It was the need for a larger production which compelled the son of the machinist, quite unconsciously, to adopt the new system; and the moment he adopted it, the individuality of each worker in his employ counted for less. The loss of the individuality of the worker under the factory system was, I believe, the direct cause of unionism. The worker could no longer approach his employer directly, as man to man, and in order to make himself of force he was compelled to combine his efforts with the efforts of others, and unionism was the result.

The value of trade unions is a subject too broad for our present discussion, but that the movement is of value to the workingman, cannot be denied. That it may serve the employer in his relation with the employee, I believe is likewise true. Grave mistakes have been made by organized labor, such as opposition to the introduction of improved machinery, the attempt to limit the number of apprentices, and the many abuses in vogue in union shops; but the movement is growing in strength, and, as it grows, becomes more conservative. It is hard to believe that less than a century ago any combination of workingmen was punishable by imprisonment, yet such is the fact. To-day, not only is the right of combination encouraged by law, but privileges are granted workingmen to further the principle of collective bargaining — a movement which seeks to place the worker in the same relation with his employer as that which existed between them in the beginning of the factory system; a movement which recognizes the dignity of the workingman as an individual.

The labor problem in one aspect is, how justly to divide the profits of industry between the man who buys and the man who sells labor. This division of profits must accomplish two things — first, the employer must receive a fair return on his invested capital; and second, the employee must receive a living wage. This condition obtained in the old days when master and man worked side by side in the shop, and it is to-day the condition by which a more equitable industrial order may be established. Professor Ryan has pointed out the possibility of a distribution of profits under which every capable worker may receive a living wage; the method by which he would accomplish this result — by act of legislature — we need not here consider; but, granting the possibility of a living wage, one way to establish it is by collective bargaining, based on the fact that no trade is a good one, nor in the long run profitable, unless both parties to it are satisfied. No combination of employers can long continue to conduct an industry in which the workers are with reason discontented, and no combination of workers can continue to demand and obtain an undeserved share of the profits.

The problem involved in collective bargaining is the same problem which master and man faced when they quarreled out their differences as they worked side by side in the shop, only multiplied many times; and its solution lies in the same fairness and mutual respect which, in an earlier day, restored harmony between two antagonistic shopmates — the parties to an individual bargain.

THE WHITE PEACOCK

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY

ALTHOUGH in staying at the Rodneys' one takes one's life, or at any rate one's digestion, in one's hands, a resultant case of chronic dyspepsia would be a light price to pay for the pleasure of their society. Meals in their big, ramshackle wreck of a colonial mansion by the sea, are served when it pleases Providence, or the whim of such unwilling handmaids as have been enticed down to this lonely retreat on the dunes; and any repast is likely to be tinctured with a sub-taste of cobalt, rose-madder, or whatever particular pigment that exasperating young couple, Bob and Hallie Rodney, are especially bedaubed with at the time, in the creation of their exquisite marines.

It must not, therefore, be charged up too heavily against the account of Will Rogers, that, as he strode vigorously along the beach, his appetite sharpened by the keen, salt air, he should reflect a little ruefully on the morning coffee, and the evening roast, of the week which he was to spend with his former college chum. But then, not to mention Bob and Hallie, there was the glorious hope that this time he was really to meet — could she be torn from the custody of two dragon maiden aunts — Hallie's bosom friend, the sequestered, the gazelle-eyed Kathleen Graham.

" Hallie," asked Bob some hours later, after a repast quite in keeping with his wife's reputation as a provider, " where are you going to stow Billie to-night? "

" Oh, I don't know; wherever he likes," replied Mrs. Rodney absently. " Just listen to that wind! "

The Rodneys and their guest were gathered by a glorious driftwood blaze in the living-room, listening luxuriously to the howl and beat of the maddened wind and rain. In the flickering glow Hallie's yellow, tousled head gleamed bright above her open-throated painting blouse, and the somewhat pronounced ruddy bronze on the noses of the two men was pleasantly softened.

" Well, all I can say is," continued Bob, with a comfortable yawn and stretch, " that on a night like this every blessed room upstairs leaks like a sieve. You'll have to put Billy down on this floor in the garden-room. Where — " sweeping his hand along the shelf of the high mantelpiece in a fruitless search — " where in thunder are the candles? "

Mrs. Rodney, suddenly called down to confront one of those ever-recurring domestic conundrums, wrinkled her forehead.

" I just remember, Norah told me today we were completely out of candles and kerosene oil, too. That's why we've been sitting so long in the firelight."

" Oh, was that it? I supposed it was to add to the glamour of the romantic descriptions you have been giving Will of Kathleen. Well, she certainly did a mighty plucky thing last week when she pulled that young rapscallion out of a briny grave."

" Oh, what was that? You never told me about that? What young rapscallion? "

" What, did n't we tell you about that? Why, we were out walking one day, and Hal and I saw a subject for a sketch further on, and left Kathleen on the pebbly beach. Suddenly she heard a sort of a gasping, strangled cry, and looking out into the surf, she saw something dark and shiny like a seal's head bobbing up and down. But seals don't make that kind of noise; she looked again and then

down she tore into the water, with all her clothes on."

"No, not all her clothes," amended Hallie; "she had taken off her shoes and stockings some time before to paddle in a pool, and when she heard that sound she just slipped off her dress skirt."

"For which piece of impropriety the aunts have n't forgiven her yet," interposed Rodney.

"But still," continued Hallie, "she must have been frightfully hampered by her petticoats, and that wretched boy—"

"That young limb," interrupted Bob, "was scared blue, and when she clutched him, he clung to her like a leech, and what do you think that girl — brought up in cotton-batting as she has been — had the sense and nerve to do? Why, she doubled up her fist and gave him one over the temple and stunned him, and then, somehow or other, she got him to that big black rock out there, that only shows at low tide — the one they call the Nose — and scrambled up in her lace petticoat and bare feet and screamed for help till Cap'n Sands, who was out at his lobster-pots, came sculling along for dear life and picked them off. Now, are you people going to sit here all night?"

But the entranced guest sat immovable. "How did such a cotton-batting girl learn to swim like that?" he asked.

"Swimming school in town," replied Hallie. "She's always been wild about the water, but the aunts would never allow her to bathe in the ocean. Well, she has picked up one admirer: that young reprobate — funny, flinty little chap we always found him — adores the ground she treads on."

"Yes," added Rodney with a yawn, "nice little girl, Kathleen is. Pity we can't get her here."

"You said," rejoined Rogers in an aggrieved voice, "you distinctly said in your last letter that she was going to be here."

"Yes, I know, but you see, Billy—"

"Is there some other man?"

"There ought to be if there is n't; she's pretty enough." This from Bob; but Hallie, interrupting, continued with her somewhat unenlightening explanations.

"I'm doing my best to get her here, but there is — yes, I admit, there is — an obstacle, a — well, I can't explain; I vowed I would n't, and neither am I quite prepared to sacrifice — but you see I can't explain. Just have patience and it will probably come all right in time, and you see — "

"Oh yes, he sees," interposed Bob, "it's absolutely lucid as you put it. How a woman does love to play around a secret! But I'm going to bed, and so is Billy, and I'm going to give him a little blaze on the hearth to go to bed by."

And with a swoop of his long arms into the wood-basket, Bob caught up some sticks and kindling and kicked open the half-shut door leading into the draughty passage. But Hallie, a determined little figure, stood in the way.

"Bob Rodney, did you propose putting Billy into the garden-room?"

"I did."

"Now, Bob!"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Now you know perfectly well."

"My dear child, it's the only dry bed in the house."

"I don't care, he *can't* sleep there; why, Bob, I promised, solemnly promised — "

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But I tell you — Beg pardon a moment, Billy." And drawing her husband into the passage, dark head and blonde close together, a whispered and heated colloquy ensued.

The few words that reached Rogers's ears were hardly reassuring.

"Can't you cover it up, then?" came a muffled suggestion from Bob.

"Ssh! he'll hear — and if — solemnly promised —not a soul — awful shock — poor girl — "

"See here," broke in Will at this juncture. "Is that a haunted chamber? Go ahead, I'm game!"

"Just a minute, Billy," came sooth-

ingly from Hallie, and then an emphatic, "Keep him here a moment, Bob;" and the trip, trip of her little heels was heard beating a rapid retreat down the long hallway.

Rogers joined his host. "What's wrong? Why is Hallie so set on my not sleeping in that room?"

"Oh, just some feminine nonsense. There, she's calling to us now; come on;" and following Rodney down the passage, Rogers was ushered into a large and gloomy chamber, across the uncurtained windows of which a jagged flash of lightning tore as they entered. In the roar and crash of thunder that followed, Bob's avalanche of firewood on the hearth was indistinguishable, and the next flash revealed Hallie in a remote corner of the room, bending over a sort of witch's caldron of sputtering flame.

"Don't light the fire, Bob; I'm starting a bonfire of matches in his basin; it's quite light enough to brush his teeth by; you know we often do it when there aren't any candles." And prodigally casting a whole bunch into the conflagration, she withdrew, and Bob followed.

In the uncertain flicker of the wash-basin bonfire, Rogers took a hasty review of the "haunted chamber." Two battered chairs, an elaborately carved four-poster, and a kitchen table for his toilet articles, constituted its furniture, and the only attempt to cover the bare floor was concentrated in an arrangement of three small but priceless Persian rugs, which had been stiffly laid in a row between the corner windows.

"Queer kind of a storm, this; something almost uncanny about it!" he said to himself, as the rain came beating with equal fury against both sides of the house at once. "Well, I'll have to have some air, if it does flood in." And before climbing into the imposing colonial four-poster, he threw open the two corner windows, and then, in mad flight from the wind which lashed in after him, he flung himself into bed, and drew up the clothes under his chin.

He was awakened, how soon after he could not tell, by a light touch on his forehead.

Springing to a sitting posture his hand involuntarily sought his forehead, where an instant ago he had felt the airy impact, and his bewildered eyes swept the chamber for the mysterious presence whose touch had roused him from slumber. The storm was past, the sky brilliant. In the great bare chamber no sign of life was visible. Stay! What was that white motion on the floor in the square of moonlight? That snowy whirl of tiny bodies circling round and round in a fairy ring? What could it be? Rose-petals blown in by the breeze? What! little furry, four-footed things with tails? Mice? White mice? Surely the ghosts of mice, for when, he asked himself with starting eyes, had he ever before beheld mice filled with such elfin glee, mice that whirled and twirled until the motions of their tiny feet were lost in one vague blur!

In and out they danced, now each by himself, now madly gyrating around one another; and anon pausing a brief moment to lift strangely shaped and preternaturally flexible muzzles upward, as if to snuff the dawn and discover whether cock-crow were near and the time for

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray

to vanish into thin air.

How long Rogers, leaning absorbed from his pillow, might have watched these gambols, it is impossible to say; but of a sudden a harsh and discordant cry from without rent the silence of the night, and the ghostly dancers fled palpitating to cover. Jumping to the floor, Rogers ran to the window. Approaching him down the shadow-flecked path came drifting a shimmering something. Was it vapor from the sea? Wraith from its grave? White, white! From the delicate aigrette on the small proud head to the filmy laces of the sweeping train was ever anything so white! But now it dilates, and the trailing vestments, swept as by a wind, rise, fan the perfumed air, and in a quivering halo of tremulous pearl, encircle the

whole slender form. And enwrought in the nimbus, themselves *all* white, appear a host of mystic wheels like the emblematic eyes in a peacock's tail. A peacock! Ah, the spell was broken, and Rogers knew his shimmering wraith to be that ghostly and mysterious bird, Hallie's famous white peacock.

Motionless, with extended plumes, the glorious creature dominated the moonlit garden, and for a moment the fancy struck Rogers that it was no living bird, but a marvelous imitation, done in precious ivory by a cunning craftsman of the Celestial Empire. How exquisitely had been finished the elegantly dainty aigrette on the sleek head, how minutely copied — as accurately as dead white may render the gorgeous blazon — the eyes on the encircling tail. But even as he half cheated himself into this belief, the serpentine throat rippled and undulated, and the polished beak opened to emit the same hoarse cry that had startled the furry dancers.

When one has been credulous enough to be befooled, some outlet to one's feelings is imperative, and it was a relief to Rogers to snatch up the nearest missile from the table and hurl it at the disturber of his peace. That it was perhaps unwise to choose his writing-pad of Russia leather for ammunition did not occur to him till he was safely tucked away in bed again and somewhat calmed down. Still it had accomplished its purpose; the whited sepulchre of a fowl had betaken himself elsewhere; and, untroubled by visions of the Russia-leather pad lying out in rain-soaked grass, Rogers sank into a dreamless sleep. When he awoke it was early morning, and the sky behind the garden shrubbery was of that ethereal and tender luminousness only seen when day is at its freshest. But — oh, marvel of marvels! — it was not only the young day who was looking in at his window! Against the trellis gleamed a face: cheek of rose-petal framed in dusky hair; parted lips and sweeping lashes. The eyes he could not see, for they were bent in brooding intentness on the floor of his room. He held his breath.

Ah, the drooping lids were lifting, beautiful great eyes were meeting his! A look of exquisite, shrinking maiden terror — and the apparition was gone.

Through the open window stole the scent of the roses, the snowy clusters of which he could perceive tossing lightly in the breeze from the deep blue plane of the sea. Across from the orchard came the pipe of an oriole. Still, in spite of all this smiling and debonair aspect of Dame Nature, she had evidently suffered more or less betouslement from the elements. The lawn was bestrewn with leaves and twigs, some of which had even been whipped into the room and mingled in wild confusion with half the contents of the open grip; while the prim row of Persian rugs had been pounced upon by the invading Boreas and whirled into a heap, revealing on the unpainted floor — what, what was that on the floor, between the corner windows? Footprints? A track of bewildering little footprints? Had then some spirit visitant come and gone?

Incredulous, his eyes starting from his head, Rogers raised himself on his elbow, and then with a bound was out of bed.

Yes, real footprints: an exquisite little track, as mysterious and baffling as those delicate tracings of shy, wild creatures one comes across in snow-bound woodland fastnesses. But these had human shape, and were as of a child or woman: feet, slender and high-arched, with trim heel and well separated Grecian toes. What fairy or familiar spirit had, in the small hours of the night, come flitting in and out, leaving the dewy impress of its tread?

Just outside the low casement at which the footprints started, swayed the white roses, running out on a trellis, and excitedly Rogers peered into their fragrant masses; but no, " It " had gone the other way, and he ran to the opposite window. From that a rough stretch of grass and a tumbledown summer-house, half-smothered in grape-vines, met his eye. The

summer-house must be searched; and, dashing through bath and dressing, he hurried into the open.

Nothing! Nobody! In fact no sign, either, of Bob or Hallie. In despair he sought the breakfast-room, and there, on a littered table, a cocked-hat note disclosed the unpleasant information that host and hostess had departed at three A. M. to a distant beach to catch the sunrise on the fishing-smacks putting out to sea; in a postscript-afterthought it suggested that, when ready for his toast and coffee, their guest should stand at the bottom of the attic stairs, and halloa loudly for Norah and Lena, who invariably overslept.

Rogers spent his morning in the rather unprofitable alternation of smokes on the front stoop, and visits to his chamber to persuade himself that the footprints were not figments of his imagination, but were really as trim and dainty as they seemed to his mental vision when he sat and conjured them up. Why, however, did they not fade out? Reluctantly he was forced to renounce the poetic theory that the feet that had made them had lightly brushed the dews of morning from the greensward.

Whether it was the oppressive stillness of the house, or the uncompromising solemnity of the deep-voiced clock in the passage, little by little the solitary guest began to tell himself that, after all, strange riddles did present themselves in this prosaic world, — unsolvable mysteries before which even modern science stands baffled and dumb. The evident perturbation, the preceding night, of so easy-going a nature as Hallie's; Rodney's whispered injunction to hide away something obnoxious from sight; the half-smothered reference to that "poor girl," — might it not, nay, did it not, all point to some dark secret connected with this weather-beaten old house; some tragic manifestation which his light-hearted friends would instinctively wish to cover up, metaphorically speaking or otherwise? How many palaces had their records of past crimes ingrained in deep-dyed stains that "would not out." And these bare boards, gray, nay in spots fairly worm-eaten with age, — what records might they not retain! Lovely girls had undoubtedly grown to maidenhood in this once stately mansion by the sea; might not one of them have been foully done to death, and as she fled from her assailant, left, to cry aloud down the ages, this imprint of her innocent feet?

With a start Rogers came to himself. What tricks had not a cup of execrable coffee, an empty house, and the monotone of the waves been playing with his fancy!

It was not until nearly noon that he pulled himself out of his nether world. Going to the front door for a whiff of the salt air, he became aware that a black speck in motion was breaking the solitude of the dunes. Could it be Bob and Hallie? In a flash the little footprints tripped across his mental vision. *Now* he should know about them. Bob and Hallie could explain. But could that snail-like vehicle really be propelled by that erratic pair? On it came over the sandy road, a carryall drawn by an apoplectic, sober-faced gray. Through the gate, and up to the steps it dragged, and Rogers, rising and taking off his hat, was confronted by the somewhat severe gaze of two elderly ladies.

"Pardon me," said one of the old ladies with formal precision, "may I ask if Mrs. Rodney is at home?"

Rogers expressed polite regret that she was not.

"Pardon me, but permit me to trouble you further by inquiring when Mrs. Rodney will be at home."

"I really have no idea."

"Do I understand you to state that Mrs. Rodney left her residence, and failed to indicate the exact hour of her return?"

With a growing sense of guilt upon him, as of one proved an accomplice in some awful breach of decorum, Rogers produced in exculpation the cocked-hat

note, but realizing its inadequacy thrust it hastily back into his pocket and only ventured a lame, "Oh, well, these artists, you know — "

But here, in an impressive bass voice, the other and statelier of the old ladies interposed: "Pardon me, Sir, we know nothing about artists and their ways. Drive back, sister."

"Is there, perhaps," suggested Rogers, "is there, perhaps, some message I could give Mrs. Rodney?"

But at this proposition both old ladies drew up in offended propriety.

"You are very courteous, Sir, but the matter is one" —

"Of the most extreme delicacy," this from the statelier sister, "and would admit of no discussion." A pause, and then in an agitated duet, "of no discussion whatever, with a *gentleman*." And bowing with great decorum, the two ladies, with no little flapping of the reins, and after several fruitless adjurations to their steed to bestir himself, drove away. They were — he knew it by intuition — Kathleen's dragon aunts.

Rogers returned to some reading of proof, and also to the vain search for a scrap of paper which had unaccountably vanished. It was a mere scrap, but on it he had penned the night before the dedication of his volume of essays; that is, the dedication he would like to use if he dared. It was a dedication, though without mentioning her by name, to Kathleen. During the year in which he had been writing the essays, little things that Hallie had told him of the girl had kept running in his head, and involuntarily he had fallen into the habit of asking himself, what would she think of this, how would she like that. And after all, what was the harm in dedicating this virgin effort of his pen to so charming an embodiment of beauty and purity. No one would know, not she herself, to whom he referred. And then, if he and Kathleen ever did meet, and if — and if —

Long after sunset, disheveled, ravenous, gloriously happy and superbly innocent of offense, the solitary guest's recreant host and hostess straggled in at the front door. But no sooner had Rogers unbosomed himself of the mysterious adventure of the night than they pleaded sleep and hurried off to bed, explaining nothing.

That night Rogers again woke with a start, and the vague consciousness of a presence in the room. It — whatever it was, for the chamber was in utter darkness — must have entered through the low window. A stealthy footstep was faintly to be distinguished above the murmur of the waves on the beach. For an instant he lay tense; then with a bound was out of bed, and stretching groping hands after the intruder. It, with quickened breathing and half-suppressed pants of fear, could be heard retreating before him. Relentless he pursued; he was hard upon it, his fingers swept its garments, almost they closed upon its substance. Now it was gone — but not far; there — there — betrayed by the soft pad of its bare feet — he was on it now — he seized it — held it firm! An arm, a shoulder, a warm, quivering throat, a cheek, palpitating and soft as a peach.

"Lemme go!" panted the terrified treble of a boy.

Rogers only held the tighter, and gave the figure a vigorous shake.

"You imp, you! Who are you?"

"Lemme go, I say."

Securely grasping his captive with one hand, with the other Rogers reached out to the table near which they were struggling, and fumbling for a match, lit the candle.

"You limb, what have you got in your pockets? Turn them inside out."

The boy's rough, brown little paws went to work on his pockets, and in the medley of string, fish-hooks, marbles, and other odds and ends of boyish treasures, Rogers recognized nothing of his own; but suddenly something bright and hard fell to the floor. The little fellow tried to pounce upon it, but the young man was before him.

"My pencil!" he exclaimed, "my gold pencil!"

"I never" — blurted out the boy; then, growing crimson, the first sign of grace he had yet shown, relapsed into silence.

Now this gold pencil, of old-fashioned make, was one that had belonged to Rogers's father; and though the getting it fitted to leads was a difficult matter, he always carried it with him, and loved to use what he so vividly remembered seeing in his father's hands. The sight of it hardened his heart.

"What else have you stolen? Strip!"

Still without a word the boy slipped out of his two slight garments, a shirt and a pair of trousers, and stood, a slim, white little figure, in the flickering candle light. Rogers turned the carefully patched garments inside out, but not even the most minute search revealing any other loot, he tossed them back.

"See here, my boy," he said, "how did you happen to get into a scrape like this? Is it hard times at home?"

For a moment it seemed as if the embryo burglar would be touched by this appeal, but suddenly catching up shirt and trousers he made one bound for the open window, and was out into the night.

"May I see you and Bob a minute?" asked Rogers of his hostess, when breakfast was over.

"Come into the garden," said Hallie; and making their way there, the three seated themselves on a bench near the sun-dial.

"More spirits?" asked Bob, lighting a cigarette.

"No," answered Rogers, and related his midnight adventure. The Rodneys looked grave.

"Dave, of course," said Hallie.

"He was a rather wild little chap," added Bob, reflectively, "before Kathleen took him in hand, but since then he has seemed quite a reformed character."

"How did she happen to take him in hand?"

"Why, he was the youngster she pulled out of the water; and he'd swear black was white if she told him to. I say," exclaimed Rodney, with a hopeful gleam in his eyes, "Hallie, don't you suppose he came to — that perhaps some one sent him to — and that that accounts for —"

"I wondered when that would dawn upon you," replied Mrs. Rodney with the serene compassion women so often bestow on the slower intuitions of their spouses.

"When *what* would dawn upon you?" asked Rogers in almost irritable bewilderment.

"Why that some one has been suborning Dave to paint out Kathleen's footprints."

"Kathleen's footprints!" exclaimed the more and more perplexed Rogers.

"Now, Bob, you've gone and done it," reproved his wife.

"Oh, nonsense. Whose did you suppose they were, anyway, Billy? The garden ghost's?"

"But how did they get there?"

"Oh, quite simply. When Kathleen ran up dripping wet from the beach after pulling Dave out of the water, she climbed into the house through the low window in the garden-room, forgetting that Hallie had just painted the floor, and before she knew it she had made that little track."

Rogers looked at his friend with eyes of reproachful incredulity. "Can't you invent a more plausible yarn than that, Bob? Painted the floor! Any child could see that floor had n't had a lick of paint on it for a hundred years!"

For answer Bob slapped his knee with a delighted chuckle, and Hallie, jumping up, swept a triumphant courtesy.

"I always insisted it was my *chef-d'œuvre*, that floor," she exclaimed. Rogers's face fell.

"Oh, so you painted in those footprints?"

"Not at all; the footprints are Kathleen's; I merely induced on a hideous, brand-new floor, just laid, that beguiling appearance of age you so admire. Yes, knot-holes and all — my work."

"Nonsense, the boards are fairly worm-eaten."

"Are they? Run in and look more carefully. Rub your fingers over the boards. No, my friend, that is art, pure art. And then Kathleen unwittingly gave just that touch of human interest to the masterpiece to make it perfect. Of course she wanted them painted out, but we would n't."

"I should say not," added Bob. "You see, Will, you are an ignoramus in art, but I can tell you that you don't see a foot like that — not once in a blue moon."

"But Kathleen's aunts — " exclaimed Hallie.

"Yes, the aunts," broke in Rodney, his eyes dancing at the memory of an exciting encounter; "when they heard about the footprints they hurried over hotfoot. Would Mrs. Rodney at once remove those witnesses to the fact of their niece's possessing feet? No, Mrs. Rodney would not. Did Mrs. Rodney care to have their niece visit her again? She certainly did. Well, Kathleen should never darken our doors again till those footprints were removed."

"I might have agreed to it, you know," interposed Hallie, "if they had not gone at it as they did, making me out to be such an indecent person. I did compromise, however, by solemnly swearing no men guests should be put into the room. I did put you in, I had to, but I covered the footprints up carefully with that line of rugs only — you — you peeked under to see if the floor was clean."

"I did not; it was the wind."

"Well, I won't paint them out, anyway, would you now? Bob, would you now?" reiterated Hallie, turning to her husband.

"I give it up. Kathleen, or the footprints. It's every bit as bad as *The Lady or the Tiger*."

"There's the fog bell," exclaimed Hallie, "good-by to our sail on the Curlew." Then jumping excitedly to her feet, and pointing off over the downs, "There she comes now."

"Who?"

"Kathleen."

Yes, toward them over the downs, and as if in answer to the summons of the bell, hurrying, breaking every now and then into little runs, came a young girl, bareheaded, and in white. As she drew near, Rogers could see that her hair was massy and dark, and dark likewise the starry eyes above her peach-bloom cheeks. Then for the first and last time in his life, he went cold and faint. It was the dream-face he had seen at his window in the early dawn.

But now she was close at hand. She had pushed open the rickety gate, all overgrown with wild grape, and run up to Hallie, whom she seized by both hands.

"He's entirely innocent," she panted, "it was all my fault! Dave kept silent to — to save me."

"Yes, dear, yes, yes," replied Hallie, disengaging one hand but keeping a firm hold of the excited girl with the other; "we'll talk it all over later. In the mean time, this is Mr. Rogers."

It struck each member of the trio that it was well that Hallie had a detaining hand on her visitor, for something like an electric shock seemed to go through her; she started, flushed furiously all over her face and throat, and tried to pull away from her friend.

"I — I — am glad to have the pleasure," stammered Rogers, and Kathleen bent her head slightly in acknowledgment, but retired behind Hallie.

"Could n't we go in the house?" she murmured.

But Hallie threw an arm about the girl, and laughed. "Come," she said, "let's make an end of this foolish business. You don't mind, really, do you, dear? You wanted those footprints out so you could come over and stay, and you bribed Dave to do it. Is that it?"

"Yes," faltered Kathleen, picking up courage, but still keeping Hallie between herself and the man it was obvious to her delighted friends she was yearning to meet. "But I did n't tell him to go at

night. Was n't that like a boy? He probably sleeps so soundly himself that cannon-balls could n't wake him, and he thought that Mr. — Mr. — " here another violent accession of color followed the former wave — " Rogers was like him."

" But what I want to know is," said Bob, " what he was going to paint with."

Kathleen edged a little bit round the protecting presence. " Oh, he had his brush, only when he heard Mr. Rogers he threw it out of the window. He's not a bad boy, indeed, indeed he is not." And now Kathleen came out of eclipse, and boldly confronting Rogers, lifted a pair of imploring eyes. " It's true that once before he did annoy you, I know — he told me about it — by letting Hallie's Japanese dancing mice escape into your room. He had been playing with them, and they got loose, and he did n't find them till the next morning. I hope they did n't run over your face or anything in the night."

" If they did," replied Rogers, " they made up for it by dancing for me most charmingly."

" Sit down, Kathleen," said Bob, patting the bench beside him. " You've made it all right and clear, of course, except I'm awfully sorry to bother you, as you're so fond of the little chap, but there's one thing I don't quite understand, — that is, what Dave was doing with Mr. Rogers's gold pencil. Of course, you don't know about that; Dave's confidences did not probably get quite to that point, but he had that gold pencil in his possession."

If Kathleen had flown signals of flaming distress before, those she now hoisted were of a fairly alarming character. She sank down on the bench beside Bob, but was as quickly on her feet again. It was evident that some desperate resolve was fluttering in her breast beneath its undulating folds of cambric.

" As Hallie says," she burst out at last, " it's best to make a clean breast of everything. He was n't stealing that pencil, he was returning it."

" Oh, he had stolen it before! "

" No, I stole it! "

' Kathleen! "

" That is — I found it — one morning — in the garden."

" In the garden? But you have n't been in the garden since Mr. Rogers was here."

Kathleen had now turned completely away, and was pulling nervously at the strings of the broad-brimmed hat she was carrying. She was evidently nerving herself for a final effort.

" Yes, I was once, very early, that time you were off at the wreck. I — I — came over — the aunts never knew — but I came over to see — to look in and see — I supposed the room was empty — to see if — if — the footprints — "

" Jove! " exclaimed Rodney, " a good thing Rogers did n't see you: he would have taken you for the garden ghost."

Rogers looked straight ahead. There was a moment's pause, and Kathleen took up the thread of her confession.

" I found — there was — there was — in the grass — a pad with — with some writing on it."

The dedication!

" It was a very wrong thing to do — but — but — I don't know why, I looked at it, and because I did n't understand it very well I thought I would look at it some more, and then — then, something frightened me, and I ran home, and when I got there I found I still had the pad in my hand, and there was a gold pencil stuck into the little leather ring, and I gave them both to Dave to bring back, and then — "

" You must have dropped your pad and pencil yourself in the garden," said Hallie in a matter-of-fact tone, to turn the attention from Kathleen's painful if becoming droop of embarrassment.

" No," said Rogers, finding tongue at last, " I fired it out of the window at that blessed white peacock."

VISTAS OF LABOR

"How long, O Lord, how long!"

BY RICHARD BURTON

I

THE STEAMSHIP STOKER

SWEAT-DRENCHED, and blinded by the heat, he reels
Back from the furnace, crawls on deck to win
A cooling breath or two, ere plunging down
Into his torture-house of Steam.
In truth,
He earns his heaven, for, fierce hour by hour,
He knows the bitterness and bite of hell.
What more could heaven do for any soul
Than fan a burning brow with airs as bland
As those of Arcady, and soothe the eyes
With touch of winsome waters, at whose call
The seeming dead grow light and labor-strong!

II

THE MINER

Up creaks the car; he leaves his ghastly dream
Of flickering, strange lights and caverns gloomed,
Grim fears of death-damp and the rumblings deep
Of an inferno whence the damned come back
Daily to taste of Paradise, before
The Devil bids them down; up creaks the car
Disgorging men and mud indifferently.

How sweet the lingering sun, and yonder, look,
The cabin lights are beckoning fondly, where
Warm love awaits him; for a little space
He's no machine but human, and his God
Our God, — no mid-earth Devil, but a power
Benign and near. . . .
But now the nether pit
Reclaims these children of a double world,
And once again Life is a nightmare dream.

III

IN A SWEATSHOP

Pent in, and sickening for one wholesome draught
Of air, — God's gift that cities sell so dear,
They stitch and stitch. The dim lights fall upon
Bent bodies, hollowed bosoms and dead eyes.
Their very mirth is horrible to hear,
It is so joyless! Every needle-stroke
Knits into dainty fabrics that shall go
Where Fashion flaunts, the protest and the pain
Of ravaged lives, of souls denied their food.

At last the clock-stroke! From the beetling shop
The prisoners file, and up and down the street
Scatter to hutches humorists call Home,
To sin, to die, or, if it may be, clutch
Some pleasure fierce enough to drown the thought
That on the morrow they must meet again.

IV

FACTORY CHILDREN

Here toil the striplings, who should be a-swarm
In open, sun-kissed meadows; and each day
Amid the monstrous murmur of the looms
That still their treble voices, they become
Tiny automata, mockeries of youth:
To her that suckled them, to him whose name
They bear, mere fellow-earners of Life's bread:
No time for tenderness, no place for smiles, —
These be the world's wee workers, by your leave!

Naught is more piteous underneath the sky
Than at the scant noon hour to see them play
Feebly, without abandon or delight
At some poor game; so grave they seem and crushed!
The gong! and foulness sucks them in once more.

Yet still the message wonderful rings clear
Above all clang of commerce and of mart:
Suffer the little children, and again:
My Kingdom is made up of such as these.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES[1]

V

THE CABINET DURING THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN

[Grant had assumed personal command of the expedition against Vicksburg on January 30. The difficulties of the undertaking were not altogether appreciated in the North, and the public was growing restive.]

Tuesday, June 2, 1863.

There was some discussion of affairs at Vicksburg. The importance of capturing that stronghold and opening the navigation of the river is appreciated by all, and confidence is expressed in Grant, but it seems that not enough was doing. The President, Halleck declares, can furnish no additional troops. As yet I have seen nothing to admire in the military management of General Halleck, whose mind is heavy and, if employed at all, is apparently engaged on something else than the public matter in hand. At this time when the resources of the nation should be called out, and activity pervade all military operations, he sits back in his chair doing comparatively nothing. It worries the President; yet he relies upon Halleck and apparently [on] no one else in the War Department. No one more fully realizes the magnitude of the occasion, and the vast consequences involved, than the President. He wishes all to be done that can be done, but yet in army operations will not move or do except by consent of the dull, stolid, inefficient and incompetent General-in-Chief. Stanton does not attend one-half of the Cabinet meetings. When he comes, he communicates little of importance. Not unfrequently he has a private conference with the President in the corner of the room, or with Seward in the library. Chase, Blair, and Bates have each expressed their mortification and chagrin that things were so conducted. To-day as we came away, Blair joined me, and said he knew not what we were coming to. That he had tried to have things different.

Saturday, June 6, 1863.

Am unhappy over our affairs.

How far Halleck is sustaining Grant at Vicksburg, I do not learn. He seems heavy and uncertain in regard to matters there. A further failure at V[icksburg], will find no justification. To-day he talks of withdrawing a portion of the small force at Port Royal. I am not, however, as anxious as some for an immediate demonstration on Charleston. There are I think strong reasons for deferring action for a time, unless the army is confident of success by approaches on Morris Island. Halleck is confident the place can be so taken. But, while he expresses this belief, he is not earnest in carrying it into effect. He has broken out with zeal for Vicksburg, and is ready to withdraw most of the small force at Port Royal and send it to the Mississippi. Before they could reach Grant the fate of Vicksburg will be decided. If such a movement is necessary now, it was, weeks ago, while we were in consultation for army work in South Carolina and Georgia.

Halleck inspires no zeal in the army or among our soldiers. Stanton is actually hated by many officers, and is more in-

[1] Copyright, 1909, by Edgar T. Welles.

timate with certain extreme partisans in Congress, the Committee on the Conduct of War and others, than with the Executive, Administration and military men. The Irish element is dissatisfied with the service, and there is an unconquerable prejudice on the part of many whites against black soldiers. But all our increased military strength now comes from the negroes. Partyism is stronger with many in the free states than patriotism. Every coward and niggardly miser opposes the war. The former from fear, lest he should be drafted; the latter, to avoid taxes.

Wednesday, June 10, 1863.

The accounts of piratical depredations disturb me. My views, instructions, and arrangements to capture the Alabama, which would have prevented these depredations, have failed through the misconduct of Wilkes. The rebel cruisers are now beginning to arm their prizes and find adventurers to man them. Our *neutral* friends will be likely to find the police of the seas in a bad way.

Friday, June 12, 1863.

The interference of members of Congress in the petty appointments and employment of laborers in the Navy Yards is annoying and pernicious. The public interest is not regarded by the members, but they crowd partisan favorites for mechanical positions in place of good mechanics and workmen, and when I refuse to entertain their propositions, they take offence. I can't help it if they do. I will not prostitute trust to their schemes and selfish personal partisanship.

Sunday, June 14, 1863.

Farther reports of depredations. Got off vessels last night from New York and Hampton Roads. Sent to Boston for Montgomery to cruise off Nantucket.

INCOMPETENCE OF WAR DEPARTMENT

[R. H. Milroy, Major General of Volunteers, in charge of a division of the eighth army corps, was stationed at Winchester, Virginia. Here, on June 15, he was attacked by the main body of Lee's army marching north to Pennsylvania. The fighting lasted for three days, when Milroy succeeded in cutting his way out, with the loss of the major part of his forces. His conduct was made the subject of investigation, and in 1865 he resigned from the army.]

Scary rumors abroad of army operations and a threatened movement of Lee upon Pennsylvania. No doubt there has been a change. I fear our friends are in difficulty. Went to the War Dept. this evening. Found the President and General Halleck with the Secretary of War in the room of the telegraphic operator. Stanton was uneasy, said it would be better to go into another room. The President and myself went into the Secretary's office. The other two remained. The President said, quietly, to me, he was feeling very badly, that he feared Milroy and his command were captured, or would be. He (Milroy) has written that he can hold out five days, but at the end of five days he will be in no better condition, — for he can't be relieved. "It is," said the President, "Harper's Ferry over again."

I enquired why Milroy did not fall back, — if he had not been apprised by Hooker or from here, what Lee was doing? etc. I added, if Lee's army was moving, Hooker would take advantage and sever his forces, perhaps take his rear guard. The President said it would seem so, but that our folks appear to know but little how things are, and showed no evidence that they ever availed themselves of any advantage.

How fully the President is informed, and whether he is made acquainted with the actual state of things, is uncertain. He depends on the War Department which, I think, is not informed and is in confusion. From neither of the others did I get a word. Stanton came once or twice into the room where we were, in a fussy

way. Halleck did not move from his chair where he sat with his cigar, the door being open between the two rooms. From some expressions which were dropped from H[alleck] I suspect poor Milroy is to be made the scapegoat, and blamed for the stupid blunders, neglects, and mistakes of those who should have warned and advised him.

I do not learn that any members of the Cabinet are informed of army movements. The President is kept in ignorance, and defers to the General in Chief, though not pleased that he is not fully advised of matters as they occur. There is a modest distrust of himself, of which advantage is taken. For a week, movements have been going on of which he has known none, or very few, of the details.

I came away from the War Department painfully impressed. After recent events Hooker cannot have the confidence which is essential to success, and all-important to the commander in the field. He has not grown in public estimation since placed in command. If he is intemperate, as is reported, God help us! The President, who was the first person to intimate this failing to me, has a personal liking for Hooker, and clings to him when others give way.

THE PANIC IN THE NORTH

Monday, June 15, 1863.

Met Blair at the depot. Told him of the conversation I had last evening with the President and the appearance of things at the War Department. It affected him greatly. He has never had confidence in either Stanton, Halleck, or Hooker. He fairly groaned that the President should continue to trust them, and defer to them, when the magnitude of the questions is considered. "Strange, strange," he exclaimed, "that the President, who has sterling ability, should give himself over so completely to Stanton and Seward!" Something of a panic pervades the city. Singular rumors reach us of rebel advances into Maryland. It is said they have reached Hagerstown, and some of them have penetrated as far as Chambersburg in Pennsylvania. These reports are doubtless exaggerations, but I can get nothing satisfactory from the War Department of the rebel movements, or of our own. There is trouble, confusion, uncertainty, where there should be calm intelligence.

I have a panic telegraph from Gov. Curtin, who is excitable and easily alarmed, entreating that guns and gunners may be sent from the Navy Yard at Philadelphia to Harrisburg without delay. We have not a gunner that we can spare. Commodore Stribling can spare men, temporarily, from the Navy Yard.

["Harrisburg," says Rhodes, "the capital of the state, was indeed in danger. If Harrisburg was captured it was thought the Confederates would march on Philadelphia. Men well informed believed that Lee had nearly 100,000 men and 250 pieces of artillery."]

I went again, at a late hour, to the War Department, but could get no facts or intelligence from the Secretary, who either does not know or dislikes to disclose the position and condition of the army. He did not know that the rebels had reached Hagerstown, did not know but some of them had, — quite as likely to be in Philadelphia as Harrisburg. Ridiculed Curtin's fears. Thought it would be well, however, to send such guns and men as could be spared to allay his apprehension. I could not get a word concerning Gen. Milroy and his command, whether safe or captured, retreating or maintaining his position. All was vague, — opaque, thick darkness. I really think Stanton is no better posted than myself, and from what Stanton says am afraid Hooker does not comprehend Lee's intentions nor know how to counteract them. Halleck has no activity, never exhibits sagacity or foresight, though he can record and criticise the past. It looks to me as if Lee was putting forth his whole energy and force in one great desperate struggle which

shall be decisive, — that he means to strike a blow that will be severely felt, and of serious consequence, and thus bring the war to a close. But all is conjecture.

Tuesday, June 16, 1863.

We hear this morning that Milroy has cut his way through the rebels and arrived at Harper's Ferry, where he joins Tyler. I cannot learn from the War Department how early Milroy was warned from here that the rebels were approaching him, and that it would be necessary for him to fall back. Halleck scolds and swears about him as a stupid worthless fellow. This seems his way to escape censure himself and cover his stupidity in higher position.

The President yesterday issued a proclamation calling for 100,000 volunteers to be raised in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and West Virginia. This call is made from outside pressure, and intelligence received chiefly from Pennsylvania, and not from the War Department or Head-Quarters. Tom A. Scott, late Assistant Secretary of War, came on expressly from Pennsylvania, sent by Curtin, and initiated the proceeding.

Halleck sits, and smokes, and swears, and scratches his arm and hates it, but exhibits little military capacity or intelligence — is obfusticated, muddy, uncertain, stupid as to what is doing or to be done.

Neither Seward, nor Stanton, nor Blair, nor Usher, were at the Cabinet meeting. The two last are not in Washington. At such a time all should be here, and the meetings full and frequent for general consultation and general purposes. Scarcely a word on army movements. Chase attempted to make inquiries; asked whether a demonstration could not be made on Richmond, but the President gave it no countenance. No suggestions ever come from Halleck.

Young Ulric Dahlgren, who is on Hooker's staff, came in to-day. He is intelligent and gallant. I asked where the army was. He said between Fairfax and Centreville, or most of it was there; that Lee and the rebel army are on the opposite side of the mountain, fronting Hooker. He knows little or nothing of the reported rebel advances into Pennsylvania, and thinks Hooker does not know it. This is extraordinary, but it accounts for the confusion and bewilderment at the War Office.

Wednesday, June 17, 1863.

Had a telegram at ten last night from Mr. Felton, president of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, requesting that a gun-boat might be sent to Havre de Grace to protect the Company's ferry-boat property. Says he has information that the rebels intend going down the river to seize it.

LINCOLN'S TEMPORARY RELIEF

I went forthwith to the War Department to ascertain whether there was really any such alarming necessity, for it seemed to me, from all I had been able to learn, that it was a panic invocation. Found the President and Stanton at the War Department, jubilant over intelligence just received that no rebels had reached Carlisle as had been reported, and it was believed had not even entered Pennsylvania. Stanton threw off his reserve, and sneered and laughed at Felton's call for a gun-boat. Soon a messenger came in from Gen. Schenck, who declares no rebels have crossed the Potomac, that the stragglers and baggage trains of Milroy had run away in affright, and squads of them, on different parallel roads, had alarmed each other, and each fled in terror in all speed to Harrisburg. This alone was asserted to be the basis of the great panic which had alarmed Pennsylvania and the country.

The President was relieved and in excellent spirits. Stanton was apparently feeling well, but I could not assure myself he was wholly relieved of the load which had been hanging upon him. The special messenger brought a letter to Stanton, which he read, but was evidently unwilling to communicate its con-

tents, even to the President who asked about it. Stanton wrote a few lines which he gave to the officer, who left. General Meigs[1] came in about this time, and I was sorry to hear Stanton communicate an exaggerated account of Milroy's disaster, who, he said, had not seen a fight or even an enemy. Meigs indignantly denied the statement, and said Milroy himself had communicated the facts that he had fought a battle and escaped. While he (Meigs) did not consider Milroy a great general, or a man of very great ability, he believed him to be truthful and brave, and if General Schenck's messenger said there had been no fight, he disbelieved him. Stanton insisted that was what the officer (whom I think he called Payson) said. I told him I did not so understand the officer. The subject was then dropped; but the conversation gave me uneasiness. Why should the Secretary of War wish to misrepresent and belittle Milroy? Why exaggerate the false rumor and try to give currency to, if he did not originate, the false statement that there was no fight, and a panic flight?

The President was in excellent humor. He said this flight would be a capital joke for Orpheus C. Kerr[2] to get hold of. He could give scope to his imagination over the terror of broken squads of panic-stricken teamsters, frightened at each other and alarming all Pennsylvania. Meigs with great simplicity inquired who this person (Orpheus C. Kerr) was. "Why," said the President, "have you not read those papers? They are in two volumes. Anyone who has not read them must be a heathen." He said he had enjoyed them greatly except when they attempted to play their wit on him, which did not strike him as very successful, but rather disgusted him. "Now the hits that are given to you, Mr. Welles, or to Chase, I can enjoy, but I dare say they may have disgusted you while I was laughing at them. So vice versa as regards myself." He then spoke of a poem by this Orpheus C. Kerr, which mythologically described McClellan as a monkey fighting a serpent representing the rebellion, but the joke was [that] the monkey continually called for "more tail," "more tail," which Jupiter gave him, etc., etc.

[1] Quartermaster-General of the U. S. Army.

[2] Orpheus C. Kerr (Office Seeker) was the pseudonym of Robert H. Newell, whose burlesque sketches of current events were much in vogue at the time.

Friday, June 19, 1863.

Chase informs me that he has just returned from a visit to Hooker's headquarters, at or near Fairfax Court House. The troops he says are in good spirits and excellent condition, as is Hooker himself. He commends Hooker as in every respect all that we could wish. His (Chase's) tone towards Halleck is much altered since our last conversation. All of which is encouraging. But Chase's estimate and judgment of men fluctuates as he has intercourse with them, and they are friendly and communicative, or otherwise.

Saturday, June 20, 1863.

Tidings from New York to-day are sad respecting Admiral Foote. I fear he cannot recover and that his hours upon earth are few. His death will be a great loss to the country, — a greater one, in this emergency, to me, than to any other outside of his own family. Individual sorrows and bereavements, and personal friendships, are not to weigh in matters of national concernment, but I cannot forget that "we were boys together," and that in later and recent years we have mutually sustained each other. I need him, and the prestige of his name, in the place to which he has been ordered.

Sumner's opinion and estimate of men does not agree with Chase's. Sumner expresses an absolute want of confidence in Hooker; says he knows him to be "a blasphemous wretch;" that after crossing the Rappahannock and reaching Centreville, Hooker exultingly exclaimed, "The enemy are in my power, and God Almighty cannot deprive me of them." I have before heard of this, but not

so directly and positively. The sudden paralysis that followed, when the army in the midst of a successful career was suddenly checked and commenced its retreat, has never been explained. Whisky is said by Sumner to have done the work. The President said if Hooker had been killed by the shot which knocked over the pillar that stunned him,[1] we should have been successful.

Neither Seward nor Stanton was at the Cabinet meeting. Mr. Bates had left for Missouri. The President was with General Hooker at the War Department when we met, but soon came in. His countenance was sad and careworn, and impressed me painfully. Nothing of special interest was submitted. The accustomed rumors in regard to impending military operations continue.

Chase, who evidently was not aware that General Hooker was in Washington until I mentioned it, seemed surprised and left abruptly. I tried to inspire a little cheerfulness and pleasant feeling by alluding to the capture of the Fingal. For a few moments there was animation and interest, but when the facts were out and the story told, there was no new topic and the bright feelings subsided. Believing the President desired to be with General Hooker, who has come in suddenly and unexpectedly and for some as yet undisclosed reason, I withdrew. Blair left with me. He is much dispirited and dejected. We had ten or fifteen minutes talk as we came away. He laments that the President does not advise more with all his Cabinet, deprecates the *bad* influence of Seward, and Chase, and Stanton, Halleck and Hooker.

DAHLGREN AS AN OFFICER

Had two interviews with Dahlgren today in regard to his duties as successor of Dupont in command of the South Atlantic Squadron. Enjoined upon him to leave me at no time in ignorance of his views if they underwent any change, or should be different in any respect from mine or the policy proposed. Told him there must be frankness and absolute sincerity between us in the discharge of his official duties; no reserve, though we might differ. I must know, truthfully, what he was doing, and have his frank and honest opinion at all times. He concurs, and I trust there will be no misunderstanding.

My intercourse and relations with Dahlgren have been individually satisfactory. The partiality of the President has sometimes embarrassed me, and given D[ahlgren] promotion and prominence which may prove a misfortune in the end. It has gained him no friends in the profession, but the officers feel and know he has attained naval honors without naval claims or experience. He has intelligence and ability without question; his nautical qualities are disputed — his skill, capacity, courage, daring, sagacity, and comprehensiveness in a high command, are to be tested. He is intensely ambitious, and I fear too selfish. He has the heroism which proceeds from pride and would lead him to danger and to death, but whether he has the innate, unselfish courage of the genuine sailor and soldier remains to be seen. I think him exact and a good disciplinarian, and the President regards him with special favor. In periods of trying difficulties here, from the beginning of the rebellion, he has never failed me. He would, I know, gallantly sustain his chief anywhere and make a good second in command, such as I wished to make him when I proposed that he should be associated with Foote. As a Bureau officer, he is capable and intelligent, but he shuns and evades responsibility. This may be his infirmity in his new position.

Wednesday, June 24, 1863.

No definite or satisfactory information in regard to military movements. If it were clear that the Secretary of War and General-in-Chief knew, and were directing military movements intelligently, it would be a relief; but they communi-

[1] An incident of Chancellorsville.

cate nothing, and really appear to have little or nothing to communicate. What at any time surprises us, surprises them. There is no cordiality between them and Hooker, not an identity of views and action, such as should exist between the general in command in the field and the headquarters and department, separated [by] only a few miles. The consequence is an unhappy and painful anxiety and uncertainty, the more distressing to those of us who should know and are measurably responsible because we ought to be acquainted with the facts. Were we not in that position, we should be more at ease.

Word is sent me by a credible person who left Hagerstown last evening, that Ewell and Longstreet with their divisions passed through that place yesterday to invade Pennsylvania with 60,000 men.[1] The number is probably exaggerated, but I am inclined to believe there may be half that number, perhaps more. Where in the meantime is General Hooker and our army? I get nothing satisfactory from Head-Quarters or Stanton.

Friday, June 26, 1863.

Rumors are rife concerning the army. If Hooker has generalship in him, this is his opportunity. He can scarcely fail of a triumph. The President in a single remark to-day betrayed doubts of Hooker, to whom he is quite partial: — "We cannot help beating them if we have the man. How much depends in military matters on one master mind. Hooker may commit the same fault as McClellan and lose his chance. We shall soon see; but, it appears to me, he can't help but win."

[Clement L. Vallandigham, the Copperhead leader of the Western Democrats, had been arrested by U. S. troops, in May, on the charge of sedition. With the President's approval, he was court-martialed and banished to Confederate lines.]

A pretty full discussion of Vallandigham's case and of the committee from Ohio, which is here ostensibly in his behalf, but really to make factious party strength. Blair is for letting him return, — turning him loose, says he will damage his own friends. The President would have no objection but for the effect it would have in relaxing army discipline, and disgusting the patriotic sentiment and feeling of the country, which holds V[allandigham] in abhorrence.

Saturday, June 27, 1863.

A telegram last night informed me of the death of Admiral Foote. The information of the last few days made it a not unexpected event, yet there was a shock when it came. Foote and myself were schoolboys together at Cheshire Academy, under good old Doctor Bronson, and, though [he was] three or four years younger than myself, we were pursuing some of the same studies, and there then sprang up an attachment between us that never was broken.

Sunday, June 28, 1863.

The President convened the Cabinet at ten A. M. and submitted his reply to the Vallandigham committee. Save giving too much notoriety and consequence to a graceless traitor, who loves notoriety and office, and making the factious party men who are using him for the meanest purposes that could influence men in such a crisis, conspicuous, the letter is well enough, and well conceived.

LINCOLN ON GENERAL HOOKER

After disposing of this subject, the President drew from his pocket a telegram from General Hooker, asking to be relieved. The President said he had, for several days, as the conflict became imminent, observed in Hooker the same failings that were witnessed in McClellan after the battle of Antietam: — a

[1] A few days later, Meade, who estimated the Federal forces at 100,000 effective men, reckoned Lee's entire army at above 80,000 men.

want of alacrity to obey, and a greedy call for more troops which could not, and ought not to be taken from other points. He would, said the President, strip Washington bare, had demanded the force at Harper's Ferry, which Halleck said could not be complied with (Halleck was opposed to abandoning our position at Harper's Ferry). Hooker had taken umbrage at the refusal, or at all events had thought it best to give up the command.

Some discussion followed, in regard to a successor. The names of Meade, Sedgwick, and Couch were introduced. I soon saw [that] this review of names was merely a feeler to get an expression of opinion, a committal, or to make it appear that all were consulted. It shortly became obvious, however, that the matter had already been settled, and the President finally remarked, he supposed General Halleck had issued the orders. He asked Stanton if it was not so. Stanton replied affirmatively, that Hooker had been ordered to Baltimore and Meade to succeed him. We were consulted after the fact.

Chase was disturbed more than he cared should appear. Seward and Stanton were obviously cognizant of what had been ordered before the meeting of the Cabinet took place, and had been consulted. Perhaps they had advised proceedings, but, doubtful of results, wished the rest to confirm their act. Blair and Bates were not present with us.

Instead of being disturbed, like Chase, I experienced a feeling of relief, and only regretted that Hooker, who I think has good parts, but is said to be intemperate at times, had not been relieved immediately after the battle of Chancellorsville. No explanation has ever been made of the sudden paralysis which befell the army at that time. It was then reported by those who should have known, that it was liquor; I apprehend from what has been told me that was the principal cause. It was so intimated, but not distinctly asserted in Cabinet. Nothing has been communicated by the War Department, directly, but there has been an obvious dislike of Hooker, and no denial or refutation of the prevalent rumor. I have once or twice made enquiries of Stanton, but could get no satisfactory reply of any kind. The War Department has been aware of these accusations, but has taken no pains to disprove or deny them, perhaps because they could not; perhaps because the War Department did not want to. The President has been partial to Hooker all this time and has manifested no disposition to give him up, except a casual remark at the last Cabinet meeting.

Whether the refusal to give him the troops at Harper's Ferry was intended to drive him to abandon the command of the army, or is in pursuance of any intention of Halleck to control army movements, and to overrule the general in the field, is not apparent. The President has been drawn into the measure, as he was into withholding McDowell from McClellan, by being made to believe it was necessary for the security of Washington. In that instance, Stanton was the moving spirit, Seward assenting. It is much the same now, only Halleck is the forward spirit, prompted perhaps by Stanton.

Of Meade I know very little. He is not great. His brother officers speak well of him, but he is considered rather a "smooth bore" than a rifle. It is unfortunate that a change could not have been made earlier.

Monday, June 29, 1863.

Great apprehension prevails. The change of commanders is thus far well received. No regret is expressed that Hooker has been relieved. This is because of the rumor of his habits, the reputation that he is intemperate, for his military reputation is higher than that of his successor. Meade has not so much character as such a command requires. He is however kindly favored, will be well supported, [will] have the best wishes of all, but does not inspire immediate

confidence. A little time may improve this, and give him name and fame.

Tuesday, June 30, 1863.

The President did not join us to-day in Cabinet. He was with the Secretary of War and General Halleck, and sent word there would be no meeting. This is wrong but I know no remedy. At such a time as this, it would seem there should be free and constant intercourse and interchange of views, and a combined effort.

Lee and his army are well advanced into Pennsylvania, and they should not be permitted to fall back and recross the Potomac. Halleck is bent on driving them back, not on intercepting their retreat; is full of zeal to drive them out of Pennsylvania. I don't want them to leave the state, except as prisoners. Meade will, I trust, keep closer to them than some others have done. I understand his first request was for the troops at Harper's Ferry to join him — which was granted. Hooker asked this, but it was denied him by the War Department and General Halleck.

BLAIR'S DISTRUST OF STANTON

Blair is much dissatisfied. He came from the Executive Mansion with me to the Navy Department and wrote a letter to the President urging that Dix's command should be immediately brought up; says Halleck is good for nothing and knows nothing. I proposed that we should both walk over to the War Department, but he declined; said he would not go where Stanton could insult him, that he disliked at all times to go to the War Department, had not been there for a long period, although the government, of which he is a member, is in these days carried on, almost, in the War Department.

We have no positive information that the rebels have crossed the Susquehannah, though we have rumors to that effect. There is no doubt that the bridge at Columbia, one and a half miles long, has been burnt, and, it seems, by our own people. The officer who ordered it must have been imbued with Halleck's tactics. I wish the rebel army had got across before the bridge was burnt. But Halleck's prayers and efforts (especially his prayers) are to keep the rebels back, to drive them back across the " frontiers " instead of intercepting, capturing, and annihilating them. This movement of Lee and the rebel forces into Pennsylvania is to me incomprehensible, nor do I get any light from military men or others in regard to it. Sould they cross the Susquehannah, as our General-in-Chief and Governor Curtin fear, they will never recross it without being first captured. This they know, unless deceived by their sympathizing friends in the North, as in 1861; therefore I do not believe they will attempt it.

I have talked over this campaign with Stanton this evening, but I get nothing from him definite or satisfactory of fact or speculation, and I come to the conclusion that he is bewildered, that he gets no light from his military subordinates and advisers, and that he really has no information or opinion as to the rebel destination or purpose.

[Wednesday, July 1, was the first day of Gettysburg.]

Thursday, July 2, 1863.

Met Sumner and went with him to the War Department. The President was there, and we read despatches received from General Meade. There was a smart fight, but without results, near Gettysburg yesterday. A rumor is here that we have captured six thousand prisoners; and on calling again this evening at the War Department I saw a telegram which confirms it. General Reynolds is reported killed. The tone of Meade's despatch is good.

Met the elder Blair this evening at his son's, the Postmaster General. The old gentleman has been compelled to leave his pleasant home at Silver Spring, his house being in range of fire, and rebel raiders at his door. He tells me McClellan wrote Stanton after the seven days

fight near Richmond, that he (Stanton) had sacrificed that army. Stanton replied cringingly, and in a most supplicating manner, assuring McClellan he, Stanton, was his true friend. Mr. F. P. Blair assures me he has seen the letters. He also says he has positive unequivocal testimony that Stanton acted with the secessionists early in the war, and favored a division of the Union. He mentions a conversation at John Lee's house, where Stanton set forth the advantages that would follow from a division.

Mr. Montgomery Blair said Stanton was talking secession to one class, and holding different language to another. That while in Buchanan's Cabinet he communicated Toucey's[1] treason to Jake Howard and secretly urged the arrest of Toucey. During the winter of 1860 and 1861, Stanton was betraying the Buchanan administration to Seward, disclosing its condition and secrets, and that for his treachery to his then associates and his becoming a tool of Seward, he was finally brought into the present Cabinet.

These things I have heard from others also, and there have been some facts and circumstances to corroborate them within my own knowledge.

SEWARD'S MISCONCEPTION OF THE WAR

Mr. Seward, who has no very strong convictions and will never sacrifice his life for an opinion, had no belief that the insurrection would be serious or of long continuance. Familiar with the fierce denunciations and contentions of parties in New York, where he had, from his prominent position and strong adherents, been accustomed to excite and direct, and then [to] modify the excesses aroused by anti-masonry and anti-rent outbreaks by pliable and liberal action, he entertained no doubt that he should have equal success in bringing about a satisfactory result in national affairs by meeting exaction with concessions. He was strengthened in this by the fact that there was no adequate cause for a civil war, or for the inflammatory, excited and acrimonious language which flowed from his heated associates in Congress. Through the infidelity of Stanton, he learned the feelings and designs of the Buchanan administration, which were not of the ultra character of the more impassioned secession leaders. One of the Cabinet already paid court to him — Dix[2] — and some others he knew were not disunionists; and, never wanting faith in his own skill and management, he intended, if his opponents would not go with him, as the last alternative, to go with them and call a convention to remodel the constitution. Until some weeks after Lincoln's inauguration, Seward never doubted that he could by some expedient, a convention or otherwise, allay the storm. Some who ultimately went into the rebellion also hoped [for] it. Both he and they overestimated his power and influence. Stanton in the winter of 1861 whispered in his ear state secrets, [so] it was understood, because Seward was to be first in the Cabinet of Lincoln, who was already elected. The Blairs charge Stanton with infidelity to party and to country from mere selfish considerations, and with being by nature treacherous and wholly unreliable. Were any overwhelming adversity to befall the country, they look upon him as ready to betray it.

RUMORS FROM GETTYSBURG

Friday, July 3, 1863.

I met the President and Seward at the War Department this morning. A despatch from General Meade, dated 3 P. M. yesterday, is in very poor tone. The Sixth Army Corps, he says, has just arrived entire but exhausted, having been on the march from 9 P. M. of the preceding evening. In order that they may rest and recruit he will not attack, but is momentarily expecting an onset from the rebels.

They were concentrating for a fight and, unless Meade is greatly deceived,

[1] Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy under President Buchanan.

[2] John A. Dix was Secretary of the Treasury in 1861.

there will be a battle in the neighborhood of Gettysburg. I hope our friends are not deceived, so that the rebel trains with their plunder can escape through the valley.

Saturday, July 4, 1863.

I was called up at midnight precisely by a messenger with telegram from Byington, dated at Hanover Station, stating that the most terrific battle of the war was being fought at or near Gettysburg; that he left the field at half-past six P. M. with tidings, and that everything looked hopeful. The President was at the War Department where this despatch, which is addressed to me, was received. It was the first word of the great conflict. Nothing had come to the War Department. There seems to have been no system, no arrangement for prompt, constant, and speedy intelligence. I had remained at the War Department for news till about eleven. Some half an hour later the despatch from Byington to me came over the wires, but nothing from anyone to Stanton or Halleck. The operator in the War Department gave the despatch to the President, who remained. He asked, "Who is Byington?" None in the Department knew anything of him, and the President telegraphed to Hanover Station, asking, "Who is Byington?" The operator replied, "Ask the Secretary of Navy." I informed the President that the telegram was reliable. Byington is the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper in Norwalk, Connecticut, active and stirring, is sometimes employed by the N. Y. *Tribune*, and is doubtless so employed now.

The information this morning and despatches from General Meade confirm Byington's telegram. There is much confusion in the intelligence received. The information is not explicit. A great and bloody battle was fought and our army has the best of it, but the end is not yet. Everything, however, looks encouraging.

Later in the day despatches from Haupt and others state that Lee with his army commenced a retreat this A. M. at 3 o'clock. Our army is waiting for supplies to come up before following — a little of the old lagging infirmity. Couch is said to be dilatory, has not left Harrisburg. His force has not been pushed forward with alacrity. Meade sent him word, "the sound of my guns should have prompted your movement." Lee and the rebels may escape in consequence. If they are driven back Halleck will be satisfied. That has been his great anxiety, and too many of our officers think it sufficient if the rebels quit and go off; that it is unnecessary to capture, disperse, and annihilate them.

Extreme partisans fear that the success of our arms will mean success to the administration. Gov. Curtin is in trepidation, lest, if our troops leave Harrisburg to join Meade, the rebels will rush in behind them and seize the Pennsylvania Capitol. On the other hand, Stanton and Halleck ridicule the sensitiveness of the governor, and are indifferent to his wishes and responsibilities. Of course, matters do not wash well.

THE MISSION OF A. H. STEPHENS

[Before the sanguine expectations of the Confederacy concerning the invasion of Pennsylvania by Lee's army were crushed by Gettysburg, Vice-President A. H. Stephens determined, as he afterwards asserted, to "deeply impress the growing constitutional party at the North with a full realization of the true nature and ultimate tendencies of the War," or, more plainly speaking, to open ostensible peace negotiations which, while they would be sure to fail, would be reported in the newspapers and rouse in men's minds the suspicion that the Federal government was not willing to secure peace by generous terms After discussing this shrewd notion very fully with the Confederate Cabinet, Stephens sent to Admiral Lee a letter stating that he was the bearer of a communication in writing from "Jefferson Davis, Commander in Chief of the land and naval forces of the Confederate States to Abraham Lincoln, Commander

in Chief of the land and naval forces of the United States," and that he desired to proceed direct to Washington on his own steamer, the Torpedo. The phraseology of the note was studiously framed to avoid a controversy over the title of Jefferson Davis. The request was transmitted to Washington after Gettysburg had been fought, and Lincoln's action in the matter cut short Stephens's undertaking.]

Received this evening a despatch from Admiral Lee, stating he had a communication from A. H. Stephens,[1] who wishes to go to Washington with a companion, as military Commissioner " from Jefferson Davis, Commanding General of Confederate forces, to Abraham Lincoln, President and Commanding General of the Army and Navy of the United States," and desired permission to pass the blockade in the steamer Torpedo on this mission, with Mrs. Olds, his private secretary. Showed the despatch to Blair whom I met. He made no comment. Saw Stanton directly after, who swore and growled indignantly. The President was at the Soldiers' Home, and not expected for an hour or two. Consulted Seward, who was emphatic against having anything to do with Stephens or Davis. Did not see the President till late. In the meantime Stanton and others had seen him, and made known their feelings and views. The President treats the subject as not very serious nor very important, and proposes to take it up to-morrow. My own impression is, that not much good is intended in this proposition, yet it is to be met and considered. It is not necessary that the vessel should pass the blockade, or that Stephens should come here, but I would not repel advances, or refuse to receive Davis's communication.

Two intercepted despatches were received, captured by Captain Dahlgren. One was from Jeff Davis, the other from Adjutant General Cooper, both addressed to General Lee. They disclose trouble and differences among the rebel leaders. Lee, it seems, had an understanding with Cooper that Beaureguard should concentrate a force of forty thousand at Culpepper for a demonstration, or something more, on Washington, when the place became uncovered by the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac in pursuit of Lee. Davis appears not to have been informed of this military arrangement, nor satisfied with the programme when informed of it. Lee is told of the difficulty of defending Richmond and other places, and that he must defend his own lines, instead of relying upon its being done from Richmond.

[1] Vice-President of the Confederacy.

Sunday July 5, 1863.

A Cabinet meeting to-day at 11 A. M. The principal topic was the mission of Alexander H. Stephens. The President read a letter from Col. Ludlow, U. S. Agent for exchange of Prisoners, to Secretary Stanton, stating that Stephens had made a communication to Admiral Lee, which the Admiral had sent to the Secretary of the Navy. After reading it, the President said he was at first disposed to put this matter aside without many words, or much thought, but a night's reflection and some remarks yesterday had modified his views. While he was opposed to having Stephens and his vessel come here, he thought it would be well to send someone, perhaps [to] go himself, to Fortress Monroe. Both Seward and Stanton were startled when this remark was made. Seward did not think it advisable the President should go, nor any one else. He considered Stephens a dangerous man, who would make mischief anywhere. The most he (Seward) would do would be to allow Stephens to forward any communication through General Dix. Seward passes by Admiral Lee and the Navy Department through whom the communication originally came. Stanton was earnest and emphatic against having anything to do with Stephens, or Jeff Davis, or their communication. Chase

was decided against having any intercourse with them. Blair took a different view. He would not permit Stephens to come here with his staff, but would receive any communication he bore, and in such a case as this he would not cavil about words; something more important was involved.

DEPARTMENTAL JEALOUSY

While this discussion was going on, I wrote a brief answer to Lee, and said to the President, I knew not why Colonel Ludlow was intruded as the medium of communication, or General Dix — that neither of them was in any way connected with this transaction. Admiral Lee, in command of the blockading force, received a communication from Mr. Stephens, and had made known to the Navy Department, under whose orders he is acting, the application of the gentleman who had a mission to perform, and was now with Admiral Lee waiting an answer. In this stage of the proceeding, the Secretary of State proposes that Admiral Lee should be ignored and the subject transferred from the Navy to some military officer, or one of his staff. Was it because Admiral Lee was incompetent or not to be trusted? Admiral Lee has informed Stephens he cannot be permitted to pass until he has instructions from the Navy Department. Nothing definite has yet been suggested in reply. He and the parties are waiting to hear from me, and I propose to take some notice of this application, and, unless the President objects, send an answer as follows to Admiral Lee: —

"The object of the communication borne by Mr. Stephens is not stated or intimated. It is not expedient from this indefinite information that you should permit that gentleman to pass the blockade with the Torpedo."

None of the gentlemen adopted or assented to this, nor did they approximate to unity or anything definite on any point. After half an hour's discussion and disagreement, I read what I had pencilled to the President, who sat by me on the sofa. Under the impression that I took the same view as Chase and Stanton, he did not adopt it. Seward, in the mean time, had reconsidered his proposition that the communication should be received, and thought with Stanton it would be best to have nothing to do with the mission in any way. The President was apprehensive my letter had that tendency.

Mr. Blair thought my suggestion the most practical of anything submitted. Chase said he should be satisfied with it. Stanton the same. Seward thought that both Stanton and myself had better write, each separate answers — Stanton to Ludlow, and I to Lee — but to pretty much the same effect.

The President said my letter did not dispose of the communication which Stephens bore. I told him the despatch did not exclude it. Though objection was made to any communication, an answer must be sent Admiral Lee. Everything was purposely left open, so that Stephens could, if he chose, state or intimate his object. I left the despatch indefinite in consequence of the diversity of opinion among ourselves, but I had not the least objection, and should for myself prefer to add, "I am directed by the President to say that any communication which Mr. Stephens may have, can be forwarded."

This addendum did not, as I knew it would not, meet the views entertained by some of the gentlemen. The President prefers that a special messenger should be sent to meet Stephens to which I see no serious objection, but which no one favors. I do not anticipate anything frank, manly or practical in this mission, though I do not think Stephens so dangerous a man as Seward represents him. It is a scheme without doubt, possibly for good, perhaps for evil — but I would meet it in a manner not offensive, nor by a rude refusal would I give the rebels and their sympathizers an opportunity to make friends at our expense or to our injury. This, I

think, is the President's purpose. Mr. Blair would perhaps go further than myself; the others not so far.

We must not put ourselves in the wrong by refusing to communicate with these people. On the other hand, there is difficulty in meeting and treating with men who have violated their duty, disregarded their obligations, and who lack sincerity.

I ought to answer Lee, and because I have not, Ludlow and Dix have been applied to. Seward will make the Secretary of War or himself the medium, and not the Secretary of the Navy; Ludlow or Dix, not Admiral Lee.

I propose to inform Admiral Lee that his communication should be answered to-morrow, it having been decided we would not reply to-day. Seward said the subject would not spoil by keeping. The President thought it best to send no word until we gave a conclusive answer to-morrow.

At five P. M. I received a telegram that the Torpedo with Mr. Stephens had gone up the river. Another telegram at eight said she had returned.

Monday, July 6, 1863.

There was a special Cabinet meeting at 9 A. M. on the subject of A. H. Stephens' mission. Seward came prepared with a brief telegram, which the President had advised, to the effect that Stephens' request to come to W[ashington] was inadmissible, but any military communication should be made through the prescribed military channel. A copy of this answer was to be sent to the military officer in command at Fortress Monroe by the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Navy was to send a copy to Admiral Lee. The President directed Mr. Seward to go to the telegraph office and see that they were correctly transmitted. All this was plainly pre-arranged by Seward, who has twice changed his ground, differing with the President when Chase and Stanton differed; but he is finally commissioned to carry out the little details which could be done by an errand boy or clerk.

The army news continues to be favorable. Lee is on the retreat, and Meade in hot pursuit, each striving to get possession of the passes of the Potomac.

Tuesday, July 7, 1863.

The President said this morning, with a countenance indicating sadness and despondency, that Meade still lingered at Gettysburg, when he should have been at Hagerstown or near the Potomac, to cut off the retreating army of Lee. While unwilling to complain, and willing and anxious to give all praise to the General and army for the great battle and victory, he feared the old idea of driving the rebels out of Pennsylvania and Maryland, instead of capturing them, was still prevalent among the officers. He hoped this was not so, said he had spoken to Halleck and urged that the right tone and spirit should be infused into officers and men, and that General Meade especially should be reminded of his, the President's, wishes and expectations. But General Halleck gave him a short and curt reply, showing that he did not participate and sympathize in this feeling, and, said the President, "I dropped the subject."

This is the President's error. His own convictions and conclusions are infinitely superior to Halleck's, even in military operations more sensible and more correct always, but yet he says, "It being strictly a military question, it is proper I should defer to Halleck whom I have called here to counsel, advise, and direct in these matters, where he is an expert." I question whether he should be considered an expert. I look upon Halleck as a pretty good scholarly critic of other men's deeds and acts, but as incapable of originating or directing military operations.

LINCOLN AND THE NEWS OF VICKSBURG

When I returned from the Cabinet council I found a delegation from Maine at the department, consisting of Vice-President Hamlin, the two Senators of

that State, and Senator Wilson of Massachusetts. These gentlemen had first waited on the President in regard to the coast defences and protection of the fishermen, and were referred by him to me instead of the army which claims to defend the harbors. At the moment of receiving this delegation I was handed a despatch from Admiral Porter, communicating the fall of Vicksburg on the fourth of July. Excusing myself to the delegation, I immediately returned to the Executive Mansion. The President was detailing certain points relative to Grant's movements on the map to Chase and two or three others, when I gave him the tidings. Putting down the map, he rose at once, said we would drop these topics, and " I myself will telegraph this news to General Meade." He seized his hat, but suddenly stopped, his countenance beaming with joy, he caught my hand and throwing his arm around me, exclaimed, " What can we do for the Secretary of the Navy for this glorious intelligence! He is always giving us good news! I cannot, in words, tell you my joy over this result. It is great, Mr. Welles, it is great! "

We walked across the lawn together. "This," said he, " will relieve Banks. It will inspire me."

The opportunity I thought a good one to insist upon his own views; to enforce them, not only on him, but on Halleck.

Thursday, July 9, 1863.

The Secretary of War and General Halleck are much dissatisfied that Admiral Porter should have sent me information of the capture of Vicksburg in advance of any word from General Grant, and also with me for spreading it at once over the country without verification from the War Office.

Friday, July 10, 1863.

I am assured that our army is steadily, but I fear too slowly, moving upon Lee and the rebels. There are, I hope, substantial reasons for this tardiness. Why cannot our army move as rapidly as the rebels? The high water in the river has stopped them, yet our troops do not catch up. It has been the misfortune of our generals to linger, never to avail themselves of success, to waste, or omit to gather the fruits of victory. Only success at Gettysburg and Vicksburg will quiet the country for the present hesitancy. No light, or explanation, is furnished by the General in Chief, or the War Department!

[Meade finally determined to make an attack on July 13, but with an overwhelming sense of his responsibility he called a council of war, and when a majority of the general officers present opposed the attack, he postponed battle indefinitely.]

(*To be continued.*)

MY FRENCH SCHOOL DAYS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

I WAS eleven years old when my education, then a slender enough little plant, I am sure, was transplanted from American to French soil. Such a transplanting may seem to you of no great consequence, but, I assure you, to me it was a matter of great importance.

"But, mother, shall I have to study everything in French?"

"Yes."

"But I do not know any French, — not any at all."

"But you will learn it very quickly."

This seemed to me absurd optimism on a gloomy subject.

I had studied German a little — and disliked it. My sisters had studied French under a French governess; but I, being the youngest, had been let off from studying it, and I knew literally nothing of French, save one song, *Frère Jacques*. I came of a people who loved languages, and I was expected to inherit the taste. I knew that one of my grandfathers, — he of the soft hair and white stock, — when he was engaged, had written his love-letters to my grandmother in Italian, for the pure pleasure of it; and she, for the same reason, had written her replies in the same dulcet language. That used to seem to me romantic. I was sorry enough now that they had ever done it.

My mother would have comforted me.

"In my old home," she said, "my father and mother always spoke French together. It was that more than anything else which helped me to learn quickly. I was always so eager to know what they were talking about. It will be quite the same with you. You will hear all the little French children talking, and you will wish to know what they are saying."

She finished with a French sentence containing, no doubt, an encouraging sentiment; but, like a flash of heat-lightning, only leaving things darker than before. But no sooner had we arrived in Paris than the gloomy dread concerning my French school days gave place to interest, almost to delight.

I went at different times to two different schools in Paris, but it was the school of Mademoiselle Mallet which was, I think, the most characteristic, and which I remember best.

It was no school at all in the ordinary sense of the term. There was certainly no air of a school about it. There was not a desk anywhere, nor, if I remember rightly, a blackboard. There was Mademoiselle Mallet herself, a woman whose smile I remember as one of the most delightful things in Paris. Oh, it was well worth winning, that smile, and easy to win. If you pronounced a word correctly you were rewarded with a smile. If you looked up suddenly from your studious book and caught her eye, you were rewarded with a smile. If your eyes were dreaming out of the window and your glance wandered back and found that she had caught you dreaming, you were rewarded with a smile. It was very charming. Yet she was serious, too. There was no petting in the ordinary sense; none. What Mademoiselle gave her pupils, more, I should say, than anything else, was respect. This, I believe, was the keynote in her education of them.

I used to sit in perfect despair sometimes, looking at my book, the tears rolling silently down my cheeks. It used

to seem to me I should never, never learn the impossible language. English was not forbidden, it was simply not understood, which was worse. Neither Mademoiselle herself nor the pupils knew a word of it.

But even in these worst moments Mademoiselle never petted me. I was also never once rebuked for my tears, nor told that it was babyish or unbrave of me to cry. I was treated like a little person. I have always liked the term "little people." The French have a way of treating children like "little people," little persons. I do not remember in all my French school days once being patronized or talked down to. I was always treated as a person, as an equal. In my few years of school in America I had often been treated very much as a child, and often as an *unequal*. The teachers in America seemed always to be descending to my child-world and then returning — upstairs as it were — to their own world, and closing the door after them.

Here there was nothing of the sort. I was always expected, it would seem, to go into the grown-people's world when I chose. We lived on the same floor, on the same level. If I chose to stay out in the garden of my childhood, playing with little people of my own age, well and good; the grown people wanted me to enjoy that, too; but the doors of their friendship, and the comfortable cool rooms of their companionship and understanding and approval, always stood open. I make a point of this because I should not be surprised if this were the most really important, the most really educational point in my whole French training. I grew under it. So did the other little children with whom I was thrown. They, too, were "little people," and little people of no small importance.

There were perhaps ten or twelve little girls altogether, but only two destined to remain clear, portrait-like in my memory: Geneviève Martin and Wanda Galezowski. Geneviève was French, Parisian to the tips of her slender little fingers. Wanda was the daughter of a Polish, now famous, oculist, even then oculist to the Czar, I believe. I loved these little girls very much. I loved their very names. I do not mean that Galezowski or Martin thrilled me at all; but Geneviève, pronounced in the soft French fashion, how lovely it was! And Wanda, — what a story-book name! I had known only one Wanda, and she was a princess in a fairy tale.

There was a little boy, too, — Ernest, — a little lad not more than six years old, I should say, and the pet of the school. Mademoiselle Mallet used to button him into his long black alpaca blouse every morning, always smiling over the task, for Ernest, silent or talkative, quiet or restless, was always amusing, and Mademoiselle had a sense of humor.

Whenever a visitor or any of the parents came to the school, Ernest was always called on to exhibit his learning. "*Voyons, Ernest,*" Mademoiselle would say, always with a smile and a glance toward me, as if to say, "This question is for your benefit, too, my dear:" "Qui est-ce qui a découvert l'Amérique?" — And Ernest would beam and say, delighted with his own erudition, —

"Christophe Colombe! Quatorze-cent-quatre-vingt-douze."

"Christophe Colombe!" any one could understand that to be our own Christopher Columbus, and it gave readily enough the key to Mademoiselle's question; but it took many a repetition of this exhibition of noble learning on the part of Ernest for me finally to discover that the other words which he rattled off at awful speed meant just "fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two."

This fact I always remember with pleasure, perhaps because it was by Christopher Columbus's own method that I finally learned French. I *discovered* it, and that, I believe, is by all odds the most sound of educational methods — the method of discovery. Nothing was hurried, nothing pressed on me, unduly. It was never explained to me, nor insisted on,

that "quatorze-cent-quatre-vingt-douze" meant fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two; that it was in that year that Christopher Columbus made his memorable discovery. I sailed many days without so much as a glimpse of land on that subject, though I always knew that sometime that dark saying would be clear to me. And then, one day, along the low horizon of my childish understanding, there it lay, like new land. Of course! *Quatorze cent-quatre-vingt-douze* meant fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two! *Of course!* And the discovery and the land as well were my own, my very own.

II

In American schools as I had known them, I had acquired a vast conception of my own ignorance and my teachers' erudition; here, among these sympathetic, courteous, flexible people I soon gained a great idea of my own ignorance, to be sure, but not from any insistence laid on the matter by the manner of my teachers. On the contrary, I was treated as though I were nearly as well informed as they. It would be difficult to give you an adequate idea of the friendliness, the camaraderie, the respect, the courtesy of it all.

But though courtesy and respect were fundamental, important factors in my French school days, they were by no means the only ones. Next to them in importance, I think I should place the spirit of reverence which I there learned.

I noticed it first in the streets of Paris. One day I saw that the doors of the great church of the Madeleine were draped with heavy black pall-like draperies, bizarre enough, such as are commonly used in France over the doorways of the churches or private houses where there is a death or where a funeral is to take place. I noticed that the "cabbies" drew their horses to a slower pace, and raised their hats, remaining uncovered as they went past. Or if it chanced to be laboring men or gentlemen passing by, even on the other side of the street, they too all raised their hats in silent respect as they went past the house of the dead. This impressed me a good deal. There was reverence and fellowship too in the simple tribute. Had I been a boy my own cap would have come off.

But to go back to the school. Reverence was learned there, too, and more particularly, reverence coupled with enthusiasm. As an instance: I had heard of Joan of Arc all my days, of course, but you must not suppose that the Joan I had always heard of was like the Joan I now learned to know. The Joan I had learned of was an enthusiastic girl who had gone, in full armor, at the head of an army, and fought as bravely as a man; but the Joan I learned about now — not from a book — the Joan I was told about by Mademoiselle Mallet herself — well, she might have been a dear and personal friend of Mademoiselle's, so cherished, so beloved, so reverenced, so talked of from the heart was she. Mademoiselle described her to me as accurately as one would describe one's best friend: not too tall; pale, with eyes of blue; her hands thin and spiritual; a broad clear brow; eyes that looked always to be seeing visions.

I learned about her home-life; such heart-seeking, little intimate anecdotes about her: of how she loved her father, who did not well understand her; and one story of a lamb, forgotten of the fold one night; and Joan waking in the darkness, St. Michael's voice having roused her. "Is it France that needs me now?" and Joan rose kneeling in bed, awed and ready. "No, my good little Joan. *Non, ma bonne petite Jeanne!* not yet! Only a little lamb forgotten in a thicket." And then she and the good St. Michael went out across the snow together and sought and sought. "Ah, it was very cold, *ma chère.* Very cold, I do assure you!" Joan sought it and sought it with all her heart, as though it had been the whole of France to save. "The whole of France, *ma chère,* instead of only a little young lamb." And she carried it home with

its head in her bosom. — Then finally, the call to arms; Joan's leave-taking; the people of Domrémy gathered to see her go. Then the battles; the wounded; the slain; the weary march; the soldiers devoted, oh, devoted day and night to guard her; though she had no fear, — St. Michael was her champion. But oh, the weary march! Mademoiselle must have been on that march herself, I think, to have known so minutely and heartfully the details and happenings of it.

And then Joan at Rheims! Oh, the blare of trumpets! Joan victorious! Joan crowning the young Dauphin! I must have sat, a very attentive little child, you may be sure, fascinated by it all. Here was a story indeed! and the story of a real person! and told, as is not too often the case, by a real person. The climax approached so steadily and gloriously, like the sure tramp of an army; now lost at some turn of the road, now coming on again, surer than ever. And then when it came to Joan — *la petite Jeanne* — in the cathedral among all the banners, raising the crown above the bent head of the Dauphin kneeling before her, the glorious moment of complete triumph was too great for Mademoiselle in the telling of it. Her voice broke, her eyes filled with tears, she could not go on for emotion. I shall never forget the direct simple impression that had on me. I had, along with most children, learned to look upon tears as something childish and unworthy. But here was Mademoiselle, whom I loved and respected, as a strong, wonderful grown person, her face aglow with enthusiasm, her eyes fairly radiant with love and devotion and reverence for Jeanne d'Arc, — a girl dead and gone these hundreds of years, mind you; yes, and the tears slipping down over Mademoiselle's cheeks out of the fullness of her heart and sheer warmth of feeling.

It is in such moods of radiance and emotion that the world sometimes sees nature in the spring. It is under such moods that young things and growing plants thrive; and out of such moods that a bow of hope sometimes gets itself spanned gloriously enough across the heavens. Here indeed was my first lesson in that real enthusiasm, coupled with real reverence, which is so large a part of education in France; yet, happily, like many another lesson learned under Mademoiselle's kind teaching, I did not know it for a lesson at all. This was no task, no instruction. It was, no less than the rest, discovery, pure and simple. It was like new and foreign land which my mere wandering sails had found. But my foot touched it on that day; once more, I knew it and claimed it as my own. Joan from then on was one of my friends, — intimately, reverently, as she was one of Mademoiselle's friends; and were I to tell a little child about her now, I should feel it a neglect not to tell the very color of her eyes.

If you think I make much of this, well, it meant much to me; I feel sure it would mean much to any child. But where to-day, I ask you, in our ordinary schools, so-called, shall you find children getting lessons like this? You will find many a teacher dutifully enough giving out many a chalky blackboarded kind of instruction, but you shall not so readily find one with her eyes aglow, her whole soul swimming to the surface like that; and the tears on her cheeks, from sheer whole-souled, unselfish, out-of-self reverence and enthusiasm.

"How little we pay our way in life! Although we have our purses continually in our hand, the better part of service goes still unrewarded." So it does. I have still those neat bills of Mademoiselle's sent to my mother for instruction of *les demoiselles Portor*. They are not small bills at all, and a good many extras, *cahiers*, pencils, pens, and the like, were charged to swell the account. But neither do they in any way cover the price of the service rendered; and there is no mention in them, as indeed why should there be, of all the priceless things which stood in Mademoiselle's unpublished curriculum, and were included generously in her daily instruction.

III

You must not suppose that this discovery of Jeanne d'Arc was exceptional. Before long I grew familiar enough with the tone of devoted enthusiasm. I grew to expect the thrill back of the words. There was many another spoken of with no less devotion, no less enthusiasm. Napoleon! — why, I knew his return from Elba, and the soldiers sobbing at his feet, and kissing the hem of his coat, as that little boy in the first row of seats knows his 2×2. I knew Roland in the pass at Roncesvalles as most children know the easiest words in the speller. I knew St. Louis; I knew Clovis, and Charlemagne, and Charles le Martel. I knew Louis XVI even to the black ribbon on his queue, and the prune-colored clothes that he wore to the scaffold. I knew dear, kind Madame Elizabeth. I knew Marie Antoinette. Oh, I ask you, did I not know Marie Antoinette! do I not know her now, better than any other! I knew her, to the whitened hair, the kerchief she wore opened at the neck, the blue veins on her thin hands as she stood asking a blessing on her prison food; and her jailer, with his seamed face and stockinet cap, peering curiously at her from behind the screen. — And the little Dauphin! Do you suppose I did not know just how he clung to his mother, and how she kissed him, weeping, — and then bade him compose himself and bear himself like the son of a king, — like the Dauphin! — the *Dauphin of France!*

It would take me far too long to tell you all those I knew. Such a company! and I only a little child. There were glory and panoply in those days, glory and panoply enough; — and a fanfare of trumpets, and a procession of people such as would raise the pride and hopes and ambition, yes, and the goodness, of any child, I think. There were people of all classes: the starving citizens of Calais, saved at last, you remember, how dramatically; there was the worthless young prince of England, who yet died nobly for his sister at the sinking of the "White Ship;" and the page, in the same tale, who came before the old King, the Prince's father, mute, and dressed all in black, because none of the nobles, no, not the boldest of them, dared tell the King so sorrowful a piece of news; dared not, mind you, because of the King's grief, which would be so great that it was to be feared no less than the anger of any other king.

There were heroes, heroines, kings, queens, traitors, citizens, doctors, men of law, men of science, poets, monks, nuns, musicians, men of letters. I was daily in as varied a company as Chaucer himself on his way to Canterbury; and I only a little child.

It may seem absurd to you, but I knew George Sand, and whatever a child would have liked about her, I liked. I knew Madame de Staël in no stiff fashion. I knew about her this, for instance: that when Napoleon exiled her from Paris, she pined, oh, yes, she pined for France, even among the glories of Switzerland; and when some one, visiting at her château on Lake Leman, urged on her the loveliness of that lake, she sighed and said, "Ah yes, it is beautiful, beautiful!" and then, sadly, "Mais donnez-moi mon petit ruisseau dans la rue du Bac." She would give it all gladly, gladly, for that!

This, too, was not explained to me. It took me quite a while to discover that the *ruisseau* was just the little gutter in the rue du Bac in Paris. Paris, her own and her beloved! Ah, she was very human, this Madame de Staël, and I liked her for it. I even thought it would be very nice to be so loyal to the gutter that ran past my house in my own little home town. Perhaps it is even largely due to Madame de Staël. as Mademoiselle Mallet introduced her to me, that I later grew to this very loyalty; that my own old home, and my own home town, in years of exile from them, are so wonderfully dear to me.

I met, too, the great tragedians — Corneille, Racine, and the rest. I not only knew little intimate things about their lives, but I knew their heroes and heroines. I learned by heart page after page of *Le Cid*, *Polyeucte*, *Athalie;* by heart, you see, rather than waiting to read them later by head. This may seem to you an absurdity. Well, — it was Mademoiselle's method. What has a little child to do with *Le Cid*, *Polyeucte*, *Athalie?* — I answer you: It was Mademoiselle's method.

Nor was this method Mademoiselle's alone. That we might advance the more quickly in our studies, one of my sisters and I went, two afternoons of each week, to be given instruction by one Madame Bonnard, a very beautiful Frenchwoman, young, high-bred, around whose life was woven a story of a good deal of mystery and romance. Her home was beautiful, and the great *salle* where we had our lessons was hung with wonderful old tapestries, and full of a solemn light admitted through windows high above the ground.

Here, too, I was instructed in no cut and dried fashion. Madame Bonnard was of an entirely different type from Mademoiselle Mallet, yet the method was the same, and the tears could come to her eyes, too, it would seem.

My first lesson was from the seventh scene of the second act of *Athalie*. I was to learn by heart all the part of Joas, the child; my oldest sister was to learn the part of Athalie, the Queen; Madame Bonnard herself would take the unimportant part of Josabeth.

Unless you are familiar with that rich scene, full of keen dramatic interest from start to finish, you can hardly have an idea how I enjoyed it; enjoyed learning it by heart; piecing out the sense, discovering for myself the interest, the meaning, the beauties. How I enjoyed those poignant questions put by my sister in the person of Athalie! how I delighted, I, Joas, to answer them so wonderfully, so tellingly!

Athalie. You are without parents?

Joas. They have abandoned me.

Athalie. How? Since when?

Joas. Since I was born.

Athalie. Does none know, at least, your country?

Joas. This temple is my country; I know no other.

Athalie. Who put you in this temple?

Joas. An unknown woman who told me not her name, and whom no one has since seen.

Athalie. But what hand cared for your first years? (Mais de vos premiers ans quelles mains ont pris soin?)

Ah that was my cue! Then came the speech of all others that I loved best: —

"Dieu laissa-t-il jamais ces enfants au besoin?
Aux petits oiseaux il donne leur pâture;
Et sa bonté s'étend sur toute la nature.
Tous les jours je l'invoque; et d'un soin paternel
Il me nourrit des dons offerts sur son autel."

How I loved to give them — the confounding replies of the child Joas!

The scene grows in meaning with each line, — opens out like a flower. Athalie at last speaks in pity of the young child whose days are all spent in the service of God in the temple. She offers him instead her patronage, the pleasures of her court. She would treat him as her own son. There, too, was a part that I loved, I, the child Joas.

Joas. Comme votre fils?
Athalie. Oui — vous vous taisez?
Joas. Quel père
Je quitterais! Et pour —
Athalie. Hé bien?
Joas. Pour quelle mère!

That last said, oh, tellingly, I assure you, once I had gotten the full meaning of it.

These you may call mere fragments of learning, and not to be compared with any right-minded spelling-book or arithmetic. Fragments they were, but of noble proportions, and they carried with them

something that was like those fragments of the Parthenon which, great in themselves, give one the suggestion of something still greater. Then, too, you must not forget that there were spelling-books and arithmetics besides.

I have already told you that I went to school to Paris as well as to Mademoiselle Mallet; and, my books closed for the day, I did but go into a larger and more delightful class-room.

We had a little Swiss maid who had a hand in my education, too, but who believed her duty to be solely to button our shoes, to brush our hair, to tie our ribbons, to keep us tidy, to wait upon us, and to see to it especially that I, the youngest, was kept content and happy. It was in company with her that I went about Paris: to the Louvre gardens and galleries, to the Punch and Judy shows, — a penny a chair! to the Luxembourg, to Cluny, to dozens of other places, not sight-seeing, but pleasure-enjoying.

I had learned the French method now, I knew the zest, the interest, the meaning they put into everything. What did *Champs Elysées* mean? The French would not have given it that name without some meaning. I knew them well enough for that! Sophie could not enlighten me. But I soon learned what the Elysian Fields stood for in ancient religion, and in story and romance. Ah, did I not tell you that these people would not have given a meaningless name!

I did not think of it then, for I was in no critical humor, but I think of it now. Do you suppose that these people, full of associations, and devotions, and cultured enthusiasms, would have elected to call a great stretch of the most beautiful park land in the world " Central Park," as we have done? No. A small strip, not too wonderful, as we all know, is to them the " Elysian Fields; " and topped and bottomed, if you please, by an " Arch of Triumph " and the " Place of Concord " — the " Place of Peace."

Then there was the street of the Little Fields. What were they, these little fields? The rue Louis le Grand; ah, him I knew! The rue de la Paix. What peace? — for it was sure to commemorate an especial peace. The rue de Rivoli, the rue Richelieu, the Chaussée d'Antin, the rue Quatre Septembre; the colonne de Juillet; Boulevard des Capucines; des Italiens; Boulevard St. Michel; St. Germain des Près; Champs de Mars; how well named! Place Molière, and I knew well now who Molière was! Chapelle Expiatoire; ah, that! That had meaning!

And these were only a few! Streets, boulevards, and monuments full of meaning, and each with an especial interest. Why, Paris had as many stories to tell as Mademoiselle! Dear Mademoiselle! Dear, delightful Paris!

IV

One day a great event was astir, a great event for me. There was to be a Children's Ball; a Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Grand Opera House in Paris, and I was to be allowed to go; not merely as an onlooker, but I was to go in a fancy dress, myself, and I was to dance and make merry like the other little children. This was wonderful, of course.

And what was I to wear. I was to go as " little America " — that was soon decided on. My dress was to be of soft American flags. My cap was to be a little liberty cap.

The shopping was a matter of great interest. The flags were bought, a lovely soft sort of veiling flags they were. The cap was made of a smaller silk flag. As for the stockings, they must be striped red and white lengthwise, of course. And the slippers must be blue, of a blue like the field of the flag. The shopping might have been difficult anywhere but in Paris. But did dear sympathetic Paris have stored away in her little *boutiques* a pair of red and white striped stockings of an exact size and of a perfect match for the flags? Yes, of course. And a pair of blue satin slippers, high-heeled, just the right

size, just the right shade, exactly? To be sure! And a little unmounted photograph of Washington and one of Lafayette, to be sewed upon little fringed flags, one French, one American, for me to wear as epaulets? — Yes, yes; certainly.

So the great day came at last, and I was dressed for the ball. Ah that was a ball, indeed! The very stairway of the Opera was a wholly fairy-like thing. And once inside the great doors, oh, the great vast place it was! vast it seemed to me with its gold and its glittering lights; its tiers on tiers of boxes; its flutter of children; so many, so many, all dancing, laughing, talking, fanning themselves!

I had scarcely got on the floor when a little French Columbine came toward me, clapping her hands with delight. "Oh regardez! regardez la petite Amérique!" A little Lohengrin with a huge cotton swan under one arm ran up to me, and beamed in unaffected delight: "Mais oui! Bon jour, Mademoiselle l'Amérique!" and he bowed to me, and made the swan do so too.

So it was amid a little hum of appreciation and surprise that I danced in my high-heeled blue slippers, and looked over my shoulder in a maze of pleasure. Oh, I never danced so well, I assure you. They would appreciate, if any audience would, the pride of my step; and each step I took was for America; America which I had come to love now with such zest and enthusiasm; yes, even as the French love France. A little French boy in peasant costume and his lass followed dancing near-by, near enough to read the name on the epaulet on my right shoulder: "Washing*ton*" pronounced the little boy proudly. Then they polka'd around to see the other. "Eh, Lafayette! Tiens! Vive l'Amérique et la France!"

How they entered into it all! What a good thing it was to be a little American girl, and a little American girl in Paris, and a little American girl in Paris at a Children's Ball at the Grand Opera!

Not a soul of them did I know, save my partner, an American boy. But I was among friends, and when the children did not actually speak to me, they would smile and nod in the most friendly manner; and I doubt if ever the stars and stripes got a prettier welcome.

I do not know when I first learned of it, but gradually, all over the sea of dancing children there was the stir and murmur of some happening. I was slow to trace it, but I found out at last! There on the left of the Opera House, two boxes from the stage, in the lowest tier, so low that you could touch the crimson velvet rim of it with your hand, — there was the great man of all Paris, — Victor Hugo. Close beside him was his little granddaughter Jeanne. I can hardly tell you the impression, the influence his presence had on the ball; he who loved children so! Had I not learned by heart some of his verses about childhood! He who loved Paris so! he who had been exiled, he too! He who was the idol of the people, their great man, their man of letters, head and shoulders above the rest.

I was prepared to like him in true French fashion. We danced up close to the wonderful opera box. I looked with a child's eyes. I saw a man undeniably ugly; yes, I thought him very ugly. His white hair stood up stiff and rather short and straight; and his white beard only added to the unkempt look. His eyes were small, and they seemed, to me at least, slightly crossed. His figure was stocky, and his head was sunk forward quite a little. I was disappointed. He was in no sense my idea of a hero. Jeanne kept close to him, and, if I remember, with her hand in his all the while. The thing that did not disappoint me was his evident interest in the ball, in the children. They would dance past the box looking at him, couple after couple; and his name was repeated over and over, each child telling the other, "C'est Victor Hugo." "Oui, et sa petite-fille Jeanne!" I do not know why, nor just how the impression was conveyed, but this seemed his world, this world of happy, light-hearted

children. He seemed full of keen interest all the while. He watched the dancers. Sometimes he smiled and nodded to them. I do not know whether he noticed me especially, but I hoped that he did, and I felt the prouder that his look had brushed over me.

I do not know how long the ball lasted. It seemed as though it might go on forever. In the midst of it I was told that it was time for me to go home.

I had had a glorious afternoon. In the open place outside the Opera House were the same crowds that had waited to see the costumed children arrive. There had been a little murmur from the crowd when I got out of the carriage and went into the Opera House, I along with other little children. I was anticipating the same murmur now, when my mother touched my hand and bent and said a few words to me, then directed her eyes to some one standing almost beside me. I looked. It was he. He and Jeanne were leaving the Opera House, too. He had a slouch hat pulled down over the stiff unkempt-looking hair, and a coat with a cape about him. Jeanne's hand was in his.

They stood a moment, freed from any immediate crowd, at the head of the steps. At once the people recognized him. The recognition and feeling seemed unanimous. Instead of the narrow walkway left by the crowd, men and women fell back a little with one accord, until a broad way was left free to him, down the open approach to the Opera; a broad way, even, orderly, as though gendarmes had made it. The great man and the little girl stepped down the steps, he with head bent even a little further forward.

I waited, breathless and fascinated, to see the two of them go. He seemed to me a very great man now, with Paris silent, respectful before him. I have never seen anything like it. As he went, slowly, and even a little uncertainly, — for he was an old man, and even then within only a few short strides of his grave, — every man in that crowd raised his hat silently, and without demonstration, and stood uncovered while Victor Hugo and his little grandchild passed down the line to their carriage. I saw Jeanne get in. The great man paused, bent his head still more and followed after her. The door was closed by the guard, and the carriage drove away. It was then that the men replaced their hats.

And I, I had learned one more lesson, made one more discovery in reverence and enthusiasm; this time at the hands of Paris herself.

Ah, what schoolmistresses they were, she and Mademoiselle Mallet!

V

Many delights continued to fill the days. They came and bloomed and went like flowers; and like flowers there were always others to take their place. The studies were often difficult, but there was a glow in life, a constant kindling of enthusiasm.

From older years I can look and see that much that has been most beautiful in my life has had root in these French traits, — enthusiasm and reverence. My mother's reverence, her loving enthusiasm for beauty, for greatness, for goodness, was this not perhaps taught her in large part by the education, more French than American, which my grandfather saw given to his children? Is it not owing largely to this and to my French school days that there is so much beauty and goodness and enthusiasm in life for me now?

When I returned to America it was with many misgivings. I did not know the capitals of the States, or the dates of American battles, or my tables of American weights and measures, all of which my companions would have learned in my absence. What good would the departments of France and *kilogrammes* and *millimetres* do me!

But if I did not know the things in knowledge of which my little comrades were so glib, I was yet far advanced in

hero-worship. I might stand at the foot of my American classes, but before school, at recess-time, or after school, there was hardly a child in that class who would not listen gladly, eagerly too, all but the slightly envious, to the tales I could tell, of *Roland at Roncesvalles*, of *Louis le Grand*, of *Jeanne*, of *Athalie*, and of all the rest.

But here in American schools are we not beginning to make a great point of the telling of stories of great men and women? Yes, but it does not seem to me the same; and we tell them with so much less intimacy, and, if I may say it, with so much less graciousness; more as a duty than a delight. I know, I know that we have what is perhaps "the greatest school system in the world," and wonderful theories of education. But teaching — as I take it — is neither a theory nor a system, not more than is painting. It is a great art, a great creative art, no less. And, like all the other arts, it requires the devotion of the individual.

I loved my American teachers. Yet, as I recall them (and in twelve years of American schooling as against two of French, I had many American teachers), all of them seem, beside Mademoiselle Mallet, Madame Bonnard, and the other Frenchwomen who taught me, strangely lacking in taste, in culture, and in interest. No one of them had at her command such a host as was at the disposal of all these Frenchwomen.

Yet here is a matter of importance enough in education, for the sympathetic teacher knows the child must forever be her guest, and her schoolroom rather a house, a home where more than elsewhere the child shall memorably meet, intimately, warmly, the great and good of all ages.

Nor do I see how this more intimate, more French method of teaching is avoided, as it is skillfully, by so many. For all teaching of all subjects is finally, as I take it, and in one form or another, the teaching of history. Make education as dry as you like, it is still bound to be, at bottom, the story, the life-story, of something or of somebody. Even the most abstruse subjects are woven in with human history, and bound up with strands of human meaning, with human joy and misery, human baseness or nobility.

"The address of all history," says Froude, "is less to the understanding, than to the higher emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good, and we learn to hate what is base."

Il a beau dire — ce bon Froude! The history examination papers approved by our boards of education still contain few enough questions asked or answered concerning human nobility or baseness, human joy or sorrow; but there is in them a great insistence and nicety as to dates and eras, as to the exact age of dynasties, republics, and successions.

No American teacher told me, as a child, the whole ragged, wonderful, solemn, heart-breaking story of Lee's surrender as it well might have been told. Lee's surrender! Lee's farewell to his soldiers! "Ah, mais je vous démande!" What an occasion would not Mademoiselle Mallet have made of *that!*

I was only expected to know the date of Appomattox.

I still remember the picture of Lincoln, tacked to the blackboard in the chill February days, and the dates of his birth and death written in colored chalk, — and that I failed utterly on the dates of the battles of the Civil War.

Since then it has become the fashion to teach of Lincoln the man. There are few of our heroes so humanized. Yet even this has become, in large measure, a part of the "system." And it is still the individual teacher who must separate from the "theory of how to give children the hero-thought," who must separate from the "prescribed order of Lincoln exercises for the day," and from the learning "in concert" the Gettysburg speech, Lincoln the man. It is still she who will gather about her a group of eager children, and who will tell them, perhaps with a break in her voice (I hardly see

how it could be otherwise) of the life and death of Lincoln, *her friend Lincoln.*

The things which set my French school days apart as more colored, more valuable than the rest, were, first of all, the entire French method: that delightful method of discovery, for instance, of which I have told you; the method of unfailing respect and courtesy shown me, which lent charm and dignity to the days; the constant association with forms of great art. These things seem to me I cannot say how valuable toward the sound and successful education of any child. And back of all the delightful and sound "method," was the reinforcing individuality, the personality, the personal charm of the Frenchwomen who taught me.

Though "systems," and the fashion of books and slates and rulers and examination papers may dwell long among us, yet it is still forever the personality of Socrates that makes famous the garden of Academos. In a later age it is not the theories of Ascham that are so keenly remembered, good though they may be, but Ascham himself, the friend and teacher, who stands out portrait-like, lovable, influential.

One memorable day I learned that Mademoiselle Mallet had had a lover who was killed in the Siege of Paris. Mademoiselle did not tell us this. I do not now know rightly who told it. But so fine a piece of color in France would not be hid, you may be sure. It explained many things besides Mademoiselle's feeling description of the Siege. It accounted for how much of her reverence, her warmth, her enthusiasm, her lovely personality!

One would not wish to draw too fine a point, nor would one seem to insist that a teacher to be eminent in matters of education must needs have a lover killed in some war (we cannot all be Mesdemoiselles Mallet). Yet if any *had*, why then, as a matter of eligibility, I for one should say, "*Eh bien!* so much the better. *Tant mieux!*"

I have never returned to France. I have never refreshed at their fountain-head these memories of my French school days. I have never since looked into Mademoiselle's kind, direct eyes. My French, once her great pride, — "Quel accent parfait a-t-elle, cette petite!" —is grown rusty in places. Between her and me "wide seas have rolled," since the "old long-since" of those days. Yet I know well that it is due chiefly to her that, no matter how long hence, in turning back the pages of a more complete life, few chapters will seem of such lasting importance, few will be so richly colored, and have such an influence on the story, as that chapter with its simple heading, —

School Days in France.

AN AMERICAN HOLIDAY

BY WILLIAM ORR

Some six years ago a New England city awoke to the fact that the great national holiday, July Fourth, because of the unrestrained and excessive use of fireworks and explosives and accompanying acts of hoodlumism, had become a menace to life and property and a positive public evil. The citizens of this town, Springfield, Massachusetts, with the local initiative so characteristic of the Bay State, thereupon began to devise ways and means of organizing a community celebration devoid of objectionable features. A representative committee was selected to plan for a day of popular recreation and entertainment.

While the initial impulse was the wish to do away with noise, danger, and riot, the committee soon came to see a large opportunity in the enlistment of the energy and ingenuity of all elements of the population in making the day a true civic festival, and in shaping the events to uplift and widen the aspirations of the people. With this ideal as a guide, July Fourth has taken on a new meaning, and is now a factor of no small importance in promoting a vigorous and progressive community spirit.

In a large way, the policy of the Independence Day Committee has been twofold: gradually to restrict the indiscriminate use of fireworks and explosives; and to provide, under definite control, extensive and varied entertainment.

The programme followed last year embodied the results of many experiments and much experience, and by its success and influence showed that Springfield had found a way of making our chief American holiday an occasion of real significance. At nine o'clock in the morning the two principal streets were lined with spectators of the civic and military parade.

A truly festival aspect pervaded the entire town. Business blocks and private houses were gay with colors and bunting, and at certain selected centres local decoration and illumination committees were busy hanging lanterns and otherwise preparing for the displays of the evening. The procession well befitted such a setting. It was one of the most notable and significant parades in the history of the city. In accordance with the thought of the organizers of the day's celebration, the long column represented many elements of the population, and constituted an object-lesson in the value of human liberty and the meaning of American citizenship.

There were the usual features of the police detail to lead the way; the local militia and naval reserve; and by courtesy of Colonel W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") the most interesting groups of his "Wild West Show," a picturesque setting forth of the life of the Plains and Frontier and of the armies of foreign countries. But three divisions of the parade were especially noteworthy. First of these was a battalion of nearly one thousand boys, of ages from ten to fourteen, organized in companies, one for each ward, and arrayed in special uniforms of khaki, red, white, and blue, and other picturesque colors, and armed with wooden guns. They marched sturdily over the entire route, despite the drizzling rain that for the first quarter of an hour gave some discomfort to spectators and participants.

In another section were floats made up by the grammar-school children as a pageant illustrative of local and national

history. Such scenes as an Indian village, a group of Puritan maidens, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and Washington crossing the Delaware, were presented in a way that showed careful study of costumes, persons, and situations on the part of the actors, and made real the stirring events of colonial and revolutionary times to the people who looked on.

Most impressive and significant was the contribution of the various races and nationalities that help make up the citizenship of Springfield. In a population of 80,000, representatives of thirteen peoples were found who by their interest, enthusiasm, and public spirit furnished the climax of the parade. Three great divisions of the human family appeared in this pageant of the nations; in the ranks were the offspring of four continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, America. Chinamen, Ethiopians, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Germans, Italians, Greeks, Swedes, Poles, Armenians, and Syrians strove, in cordial emulation, to show the characteristic qualities of each people, and the contribution each was making to American life.

Sweden presented a Viking ship, true to the smallest detail, with Leif Ericson catching his first glimpse of this continent. Mary Queen of Scots, in all the splendor and romance of her court, with maids of honor and Highland chiefs, and heralded by two pipers, was the contribution of the land of Wallace, Bruce, and Prince Charlie. Two floats were provided by the German societies: the Schützenverein showed a fine scene from the life of William Tell, while the Maennerchor and Turnverein, in thorough Teutonic fashion, had an allegorical group, the figures of Germania and Columbia, attended by Art, Literature, and Music. With a view to the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec, the French, who are of Canadian descent, portrayed Champlain landing from his canoe on the St. Lawrence. A band of Chinese musicians came on from New York to represent their nation, while in addition their resident countrymen furnished a richly decorated oriental float for the parade, and in the evening a display of Chinese fireworks. Italy made a most effective and artistic group of her great men, Dante, Michelangelo, Galileo, Columbus, Verdi, and Marconi, with heralds and pages in advance, the whole like a scene out of some Florentine spectacle of the times of the Medici. After the same fashion, the local Greeks presented four figures, Pericles, Lycurgus, Socrates, and Plato, attended by a marching battalion of fifty young Hellenes, each carrying his country's banner, and all uniting in bearing along a huge American flag. Armenia recalled her early glories as an independent nation in a rich setting of the throne and court of Abgar, her first Christian king. A conference in an eastern smoking-room was presented with great realism as the contribution of the Syrians. Lovers of the Celtic and Gaelic found satisfaction in the setting of St. Columcille pleading for the Bards before King Aodh, monarch of all Ireland, in the year 590. Negro veterans of the Civil War brought in a touch of American history in their presentation of the attack on Battery Wagner, when the colored race, under the leadership of Robert Gould Shaw, proved for all time its title to manhood. Poland had in line a battalion, forty-five strong, accompanied by a Polish band.

There was a singular fitness and deep meaning in the English float: the signing of Magna Charta, a document that in the struggle for human liberty must forever be placed alongside the Declaration of Independence, even as the flags of England and America were entwined over the scene in the pageant. Much to their regret, the Jewish people were unable to take part in this festival of humanity from the fact of the day being their Sabbath. They are enthusiastic in their plans for next year.

The impression and value of this pageant of the nations is well stated by

Mary Vida Clark in "Charities and Commons:" —

"Surely no citizen of Springfield, young or old, could see such a historic pageant of races and nationalities without gaining some appreciation of the nature of the modern contribution to our national life, or could escape having his outlook broadened by some glimpse of the America of the future that is to come out of this mingling of races and race-ideals, or could fail to see the great possibilities for improvement in the amalgamation of many of these people bringing traditions of such beauty and nobility.

"It is no small benefit to us, and to these newer fellow citizens of ours, that they should have a chance to exhibit their heroic side, to show us their nationality as it looks to them, rather than as it is caricatured by our provincialism. It does the intolerant young American no harm to be reminded that the ancestors of his Greek and Italian schoolmates may have dwelt in marble halls, while his were naked savages, roaming the woods, even though he has a personal preference for the naked savage. Such a Fourth of July carries to the whole community the message that the settlements, with their industrial exhibits and their revivals of the classical dramas, have so long been dinning into the ears of those 'who have ears to hear.'"

As the parade returned to Court Square, the civic centre, the people were assembling for the next numbers on the programme, — choral singing, and literary exercises. Three bands were massed, and with this accompaniment, under the leadership of a prominent musical director, the multitude joined in full-throated chorus in rendering national hymns and folk-songs. A selection of such music had been printed and five thousand copies distributed. The result was a revelation of the possibilities of this form of expression of sentiment and emotion. Then came a scholarly and forceful address on the responsibility of the people in the solution of our national problems, by a talented young son of Springfield.

Meanwhile, a short distance away, two balloons were in preparation for an ascension. At the close of the speaking came more singing, and as the first balloon rose into the air, the great throng burst forth, as with one voice, into the strains of "My Country 't is of Thee." Thus the morning exercises came to a fitting close and climax as the cannon from the Arsenal thundered out the national salute of forty-six guns.

In the afternoon the scene of the celebration shifted to the open glades of Forest Park. Family groups resorted to this pleasant woodland to enjoy picnics and the band music. The Park extends to the Connecticut River, and its slopes leading down to that stream made a convenient view-point for those who were interested in the regatta and water-sports. The children, whose natural instincts lead them to play on such occasions, were organized for the time in a series of charming games from which the participants carried off as souvenirs small American flags.

Athletic contests on track and field, and the river-sports, with a great variety of races for many kinds of craft, occupied the attention of youth and young men. By this distribution of events, people were widely scattered, and a congestion of street-car traffic prevented.

As evening drew on, the city became a veritable fairyland, so general and skillful was the illumination. Four centres were selected for the display of fireworks, and each given in care of a local committee. Myriads of Japanese lanterns lined the approaches to these open spaces. Main Street was aglow with vari-colored lights, and while the last rockets and bombs were flashing in the sky, a wearied, but satisfied and happy community turned homeward for rest and slumber.

Such is Springfield's realization of a community festival. Her general committee, which has the entire programme is charge, is continued from year to year,

and has always been able to command the interested services of capable business and professional men. Many hours are given to planning and organizing the celebration. A popular subscription places at the disposal of the committee about $3000, and the city council usually makes an appropriation of $500. This fund meets the expenses of parade, bands, balloon ascension, choral singing, literary exercises, sports, games, fireworks, and the illumination of Main Street and Court Square. Private expenditures for decoration, and special displays, largely increase the total amount spent. Many of the participants in the parade of nations met their own expenses.

Public interest was enlisted by a thorough use of the news columns for the two months before the day. The papers were most generous in the space and attention they gave to all items about the plans for the celebration. A few days before the Fourth a complete detailed programme was distributed to every home in the city. It is safe to say that by the morning of Independence Day every man, woman, and child was familiar with the order of events. This widespread interest and general participation contributed largely to the success of the festival.

While the riot of noise and explosion has not yet ceased, there has been a sensible decrease in the disposition to make July Fourth a day of license. Restrictive measures are now more rigid, and are better enforced. This year accidents were few and not serious, and the fire department had practically an idle day. The small boy was busy with his preparations for the parade, and in enjoying the various attractions provided by the committee. Wholesome and delightful entertainment was so general that the mischief-maker had small opportunity, and little time. Most important of all, however, is the growing conviction and sentiment of the community that the proper celebration of a national holiday is one where a festal spirit dominates and controls.

It is evident from the comments of the press on the present evils of our Fourth of July that there is urgent need of a definite control and wise direction of the popular use of this holiday. The roll of dead and wounded for the last ten years, as compiled by the *Chicago Tribune*, is eloquent in its warning. The figures tell their own story of an insensate and reckless abuse of the day's privileges: —

	Dead.	Wounded.
1908	72	2736
1907	58	3807
1906	51	3551
1905	59	3169
1904	58	3049
1903	52	3665
1902	31	2796
1901	35	1803
1900	59	2767
1899	33	1742
	508	29,085

That these statistics, gathered by July 6, are below the real totals is seen from the tabulations of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* made in August, when tetanus has had time to do its dire work: —

	Dead.	Wounded.	Total.	(Tetanus.)
1908	163	5460	5623	55
1907	164	4249	4413	62
1906	158	5308	5466	75
1905	182	4994	5176	87
1904	183	3986	4169	91
1903	466	3983	4449	406
Totals	1316	27,980	29,296	776

Surely the sorrow, suffering, and mutilation here represented mock the claim that our July Fourth, as at present observed, is in any sense a festal day; rather is it a day of terror, anxiety, and dread. High-power explosives, unknown a generation ago, are put into the hands of irresponsible children, and of brutal and careless rowdies, to use without let or hindrance. The ordinary safeguards against danger to life, and damage to property, are withdrawn. Such a state of affairs reveals a serious weakness in our social organization, since our communities do not know how to enjoy themselves in sane and rational fashion. Here is a field for educating the people, rich in possibilities

of far-reaching results on our national characteristics.

From many cities there come protests and warnings against present conditions, and the expression of a desire for better things. Cleveland, through her city council, has prohibited all use of fireworks and explosives by individuals. The *New York Tribune*, in its comments on the action of Cleveland, says, "In a land which has not yet learned to celebrate its memories fittingly, tetanus is only one of the many arguments for the Springfield example." Mere repression will, in the long run, not be effective. It is necessary to recognize and satisfy the natural instinct of men for spectacles and pleasurable excitement. Let the resources of music, beauty in form and color, oratory, athletic contests, games and plays, and stately pageantry with wealth of historic allusion, be used with judgment and good taste to make a popular festival!

For it must be recognized that the present frenzy for noise, explosives, and unearthly din and rattle is an attempt to express, in superficial fashion, emotions in themselves most desirable. The spirit of Independence Day, while it has much that is crude and shallow, is, in essence, joy in liberty, sympathy with the struggles of humanity for freedom, and aspiration for world-wide brotherhood. But as the child and savage, in times of excitement and emotional exaltation, resort to gaudy colors, hideous decorations, shrieks and howls, and the squeak, rattle, and din of instruments, called musical only by courtesy, so our people, in the mass, have yet to learn how to express adequately, and with good taste, patriotic fervor and enthusiasm for humanity. It is also a well-known psychological law that, as the art of expression is cultivated, the feelings grow fine, deep, rich, and true.

Europe abounds in illustrations of public holidays that are truly festal. The art of celebration has been studied and practiced there for many generations, and has gathered to itself the resources of drama, music, legend, history, the sanctity of religious ceremonial, and the dignity of devotion to the fatherland. How simply, and yet effectively, do the Swiss recall the foundation of their Confederation! At the close of day the bells peal out on the evening air, while bonfires flame along the mountain crests. A few fireworks, an inexpensive illumination here and there, with perhaps a few words from some speaker on national history and duty, complete the programme. In the summer of 1905, all Belgium, for over one month, was in festival attire on the anniversary of her independence. Street processions, illuminations by night, bunting and banners by day, children's parades, outings in the country, and a great exposition at Liège, were some of the features of this season of rejoicing. At Brussels great crowds gathered at evening, in the square before the Hôtel de Ville, to listen to music, and to watch a marvelous display of colored fires on the façade and in the richly sculptured tower of that building.

An Italian immigrant, a native of a small town on the Riviera, told the writer with great enthusiasm of the care with which their popular celebrations were planned. A committee had the entire affair in charge. In the evening, fireworks were set off, at a specially selected point of vantage, so as to secure a multifold reflection in the waters of the Mediterranean. Here is certainly an improvement on the promiscuous discharge of rockets, Roman candles, bombs, and other pyrotechnics, in our American cities.

The skill of French and Germans in organizing and executing elaborate and satisfying programmes on national *fest* days is too well-known to call for more than a mention. In England, at present, there is a strong tendency toward the use of pageantry. This particular form of display met with conspicuous success at the exercises commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec. The Welsh make much of choral singing, and at their annual Eisteddfodd use with effect the ritual of Druidic worship.

American communities may well begin the campaign for a better July Fourth by the introduction of some features of European festal days. Springfield has found that her citizens of foreign birth are ready to coöperate, and thus the very spirit of the Old World may be felt here on the soil of the New. Pageantry is a most promising departure, and affords a good ground for common effort. There are two methods for such a display, one the procession of floats through the streets, the other a series of tableaux presented on some woodland glade as a stage. Boston proposes at her next Fourth of July to use the great Stadium at Harvard for a representation of colonial and revolutionary times. The use of public parks as forest theatres has this advantage: that people are there brought into a restful and invigorating environment, safe for children, and giving genuine recreation to the adult. Hartford made a notable success of historical tableaux at the dedication of her bridge in October, 1908. At college commencements, much is made of the outdoor drama. Mount Holyoke, Wellesley, and Vassar have won distinction in this field.

The street parade, on the other hand, brings the spectacle before a greater number of people than could be accommodated in any sylvan amphitheatre, and affords opportunity for martial music, and the display of banners, colors, and decorations along the line of march. Then there is a certain stately impressiveness in the steady onward motion of a procession, and this makes its own appeal to the senses and emotions. Possibly a combination of tableaux and parade may prove the most available form of pageantry in holiday celebrations.

Music, instrumental and vocal, including that of chiming bells, is a mode of expressing feeling and aspiration to which careful attention should be paid. Our bands and orchestras are winning distinction, and the quality shows steady improvement. Our smaller towns and cities do not, as yet, enjoy such excellent music as is heard in the gardens and public squares of Germany from regimental players. But there is abundant material whereby concerts can be given at important centres in any community, and such an element promotes a festival spirit. As for chimes to make articulate the voice of the city, one has but to recall the thrill of emotion and the myriad memories stirred into life by the pealing bells of London, Paris, Rome, or Edinburgh on some fête-day, or the wondrous dreams evoked at eventide by the melodies from the Court of Honor at Chicago.

> 'T is the Bells of Shandon,
> They sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters
> Of the River Lee.

Here is the opportunity for the public-minded man to erect a memorial that will truly enrich his city by making its very air vibrant with joy.

Another large field for development is that of choral or mass-singing. On special occasions, particularly in religious meetings, a multitude of people will sing with zest and enthusiasm. In public gatherings in the open air, it is rare to find any disposition or ability to join effectively in the rendering of patriotic songs and hymns. This failure results from lack of training and practice, with consequent timidity, the poverty of suitable music of high grade, and ignorance of the selections already at our command. It is doubtful if any general gathering could sing all the stanzas of "My Country, 't is of Thee," or of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Churches, schools, singing societies, and fraternal organizations may, by persistent effort, soon bring it to pass that young and old shall be familiar with the best festival lyrics, and ten or twenty thousand people be able to unite in full-throated chorus. Meantime our poets and composers may well concern themselves with increasing the number of our national songs comparable in quality with those of the old-world peoples. Such mass-singing, under skillful conductors, reveals by contrast the true hideousness

and savagery of the din and uproar of blank cartridge and cannon-cracker. For the choral comes out of the deep experiences of humanity; it is an expression of struggle, hope, and triumph, of the fervor of enthusiasm, the glow of patriotic ardor, and the aspirations of religion: a hymn of prayer and praise.

The element of instruction must also be considered in the plans for a day of such significance as July Fourth. It is highly fitting that the thoughts of the people should be turned, in serious mood. on the great deeds of the fathers and the present duties of the sons. An oration by some one who understands the art of addressing a multitude in the open air gives dignity and weight to a festival. This part of the programme should not be long or labored. It should be suggestive and stimulating to thought rather than didactic; an appeal to face resolutely and intelligently the pressing problems of national life.

When these substantial and essential features of the celebration are provided, there is still large room for the skillful selection of recreation and entertainment suited to the particular community. In some instances athletic contests meet the popular demand. Advantage should be taken of natural features, hills, open parks, and river and lake shores. Fireworks can be made many times more effective by placing them on some vantage point and securing a background of wood or water. Automobile parades, exhibition of local industries, pageantry to show the progress of arts and sciences, or of education, may be cited as illustrations of possibilities.

While the holiday has its chief reason for existence in the desire for enjoyment and entertainment, and a relief from the monotony of daily toil, there are certain practical values worthy of attention. The mood of the populace on a properly ordered holiday constitutes a psychological opportunity. Impressions are easily made, and ideas readily become part of the consciousness of the individual. It is as if the glow of enthusiasm and the ardor of excitement fuse the day's experience and instruction into the mental make-up of the participants. Receptive attention is most alert. Emotion and sentiment are strong and keen. Educationally, Independence Day is an opportunity for promoting that general intelligence, that right attitude toward public questions, and that abiding patriotism and loyalty, on which the nation depends for existence. Likewise, such a day helps to stimulate and foster a just pride in the city or town; no stronger influence can be used to raise the level of community life.

The very union of people of all occupations, interests, and aptitudes in such an undertaking is in itself a means of education. With the growth of cities, concerted organized effort by the inhabitants of such places as Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, has become almost impossible. It is hard to secure any feeling of unity. By proper organization and planning, a celebration such as outlined will interest and occupy all elements of a city; and to work together in such an undertaking is a lesson in coöperation and regard for the common weal that carries far-reaching results.

Such union and amalgamation is especially important as affecting the many alien elements brought in by immigration. With all that has been said of the extent to which our population is made up of foreign-born, one still runs against statistics that startle. Lowell in the state of Massachusetts has a colony of Greeks numbering about seven thousand. There are two thousand in Boston and two hundred in Springfield. In New York City, representatives of well-nigh every people under heaven are to be found. These aliens are in the course of time to become members of our body, politic and social. They are eager to play their part. July Fourth, Independence Day, may well be a festival of humanity, whereon there shall be symbolized the spirit of American life, and the rich elements that life may

secure from those who bring the legends, traditions, and history of a thousand years to our shores.

The Springfield pageant, small as it was, revealed potent elements pregnant with human experience, hallowed by memories of struggle, defeat, and triumphs that are to become a part of our own national life and character. The vision of the seer of old is made real in our eyes, " and they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it." New England especially may well rejoice in the enrichment to come to her through the warmth of feeling, and skill in the use of form and color brought to her from across the sea.

As a people, we are in the making, plastic, responsive, receptive. Such a spirit will take the best among all the influences that bear upon it. Our civilization is in a " nascent state," with its power of affinity at its strongest, and its capacity for assimilation most vigorous. Such occasions as the popular festival of Independence Day constitute a rare opportunity to minister to the multitude, and rightly to shape and fashion our characteristics as a people. No more inspiring or ennobling call ever came to mankind.

THE MYSTERY

BY BERTHA CHACE LOVELL

To wake some morning — just a common day
Of rain or sun, bird-note or budded rose,
Like any other day — and at its close
To be from all I knew a life away,
How wondrous strange 't would be! No more to play
With children's voices; and when winter goes,
To wait no spring's return; when glorious glows
The sunset, not to watch till night is gray.
O stranger far than dreams! The crowded street,
Scorched in the noon-tide, laughter, suppliant hands,
Man's joy in work, man's pain, unchanged abide;
While I, who thought that ever eager feet
Still in old paths would lead me through known lands,
Sudden, surprised, fare out to the untried.

THE NOVELIST'S ALLEGORY

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ONCE upon a time the Prince of Felicitas had occasion to set out on a journey. It was a late autumn evening, with few pale stars, and a moon no larger than the paring of a finger-nail. And as he rode through the purlieus of his city, the white mane of his amber-colored steed was all that he could clearly see in the dusk of the high streets.

His way led through a quarter but little known to him, and he was surprised to find that his horse, instead of ambling forward with his customary gentle vigor, stepped carefully from side to side, stopping now and then to curve its neck and prick its ears, — as though at something of fear unseen in the darkness; while on either hand creatures could be heard rustling and scuttling; and little cold draughts as of wings fanned the rider's cheeks.

The Prince at last turned in his saddle, but so great was the darkness that he could not even see his escort.

"What is the name of this street?" he said.

"Sire, it is called the Vita Publica."

"It is very dark." Even as he spoke, his horse staggered, but recovering its foothold with an effort, stood trembling violently; nor could all the incitements of its master induce the beast to move forward again.

"Is there no one with a lanthorn in this street?" said the Prince.

His attendants began forthwith to call out loudly for any one who had a lanthorn. Now it chanced that an old man, sleeping in a hovel on a pallet of straw, was awakened by these cries. When he heard that it was the Prince of Felicitas himself, he came hastily, carrying his old lanthorn, and stood trembling beside the Prince's horse. It was so dark that the Prince could not see him.

"Light your lanthorn, old man," he said.

The old man laboriously lit his lanthorn. Its pale rays fled out on either hand. Beautiful but grim was the vision they disclosed: tall houses, fair courtyards, and a palm-grown garden; and in front of the Prince's horse a deep cesspool, on whose jagged edges the good beast's hoofs were planted; and as far as the glimmer of the lanthorn stretched, both ways down the rutted street, paving-stones displaced, and smooth tesselated marble; pools of mud, the hanging fruit of an orange tree, and dark, scurrying shapes of monstrous rats bolting across from house to house. The old man held the lanthorn higher, and instantly bats flying against it would have beaten out the light, but for the thin protection of its horn sides.

The Prince sat still upon his horse, looking first at the rutted space that he had traversed, and then at the rutted space before him.

"Without a light," he said, "this thoroughfare is dangerous. What is your name, old man?"

"My name is Cethru," replied the aged churl.

"Cethru!" said the Prince. "Let it be your duty henceforth to walk with your lanthorn up and down this street all night, and every night." And he looked at Cethru. "Do you understand, old man, what it is you have to do?"

The old man answered in a voice that trembled like a rusty flute, —

"Aye, aye, to walk up and down, and hold my lanthorn so that folk can see where they be goin'."

The Prince gathered up his reins, but the old man lurching forward touched his stirrup: —

"How long be I to go on wi' thiccy job?"

"Until you die!"

Cethru held up his lanthorn, and they could see his long, thin face, like a sandwich of dried leather, jerk and quiver, and his thin, gray hairs flutter in the draught of the bats' wings circling round the light.

"'T will be main hard," he groaned, "an' my lanthorn's nowt but a poor thing."

With a high look, the Prince of Felicitas bent, and touched the old man's forehead.

"Until you die, old man," he repeated; and bidding his followers light torches from Cethru's lanthorn, he rode on down the twisting street. The clatter of the horses' hoofs died out in the night, and the scuttling and the rustling of the rats, and the whispers of the bats' wings, were heard again.

Cethru, left alone in the dark thoroughfare, sighed heavily; then, spitting on his hands, he tightened the old girdle round his loins, and slinging the lanthorn on his staff, held it up to the level of his waist, and began to make his way along the street. His progress was but slow, for he had many times to stop and rekindle the flame within his lanthorn, which the bats' wings, his own stumbles, and the jostlings of footpads, or of revelers returning home, were forever extinguishing. In traversing that long street he spent half the night, and half the night in traversing it back again. The saffron swan of dawn, slow swimming up the sky-river between the high roof-banks, bent her neck down through the dark air-water to look at him staggering below her, with his still smoking wick. No sooner did Cethru see that sunlit bird than, with a great sigh, he sat him down, and at once fell asleep.

Now, when the dwellers in the houses of the Vita Publica first gained knowledge that this old man passed every night with his lanthorn up and down their street, and when they marked those pallid gleams gliding over the motley prospect of cesspools and garden-gates, over the sightless hovels and the rich-carved frontages of their palaces, or saw them stay their journey and remain suspended like a handful of daffodils held up against the black stuffs of secrecy, they said, —

"It is good that this old man should pass like this, — we shall see better where we're going; and if the Watch have any job on hand, or want to put the pavements in order, his lanthorn will serve their purpose well enough."

And they would call out of their doors and windows to him passing, —

"Hola! old man Cethru! All's well with our house, and with the street before it?"

But for answer the old man only held his lanthorn up, so that in the ring of its pale light they saw some sight or other in the street. And his silence troubled them, one by one, for each had expected that he would reply: —

"Aye, aye! All's well with *your* house, sirs, and with the street before it!"

Thus they grew irritated with this old man who did not seem able to do anything but just hold his lanthorn up. And gradually they began to dislike his passing by their doors with his pale light, by which they could not fail to see, not only the rich-carved frontages and scrolled gates of courtyards and fair gardens, but things that were not pleasing to the eye. And they murmured amongst themselves, "What is the good of this old man, and his silly lanthorn? We can see all we want to see without him: in fact, we got on very well before he came."

So, as he passed, rich folk who were supping would pelt him with orange-peel, and empty the dregs of their wine over his head; and poor folk, sleeping in their hutches, turned over, as the light of the lanthorn fell on them, and growled, cursing him for that disturbance. Nor did revelers or footpads treat the old man

kindly, but tied him to the wall, where he was constrained to stay till a kind passer-by released him. And ever the bats darkened his lanthorn with their wings, and tried to beat the flame out. And the old man thought, "This be a terrible hard job: I don't seem to please nobody, I don't." But because the Prince of Felicitas had so commanded him, he continued nightly to pass with his lanthorn up and down the street; and every morning, as the saffron swan came swimming overhead, to fall asleep. But his sleep did not last long, for he was compelled to pass many hours each day in gathering rushes and melting down tallow for his lanthorn; so that his lean face grew more than ever like a sandwich of dried leather.

Now it came to pass that the Town Watch, having had certain complaints made to them that persons had been bitten in the Vita Publica by rats, doubted of their duty to destroy these ferocious creatures; and they held investigation, summoning the persons bitten and inquiring of them how it was that in so dark a street they could tell that the animals which had bitten them were indeed rats. Howbeit for some time no one could be found who could say more than what he had been told; and since this was not evidence, the Town Watch had good hopes that they would not, after all, be forced to undertake this tedious enterprise. But presently there came before them one who said that he had himself seen the rat which had bitten him, by the light of an old man's lanthorn.

When the Town Watch heard this they were vexed, for they knew that if this were true they would now be forced to prosecute the arduous undertaking, and they said, —

"Bring in this old man!"

Cethru was brought before them, trembling.

"What is this we hear, old man, about your lanthorn and the rat? And in the first place what were you doing in the Vita Publica at that time of night?"

Cethru answered, "I were just passin' with my lanthorn!"

"Tell us — did you see the rat?"

Cethru shook his head: "My lanthorn seed the rat, maybe!" he muttered.

"Old owl," said the Captain of the Watch, "be careful what you say! If you saw the rat, why did you then not aid this unhappy citizen who was bitten by it — first, to avoid that rodent, and subsequently to slay it, thereby relieving the public of a pestilential danger?"

Cethru looked at him, and for some seconds did not reply; then he said slowly, "I were just passin' with my lanthorn."

"That you have already told us," said the Captain of the Watch; "it is no answer."

Cethru's leathern cheeks became wine-colored, so desirous was he to speak, and so unable. And the Watch sneered and laughed, saying, "This is a fine witness."

But of a sudden Cethru spoke: —

"What would I be duin' — killing rats; tidden my business to kill no rats."

The Captain of the Watch caressed his beard, and looking at the old man with contempt, said, —

"It seems to me, brothers, that this is an idle old vagabond, who does no good to any one. We should be well advised, I think, to prosecute him for vagrancy. But that is not at this moment the matter in hand. Owing to the accident — scarcely fortunate — of this old man's passing with his lanthorn, it would certainly appear that citizens have indeed been bitten by rodents. It is, then, I fear, our duty to institute proceedings against these poisonous and violent animals."

And amid the sighing of the Watch, it was so resolved.

Cethru was glad to shuffle away, unnoticed, from the Court, and sitting down under a camel-date tree outside the City wall, he thus reflected, —

"They were rough with me! I done nothin', so far 's I can see!"

And a long time he sat there with the bunches of the camel-dates above him,

golden as the sunlight. Then, as the scent of the lyric flowers, released by evening, warned him of the night dropping like a flight of dark birds on the plain, he rose stiffly, and made his way as usual toward the Vita Publica.

He had traversed but little of that black thoroughfare, holding his lanthorn at the level of his breast, when the sound of a splash and cries for help smote his long, thin ears. Remembering how the Captain of the Watch had admonished him, he stopped and peered about, but owing to his proximity to the light of his own lanthorn he saw nothing. Presently he heard another splash and the sound of blowings and of puffings, but still unable to see clearly whence they came, he was forced, in bewilderment, to resume his march.

But he had no sooner entered the next bend of that obscure and winding avenue than the most lamentable, lusty cries assailed him. Again he stood still, blinded by his own light. Somewhere at hand a citizen was being beaten, for vague, quickly-moving forms emerged into the radiance of his lanthorn out of the deep violet of the night air. The cries swelled, and died away, and swelled; the mazed Cethru moved forward on his way. But very near the end of his first traversage, the sound of a long, deep sighing, as of a fat man in spiritual pain, once more arrested him.

"Drat me!" he thought, "this time I will see what 'tis;" and he spun round and round, holding his lanthorn now high, now low, and to both sides. "The devil an' all's in it to-night," he murmured to himself; "there's some'at here a-fetchin' of its breath, most awful loud." But for his life he could see nothing, only that the higher he held his lanthorn the more painful grew the sound of the fat but spiritual sighing. And desperately he at last resumed his progress.

On the morrow, while he still slept stretched on his straw pallet, there came to him a member of the Watch.

"Old man, you are wanted at the Court House; rouse up, and bring your lanthorn."

Stiffly Cethru rose.

"What be they wantin' me fur now, mester?"

"Ah!" replied the Watchman, "they are going to see if they can't put an end to your goings-on."

Cethru shivered, and was silent.

Now, when they reached the Court House it was patent that a great affair was forward; for the Judges were in their robes, and a crowd of advocates, burgesses, and common folk, thronged the carven, lofty hall.

When Cethru saw that all eyes were turned on him, he shivered still more violently, fixing his fascinated gaze on the three Judges in their emerald robes.

"This, then, is the prisoner," said the oldest of the Judges; "proceed with the indictment!"

A little advocate in snuff-colored clothes rose on little legs, and commenced to read: —

"Forasmuch as on the seventeenth night of August fifteen hundred years since the Messiah's death, one Celestine, a maiden of this city, fell into a cesspool in the Vita Publica, and while being quietly drowned, was espied of the burgess Pardonix by the light of a lanthorn held by the old man Cethru; and, forasmuch as, plunging in, the said Pardonix rescued her, not without grave risk of life and the ruin of his clothes, and to-day lies ill of fever; and forasmuch as the old man Cethru was the cause of these misfortunes to the burgess Pardonix, by reason of his wandering lanthorn's showing the drowning maiden, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise place charge upon this Cethru of 'Vagabondage without serious occupation.'

"And, forasmuch as, on this same night the Watchman Filepo, made aware by the light of this said Cethru's lanthorn, of three sturdy footpads, made to arrest them, and was set on by the rogues, and well-nigh slain, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise charge upon

Cethru, complicity in this assault, by reasons, namely, first, that he discovered the footpads to the Watchman, and the Watchman to the footpads, by the light of his lanthorn; and, second, that having thus discovered them, he stood idly by and gave no assistance to the Law.

"And, forasmuch, as on this same night the wealthy burgess Pranzo, who, having prepared a banquet, was standing in his doorway awaiting the arrival of his guests, did see, by the light of the said Cethru's lanthorn, a beggar woman and her children groveling in the gutter for garbage, whereby his appetite was lost completely; and forasmuch as he, Pranzo, has lodged a complaint against the Constitution for permitting women and children to be starved, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise make charge on Cethru of rebellion and anarchy, in that willfully he doth disturb good citizens by showing to them without provocation disagreeable sights, and doth moreover endanger the laws by causing persons to desire to change them.

"These be the charges, reverend Judges, so please you!"

And having thus spoken, the little advocate resumed his seat.

Then said the oldest of the Judges, —

"Cethru, you have heard; what answer do you make?"

But no word, only the chattering of teeth, came from Cethru.

"Have you no defense?" said the Judge; "these are grave charges!"

Then Cethru spoke.

"So please your Highnesses," he said, "I can't help what my lanthorn sees."

And having spoken these words, to all further question he remained more silent than a headless man.

The Judges took counsel of each other, and the oldest of them thus addressed himself to Cethru: —

"If you have no defense, old man, and there is no man will say a word for you, we can but proceed to judgment."

Then, in the main aisle of the Court, there arose a youthful advocate.

"Most reverend Judges," he said in a mellifluous voice, clearer than the fluting of a bell-bird, "it is useless to look for words from this old man, for it is manifest that he himself is nothing, and that his lanthorn is alone concerned in this affair. But, reverend Judges, bethink you well: would you have a lanthorn ply a trade or be concerned with a profession, or do aught indeed but walk the streets at night, shedding its light? which, if you will, is vagabondage. And, sirs, upon the second count of this indictment: would you have a lanthorn dive into cesspools to rescue maidens? would you have a lanthorn to beat footpads? or, indeed, to be any sort of partizan either of the Law or them that break the Law? Sure, sirs, I think not. And as to this third charge of fostering anarchy — let me but describe the trick of this lanthorn's flame. It is distilled, most reverend Judges, of oil and wick, together with that sweet secret heat of whose birth no words of mine can tell. And when, Sirs, this pale flame has sprung into the air swaying to every wind, it brings to human eyes the power to see. And if it be charged on this old man Cethru that he and his lanthorn, by reason of their showing not only the good but the evil, bring no pleasure into the world, I ask, sirs, what in the world is so dear as this power to see — whether it be the beautiful or the foul that is disclosed?

"Need I indeed tell you of the way this flame spreads its feelers, and delicately darts and hovers in the darkness, conjuring things from nothing? This mechanical summoning, sirs, of visions out of blackness, is benign; by no means of malevolent intent; no more than if a man, passing two donkeys in the road, one lean and the other fat, could justly be arraigned for malignancy because they were not both fat. This, reverend Judges, is the essence of the matter concerning the rich burgess Pranzo, who, on account of the sight he saw by Cethru's lanthorn, has lost the equilibrium of his

stomach. For, sirs, the lanthorn did but show that which was there, both fair and foul, no more, no less; and though it is indeed true that Pranzo is upset, it was not because the lanthorn maliciously produced distorted images, but merely caused to be seen, in due proportions, things which Pranzo had not seen before.

"And surely, reverend Judges, being just men, you would not have this lanthorn turn its light away from what is ragged and ugly, because there are also fair things on which its light may fall; how indeed, being a lanthorn, could it if it would? And I would have you note this, sirs, that by this impartial discovery of the proportions of one thing to another, this lanthorn must indeed perpetually seem to cloud and sadden those things which are fair, because of the deep instincts of harmony and justice planted in the human breast. However unfair and cruel, then, this lanthorn may seem to those who, deficient in these instincts, desire all their lives to see naught but what is pleasant, — lest they, like Pranzo, should lose their appetites, — it is not consonant with equity that this lanthorn should, even if it could, be prevented from thus mechanically buffeting the holiday cheek of life. I would think, sirs, that you should rather blame the queasy state of Pranzo's stomach.

"The old man has said that he cannot help what his lanthorn sees. This is a just saying. But if, reverend Judges, you deem this equipoised, indifferent lanthorn to be indeed blameworthy for having shown in the same moment, side by side, the skull and the fair face, the burdock and the tiger-lily, the butterfly and toad, then, most reverend Judges, punish it, but do not punish this old man, for he himself is but a flume of smoke, a thistle dispersed, — nothing!"

So saying, the young advocate sat down.

Again the three Judges took counsel of each other, and after much talk had passed between them, the oldest spoke: —

"What this young advocate has said has seemed to us to be the truth. We cannot punish a lanthorn. Let the old man go!"

And Cethru went out into the sunshine.

Now it came to pass that the Prince of Felicitas, returning from his journey, rode once more on his amber-colored steed down the Vita Publica.

The night was dark as a rook's wing, but far away down the street burned a little light, like a red star truant from heaven. The Prince riding by descried it for a lanthorn, with an old man sleeping beside it.

"How is this, Friend?" said the Prince. "You are not walking as I bade you, carrying your lanthorn."

But Cethru neither moved nor answered.

"Lift him up!" said the Prince.

They lifted up his head and held the lanthorn to his closed eyes. So lean was that brown face that the beams from the lanthorn would not rest on it, but slipped past on either hand into the night. His eyes did not open. He was dead.

And the Prince touched him, saying, "Farewell, old man! The lanthorn is still alight. Go, fetch me another one, and let him carry it!"

TEACHING BIOLOGY IN THE SCHOOLS

BY BENJAMIN C. GRUENBERG

EDUCATION is effective in proportion as it produces changes in the thoughts or feelings or conduct of people, in proportion, that is, as it makes people think and feel and act differently from what they would otherwise have done. In this sense it may be admitted at once that all education is more or less effective. What really concerns every one of us is: What kinds of changes are produced; what are the thoughts and feelings and actions of those who receive the benefits of education, as compared with those who do not; what kinds of education produce the most desirable kinds of thinking and feeling and doing? In short, what kind of education is really practical?

Educators have claimed for their processes that they yield training and culture; to the non-professional citizen these things have not always appeared as practical. It is not enough to say to-day for any subject that it yields training or culture; the public has been taught to expect *every* subject to yield training and culture, and it knows that some subjects are more directly of use to the pupil than others. The public wants to know the *practical* value of every subject in addition to its training or culture-value. And in this demand the public is entirely in the right.

But we find further that the common notion of what is "practical" in education involves not only efficiency in work, and skill in obtaining a livelihood; it involves also the idea of success in industrial or commercial competition. In other words, to the public mind "economic welfare" as an educational end is but another name for individual economic advantage.

Until public education became quite general, the aim of education was chiefly directed toward giving the individual certain *advantages*, some social, or spiritual, or military, others distinctly industrial or economic. It is still possible for the individual to advance his private material interests at the expense of the community at large, or at the expense of his neighbors; and there are those things in "education" which make it possible for the individual to get for himself certain material benefits in his competition with other individuals. Thus the individual who has acquired more skill or more knowledge of certain kinds has advantages over other individuals. A good medical or technological school may give its graduates an equipment that will be of great advantage to them in their competition with graduates of a less efficient school.

On the other hand, the aim of the public school cannot be considered to bear on the economic advantage of the individual over other individuals; public education cannot concern itself with the training of individuals for a keener economic competition. We cannot suppose that the state is engaged in the enterprise of training boys and girls to become expert in outdoing one another. When education is not only offered to, but actually imposed upon, all children at public expense, it seems absurd to speak of the advantages that are to accrue to the individual in competition with others — as a result of this education. Public education is concerned, first and last, with the public and the general welfare; it is its purpose primarily, not to give each individual what he needs as *against* all others, but to give each what he needs as a member of the community, to give all what it

is important for all that all should have. Teachers in public schools cannot claim for their subjects that they give to the pupils economic advantages over other individuals; they cannot claim for Latin or geography that it enables the student to excel others in the arts of making money, succeeding in business, and the like. The relation of a subject to the "economic welfare" must be sought on the non-competitive plane of general advantage.

In taking the economic point of view, we must consider the effect of any study upon the community's producing power, and upon its methods of utilizing its wealth. Leaving out of account for the present the direct effect of technical or industrial training upon the skill — and thus upon the productivity — of all workers, I wish to consider some of the effects of one branch of education upon the thoughts and feelings and conduct of the citizen with regard to the utilization of the wealth of the community. And, by way of illustration, I shall refer to the teaching of biology in high schools: first, because I happen to know more about this subject than about any other; and second, because this subject is so commonly considered a "fad" that its "practical" use finds very little appreciation.

There are many plants and animals, and many organic processes in nature, of which mankind makes direct use; it is important that those who have to do with these plants and animals and processes should understand these things. But very few of the boys and girls in our high schools, especially in the cities, are to become farmers or fishermen or foresters, or even physicians; and if any of them do take up these callings they will not do so on the basis of the year of biology they can get in the high school, nor will any one be able to dispense with the services of a physician in sickness because of having studied biology in the high school. Nevertheless, there are many points at which the practical welfare of the people touches the biology which every high-school pupil can get.

The economic welfare of the people rests upon the economical utilization and husbanding of the natural resources. The conduct of the citizen in relation to the natural resources of his community or nation will depend to a very large extent upon his realization of the importance of the various factors of the natural environment to the life of the community, and to the life of the various members of the community. Such a realization can be acquired only — or, at any rate, most economically — by learning at a proper time and in a proper way of the relations between man and the living part of his environment.

To understand wherein the "fertility" of the soil consists, the relation of the soil to plant and animal life, how it may be preserved and how it may be improved, is of great practical importance to the farmer; the farmer who does not understand these things is to that extent inefficient, and foredoomed to failure as a farmer. But to the extent that all the citizens understand these things, whether they are farmers or not, the soil of a nation will be preserved as to quantity and as to quality.

To understand the conditions for the growth and renewal of forests, the enemies and the friends of the forests, is of great importance to the forester and to the lumberman; but it is of greater importance to the whole people that each citizen should understand the relation of the forest to the welfare of the nation. Such an understanding would make impossible the shameful waste that has been going on for the past fifty years. A nation with such an understanding would not tolerate the absurd spectacle enacted in the last Congress, the spectacle of that august body solemnly refusing to appropriate funds to fight the mistletoe which is destroying valuable oak trees in some of the states, on the ignorant — or the insolent — pretext that it was placing sentiment above dollars. A nation with

such an understanding would not tolerate the disgraceful frauds connected with the seizure of millions of acres of the people's forest lands.

It is important to the fisherman to know something about the habits of his prey; but it is more important for the community that it shall regulate the disposal of refuse that may contaminate its streams, and that it shall prevent the depletion of its fish-supplies with some regard for the morrow. The factory-owner who throws waste poison into the river, and the wholesale fisher, are concerned with quick profits; but the community continues to need its rivers and its fish-supplies after the manufacturer and the fisherman and you and I are gone. The safety of the community lies in a public intelligence that will be quick to rebuke the absence of private conscience, that will refuse to tolerate anything that is inimical to the common welfare, even in the name of private enterprise or business success.

The practice of hunting rests upon the individual's interests or pleasure; the restriction of hunting as to seasons and territory, and as to species and age of birds or mammals killed, rests upon the larger need of the whole people. It is possible to have sane laws in these matters, and to carry out their intent, just in proportion as the general public both realizes their importance and sympathizes with their purpose.

I claim in the first place, then, that in the ways suggested the teaching of biology in the high schools may have a direct effect upon the conduct of a community, in leading it to oppose the exploitation of public wealth, in the form of natural resources, for private gain. Whether it will at the same time teach the general principle of resistance to exploitation of the public wealth in general, depends very largely upon the teacher.

The first wealth of a nation is the health of its citizens. The bearing of a knowledge of hygiene upon the well-being of the individual and of the community has been pretty generally recognized; but that the community actually needs that all its members should understand something of the principles of diet and nutrition, has not been so generally recognized. An understanding of the relation between green plants and the renewal of oxygen in the air is a good basis for realizing the importance of trees and parks in cities, from the narrower practical point of view, something apart from appreciating the need for playgrounds or the æsthetic value of these things.

The boy who learns to kill mosquitoes and to spare the lady-birds will probably not be the richer for it when he comes to make his will; but the community that learns to kill its mosquitoes and to spare its lady-birds will surely have an incalculable balance in its favor. The occasional individual who learns to avoid spitting is still exposed to infection from the spitting of others; the community that first eliminates spitting and pencil-licking will probably be the first to eliminate the white plague. If an understanding of the relations of bacteria and ventilation and diet and work to people's health will lead a generation of citizens to oppose with all their might the building of unsanitary dwellings, the operation of ill-ventilated factories, the marketing of unwholesome foods and quack remedies, and the overworking of men, women, and children, such an understanding is worth all it can cost. No other knowledge given to *all* the children of a nation will do so much for the general welfare as an appreciation of the relations between man and the organic factors of his environment.

I claim in the second place that a public opinion informed properly upon these subjects will oppose the exploitation of the health of human beings for private gain.

The application of science to technical and economic problems has in nothing produced more significant results than in the biological field. The tremendous increase in the yield of useful plants

and animals for the work expended, the great improvements in the qualities of plants and animals, the gradual elimination of plant and animal diseases and of other destructive agencies, have advanced to the point where the material wants of all the people may be amply provided for.

It is of the greatest practical importance that the people at large should realize that, so far at least as the available supplies of materials are concerned, the problem of poverty is entirely within our control. A widespread appreciation of these facts would go far toward advancing the general level of living, inasmuch as it would strengthen the demand for a larger share of the world's goods on the part of the mass of the people. A population that understands clearly, even if only approximately, how man has mastered his material surroundings, will not tolerate the destruction of human possibilities through the improper or insufficient feeding of children; it will demand such organization and administration of industries as will eliminate all want and privation that are not, from the nature of the case, absolutely unavoidable.

I claim, then, in the third place, that a general understanding of the control of the world's food-supply by socially organized human beings will make the members of a community intolerant of the destruction of human happiness through unnecessary material starvation.

Now, it may be said that we have experts to look after all the things I have mentioned, and that it is not necessary that every individual receive a technical training in all the specialties. But, while it is neither possible nor desirable to have every individual thoroughly trained in all the specialties, it is still not sufficient that there be experts who are thoroughly familiar with the technical details pertaining to the utilization and preservation of our national resources and of the public health, that there be experts who know how to prevent the imposition of unfair conditions of life and work, or the sale of improper foods, drugs, and the like. We already have experts on gypsy moths and mosquitoes and Russian thistles; on tuberculosis and smallpox and timber-rot; on winter wheat and sugar beet and prize hogs. For years our experts have known that our forest policies, our food and drug laws, and our anti-spitting ordinances have been inadequate. Yet it has not been possible in the past to prevent, through the activities of these experts and of their corps of assistants, the stealing and the wasting and the destroying of the people's wealth and the people's health. The stealers and wasters and destroyers also employ experts. There is no reason to suppose that a mere increase in the number of experts, or in the size of their corps of assistants, will be more effective in the future in preventing the undermining of the people's economic well-being.

It is necessary that our legislatures be better informed on the fundamental conditions of our very existence in the midst of the organic world; and it is necessary that every citizen shall be in hearty accord with the efforts of the official agents of the population in protecting and preserving the nation's wealth. There is no way apparent for reaching the consciences of the would-be exploiters. But there is a way apparent for reaching the understanding of the whole people as to their own interests; and there is a way apparent for reaching the understanding of legislators, who are chosen more or less at random from the population at large, and for securing the active coöperation on the part of the unofficial portions of the population in resisting the various kinds of waste and exploitation; and that way is the teaching of the fundamental principles of plant and animal life, and of the relations of these to the life and welfare of man, to all pupils in the high schools.

In brief, the teaching of biology in the high schools cannot be justified on the claim that it gives the pupil any advantage in his competition with others. The

economic return for the expense and effort put into a public-school subject must be sought in the gain to the community. The community that teaches all its children to appreciate the relations between man and the organic factors of his environment will gain economically in the direction of increased public health, in the wiser utilization of the natural resources, and in the increased resistance to the exploitation of natural resources belonging to the people, as well as to the exploitation of individual human beings, for private profit.

THE PHRASE-MAKER

AN IMAGINARY REMINISCENCE

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit.
— HORACE.

THE sun still hung high over a neat little farm among the Sabine hills, although the midday heat had given way to the soft and comforting warmth of a September afternoon. Delicate shadows from dark-leaved ilexes, from tall pines and white poplars, fell waveringly across a secluded grass-plot which looked green and inviting even after the parching summer. The sound of water bickering down the winding way of a stream gave life and coolness to the warm silence. Thick among the tree-trunks on one side grew cornel bushes and sloes, making a solid mass of underbrush, while on the other side there was an opening through which one might catch sight of a long meadow, and arable fields beyond, and even of blue hills along the horizon.

But the master of this charming outlook evidently had his mind on something else. He was a man about fifty-five years old, short and stout, and with hair grayer than his age warranted. As he leaned back among his cushions on a stone bench, so skillfully placed under an ilex tree that his face was protected while the sun fell across his body, he looked an unromantic figure enough, no better than any other Roman gentleman past his prime, seeking the sunshine and intent on physical comfort. Indeed, only a gracefully low forehead and eyes at once keen and genial saved his face from commonplaceness, and would have led a spectator to feel any curiosity about his meditations.

He had let fall into his lap a letter which had reached him that morning, and which he had just reread. It had traveled all the way from Gaul, and he had opened it eagerly, curious to know with what new idea his younger friend was coquetting, and hoping to hear some interesting literary gossip about their common acquaintances. But the letter had been chiefly filled with questions as to why he had not yet written, and, above all, why he did not send on some verses. Horace still felt the irritation of the first reading, although he had had his lunch and his nap, and had reached the serenest hour of the day. When they said good-by in Rome he had told Florus that he should not write: he was too lazy in these later years to write very regularly to any one except Mæcenas, the other part of his soul, and it was foolish of the younger man not to have accepted the situation. As for the request for verses, Horace felt ashamed

of the anger it had aroused in him. One would think that he was twenty years old again, with black curls, lively legs, and a taste for iambs, to get so out of patience with poor Florus. But it certainly was annoying to be pressed for odes when he had long ago determined to spend the rest of his life in studying philosophy. To be sure, he had once made that vow too early and had been forced to tune his lyre again after he had thought to hang it in Apollo's temple. He had had a pride in the enthusiastic reception of his new odes, and in the proof that his hand had by no means lost its cunning; but Florus ought to understand that he had at that time yielded to the Emperor's request as equivalent to a command, and that he meant what he said when he declared that he wished to leave the lyric arena.

He had never been unreasonable in his demands on life, nor slow in the performance of his share. It seemed only just that he should spend the years that were left to him as he chose. People talked about his tossing off an ode as if he could do it at dessert, and still spend the solid part of the day in other pursuits. They little dreamed that the solid part of many days had often gone into one of his lyric trifles, and that Polyhymnia, she who had invented the lyre, and struck it herself in Lesbos, was among the most exacting of the Muses. With the departure of his green youth and play-time had gone the inclination, as well as the courage, to set himself such tasks. He had always been interested in reading the moral philosophers, and, whatever his friends said, he meant to keep to his books, and to write, if he wrote at all, in a comfortable, contemplative style.

Besides (so his irritated thoughts ran on), how could Florus expect a man who lived in Rome to write imaginative poetry? How tiresome the days were there! Whenever he went out, some one wanted his help in a dull business matter, or dragged him off to a public reading by some equally dull author. Even if he tried to visit his friends, one lived on the Quirinal and one on the Aventine, and the walk between lay through noisy streets filled with clumsy workmen, huge wagons, funeral processions, mad dogs, dirty pigs, and human bores. No notes from the lyre could make themselves heard amid such confusion.

Suddenly his feeling quickened: how good it was to be away just now in this autumnal season, when Rome labored under leaden winds fraught with melancholy depression, and when his head always gave him trouble and he especially needed quiet and freedom! The afternoon sun enveloped him in a delicious warmth, the shadows on the grass danced gayly as a faint breeze stirred the branches above his head, the merry little stream near by seemed to prattle of endless content.

The frown above Horace's eyes disappeared, and with it his inner annoyance. Florus was a dear fellow, after all, and although he intended to write him a piece of his mind, he would do it in hexameters, more for his amusement than for his edification. It would be a pretty task for the morning hours to-morrow. Now he meant to be still, and forget his writing tablets altogether. He was glad that his house was empty of guests, much as he had enjoyed the preceding week when a lively company had come over from Tibur, in whose retreat they were spending September, to hunt him out. They had had charming dinners together, falling easily into conversations that were worth while, and by tacit consent forgetting the inanities of town gossip. But at present he liked the quiet even better. He had been walking about his little place more regularly, laughing at his steward who often grew impatient over the tiny crops, and assuring himself of the comfort of the few slaves who ran the farm. And on more extended walks he had felt once more, as he had so often in these long years, the charm of the village people near him, with their friendly manners, their patient devotion to work, and

their childlike enjoyment of country holidays.

Certainly, as he grew older and his physical energy diminished (he had not been really well since he was a very young man, and now before his time he felt old), he appreciated more and more his good fortune in owning a corner of the earth so situated. He remembered with amusement that in earlier days he sometimes used to feel bored at the end of his journey from Rome by the solitude of his farm, and wonder why he had left the lively city. But that was when he was young enough to enjoy the bustle of the streets, and, especially in the evenings, to join the crowds of pleasure-seekers and watch the fortune-tellers and their victims. That he could mingle inconspicuously with the populace he had always counted one of the chief rewards of an inconspicuous income. Now, the quiet of the country and the leisure for reading seemed so much more important. He was not even as anxious as he used to be to go to fashionable Tibur or Tarentum or Baiæ in search of refreshment. How pleased Virgil would have been with his rustic content!

The sudden thought brought a smile to his eyes and then a shadow. Virgil had been dead more than ten years, but his loss seemed all at once a freshly grievous thing. So much that was valuable in his life was inextricably associated with him. Horace's mind, usually sanely absorbed in present interests, began, because of a trick of memory, to turn more and more toward the past. Virgil had been one of the first to help him out of the bitterness that made him a rather gloomy young man when the Republic was defeated, and his own little property confiscated, and had introduced him to Mæcenas, the source of all his material prosperity and of much of his happiness. And indeed he had justified Virgil's faith, Horace said to himself with a certain pride. He had begun as the obscure son of a freedman, and here he was now, after fifty, one of the most successful poets of Rome, a friend of Augustus, a person of importance in important circles, and withal a contented man.

This last achievement he knew to be the most difficult, as it was the most unusual. And there in the clarifying sunshine he said to himself that the rich treasure of his content had been bought by noble coin: by his temperance and good sense in a luxurious society, by his self-respecting independence in a circle of rich patrons, and perhaps, above all, by his austerely honest work among many temptations to debase the gift the Muses had bestowed upon him. He had had no Stoic contempt for the outward things of this world. Indeed, after he had frankly accepted the Empire he came to feel a pride in the glory of Augustus's reign, as he felt a deep reconciling satisfaction in its peace, its efforts at restoring public morals, its genuine insistence on a renewed purity of national life. The outward tokens of increasing wealth charmed his eyes, and he took the keenest pleasure in the gorgeous marble pillars and porticoes of many of the houses he frequented, in the beautiful statues, the bronze figures, the tapestries, the gold and silver vessels owned by many of his friends, and in the rich appointments and the perfect service of their dining-rooms, where he was a familiar guest. But he had never wanted these things for himself, any more than he wished for a pedigree and the images of ancestors to adorn lofty halls. He came away from splendid houses more than willing to fall back into plainer ways. Neither had he ever been apologetic towards his friends. If they wanted to come and dine with him on inexpensive vegetables, he would gladly himself superintend the polishing of his few pieces of silver and the setting of his cheap table. If they did not choose to accept his invitations, why, they knew how much their standards amused him. As for his more august friends, the Emperor himself, Mæcenas, and Messala, and Pollio, he had always thought it a mere matter of justice and common cour-

tesy to repay their many kindnesses by a cheerful adaptability when he was with them, and by a dignified gratitude. But not even the Emperor could have compelled him to surrender his inner citadel.

Perhaps, after all, that was why Augustus had forced him back to the lyre, in support of his reforms and in praise of the triumphal campaigns of Tiberius and Drusus. An honest mind betokened honest workmanship, and upon such workmanship, rather than upon a subsidized flattery, the imperial intruder wished to stake his repute.

However lightly Horace may from time to time have taken other things, he never trifled with his literary purpose after it had once matured. Even his first satiric efforts had been honestly made; and when he found his true mission of adapting the perfect Greek poetry to Latin measures, there was no airy grace of phrase, no gossamer-like slightness of theme, which did not rest upon the unseen structure of artistic sincerity. That was why in rare solemn moments he believed that his poetry would live, live beyond his own life-time and his age, even perhaps as long as the Pontifex Maximus and the Vestal Virgin should ascend to the Capitol in public processional. He had said laughingly of his published metrical letters that they might please Rome for a day, travel on to the provinces, and finally become exercise-books for school-boys in remote villages. But his odes were different. They were not prosaic facts and comments put into metre: they were poetry. If he were only a laborious bee compared with the soaring swans of Greek lyric, at least he had distilled pure honey from the Parnassian thyme. Now that he had determined to touch the lyre no more, he felt more than ever sure that his lyre had served Rome well. How much better, indeed, than his sword could have served her, in spite of the military ambitions of his youth. What a fool he had been to believe that the Republic could be saved by blood, or that he could be a soldier!

All these things Horace was meditating beneath his ilex tree, being moved to evaluate his life by the chance appeal of his memory to that dead friend whose "white soul" had so often, when he was alive, proved a touchstone for those who knew him. He was sure that in the larger issues Virgil would have given him praise on this afternoon; and with that thought came another which was already familiar to him. It was less probing, perhaps, but more regretfully sad. If only his father could have lived to see his success! His mother he had not known at all, except in his halting childish imagination when, one day in each year, he had been led by his father's hand to stand before the small, plain urn containing her ashes. But his father had been his perfect friend and comrade for twenty years. He had been able to talk to him about anything. Above all the reserves of maturer life, he could remember the confidence with which as a child he had been used to rush home, bursting with the gossip of the playground, or some childish annoyance, or some fresh delight. He could not remember that he was ever scolded during his little choleric outbursts or untempered enthusiasms, and yet somehow after a talk with his father he had so often found himself feeling much calmer or really happier. Anger in some way or other came to seem a foolish thing; and even if he had come in from an ecstasy of play, it was certainly pleasant to have the beating throbs in his head die away and to feel his cheeks grow cool again. In looking back, Horace knew that no philosophy had ever so deeply influenced him to self-control and to mental temperance as had the common, kindly, shrewd man who had once been a slave, and whose freedom had come to him only a few years before the birth of his son.

And how ambitious the freedman had been for the education of his son! Horace could understand now the significance of two days in his life which at their occurrence had merely seemed full of a vivid excitement. One had come when he was

ten years old, but no lapse of years could dull its colors. On the day before, he had been wondering how soon he would be allowed to enter the village school, and become one of the big boys whom he watched every morning with round eyes as they went past his house, their bags and tablets hanging from their arms. But on that great day his father had lifted him in his arms — he was a little fellow — and looking at him long and earnestly had said, "My boy, we are going to Rome next week, so that you may go to school. I have made up my mind that you deserve as good an education as the son of any knight or senator." Horace had cried a little at first in nervous excitement, and in bewilderment at his father's unwonted gravity. But all that was soon forgotten in the important bustle of preparations for a journey to the Capital. The whole village had made them the centre of critical interest. Once a bald, thick-set centurion had met them on the street, and stopped them with an incredulous question. When he was informed that it was true that the boy was to be taken to Rome, he had laughed sneeringly and said, "How proud you will be of his city education when you find that he comes back to your little government position, and can make no more money than you have." Horace had looked wonderingly into his father's face, and found it unannoyed and smiling. And even as a child he had noticed the dignity with which he answered the village magnate: "Sir, I wish to educate my son to know what is best to know, and to be a good man. If in outward circumstances he becomes only an honest tax-collector, he will not for that reason have studied amiss, nor shall I be discontented."

The next day they had started for Rome, and soon the boy was rioting in the inexpressible glories of his first impressions of the great city. Even the ordeal of going to a strange school had its compensations in the two slaves who went behind him to carry his books. The centurions' sons at home had carried their own, and Horace felt a harmless, boyish pleasure (without in the least understanding the years of economy on his father's part that made it possible) in the fact that here in Rome he had what his schoolmates had, and appeared at school in the same state. One thing he had that was better than theirs, and he felt very sorry for them. A special servant went about with each of the other boys, to see that he attended his classes, was polite to his teachers, and did his work. But Horace had his own father to look after him, a thousand times better than any carping *pædagogus*. His father had explained to him that the other fathers were busy men, that they were the ones who carried on the great government, and ruled this splendid Rome; they could not spend hours going to school with their little sons. But Horace thought it was a great pity, and was sure that he was the luckiest boy in school.

How good it had been to have his father learn directly from the grim Orbilius of his first success, to see him with a quick flush on his face take from the teacher's hands the wax tablet on which his son had written "the best exercise in the class." His father had not spoken directly of the matter, but in some way Horace had felt that the extra sweetmeats they had had that night at supper were a mark of his special pleasure. And many years afterwards, when he was looking through a chest that had always been locked in his father's lifetime, he had found the little wax tablet still showing the imprint of his childish stylus.

For ten years Horace's school life had continued, and then the second great day had come. He was familiar with early Latin literature and with Homer. He had studied philosophy and rhetoric with eager industry. The end was near, and he had begun to wonder what lay before him. Some of his friends hoped to get into political life at once, and perhaps obtain positions in the provinces. Others had literary ambitions. A few — the most enviable — were planning to go to

Greece for further study in the great philosophical schools. Horace wondered whether his father would want to go back to his old home in the country, and whether outside of Rome he himself could find the stimulus to make something out of such abilities as he had. And then the miracle happened. His father came to his room one night and said, in a voice which was not as steady as he tried to make it, "My boy," — the old familiar preface to all the best gifts of his early life, — "My boy, would you like to go to Athens?"

That sudden question had changed the course of Horace's life. But his father had not lived to see the fruits of his sacrifice. The last time Horace saw him had been on the beach at Brundisium, just as his vessel cast off from its moorings, and the wind began to fill the widespread sails. Horace had always realized that the most poignant emotion of a life which had been singularly free from despotic passions, had come to him on that day when wind and tide seemed to be hurrying him relentlessly away from the Italian shore, and on its edge, at the last, he saw a figure grown suddenly old and tired.

The journey itself across the Ionian Sea had not helped to increase his cheerfulness. There had been a heavy storm, and then long days of leaden sky and sea, and a cold mist through which one could descry only at rare intervals ghostly sails of other ships, to remind one that here was the beaten track of commerce from the Orient. Even as they approached the Piræus, and beat slowly and carefully up the bay, the desolate mist continued, settling down over the long anticipated coast-line, and putting an end to all the color and light of Greece. But afterwards Horace realized that the unpropitious arrival had but served as a background for the later revelation. The sungod did grant him a glorious epiphany on that first day, springing, as it were, full panoplied out of a gulf of darkness. His friend Pompeius, who had gone to Athens a month earlier, had by some fortunate chance chosen the afternoon of his arrival to make one of his frequent visits to the shops and taverns of the harbor town. Drawn to the dock by the news that a ship from Italy was approaching, he met Horace with open arms, and afterwards accompanied him to the city along the Phaleron road.

During the hour's walk the mist had gradually lifted, and the sky grew more luminous. By the time they reached the ancient but still unfinished temple to Zeus, some of whose Corinthian columns they had often seen in Rome, built into their own Capitoline temple, the setting sun had burst through all obstructions, and was irradiating the surrounding landscape. The hills turned violet and amethyst, the sea lighted into a splendid shining waterway, the sky near the horizon cleared into a deep greenish-blue, and flared into a vast expanse of gold above. The Corinthian pillars near them changed into burnished gold. Purple shadows fell on the brown rock of the Acropolis, while, above, the temple of Athene was outlined against the golden sky, and the sun tipped as with gleaming fire the spear and the helmet of his sister goddess, the bronze Athene herself, as she stood a little beyond her temple, austere guardian of her city.

On this soft autumn afternoon among the Italian hills Horace could still remember his startled amazement when he first saw the radiance of Greek coloring. He had not realized that the physical aspect of mountains and sky would be so different from the landscape about Rome, and he had never lost his delight in the fresh transparency of the Athenian air. One of his earliest experiments in translation had been Euripides' choral description of the "blest children of Erechtheus going on their way daintily enfolded in the bright, bright air."

His student life in the old home of learning had also proved to be more charming than he could have anticipated. There had been the dual claims

of literature and philosophy to stir his mind, and memories of the ancient masters of Greece to make honored and venerable the gardens and the gymnasiums where he listened to his modern lectures, to enhance the beauty of the incomparable marble temples, to throw a glamour even over the streets of Athens, and so to minimize his Roman contempt for the weakness of her public life. And then there were the pleasures of youth, the breaks in the long days when he and his comrades would toss lecture notes, and even the poets, to the winds, buy sweet-smelling ointments for their hair in some Oriental shop in the lively marketplace, pick out a better wine than usual, and let Dionysus and Aphrodite control the fleeting hours. On the morrow Apollo and Athene would once more hold their proper place.

Of Roman affairs they knew little and thought less, in their charmingly egotistic absorption in student life. But a violent shock was finally to shatter this serene oblivion. Horace could remember the smallest details about that day. It was in the spring. The March sun had risen brightly over Hymettus, and the sky was cloudless. Marcus, meeting him at a morning lecture of Cratippus, had asked him to take his afternoon walk with him. "My father," he explained, "has written me about a walk that he and my uncle Quintus took to the Academy when they were students, and of how they felt that Plato was still alive there, and of how in passing the hill of Colonus they thought of Sophocles. He wants me to take the same walk, and I wish you would come along, too, and tell me some Sophocles and Plato to spout back; my father will be sure to expect a rhapsody." Horace had joyfully assented, for Marcus was always an entertaining fellow, and might he not write to Cicero about his friend, and might that not lead to his some day meeting the great man, and hearing him talk about Greek philosophy and poetry?

In the cool of the late afternoon the two young men had found the lovely grove of the Academy almost deserted, and even Marcus had grown silent under the spell of its memories. As they turned homeward the violet mantle had once more been let fall by the setting sun over bright Athens and the western hills. Only the sound of their own footfalls could be heard along the quiet road. But at the Dipylon Gate an end was put to their converse with the past. The whole Roman colony of students was there to meet them, and it was evident that the crowd was mastered by some unprecedented emotion. Marcus darted forward, and it was he who turned to Horace with whitened face, and said in a curiously dull voice, "Julius Cæsar was assassinated on the Ides." The news had come directly from the governor, Sulpicius, one of whose staff had happened to meet a student an hour after the arrival of the official packet from Rome. Marcus hurried off to the governor's house, thinking that so good a friend of his father would be willing to see him and tell him details. Horace could see that the boy was sick with fear for his father's safety.

For several weeks the students could think or talk of nothing else, their discussions taking a fresh impetus from any letters that arrived from Rome. Gradually, however, they settled back again into their studies and pleasures, feeling remote and irresponsible. But with the advent of the autumn a new force entered into their lives. Brutus came to Athens, and, while he was awaiting the development of political events at home, began to attend the lectures of the philosophers.

Horace was among the first of the young Romans to yield to the extraordinary spell exercised by this grave, thin-faced, scholarly man, whose profound integrity of character was as obvious to his enemies as to his friends, and as commanding among the populace as among his peers. Before he came Horace had been moderately glad that the Republic had struck at tyranny and meted out to the dictator his deserts. Now he was conscious of an intense partisanship, of a personal loy-

alty, of a passionate wish to spend his life, too, in fighting for Roman freedom. And so, when this wonderful man asked him, who was merely a boy with a taste for moral philosophy, and a knack at translating Alcæus and Sappho, to become one of his tribunes, and to go with him to meet the forces of Cæsar's arrogant young nephew in one final conflict, it was no wonder he turned his back upon the schools and the Muses, and with fierce pride followed his commander. He could remember how stirred he had been that last morning when, on riding out of the city, he had passed the famous old statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. In immortal youth they stood there to prove that in Athens a tyrant had been slain by her sons. The popular song that he had so often heard sung by Greek students over their cups seemed to be beaten out by his horse's hoofs as, in the pale dawn, they clattered out of the city gate, —

In a wreath of myrtle I 'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,
Who, striking the tyrant down,
Made Athens a freeman's town.

Harmodius, our darling, thou art not dead!
Thou liv'st in the isles of the blest, 't is said,
With Achilles, first in speed,
And Tydides Diomede.

In a wreath of myrtle I 'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,
When the twain on Athena's day
Did the tyrant Hipparchus slay.[1]

Even now, more than thirty years later, the breeze in the Sabine ilex seemed to be playing a wraith of the same tune. And suddenly there began to follow, creeping out of long closed fastnesses, a spectral troop of loftier reminders. Horace stirred a little uneasily. Was it only hot youth and Brutus that had carried him off on that foolhardy expedition? Was it possible that Athens herself had driven him forth, furnishing him as wings superb impulses born of the glory of her past? For many years now he had been accustomed to feel that he owed to Greece a quickening and a sane training of his artistic abilities; a salvation from Alexandrian pedantry, through an intimate knowledge of the original and masterly epochs of Greek literature; a wholesome fear of Roman grandiosity in any form, engendered by a sojourn among perfect exemplars of architecture and sculpture. For many years, too, he had been in the habit of regarding Brutus as nobly mistaken; of realizing that Julius Cæsar might have developed a more rational freedom in Rome than one enshrined merely in republican institutions. Of course, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, as a cool thinker like Thucydides realized, had not succeeded save in the infatuated estimation of the crowd.

And even great men like Brutus and Cicero, though they were above the private meanness and jealousy that in so many cases adulterated the pure love of liberty, had not seen far enough. What could a theory of freedom give the country better than the peace and the prosperity brought about by the magnanimous Emperor? Horace's part in the battle of Philippi had long since become to him a laughable episode of youth. He had even made a merry rhyme upon it, casting the unashamed story of his flight in the words of Archilochus and Alcæus, as if the chief result for him had been a bit of literary experiment.

But now, like the phantom in Brutus's tent at Philippi, a grim question stole upon him out of the shadows of his memory. Was it possible that his fight on that field of defeat had been, not a folly, but the golden moment of his life? Had Athens taught him something even profounder than the art which had made him Rome's best lyric poet? He had forgotten much of her humiliation, and of his own Roman pride in her subjection during those days when he had lived, in youthful hero-worship, with the spirits of her great past. Had she, after all, not only taught the sons of her masters philosophy and the arts, but taken them captive as well, by the imperious ideals of her

[1] Translation by J. A. Symonds.

own youth, by her love of freedom and of truth?

Horace remembered a day when he and Marcus and Messala had hired at the Piræus a boat rigged with bright canvas, and sped before the wind to Salamis, their readiness for any holiday guided by a recent reading of Herodotus and Æschylus, and by a desire to see the actual waters and shores where brute force had been compelled to put its neck beneath wisdom and courage. The day had been a radiant one, the sky fresh and blue although flecked here and there by clouds, and the sea and the hills and the islands rich in brilliant color. They had worked their way through the shipping of the harbor, and then sailed straight for the shore of Salamis. When they passed the island of Psytalleia, where the "dance-loving Pan had once walked up and down," they had been able to see very plainly how the Persian and Greek fleets lay of old, to imagine the narrow strait once more choked with upturned keels, and fighting or flying triremes, to picture Greeks leaping into the sea in full armor to swim to Psytalleia and grapple with the Persians who paced the beach in insolent assurance. The wind whistled in their ears, freighted as it seemed to them with the full-throated shout which, according to the Æschylean story, rang through the battle, —

Sons of the Greeks, advance!
Set free your land, your children free!
Your wives, the shrines of gods ancestral free,
And tombs of fathers' fathers! Now for all we strive.

A thunder-storm had arisen before they left Salamis, and their homeward sail had satisfied their love for adventure. Clouds and sun had battled vehemently, and as they finally walked back to the city, from the harbor they had seen the western pediment of the Parthenon rising in grave splendor against the warring sky, the figure of the goddess thrown into high relief by the vivid red background, a living symbol of an ancient victory.

At another time, the same group of friends had chosen a hot day of midsummer to ride on mules along the stretch of Attic road to Marathon. The magnificent hills girdling the horizon had freshly impressed them as more sculpturesque in outline than the familiar ones about their own Rome, and the very shape of the olive trees in a large orchard by the roadside had seemed un-Italian and strange. They had already become attuned to a Greek mood when the blue sea opened before them and they reached the large plain, stretching from the foot-hills of Pentelicon to the water's edge. The heat had stilled all life in the neighborhood, and Marathon seemed hushed, after all these five hundred years, in reverence before the spirit of liberty. Their ride home had been taken in the cool of the day, so that the hills which rose from the sea had assumed a covering of deep purple or more luminous amethyst. From the shore of the sea they had passed into a wooded road, with a golden sky shining through the black branches. Later the stars had come out in great clusters, and Messala, who now and then betrayed a knowledge of poetry and a gravity of thought that surprised his friends, had recited Pindar's lines: —

"Victory setteth free the essayer from the struggle's griefs, yea, and the wealth that a noble nature hath made glorious bringeth power for this and that, putting into the heart of man a deep and eager mood, a star far seen, a light wherein a man shall trust, if but the holder thereof knoweth the things that shall be, how that of all who die the guilty souls pay penalty, but evenly ever in sunlight an unlaborious life the good receive." [1]

That night-ride had come back to Horace several years ago when he was writing his ode on Pindar, but to-day's memory seemed strangely different. Then he had remembered what a revelation Pindar's lyric art had been to him amid the severe and lofty beauty of Greek scenery. Now he caught a haunting echo also of how, when

[1] Translation by E. Myers.

he was twenty-one, these lines of the artist had seemed to him a fitting explanation of the mound of earth heaped over the dead at Marathon. He had long ago learned to laugh at the fervor of youth's first grappling with ideas, and had come to see that the part of a sensible man was to select judiciously here and there, from all the schools, enough reasonable tenets to enable him to preserve a straight course of personal conduct. As for understanding first causes, the human race never had and never could; and as for a belief in heavenly revelations or in divine influences, all such tendencies ended in philosophic absurdity. Why, then, at this late day, should he remember that night, on the road from Marathon to Athens, when the ancient struggle for liberty had stirred in his own heart a "deep and eager mood," and when an impalpable ideal, under the power of a rushing torrent of melody, had come to seem a "light wherein a man shall trust"?

The high mood, he remembered, had been reinforced a few weeks later when he had seen Athens given over to the celebration of the mysteries of the Eleusinia. He and Marcus had found a place on the Sacred Way leading from the city to the holy precincts of Eleusis, from which they could watch the procession of the initiates as it moved past them, holding lighted torches and singing hymns, to accompany the God Iacchus through the pass of Daphne to his Eleusinian home. There he would once more dwell with Demeter and Persephone, the great twain goddesses connecting in their final reunion the life of mortals, who feed upon the fruits of the earth, with the life of the dead whose lord is the inexorable Hades. At all the shrines along the roadside the procession stopped for sacrifices and libations, and for the performance of grave sacred dances. Marcus had told Horace that his father had been initiated, and had said to him that the mysteries taught men to live happily and to die with a fairer hope. Perhaps the unbounded respect that Horace had felt for Cicero had helped him to interpret the pageant on its profoundest side, and to realize that here was a commemoration of a more intimate, more controlling relationship between the gods and men than any he had found exemplified in the dignified state rituals of Rome.

Was it indeed days like these that had made Brutus's work so easy when he began to collect his young company about him? And what if Brutus had been "mistaken"? Was there not a higher wisdom than that which could fashion nations? Horace had seen his dead face at Philippi. Had he done right ever afterwards, however reverently, to attribute a blunder to that mighty spirit which had left upon the lifeless body such an imprint of majesty and repose? Surely common sense, temperance, honest work, honorableness, fidelity, were good fruits of human life and of useful citizenship. But was there a vaster significance in a noble death? Was there even a truer citizenship in the prodigal and voluntary pouring out of life, on a field of defeat, amid alien and awful desolation?

The sun was hurrying toward the west, and Horace realized, with a quick chill, that he was entirely in the shadow. Beyond the meadow he could see a team of oxen turn wearily, with a heavily loaded wagon, toward their little stable. The driver walked with a weary limp. Even the little boy by his side forgot to play and scamper, and rather listlessly put the last touches to a wreath of autumn flowers which he meant to hang about the neck of the marble Faunus at the edge of the garden.

Where could Davus be? Ah, there he came, half-running already as if he knew his master wanted him.

"Davus," he called out, "make haste. I have had a visit from the shades, and it has been as unpleasant as those cold baths the doctor makes me take." Then, as he saw the look of fright on the wrinkled face of the old slave who had been with his father when he died, he broke into a laugh and put his hand on his

shoulder. "Calm yourself, my good fellow," he said, "we shall all be shades some day, and to-day I feel nearer than usual to that charming state. But in the meantime there is a chance for Bacchus and the Muses. Tell them to get out a jar of Falernian to-night, and do you unroll Menander. The counsels of the divine Plato are too eternal for my little mind. And, Davus," he added thoughtfully, as he rose and leaned on the slave's willing arm, "as soon as we get to the house, write down, 'Greece took her captors captive.' That has the making of a good phrase in it — a good phrase. I shall polish it up and use it some day."

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

BY MARY MATTHEWS BRAY

My grandmother, whose name I bear, departed from earth long before my eyes opened to its light. She died so young, indeed, that her own children remember her but dimly. No portrait of her has come down to us. It was not the day of cameras and kodaks. The photograph had not taken shape. Even its precursor, the daguerreotype, was just simmering in the brain of its inventor.

Her husband was, in the phrasing of the time, a man "well to do," and it seems strange that he should not have given permanence to the face he loved, in an oil painting, or in one of the quaint and dainty miniatures then in vogue.

Of her especial belongings not many remain. A few articles of furniture and some bits of old china are distributed among her descendants. Her wedding ring, a heavy band of gold, was cherished by her daughter, and has been kept in that branch of the family. She did, however, leave one thing of real value, and that was her garden,—a charming one, too, — filled with old-fashioned shrubs and flowers.

This garden came early into my possession, not by legacy from her, nor by direct gift from others, nor was it ever my especial property in a pecuniary sense. My ownership was not so tangible. It was partly accidental and partly temperamental. We lived in the ancestral home; that was the accidental part. The underlying temperamental cause was, I am sure, a love of every "green growing thing." That love dominated my childhood, and it must have been strong in her, since in her brief married life, crowded with household duties and the care of her young children, she yet found time to originate and preserve a garden large and beautiful for that period.

"A garden," says Bacon, "is the purest of all human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks."

The garden which I remember is a pleasant picture.

A sloping green lawn led down to it; a high board fence enclosed it on two sides, shutting it in from the street, and a row of tall currant bushes stood on the other side.

The fence was far above my head in those early years. I could not see over it, nor be seen from the outside, yet I could hear the sound of wheels and the voices of passers-by. This gave a delightful sense of seclusion, and as I wandered about among the flowers, I thought it a veritable Eden.

The garden, which was large (it seemed very large to me then), had eight square

beds, with narrow graveled paths around and between them, and two wide borders running along by the fence. The beds, raised a little above the paths, were enclosed by boards to keep the earth from falling out.

In those days, a garden was not usually arranged for its effect as a whole. There was no special grouping of plants in masses, either for foliage or color. Each plant was cherished for itself, and was put where it seemed best for it individually, or often, of course, where it was most convenient.

The shrubs and most of the taller plants were in the borders. The centre of one was occupied by a large and thrifty lilac bush (it might well have been called a tree), which reared its head high above the fence, and was flanked on each side by smaller ones. In the blossoming season, garden, house, and yard were filled and permeated with the rich fragrance. Lilacs could not have been plentiful in the town at that time, for children, and even older persons, were constantly coming to ask for them.

"Please give me a laylock," was often the form of the request. It became something of a tax upon the time and patience of the household to supply these frequent demands, and at last it seemed best to appoint certain hours for the purpose. As soon as I was considered old enough to mount a step-ladder, and to use a pair of garden-scissors without injuring myself or others, the task of supplying the children devolved upon me. Wednesday and Saturday noons, on their way home from school, were their appointed hours. I remember well what an exciting experience it was to look down from that lofty perch at the eager faces of those below, and to drop the coveted flowers into their outstretched hands. I wondered how it would seem to be on the other side of the fence, looking up at those fragrant purple clusters, the only visible sign of what was within, waiting for one's own meagre share in the distribution.

In the angle made by the two sides of the fence, was a tall white rose-bush, which, in favorable summers, bore its white drift of blossoms to the very topmost edge of the dark protecting wall. These roses were especially beautiful in the early morning. How often have I stolen out of the house at dawn, to watch the half-opened buds unfold, each one of creamy hue, with a warm salmon-pink flush at the centre. Later in the day, full-blown and wearied by the fervent kisses of the sun, the flush faded, and the creamy tint turned to snowy whiteness.

This rose-bush is in existence now, still bearing similar beautiful, creamy flowers. It never fails to blossom, and its earliest buds open each year about June 20.

In a sunny part of the border were the double damask roses, rows upon rows of them. Low and crooked and of unpromising appearance the bushes were in themselves, but what a lavish wealth of color and fragrance they sent forth in their season! Aaron's rod, that budded and blossomed, could scarcely have appeared a greater miracle. Perfect in shape, inspiring in color, of rich yet delicate perfume, these roses were royally beautiful. It stirred one's blood to look at them.

Then there were multitudes of single roses, of the same soft yet glowing color; not less attractive in their graceful simplicity than the double ones. These bushes, like the others, were low and twisted, and both were given to homesickness, and did not bear transplanting well. Leave them where they were, though cramped and crowded, in soil sterile and grass-bound, yet they would live and flourish; move them, and they soon dwindled and died. There were also blush roses and moss roses. The blush rose had an exquisite pale-pink coloring, and the buds were very beautiful, but when full-blown they were seldom perfect. The moss roses were also more beautiful in the bud, as the mossy calyx was then shown to better advantage. Both these varieties were subject to blight and mildew.

We occasionally examined our rose-bushes, and picked off a few little green worms by hand, but I do not remember that we had to keep up any systematic warfare with insect pests. Now, all sorts of creeping and flying things infest rose-bushes; even the elm beetle does not seem averse to a dessert of rose-leaves.

Miss Larcom says in one of her poems,

And roses grow, wherever men will let them.

In these days they seem to grow only where men will stand by them and fight their enemies.

At one end of the border was asparagus, not grown for eating, but allowed to develop its fine and lace-like foliage. Near by were clumps of hollyhocks, stately and tall, with close-clinging blossoms of white and pink and red. Tall fox-gloves, white and purple, blue monkshood and prince's feather were not far away.

In one corner was a tangle of sweet briar, or eglantine, thorny and forbidding to the touch, yet nevertheless a delight all the year round. In spring and early summer, the tender leaves, wet with the dew and the rain, sent forth spicy odors, that seemed to be the very breath of awakening life. Later it was clothed, as with a garment, by hundreds of blossoms, frail circlets of exquisite pink petals, with golden stamens at the centre. In the autumn, behold! each blossom had become a gem, a seed-vessel of ruby hue, outshining the reddest leaves in brilliancy.

Edgings of box were set along the borders. The popularity of box has waned since then, but with its compact growth, and its small, firm, shining leaves, it is still a satisfactory plant. When vigorous and well cared for, it has a clean, slightly bitter odor; "the fragrance of Eternity," Dr. Holmes calls it. "This," he says, "is one of the odors which carry us out of time into the abysses of the unbeginning past." One of the borders had also an edging of the striped or ribbon-grass — a diminutive species of bamboo — and another of moss pink, a lowly heath-like plant, literally covered in early spring with a mass of deep-pink bloom.

In our garden, according to the custom of the time, four beds were given to herbs useful in cooking or for simple household remedies. There was balm, soft and comfortable in aspect as in name; sage, with pretty blue-green leaves, and ragged blue blossoms; thoroughwort or boneset, used for colds, and as a spring tonic; wormwood, pennyroyal, and saffron, the latter always associated in my mind with measles. One bed was filled with small herbs, such as chives, mint, thyme, summer savory, and parsley; another, with something we called pot-marjoram, probably sweet marjoram. Over this bed, in the blossoming season, the bees and the butterflies hovered continually. When a child, I was afraid of the bees at first; but I found that if I did not molest them, they had no desire to disturb me, and their busy humming soon came to have a cheerful, sociable sound.

The distinctive odors of these herbs come back to me now, just as they exhaled in dewy mornings or under the noontide sun. I remember, too, the look and smell of each, when, dried and tied in bunches, ready for winter use, they hung under the rafters of a dark garret.

The remaining beds were devoted to flowers. The central space in two of them was given to peonies. Some of our older neighbors called them "pinys." The peony was known to the Greeks, the Chinese, and the Japanese, and highly prized by them all. "Flowers of prosperity" is a Japanese name for it. It is thrifty and hardy, enduring well the cold of winter in New England. Its dark green foliage is always clean and healthy, free from blight and insects. Our peonies bore blooms of white and deep rich red. The great gorgeous blossoms made a fine showing in the garden, and were especially suitable for the adornment of large rooms, halls, and churches.

In the other two beds, the place of honor was given to tulips. The enthusiasm of the Dutch for this flower had reached its climax and begun to wane more than a century before, but its fame

had spread to other lands, and it has never quite lost its prestige.

Our tulips grew taller than the newer varieties, and came somewhat later. When the pointed red tip of the first leaf began to peer above the soil, I felt that spring had really come. One by one, its successors pushed their way up and slowly uncurled, and then, out of their midst, suddenly, in a night as it were, shot up slender swaying stems each crowned with a folded bud. I cannot see a bunch of tulips now, even in a florist's window, without recalling my childish rapture as the buds began to unfold. How beautiful they were, white, pink, red, yellow, sometimes striped in two colors, as pink and white, or purple and white! So brilliant is the coloring of the tulip that one thinks of it as a flower which loves the sun, but it loves only softly tempered rays; under strong sunshine it expands too quickly, then droops and shrivels.

The four corners of one bed were filled with fleur-de-lis, — flower-de-luce it was then called. With its lance-shaped leaves, its tall stem, its curled and crape-like petals of purest white or deep blue, it is indeed a stately flower. No wonder the French love it, and emblazon it on frieze and shield, on banner and crest.

In the corners of another bed were sweet-williams, the richly colored velvet-like petals upheld by rather stiff and clumsy stalks; London-pride, similar to sweet-william but taller, and with showy scarlet blossoms; honesty, whose chief attraction lies not in leaf or flower, but in its delicate silvery seed-pods; and blue-bells, "big bonnie blue bells," Canterbury bells we called them.

Aldrich has made them the subject of one of his dainty poems: —

> The roses are a regal troop,
> And modest folk, the daisies;
> But Blue-bells of New England,
> To you I give my praises.
> To you fair phantoms in the sun,
> Whom merry Spring discovers;
> With bluebirds for your laureates,
> And honey bees for lovers.

One bed was bordered all round with pinks. There were single grass or snow pinks, pale in color, and of faint perfume, pure and delicate as Puritan maidens; double pinks, deeper in tint, of rich and spicy fragrance; and red pinks, the name seeming a misnomer, unless one is familiar with the leaf and blossom.

In the same bed were bachelor's buttons, called also ragged sailors, and, in some countries, corn-flowers; larkspurs, with blossoms in all tints of blue and pink and purple, blending harmoniously like the colors in a Persian rug; and columbines, lovely nodding bells of pink and blue, beloved of poets, for their airy grace.

> A wild rose or rock-loving columbine
> Salve my worst wounds,

writes Emerson.

Scattered about in the various beds were many other plants: phlox, lupine, rose-campion, catch-fly, sweet rocket, ragged robin, mullein pinks, balsams, and four-o'-clocks; each name awakening pleasant recollections, not only of the flower itself, but also of some association connected with it. I knew an old lady, a neighbor, who always put her teapot on the stove when her four-o'-clocks began to open.

"Now popy seede in grounde is goode to throwe," says an old writer. One bed was half-filled with these gay flowers. There were Oriental poppies, large and flame-colored, fringed white ones, and smaller ones in many shades of pink and vivid glowing reds.

"The poppy," says Ruskin, "is painted glass. It never glows so brightly as when the sun shines through it. Whenever it is seen against the light or with the light, always it is a flame, and warms the wind like a blown ruby."

In this bed, too, were mourning brides, "soft purple eyes," as some one has called them; and marigolds, of dusky yellow, and herby odor, doubtless the "Mary buds" of Shakespeare.

Everywhere, in bed and border, was the little pansy or lady's-delight, that flower

of many lands and many names, favorite of the great Napoleon and of many less known men and women. These had no special nook, but wherever they could get a foothold, there they were, with their bright little faces upturned as if in welcome. This flower must have been always dearly loved, for it has so many quaint local names, pet names as it were, such as "none so pretty," and "three faces under a hood." Even its botanical name, *Viola tricolor*, is much more agreeable to eye and ear than are most botanical names. The French *pensée*, a thought or sentiment, is charming. Its Italian name means "idle thoughts." Shakespeare calls it Cupid's flower.

> Yet marked I, where the bolt of Cupid fell:
> It fell upon a little Western flower,
> Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
> And maidens call it, "Love in Idleness."

It is one of the blossoms that Milton places in Eve's couch: —

> Flowers were the couch,
> Pansies and Violets, and Asphodel,
> And Hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.

But of all its names, none is quite so dear as "heart's ease."

> I tell thee that the pansy, freak'd with jet,
> Is still the heart's ease that the poets knew.

It seems strange that the daffodil flower of the olden time as well as of the present, and the subject of such tender and delightful tributes from Herrick and Shakespeare and Wordsworth, should have been missing. I did not find it, but it may have been there in previous seasons. Some changes must doubtless have taken place during the many years that elapsed between my grandmother's departure from her garden and my own advent therein.

In the late autumn came the chrysanthemums, not the gorgeous Japanese varieties of the present day, but modest flowers in shape and color, usually of white and golden and dull red. Very welcome they were in the chilly shortening days and very hardy too, defying early frosts, and blooming on until the close approach of winter.

There was one plant for which we had no definite name: I have since heard it called "live forever," and, locally, frog-plant, blow-leaf, and pudding-bag plant. The leaves were thick, and by rubbing them gently between the thumb and forefinger, the epidermis could be loosened from the green pulp and blown into a bag. If one blew hard enough, the bag would burst with a satisfying pop.

When my young friends came to see me on summer afternoons, we often spent hours on the lawn or in the garden, and one of our amusements was making these bags. We also made lilac chains to hang about our necks, and larkspur wreaths, which we pressed and then fastened on cards.

My only memory of the garden not wholly delightful is connected with the currant bushes. I was sometimes required to pick currants for the table or for jelly. They were too acid to suit my childish taste; consequently I could not solace myself by eating them, and I found the work irksome. Looking back at those days now, I wonder at myself. To be picking currants in that garden, surrounded by my cherished flowers, seems only a part of it all, not less enjoyable than the rest.

Near the garden, and seeming really a part of it, since it grew over a trellised doorway opening out on the lawn, was a climbing honeysuckle, of a kind which at present seems to be dying out. Only now and then do we come across one, trained over a doorway or in a sheltered nook of some old estate. It has been discarded doubtless for faster growing and more hardy varieties, but none of them can equal it in the beauty and sweetness of its blossoms. These were deep pink in the bud; paling a little as they opened; turning then to pearly white, then to cream color, then to yellow, — all stages visible in the same cluster, and the whole giving forth the most exquisite indescribable perfume; a spicy breath of the

wildwood mellowed by the rich scent of a hothouse favorite.

That dear old-fashioned garden; how I loved it! I used to spend hours there considering the plants; rejoicing with the thrifty, and trying to assist those that were backward or drooping; bidding each good-morning and good-night, not liking to pass any one by, lest it should feel the omission. I had never read Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*, and knew not his Lady of the garden, she who was

> a Power in that sweet place,
> An Eve in that Eden; a ruling grace.

If I had, I might have likened myself to her, in a minor and mundane way, for had I not

> Tended the garden from morn to even,
> . . . . .
> Sprinkled bright water from the stream,
> On those that were faint with the sunny beam.

The garden was a potent factor in most of my pleasures, and not in mine only; all the children of the family and the neighborhood shared in its benefits. How many choice nosegays have been gathered there and given to favorite friends! How many May baskets embellished with its treasures! How many June wreaths constructed out of its abundance!

Older persons, too, shared in its bounty. Communities were neighborly then, and scarcely a day passed that some one did not come to beg a sprig or two of marjoram or parsley, as "seasoning;" a little sage or balm, to make tea for an invalid; a few currants to "whet up" the appetite of some ailing relative.

There were no public greenhouses in town, and if a rural bride wanted a rose for her hair, or a bouquet for her hand, she sent some one to ask for it. When sorrowing friends wished to soften the grim fact of death by laying flowers about a loved one, they also came, and no one went away empty-handed.

Some years later, a favorite uncle, the youngest son of my grandmother, instituted certain changes in the garden. He had the currant bushes and all the herbs removed to the vegetable garden, and the space thus gained given to flowers.

Snowball trees were then in vogue, and a small one was set out in the centre of each bed vacated by the herbs. These grew rapidly and soon became thrifty trees, occupying far more than the space originally allotted to them. The showy white blossoms became ere long rivals of the lilac in popular affection.

"Please give me a snowball," was only a new form of an old request.

New varieties of roses were added: Scotch roses, spice roses, multifloras, Baltimore belles, beautiful indeed (all roses are beautiful), but not more so, and far less fragrant, than the ones already there.

Dahlias tall and stately, with curved, quill-like petals of velvet texture and richest tints, and asters in many colors and shades, were new acquisitions.

Among the smaller flowers were English daisies, fragrant violets, sweet peas, "on tiptoe for a flight," mignonette, day lilies, white and yellow, sweet and short-lived; the blue periwinkle, sometimes called myrtle, a lowly running plant with dark glossy leaves and flowers of purest azure; the forget-me-not, that tiny blossom, doubly a favorite for itself and for its name; and amaranth of such crisp and lasting texture as to seem an artificial product rather than a natural growth.

In the border was set a snowberry, bearing waxen fruit; a syringa, of almost cloying sweetness; Japanese lilies, and a tiger lily, beloved at least of one poet, for has not Aldrich written, —

> I like the chaliced lilies,
> The heavy Eastern lilies,
> The gorgeous tiger lilies,
> That in our garden grow.

One of my special favorites among the new plants was the Missouri flowering currant, a shrub with small yellow blossoms, opening so early as to seem a herald of the spring, and breathing forth especially at dawn or dusk an elusive fragrance in which there seemed no sensuous element.

Another of my favorites was the jon-

quil or poet's narcissus, an exquisite flower, with an orange-yellow centre, and a circlet of pure white petals bending slightly backward toward the long, slender stem.

As the summers came and went, other plants crept into the garden, annuals, biennials, those growing from bulbs, and those that had to be housed in the winter; the crocus and hyacinth, lilies-of-the-valley, convolvulus, candytuft, morning glories, geraniums of many kinds, petunias, salvias, gladioli, coreopsis, polyanthus, heliotrope, and flowering almond. A climbing rose; a fragrant, star-like clematis; a trumpet honeysuckle, beloved of humming birds; and later a wistaria, with graceful drooping plumes, made beautiful the trellised doorway.

In process of time, the fence was cut down in height, and later was replaced by one of a more open pattern, consequently the enclosure lost something of its character as a secluded retreat. The general arrangement of the beds, borders, and paths was, however, kept, and we still called it "grandmother's garden."

But the fashion of the world changeth. Time is an iconoclast, and at length there came a day when it was decreed that the garden must go to make way for a larger expanse of lawn. The plants were removed to a space set apart for them in a yard at the back of the house, and the beds and paths were levelled. A part of the border was allowed to remain, and the vines over the doorway were untouched, but the garden as a whole, "grandmother's garden," ceased there and then to exist.

At a period when Puritan asceticism had still a strong hold, such a garden must have had a softening and refining influence. Afterwards, and always while it lasted, it was a centre from which radiated those small interchanges and amenities that tend to make life less hard and prosaic.

And so to this grandmother, whose name I bear, yet who is, nevertheless, very much of a myth to me, I feel that I owe both gratitude and allegiance, not only for the happy days spent among her flowers, but also for the helpful and lasting influence thus thrown about my life.

Had she lived long enough on earth for me to become acquainted with her, the garden must, I am sure, have been a bond of union between us, and such it will doubtless become should I ever meet her in the Hereafter.

THE NEW CASHIER

BY LOUIS GRAVES

Burrows used to go for his midday meal to a little restaurant on Ann Street. It was one of those places where you walk up and down before a long counter, taking from it whatever you want to eat — rather, whatever you are going to eat: at this end a sandwich, in the middle a hard-boiled egg, farther on a piece of pie, at the other end a glass of milk or a cup of coffee tendered by a tired-looking creature with a pompadour too high and too yellow. Burrows had this sort of meal — which was lunch, not luncheon — because it was cheap: an all-sufficient reason, for Burrows had a wife and a baby, and a house in a small sad town with a large cheerful name just beyond Newark.

When he had accumulated his several articles of food at the counter, he would walk very slowly and cautiously, so as not to spill anything, to a chair near the street door. There he would seat himself and eat. Opposite him was the cashier's desk. Everybody, after eating, walked past this desk and put the money that he owed upon the round rubber mat; everybody was supposed to be honest and pay just the right amount. New York can't be wholly bad, because the men who own these honor-system restaurants have huge fortunes and take their luncheon — not lunch — at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, where, 't is said, a waiter runs quickly to make an inventory of the silver when a guest has left the table.

This day that we have in mind was in February. It was cold and dry and clear, one of those days that New Yorkers boast of when they go abroad, a present delight which makes the yesterday of darkness and drizzle seem months away. As he leaned back in his chair, Burrows saw that the desk by the door had a strange mistress. Now, this was a considerable break in the monotony of life, for Burrows sat in this chair six days in the week, fifty weeks in the year, and the view from it was always the same, and always dull. Moreover, the new cashier was a particularly pleasing sight.

She held her chin up, and looked straight ahead with gray eyes that twinkled cordially, not at any individual human being, but at the world in general. Indeed, they seemed to lose their merriment, and drop diffidently, only when they met some other pair of eyes fixed on them. Her cheeks had a ruddy glow as if she had been walking rapidly through the winter air outside. Her mouth, gracefully curving, suggested capabilities of much good-humor. Her hair was an undistinguished brown, arranged in simple fashion. Altogether she was uncommonly pretty, with the kind of prettiness that goes with health and a blithe heart. At a guess, one would have said the girl was eighteen years old, and just in from the country.

It was easy to see that she was fresh at her task. True, there was little for her to do, — take the money off the mat, observe the amount, put it in a drawer, and press a button, — but she was as deeply absorbed as if she had been trying to solve some intricate problem. Her fingers handled the coins carefully, not with the facile nonchalance that comes of familiarity. When there were three or four men in line at once, moving forward somewhat impatiently, to pay and be gone, she became excited, the glow in her cheeks darkened to a flush, and her hands trembled nervously. To the man watching her from his chair it seemed that this must

be her first day at any kind of wage-earning.

Burrows saw the manager of the restaurant sauntering toward him, and experienced, as usual, a moment of displeasure. This was one of those eating-house managers who apply themselves assiduously to cultivating the acquaintance of their patrons, and at the third or fourth encounter lay aside mere hospitality for a nearer and dearer intimacy.

"Good-day, Mr. Burrows," he said, with an ingratiating smile. He leaned over slightly, half whispering, "You see, we have a new cashier to-day."

"Yes, I see you have," Burrows answered indifferently.

"She's new in the city, too, — just come in from some up-state village. Nice-looking little girl, eh?"

The manager walked on to his next victim. Burrows's attention was attracted, a minute later, by a conversation at his elbow. He could see the man nearest him, a youth with a high collar, a tie of many colors, and one of those unspeakable derby hats with perfectly flat, narrow brims.

"Gee, she's a peach!" the youth was saying, the words emerging with some difficulty through fragments of soggy pie.

"You can see she's not on to the job yet," returned the other. "She's not used to handling the coin; look at her fingers."

Burrows was spared the rest of this edifying dialogue by the departure of the two. Soon after they had gone he, too, arose, brushed the crumbs from his trousers, joined the procession by the cashier's desk, paid, and went back to work.

The second day after the girl's arrival, a presumptuous young person addressed some remark to her as he paused before the desk. What it was Burrows could not hear, but the insinuating leer that accompanied it indicated plainly an attempt at flirtation. She answered nothing, but gave the fellow a frown which sent him hurrying, shamefacedly, toward the door.

In the week that followed her nervousness disappeared, and she received the money over the desk with deftness and composure. She seemed to be actually happy. A routine that reached the limit of monotony had no power, if one might judge from her manner, to deaden the joy of living. For each as he passed she had a cheerful, impersonal little nod, with a smile to match. In the big, dark room, where gas lamps were burning even in the middle of the day, the cashier was the one reminder that the world still held such things as sunlight and green fields and flowers.

Many pairs of eyes were turned upon her approvingly, but she was all unaware, apparently, of the admiration she excited. Her attention was only for the man immediately in front of her; and her greeting for him was the same she had given the one before and the same she would give the next behind. Pleasant though it might be, it was, after all, a matter of business, part of the day's work, and none might take undue pride from it. For all the notice they received from the girl at the desk, the men still sitting and eating, not yet ready to join the line, were so much empty air.

For three, four, five weeks Burrows saw no change in the looks or the bearing of the cashier. It was about the beginning of the sixth that he discerned a faint trace of weariness. It showed in the corners of her mouth. Usually eager, when summoned by the eyes to join in a smile, now they responded listlessly. Her greetings lacked some of the spontaneity which had marked them heretofore. When there was a moment's pause in her work, she turned and looked absently through the big glass door at the colorless stream of people.

Now, Burrows was a tender-hearted young man, and it saddened him to see the girl looking tired. He had never spoken to her, and probably never would speak to her, and he did not even know her name, yet he could not help feeling sorry. For he had been living in the city

several years, and had kept his eyes open, and he was afraid that the cashier's weariness would not pass away at once. Nobody had told him what her pay was, but he thought he could guess within fifty cents of it, anyway. Where did she live? he wondered, and there appeared to him a four-story house on a long crosstown block, any one of a million houses on any one of a thousand blocks. The mistress of the establishment had a bunch of keys hung at her belt, and she had a graduated assortment of expressions, — graduated according to her estimate of the purse of the man or woman whom she faced. In the hall on each floor was a dim gas-light, and at each end of the hall was a room just nine feet long and five and a half feet wide. And in the room — but why multiply the details? He who knows these places wants to hear no more of them; he who knows them not, is happy for it, — let us not disturb him.

Within a few days Burrows had become accustomed to the tired look in the girl's face; her new appearance became the natural one now. As a matter of fact, it was not alarmingly different, and it is doubtful if many of the patrons of Ralston's Rapid Restaurant noticed that the smile of greeting was more mechanical and the brow a little less smooth than before. The well-formed features were still there, and few had time to observe that the cordiality was somewhat forced.

It must have been about the end of April that Burrows saw one of the men stop at the desk, after paying, and speak to the cashier. Instead of dismissing him abruptly, as she had dismissed another several weeks before, she replied in a friendly manner. There was nothing bold or offensive about it, — it was only different, to one who remembered. They chatted pleasantly for a minute or two, and then the man left. After that these little chats became common. Any one who happened to reach the desk alone was apt to stop and pass pleasantries with the girl. She lost the timidity which she had brought with her from the country, and returned the men's banter with a facility which many acquire only after much longer practice. Certainly she acted as one who enjoyed life; maybe she did enjoy it, more now than when she had been so exclusive. If Burrows had mentioned, that May, his suspicion that the skin under her eyes was not as clear as it should have been, and that her cheeks were getting a little paler, his companions at luncheon would have laughed at him.

The hot weather came on, and the society columns in the daily newspapers told how everybody who was anybody was out of town. Ann Street seemed horridly stuffy, except when you stepped into it out of the restaurant, and then it seemed delightfully cool by contrast. The cashier, of course, not being anybody, was there every day; but Burrows, being a little nearer somebody, stopped work for two weeks and took his wife and baby down to Asbury Park.

These two weeks were unusually hot, and the mercury was still near the ninety mark on the Monday when Burrows got back to the city. He settled himself at his desk, to begin another fifty weeks of toil, and at half-past twelve o'clock he went to Ralston's for lunch. It was sweltering inside. An air of hopelessness pervaded the place; the man and the woman behind the long counter moved wearily when their service was required; two electric fans up under the ceiling revolved with a solemn deliberateness, not disturbing the odorous atmosphere surrounding them; despondent-looking, bedraggled mops, left in the corners, expressed, mutely but thoroughly, the humor of everybody in the room.

Having seated himself, Burrows turned his eyes upon the cashier. He was astonished at the change which had come over her in a fortnight. Her mouth positively drooped, and little lines ran out from the corners. The eyes were those of one who had hunted sleep, in the sultry nights, and found little of it. What was more noticeable, the girl seemed to have given

up, as too much for her strength, the attempt at cheerfulness. The dimes and nickels were handled by fingers which had no springiness left in them. Even to Burrows, who had seen earlier signs that others had not, her new appearance came as a shock. The hot weather — in a place like this, too — must have done it. It would help if she could only get away for a couple of weeks, he thought; but he knew she would n't.

It grew cooler, soon, and the girl, along with others, sat up straighter, and breathed and moved more easily. But she was not the girl of the early spring. Seeing her when she was alone at the desk, one could fancy that she had begun to consider what the round of her life really was, to reflect upon the dreariness and monotony of it, and, maybe, to cultivate a silent rebellion of spirit. There was the faintest suggestion of defiance about her. Opportunities to talk with the men were seized upon with more avidity, as though they furnished the only respite from a dull task. Her " offishness " was quite gone, and some of those who patronized the restaurant ventured, without reproof, to call her by her first name.

The change in the cashier's manner and bearing had been so gradual that, from day to day, there had seemed to be practically no change at all. One who carried his office troubles to lunch with him, and thought upon them while he ate, would probably not have observed any difference; but Burrows made the effort, successful sometimes if not always, to leave his work behind him at the midday recess. He, therefore, had the leisure as well as the taste for observing closely those about him, and he found it hard to realize that the self-contained person to whom he paid his reckoning in August, and the flushed, timid girl who had fumbled over his change in February, were one and the same. Her clothes, cheap though they were, now had a modish way about them, the label of the city. Her hair was piled toward the front of her head, and the loose ends were gathered up uncompromisingly. A ring, rather too bulky, encircled one of the fingers of her left hand.

Burrows was hurrying toward the ferry one afternoon in the latter part of September, when he saw, just ahead of him, a figure that looked familiar. A moment afterward he recognized Ralston's cashier, though her back was toward him. She was with a man. At the next corner the pair walked quickly up the stairs to the elevated station. As Burrows passed beneath he heard her laugh merrily and make some remark about a play which, apparently, they were to see that evening. She must have enjoyed it, for next day her spirits were better than they had been for many weeks. She acted as if new possibilities of pleasure had, all at once, been opened up to her.

It did not seem to be the same brand of happiness, though, which she had brought with her from the country. There was something less reposeful about the cashier's humor now, an air of nervousness which bespoke, always, anticipation of some future pleasure rather than content with the present. This new humor brought no return of clear skin and unweary mouth; indeed, its effect seemed to be quite the opposite. The girl's face thinned, in the fall months, until it was positively haggard. No longer was it necessary for one to be observant to notice the change in her appearance. The men who ate at Ralston's began to comment upon it; some even ventured to mention it to her, and advised her, half jocularly, to take better care of herself.

Another time Burrows happened to see her away from her desk. It was on one of those rare occasions when he brought his wife to the theatre in the city. The play was over, and they were coming out into the dazzling light of the street. Across their path, almost within arm's reach, a man and woman passed, arm in arm. Burrows caught a glimpse of the woman's face, and then she was gone. He recalled, later, that she had

around her neck a large fur boa. This was in November.

A week or so before Christmas the men who ate at Ralston's were snickering, and nudging one another waggishly, over the change in the cashier's hair. Formerly a dull brown, it had, of a sudden, acquired a new lustre. Burrows looked, and shook his head sadly.

" It's not even cleverly done," he said to himself.

Within a few days, though, the deadly chemical was applied more thoroughly. The hair close to the scalp was treated, and there were left no uncolored strands to tell the tale of deception. Now Ralston's Rapid Restaurant had a golden-haired cashier. The sophistication of her appearance had received the final touch.

If any of the facetious comment anent the transformation reached her ears, she gave no sign of it. Unembarrassed, she faced all comers with a confidence that no stares could disturb. More men stopped at the desk than formerly. As the rôle of entertainer grew more engrossing, the duties of a cashier grew more troublesome. Even the hand that made change — only one hand was needed now — seemed to have an offended air whenever it was called upon to move. Two or three of the men had, by this time, achieved special favor, and to them was permitted a greater familiarity than to the rest. They always lingered for several minutes after eating, and observed with condescending airs others who were less favored.

During the winter, at Ralston's, everything went on with the uneventful smoothness of prosperity. The gloomy room had all its chairs occupied in the middle of the day. Sometimes the men came in shivering, from a dry, bracing cold; sometimes they came stamping and scraping their feet, from a pavement covered with half-frozen slush. But they always came, for a man must eat even if he has to eat at Ralston's. The cashier was regular in attendance; and her hair kept, successfully, its new color.

For a while her altered appearance irritated Burrows; he resented the fact that her presence was so in accord with the general atmosphere of the place, that she no longer reminded him of fresh air and green fields and flowers. Of course, he might have changed his seat and thus have avoided seeing her, but he would not admit that so trivial a thing could disturb him to that extent. It was not long, naturally enough, before irritation was supplanted by indifference. There was nothing about the girl, now, to interest him. The cashier was simply the cashier, a self-composed young woman who dressed too conspicuously, — one of thousands.

So it was for two or three months.

By the beginning of March he had almost forgotten that she had ever been other than what she now was. Then, one Monday, as he sat down and unfolded his paper napkin, he looked up and saw that the yellow-haired, sophisticated person was gone. At the desk sat a young girl who was strange to Ralston's. In her cheeks was the glow of perfect health, in her eyes a speculative, half-timid interest in everything about her. She radiated hope and innocence.

Her fingers handled the coins with a clumsiness that was eloquent of inexperience. Lost in the difficulties of her task, she had no time to notice the admiring glances of the men. Those who had finished filed by, placed their money upon the mat, and departed. Those who still sat looked toward the desk with a new interest. A youth in one of the chairs in the rear row, by the wall, whispered to his companion, —

" She's a winner all right, ain't she? "

The manager of the restaurant threaded his way to Burrows and leaned over him with the manner of one giving a confidence.

" See our new cashier, Mr. Burrows? " he asked in an undertone, smiling and jerking his head toward the door. " She's just in from the country. Nice-looking little girl, eh? "

COMPETITION IN COLLEGE

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

We are told with wearisome reiteration, until it vexes us even as a thing that is raw, that America produces few great scholars who are pioneers in the domain of thought; that in exploiting a continent we have been too busy to explore the mysteries of natural science, or the mind of man. So far as this charge is true, and we cannot deny that it has some foundation, it is commonly ascribed to our rapid industrial development, with the consequent attractiveness of material pursuits which draw our most promising youth away from the paths of learning. But must not our schools, and above all our universities and colleges, take their share of blame? It is our privilege to magnify the importance of education, but in doing so we must assume responsibility, not only for the benefits conferred thereby, but also for any evils that may flow from errors committed.

Education has many sides and many functions; otherwise it would not be the fascinating pursuit that it is. Both in discussion and in practice, we take account of imparting knowledge, and of the training of the mind; but in our zeal for these essential matters we seem, perhaps, to have neglected a not less important function, that of sifting out the minds capable of great intellectual achievement. Is it not possible, in short, that we have paid attention too exclusively to teaching, and too little to recruiting young men of the highest promise? This ought we to have done, and not to leave the other undone, for both are needed in keeping educational work at a high level. Every one who has had personal experience in a university must be aware that the standard maintained is due quite as much to the calibre of the students as to that of their instructors. The success of our law schools, for example, must be attributed not only to the capacity of the professors, and to the direct effect of their method of teaching, but in no less degree to the fact that these schools attract the most ambitious and vigorous college graduates.

Vast as the improvement in educational methods has been, it is not clear that the process of sifting is as effective as it used to be. The old classical school, with its rigid curriculum, was inelastic, unadaptable to individual needs, and is said to have been repellent and dulling to the ordinary child; but none the less it seems to have sorted out the boys with intellectual aptitudes and to have steered them toward higher education. The same thing was probably true of the old-fashioned college. The minimum, and indeed the average, amount of study has risen very much since those days. No doubt the ordinary student was more indolent then, and acquired less mental training, but it may be doubted whether there is now so great an incentive to superiority in scholarship. If that be true, our colleges are not performing so well as they did in the past the function of intellectual selection.

But have we not a new institution created to supply that very need? The Graduate Schools in our universities, that consummate product of the last thirty years, are designed to be real nurseries of scholars. They were surely intended to recruit the intellectual flower of the youth, fitting them to be leaders and teachers of the next generation; and when Johns Hopkins opened its doors it became a mecca for young men who aspired to high places among the learned. Since that time Graduate Schools have multi-

plied, their students have increased beyond expectation, and with their growth in popularity they have "faded into the light of common day." They certainly contain men of the finest type, but the bulk of their students are not of first-rate quality, and much of the instruction consists in burnishing rather soft metal. In the best of them the standard is very high so far as training and knowledge are concerned; quite as high, perhaps, as is wise, for it cannot be raised indefinitely without risk to one of the functions performed by these schools. They are, in fact, attempting to serve two objects, which are not necessarily identical in America: the education of productive scholars and of teachers; and there is some danger that in the process one or both of these objects may suffer.

The Graduate Schools of our universities contain in the aggregate some six thousand students, all preparing themselves, according to the popular impression, to be great scholars. But with any such conception the figures are monstrous. If we could turn out a score of men a year with any serious chance of eminence we should do well. The great bulk of the students have no delusions of this nature. All but a few of them are being trained to teach; to diffuse knowledge, not to add to it; to be live wires, not to be dynamos. We talk of their all doing research work, but that term covers a multitude of operations. The original thesis they are required to present for a degree proves that a student can handle original material, not that he can construct with it anything really new; it shows a familiarity with the sources of knowledge, but it does not show capacity for productive scholarship.

Our method of attracting students to the Graduate Schools is defective. If you want to generate energy you must have a resistance to be overcome. If you desire to recruit men of force and ambition, there must be a great prize to be won by facing an obstacle, just as, when you want to recruit strong characters, you must call for sacrifice. In our Graduate Schools we pursue to some extent a contrary policy, for we subsidize men freely with scholarships. By so doing we are in danger of making the Graduate School the easiest path for the good but docile scholar with little energy, independence, or ambition. There is danger of attracting an industrious mediocrity, which will become later the teaching force in colleges and secondary schools. Such a policy is due in part to a feeling that a large number of students is needed to justify the expense of our graduate instruction; and in part to a less laudable spirit of intercollegiate rivalry. A long list of graduate students is regarded as a proof that a university is fruitful in its highest work of training the great scholars of the future, but unfortunately mere numbers prove nothing of the kind. Yet the popular assumption is not unnatural, because it is hard even for men engaged in education, and it is impossible for the general public, to distinguish between quality and quantity in an institution with which they are not thoroughly familiar.

While, therefore, the instruction in our Graduate Schools is admirable, our success in recruiting for them students of the strongest intellectual fibre is by no means so great. This is the vital point, for although eaglets are raised best in an eagle's nest, yet there is a better chance of producing them by setting eagle's eggs under a hen, than hen's eggs under an eagle. But how are the eagle's eggs to be collected? How are young men of intellectual power to be drawn into the Graduate School? My answer is that young men must be attracted to the pursuit of scholarship while undergraduates in college, and success in doing this depends upon the extent to which intellectual appetite and ambition are stirred there. It depends, moreover, not only upon the intensity with which a few men are stirred, but also upon the diffusion of that attitude among the mass of undergraduates.

The intellectual feast spread by the Graduate Schools does little, therefore

to create an appetite for learning. It feeds hungry scholars, but it does not make them. Craving for scholarship must be formed in college, and is deeply affected by the general atmosphere there. Important as this is for the recruiting of great scholars, it is of not less consequence in giving an intellectual tone to all the alumni wherever their paths in life may lead; but from that point of view the present situation is far from perfect.

It is safe to say that no member of a faculty is satisfied with the respect in which scholarship is held by the great body of college students to-day. Every one complains in his heart, although in public he is apt to declare that the conditions in his own college are better than they are elsewhere. In fact, we know little enough about the state of affairs in our own institutions, and are quite in the dark when we presume to draw comparisons with other places. This is a case where measuring ourselves by ourselves, and comparing ourselves among ourselves, is not wise. In spite of divergences in detail, the problem is essentially the same everywhere, and any college that helps to solve it will confer a benefit upon the whole country. Nor is it enough if we are better than our fathers were, if the average amount of study in college is greater, and the minimum much greater, than it was. In the community at large the general activity has increased prodigiously; even elegant indolence is by no means so fashionable as it used to be. Our colleges ought, in a movement of this kind, to set the pace, not follow it; and they must not rest satisfied until they create among their students a high standard of achievement.

When the elective system was first introduced, its advocates believed that it would have a powerful selective influence, by offering to each student ampler opportunity for self-development in the branches of learning that he might prefer. The opponents of the system did not deny this, but complained that the undergraduate was not capable of judging what was best for him, and that to follow his own bent would lead to a one-sided development. In the plans of men, the indirect, and therefore unforeseen, consequences are often more important than those which form the subject of discussion. The elective system — which has to a greater or less extent penetrated almost all our colleges — did, indeed, furnish an opportunity for self-development; but at the same time it weakened the stimulus to exertion. It was based upon the assumption that opportunity alone is enough, that a man will put forth his utmost powers if he can do so in a congenial field. Yet this is by no means true, even in the case of the highest genius. Many a man of talent has worked only from the stress of poverty, groaning all the time at his hard fate. Shakespeare himself did much of his writing under the pressure of finishing plays for the stage; and the difficulty of keeping artists and literary men up to time is notorious, — a difficulty not wholly due to the fitful inspiration of the muse.

If opportunity alone were enough, hereditary wealth, which vastly enlarges opportunity, ought to increase intellectual productiveness. There ought to be no place "where wealth accumulates and men decay." But there is too much truth in the common belief that abundant means usually lessens the output of creative work; and even Shakespeare, when rich enough to retire as a country gentleman, wrote no more. The mere opportunity for self-development, and for the free exercise of one's faculties, the mere desire for self-expression, are not enough with most men to bring out all their latent powers. This is because in civilized life we are seeking to foster an activity far above the normal; we are striving to evoke a mental energy much greater than that required for a bare subsistence, and unless education can effect this it is a failure. In addition to opportunity, there must be a stimulus of some kind.

Under the old rigid curriculum the stimulus was supplied in part by compe-

tition. Since all the students were following the same course they were naturally ranked by their marks, and there was no little emulation among the more ambitious ones. Rivalry, with its component elements, the desire to win and the still stronger desire not to be beaten, is a pervasive sentiment in human nature, often most prominent when the object itself is least worth striving for. It is constantly shown in trivial things, from the schoolboy who quickens his pace when a stranger walks faster than he, to the countryman who hates to have his horse passed on the road. The intensity of the emulation depends, in fact, far less upon the value of the end to be attained, than upon the ease with which the chances of the contestants are compared; provided, of course, they are nearly enough matched to make the result uncertain. A race where the participants run side by side on the same track is obviously more exciting than one in which they start at considerable intervals, or run over different roads out of sight of one another. That is the chief reason why an athletic contest, or a physical struggle of any kind, is more interesting than almost any other competition. The sport is visible, its progress can be easily watched, and the varying chances of the players are readily compared. The world does not really believe that athletic success is the most desirable form of achievement on earth, and yet men tend to transfer a part of their emotions from the contest itself to its results. Thirty thousand people cannot go to a football game, and become greatly excited over it, without being convinced that the victory is in itself a highly important matter. Thus competition provokes rivalry, intense rivalry gives rise to a keen interest, and this in turn enhances the apparent value of the object for which the contest is waged. It is one of many instances where a state of mind is produced by stimulating the secondary emotions to which it naturally gives birth.

But the free elective system in college has reduced the spirit of competition in scholarship to a minimum. Perhaps no two men are taking precisely the same series of courses, and hence their achievements are incommensurate. Like the Caucus Race in *Alice in Wonderland*, every one begins and ends where he pleases, save that he must take at least a certain number of courses; and, as on that famous occasion, little interest is taken in the distribution of prizes. But it is the fashion to say that young men of college age ought not to work for prizes, or rank. This, we are told, is a low motive; and a man ought to study for the knowledge, the training, and the culture he acquires. In short, he ought not to need the spur of competition, or any other external stimulus, because it ought to be enough for him that his future welfare is in his own hands, and his own best interests ought to guide him in the way he should go. But such an assumption leads to a rather startling conclusion; for if the ordinary undergraduate can be trusted to act most wisely of his own accord, if his natural impulses are correct, then his attitude toward his studies is what it should be. If he has less respect for scholarship than one might wish, nevertheless under this assumption he is right, while we who disagree with him must be wrong.

It may be that the need of competition or other stimulus to exertion among undergraduates depends upon the position which the college occupies in the general scheme of education, and upon the intricate functions of play and work in building up the faculties of mind and body. If so, it may be worth while to consider these questions briefly.

Of late years we have been taught much about the value of play in the development both of animals and of man; and for that purpose the word is commonly used to denote those acts which are performed for mere pleasure without any other serious motive.[1] Now I am

[1] For example, Karl Groos's *The Play of Man*, translated by Elizabeth L. Baldwin, page 5.

perfectly aware of the iniquity of employing a technical term in an unusual sense; and yet on this occasion I propose, contrary to usage, to define play as any action of which the physiological object is a development of the powers of the actor, as distinguished from the accomplishment of a result in itself useful, or the acquisition of the means for reaching such a result. This seems a more apt definition in connection with education, because thereby attention is fixed on the physiological and educational object, not on the personal motive of the actor. To illustrate what is meant, let us look at the case of the over-studious boy, who is compelled to coast or ride when he does not want to do so, and does not enjoy it. We say that he is obliged to play, but that is a contradiction in terms if play means only things done for pleasure. Again, if pleasure is the criterion, and a student takes, because he enjoys it, an additional course beyond the number required by the curriculum, it must be classed for him as play; while for the student next him, who is taking only the prescribed number of courses, it is not play. If, on the other hand, he is a member of an athletic team, not for the mere fun of it, but because he thinks it good for him, or because he hopes that he can help his college to win the game, then again it is not play; and as we shall see hereafter, a large part of the physical sports of youth are in fact pursued from motives other than mere pleasure.

A pursuit, then, which is followed, whether voluntarily or by compulsion, because it tends to develop the mind or body, is play; while one that is followed for the sake of gain, or because it supplies the manual skill or technical knowledge needed to earn bread, is not play. The application of the definition to studies is clearly shown in the varying relations between general education and professional training. In American schools for engineers it has been common to intersperse a certain amount of general education among the technical courses. But in the schools of divinity, law, and medicine, it has been the tradition to confine the teaching to strictly professional matters. Conversely, the American college of the older type was devoted entirely to studies that were deemed to be of general educational value, without having any direct professional bearing. So far as this object has been retained, and for the most part it still holds its ground, the college may be regarded as the last period of play. Do not misunderstand me. By play I do not mean anything trivial, unessential, or even necessarily pleasurable. I refer to pursuits which develop the mental, physical, and moral powers, as distinguished from the acquisition of directly profitable attainments. While any one may quarrel with this use of the word "play," the thing itself is intensely serious. It is the chief occupation of the most formative part of life, and should therefore be taken in a spirit of earnest determination.

For class-room purposes this is, no doubt, the well-worn distinction between liberal or cultural studies on one side, and professional or vocational ones on the other; but it is wider, inasmuch as it includes outdoor sports, and that is the reason I use it. The object, for example, of athletics in college is physical development, yet if a member of a baseball nine were paid for his services, or if he joined it in order to fit himself to become a professional hereafter, for him it would not be play. Now, I believe that there is a close analogy between outdoor sports and those indoor studies which are pursued for intellectual development, especially in regard to the question of stimulus by competition.

According to the usual definition of play, as an action in itself pleasurable and pursued from that motive alone, any other stimulus is obviously unnecessary. But after early infancy that is not quite true of what we commonly understand by play. With very young children mere delight in exercising nascent faculties may be enough to provoke all the activity needed to develop those faculties, but

that condition is soon outgrown. With most animals, indeed, the struggle for existence begins so early that the development by play covers only a brief time of rapid growth in which pleasure may be a sufficient incentive. Man, however, goes through a long period of adolescence before he is self-supporting, and with the progress of civilization it seems destined to become longer and longer, at least for pursuits that require intellectual labor. During a very small part of this period can we trust to the propelling force of enjoyment alone, even for the training of the physical powers. The mere pleasure of exercise soon ceases to suffice, because muscular strength and nervous and moral force can be brought to a high point only by strenuous exertion that surpasses the bounds of strict physical enjoyment. To make the most of himself the boy must be induced to put forth an uncomfortable effort, and for this he must have an external stimulus of some kind. No one who knows much about intercollegiate football believes that most of the men are on the team chiefly because the game itself is pleasurable; and, in fact, other motives than immediate pleasure enter largely into all violent competitive sports after an early period of childhood. It is safe to assert that if young people took part in games only so far as they enjoyed the exercise, without being affected by ambition or the opinion of their fellows, a large portion of the more strenuous sports, and therewith much valuable training, physical and moral, would be lost.

The stimulus needed is usually found in competition; and, in fact, the object of throwing a boy into contact with others of his own age is, not only to train his social instincts, but also to bring him into rivalry with his mates, to make him play with them games which test his powers, and stimulate him to use them to the full. Within the range of their immediate interests, young people are good practical psychologists, from whom we have still much to learn by studying the way they organize their sports to provoke exertion or select superior capacity; and it may be observed that competition in sport becomes more intense as maturity is approached. No doubt competition is often carried too far, until it has the effect of eliminating from the arena all but a few champions of preëminent qualities. In his *Social Life in Greece*, Professor Mahaffy pointed out the advantage to the community of the field sports of Sparta, in which every one of ordinary strength could engage, as compared with the gymnastic games of Athens, where only remarkable athletes took part and the rest of the young men looked on. Athletic sports in our colleges involve the same danger, by tending to accentuate the selective principle at the expense of the physical improvement of the whole body of students. But the fact that competition may be carried further than is wise, does not prove that it is not valuable as a stimulus, that it is not indeed the main factor in the physical development of youth.

There is certainly no less need for an effective stimulus in scholarly than in physical training, but it is far more difficult to use, because we cannot at present rely on the same constant enthusiasm on the part of the young people themselves. In the professional schools this matter is in a satisfactory state to-day. Fifty years ago there appears to have been no little apathy about study in these schools, but they have now succeeded generally in convincing their students that excellence in the work of the school has great importance, both as an equipment for their coming career, and as an indication of future success. In some cases competition is indeed used with marked effect, but it is not indispensable, because the student has the powerful incentive of feeling that he has begun his life's work, in which his prospects depend on his diligence. The schools for engineers where general and technical subjects are taught side by side, bring into sharp contrast the strong professional motive and

the feebler desire for self-improvement. It is difficult there to make the ordinary student realize the value of a cultural course. He is apt to regard it as something foreign to his regular work; something very well in its way, but not essential to success in his future career. He labors without a groan on mathematics, which most college undergraduates shun like a pestilence, while he treats English literature or the history of his country lightly, as a pleasant enough accomplishment hardly worthy of strenuous effort.

At the other end of the educational ladder, also, in the preparatory school, competition, although highly useful, is not indispensable. The boy is subject to discipline, accustomed to obey, and much influenced by the precepts and wishes of his parents and teachers. If a good boy, he tries to do well, and being under constant supervision he tends to conform to the expectations of those about him. The serious difficulty begins in college, where he is plunged into a far wider liberty — a freedom that brings vast opportunities, intellectual and moral, by which he may rise, but which on the other hand he may abuse. The old schoolboy motives for hard study he has left behind; the professional ones are not yet in sight; and it is not easy to make him appreciate the seriousness of the education within his reach. To some extent he believes that it is good for him, and he intends to obtain a real advantage from it. In most cases he is not satisfied by getting through with the least possible exertion. He means to do reasonably well, but he has no idea of the benefit to be derived from striving for excellence. In short, he has a fair, but not a high standard.

Now, there is no grave difficulty in enforcing a fair amount of work; and of late years our colleges have wisely turned their attention to the matter, making the minimum requirements distinctly more severe than they were. We can, in fact, raise the minimum for a degree to any level that we may desire, provided we recognize frankly what that level implies. Suppose, for example, that the dullest tenth of the students who enter college ought not to graduate, no matter how faithfully they toil; then the line will be drawn at such a point that the dullest man above that tenth can get through if he devotes to study as many hours as a young man of ordinary health can properly spend over his books. But, in that case, a brighter man will need less effort to reach the same result; and, as differences in natural ability are very great, a student who stands in capacity among the more talented half of his class can get through with very little work. On the other hand, we could so draw the line that only the brighter half of the class could graduate at all; and in that case we should have, like the German universities, a large mass of students who had no intention of taking a degree, but who could hardly be refused the privilege of living about the college as special students so long as they were well behaved.

We can, therefore, set the minimum where we please, — a minimum, however, in which the amount of work required is in inverse proportion to natural ability, — and we cannot by that process compel a clever student to be industrious. We can set a minimum of capacity, and establish a ratio between brains and labor, but we cannot thereby set up a high standard for men of ability. For that purpose we need something more than a minimum requirement, and this brings us to our really difficult problem, that of applying a stimulus.

College work may affect the fortunes of a lifetime more profoundly than the studies either of boyhood or of the professional school, but the ordinary student does not know it. The connection is too vague, too subtle, for him to see; it rests on intangible principles, the force of which he does not feel. It is in college, therefore, that an external stimulus is most needed; yet college is the very place where it is found the least. The result is that a fellow who ranks high in school,

and works like a tiger when he studies his profession, is too often quite satisfied with mediocrity in college. The disintegration of the curriculum caused by the elective system in any of its common forms, the disdain of rank as a subject for ambition, — encouraged by students, by the public, and sometimes even by instructors, — and other forces that have crept in unawares, have brought us to a point where competition as a stimulus for scholarship has been well-nigh driven from the college. Again, I must ask you not to misunderstand me when I speak of the elective system. No sane man would propose to restore anything resembling a fixed curriculum in any of our larger colleges. We must not go backward, we could not if we would; but neither must we believe that progress consists in standing still. We must go forward, and our path must be such that a choice of electives shall not lessen, among those capable of it, the stimulus to excellence.

Now, there is no reason to suppose that young men have by nature a stronger desire for physical than for intellectual power, or a greater admiration for it; yet, largely by the free use of competition, athletics, in the esteem both of undergraduates and of the community at large, has beaten scholarship out of sight. The world to-day has a far higher regard for Newton, Locke, and Molière than for Augustus the Strong; but in our colleges " the physically strong," as Carlyle called Augustus, would attract much more attention. I am not one of those who condemn athletic contests, for I do not think we can afford to diminish any spur to activity in college, but I am convinced that we ought to stimulate other forms of energy, and that we can get many a hint from athletic experience. The production of true scholars, or even of the scholarly tone of mind, is not the only object of the college. It aims to produce men well developed in all directions, and it has many agencies for doing so outside the class-room; but it cannot exist for these alone, and if it fails on the scholarly side it will be irrevocably doomed.

One hundred years ago the English universities awoke to behold the low state of scholarship among their students. It boots nothing to inquire how it compared with the worst that has ever existed here, but it was bad enough. They met it by a resort to frank competition. First in one subject, and then in another, they established a degree with honors awarded in several grades, and they succeeded in making the honors, not only a goal of ambition, but, what is more, an object of general respect. They have prizes, too, which are eagerly sought; and, in short, the stimulus to scholarship rests on an elaborate system of competition for prizes and honors. Of course, there are voices raised against it, protesting that the muses ought to be wooed for worthier motives; but it is our province to make the most of men as they are, not to protest that they ought to have an innate love of learning. The problem of human nature, the question whether we could have made it better if we had presided at creation, is too large to discuss here.

The fact remains that the Oxford and Cambridge men are firmly persuaded that success at the bar, in public life, and in other fields, is closely connected with high honors at graduation; and the contest for them is correspondingly keen. The prizes and honors are made widely known; they are remembered throughout a man's life, referred to even in brief notices of him, — much as his athletic feats are here, — and they certainly do help him powerfully to get a start in his career. The result is that, by the Isis and the Cam, there is probably more hard study done in subjects not of a professional character than in any other universities in the world. What defects the system may possess, its strength and its weakness in other directions, need not detain us. The structure of English society, on which the old universities are built, is very different from ours; yet

there are qualities in human nature that are common to all mankind, and without copying an institution we may, by observing it, discover the secret of its success. Although we do not follow, we may learn.

Competition as an effective stimulus to scholarship in our colleges suffers to-day from a widespread feeling among the students that the distinctions won are a test of industry rather than of superior intellectual power. This conviction finds its expression in the term " grind," which is applied with great impartiality to all high scholars, instead of being reserved, as it seems to me it was formerly, to a certain kind of laborious mediocrity. The general use of the word is certainly unjust, for statistics show that, as compared with other men, the high scholars win a far larger share of distinction in the professional schools and in after life. But the feeling contains a grain of truth. In our desire to ensure from every student a fair amount of work, we are too apt to use tests that measure mere diligence, with the result that high rank in college is no sure measure of real ability. This has been to a great extent avoided in England by distinct honor and pass examinations, the questions in the former being of such a nature that industry alone cannot, it is believed, attain the highest grade; and this is an important matter if high rank is to command admiration. It is surely possible to devise tests which will measure any qualities that we desire to emphasize; but do we not touch here upon one of many indications that we have lost the key to the true meaning of the college? The primary object of the professional schools is knowledge, a command of the tools of the trade, and a facility in handling them; while in college the primary object is intellectual power, and a knowledge of facts or principles is the material on which the mind can exercise its force, rather than an end in itself. If we could make the world believe that high rank is a proof of intellectual power, our task in instilling among undergraduates a desire to excel would be simple.

The difficulty in stimulating a scholarly ambition is enhanced by a new, and on the whole a higher, moral tone among college men. The philosophers of a century ago preached the harmony of interests both in politics and economics. They taught that, in seeking his own highest good, a man promoted that of all the world; and they looked forward to a millennium based on universal self-interest. With the waning of this creed, a more altruistic spirit has replaced the extreme individualism of our fathers; and, as usual, the new tendencies are particularly strong in the rising generation. In college, the upper classmen feel a responsibility for the welfare of the younger students, and look after them, to an extent that would have been regarded as extraordinary, if not indeed meddlesome, half a century ago.

The sense of mutual obligation, and with it the corporate spirit, has grown apace. A man no longer wants to feel that he is working for himself alone; he wants to labor for the organization of which he forms a part, because that seems to him a nobler motive. This is one reason for the halo that surrounds the athlete; while the scholar seems to be striving for nothing better than personal distinction. If he is seeking a pecuniary scholarship, his aim, though needful, appears sordid; if not, it seems at best selfish, and therefore unworthy of the highest admiration. But the member of the football team, who risks his limbs in a glorious cause, whose courage and devotion are placed freely at the service of his alma mater, stands out as a hero worthy of all the praise that can be lavished upon him. Many a man, deaf to all other appeals, can be induced to make a creditable record in his studies on the ground that otherwise he cannot play upon a team, and that it is his duty to do something for the honor of his college. Such sentiments deserve respect, although to a serene philosopher they may seem a substitution of coöpera-

tive for personal selfishness. But they assuredly place an obstacle in the path of any one who would try to raise the esteem for scholarly attainment. The undergraduate sees no way in which scholarship adds lustre to his college, and this complicates the problem of making it admirable in his eyes.

We have seen that the sifting out of young men capable of scholarship is receiving to-day less attention than it deserves; and that this applies, not only to recruiting future leaders of thought, but also to prevailing upon every young man to develop the intellectual powers he may possess. We have seen also that, while the Graduate School can train scholars, it cannot create love of scholarship. That work must be done in undergraduate days. We have found reason to believe that during the whole period of training, mental and physical, which reaches its culmination in college, competition is not only a proper but an essential factor; and we have observed the results achieved at Oxford and Cambridge by its use. In this country, on the other hand, several causes, foremost among them the elective system, have almost banished competition in scholarship from our colleges; while the inadequate character of our tests, and the corporate nature of self-interest in these latter times, raise serious difficulties in making it effective.

Nevertheless I have faith that these obstacles can be overcome, and that we can raise intellectual achievement in college to its rightful place in public estimation. We are told that it is idle to expect young men to do strenuous work before they feel the impending pressure of earning a livelihood; that they naturally love ease and self-indulgence, and can be aroused from lethargy only by discipline, or by contact with the hard facts of a struggle with the world. If I believed that, I would not be president of a college for a moment. It is not true. A normal young man longs for nothing so much as to devote himself to a cause that calls forth his enthusiasm, and the greater the sacrifice involved the more eagerly will he grasp it. If we were at war, and our students were told that two regiments were seeking recruits, one of which would be stationed at Fortress Monroe, well housed and fed, living in luxury, without risk of death or wounds, while the other would go to the front, be starved and harassed by fatiguing marches under a broiling sun, amid pestilence, with men falling from its ranks killed or suffering mutilation, not a single man would volunteer for the first regiment, but the second would be quickly filled. Who is it that makes football a dangerous and painful sport? Is it the faculty, or the players themselves?

A young man wants to test himself on every side, in strength, in quickness, in skill, in courage, in endurance; and he will go through much to prove his merit. He wants to test himself, provided he has faith that the test is true, and that the quality tried is one that makes for manliness; otherwise he will have none of it. Now, we have not convinced him that high scholarship is a manly thing worthy of his devotion, or that our examinations are faithful tests of intellectual power; and in so far as we have failed in this, we have come short of what we ought to do. Universities stand for the eternal worth of thought, for the preëminence of the prophet and the seer; but, instead of being thrilled by the eager search for truth, our classes too often sit listless on the bench. It is not because the lecturer is dull, but because the pupils do not prize the end enough to relish the drudgery required for skill in any great pursuit, or indeed in any sport. To make them see the greatness of that end, how fully it deserves the price that must be paid for it, how richly it rewards the man who may compete for it, we must learn — and herein lies the secret — we must learn the precious art of touching their imagination.

THE MEANING OF VENICE

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I

M. Jules Lemaître once said, with characteristic irony, that he intended to spend the last half of his life in reading the books he had reviewed in the first half. Great critic that he is, he knows how to guard against warping his judgment. His frankness suggests the query, Is it wise for an editor to ask one historian to criticise the work of another historian in the same field? Some of the results I have seen might lead me to reply, unhesitatingly, No. For there is a certain class of mind which, when it takes up the study of history, comes to accept only one point of view and one method — its own. Infallibility is the forte, and sometimes omniscience seems to be the foible, of these students. Contrasted with them, however, is the class of men who, the longer they investigate, grow both more skeptical and more inquisitive. They suspect that no history written from only one angle can be final; they admit, for instance, that the Roman Catholic and the Protestant accounts of the Reformation, or the Northern and Southern accounts of the American Civil War, cannot be identical; they even believe that books equally excellent and equally true, though mutually contradictory, may have the same theme.

As I belong to the latter class, I heartily welcome Professor Molmenti's striking work,[1] which differs fundamentally in aim and treatment from my own. An unwary critic might parade some line from Procopius to prove that he is incompetent; but the truth is that Molmenti knows more about the history of Venice — including the line from Procopius — than any other living historian. Nearly thirty years ago he published a monograph entitled *The History of Venice in its Private Life*. This almost immediately won distinction for him at home, was soon translated into French, and so went on its journey through the world; for French is still the language of international intellectual contacts, as German is the international medium for erudition. Molmenti, besides writing half a dozen other books on Venetian art and artists and manners, has from time to time expanded his monograph, until now he has nearly trebled its size, and reached the definitive edition before us. He has been fortunate in securing as his English translator Mr. Horatio Brown, whose own studies in Venetian life, and whose admirable history of Venice, are relished on both sides of the Atlantic. Of his translation, no more need be said than that it reads as if written originally in English — an achievement all the more remarkable in view of Molmenti's Italian style, which is often exuberant and sometimes ornate. The publishers, too, deserve praise for having made the book handsome, and for providing nearly four hundred rare or beautiful illustrations which really supplement the text.

Although Professor Molmenti takes Venetian private life as his main theme, and uses it as the register of political and national conditions from age to age, yet he nevertheless introduces a thread of historical narrative sufficient to bind his

[1] *Venice. Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic.* By Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by Horatio F. Brown. Part I. The Middle Ages, 2 vols. Part II. The Golden Age, 2 vols. Part III. The Decadence, 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906–08.

miscellaneous material together. This is well, because it is not the manners and customs, but the historical origins and national evolution, about which historians still dispute; and on these matters Professor Molmenti's conclusions should have great weight. What sort of refugees fled before Attila to the mud islets of the Lagoon? What was their relation, after they had established some sort of a communal existence, to the ruler of Italy and to the Eastern Empire? Molmenti takes the reasonable view in both cases. He thinks that the refugees comprised all classes, although some of the patricians among them may have returned to the mainland towns after the invasion of the barbarian ceased. He thinks, further, that during the first three or four centuries the Venetians acknowledged the overlordship of their powerful neighbors on the West, or of the Byzantine Empire, but without sacrificing their virtual independence. Over this latter point there has been much debate. Students who put amazing faith in shreds of uncertain evidence, would make the Venetians mere everyday vassals; some of the local historians, on the other hand, describe Venice as an independent state from the moment the first fugitive leaped ashore on Rivo Alto.

Whatever the compact may have been on paper, — and as no official documents remain, this can only be conjectured, — the one great fact is that the Venetians did practically maintain their independence. No foreigner ever dictated laws in their city. If they paid tribute, it was to be let alone; if they were vassals, they did not lose their national initiative. In truth, between the time of Theodoric and the age ushered in by Charlemagne, the world was too chaotic for so remote and inconspicuous a community as theirs to attract much attention. They throve, after the Spartan fashion, on hardship. Obscurity was their best defense. And when at last they did excite the ambition of Charlemagne, they had grown to be strong enough to survive him. The adroitness with which during the following centuries they played one Emperor against the other, professing themselves Eastern when the West pressed too hard, and Western when the East threatened their liberty, is one of the marvels of statecraft. The policy seems obvious enough now, but to carry it out successfully for three hundred years without a break gives the measure of their ability.

Brief as are Professor Molmenti's epitomes of the progress of events, they still serve in this way to reveal the rational point of view. Whoever desires to investigate in detail many of the critical episodes should turn to Mr. Horatio F. Brown's studies in Venetian history,[1] which comprise a score of valuable monographs, and present the conclusions of a critical student on such much-debated subjects as Bajamonte Tiepolo's conspiracy, Marino Falier, Carmagnola, Caterina Cornaro, and the Spanish Conspiracy. The gem of Mr. Brown's essays deals with Fra Paolo Sarpi, who has never before been so admirably portrayed in an English essay.

That Molmenti passes over Sarpi with scanty mention, devoting more space to his achievements as a scientist and historian than as a statesman, is due to the general plan of his work. But Sarpi is one of the world's great men, the embodiment of an eternal principle, which nations can never neglect without putting themselves at the mercy of ecclesiastical domination. Under Sarpi's guidance, Venice, a thoroughly loyal Catholic country, refused to allow the Pope to interfere in a case which was brought before one of her criminal courts. Rome, flushed by the enthusiasm of the Catholic Reaction, spurred on by the eagerness of the Jesuits and confident of the support of Spain, could not bring Venice to terms. Even the interdict which the Pope laid upon her for a year had no serious effect: it

[1] *Studies in Venetian History.* By HORATIO F. BROWN. 2 volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

merely showed that the Pope's threats were harmless. The significant point in this episode is that it was a Catholic nation which thus unmasked the impotence of Papal pretensions, and kept inviolate the separation of State from Church. As this had been the Venetian policy toward Romish encroachments for a thousand years, it would have been proper, even in a book constructed on Molmenti's plan, to pay more heed to Sarpi and what he stood for.

II

But when we follow Molmenti along his chosen paths, we have nothing to complain of. He describes the life of the people on all its sides with great detail. We learn from him how the Venetians built their houses, what they wore and ate, how they amused themselves, and what customs they observed at birth, betrothal, marriage, and death. Some of their elaborate pageants pass before us in word-pictures. We go to the Arsenal and see the busy artisans construct and equip the famous galleys. We are told how the Venetians navigated, the volume and directions of their commerce, the extent of their industries. Molmenti analyzes minutely the government of their capital, and explains their colonial system. He surveys their literature and fine arts, their music and drama. He sketches the political constitution, the law codes and procedure, the police, the military, the various councils or committees. And when he comes to individual men and women, Molmenti neglects no type or class, from doge and dogaressa down to the gondoliers and cooks. He does for the Venetians what Green and Traill did for the English people, and Burckhardt for the Italians of the Renaissance, and by his success he demonstrates afresh that the intimate life, the habits, work, and play of human beings, have a perpetual fascination.

As Professor Molmenti divides his work into three sections, we are able to observe the changes in social life from the earlier ages, through the epoch of prime, to the decline and fall. At will, we can trace the social development in its sequence, or we can compare one generation with another. So far as Venice herself goes, this is enough; but we cannot appraise her civilization at any given era without knowing the condition of her contemporaries. Professor Molmenti might have summarized this information without adding much to the bulk of his work.

Take, for example, the question of the treatment of prisoners. Dramatists and romancers have curdled our blood with descriptions of the *Pozzi* and of the *Piombi:* and no doubt those dungeons were bad enough; but, relatively, they were better than most of the prisons of the Renaissance; and not merely that, they were better than those which philanthropist Howard found on his pilgrimages through Europe in the eighteenth century, and better than those in which the Emperor of Austria, who still lives, confined political suspects at Mantua less than sixty years ago. So of executions. Writers have argued that the Venetians must have been exceptionally cruel because they commonly resorted to strangling in capital punishment: but if we understand that strangling was regarded as the least painful form, — that the condemned begged for it, when they were consulted, — and that in other countries prisoners were boiled or buried alive, or were destroyed by one of the many diabolical instruments of torture such as are still preserved at Nuremburg, we shall have a better basis for our estimate. Or again, many persons infer from Shakespeare's Shylock that the Venetians bore harshly on the Jews. The truth is, however, that from about 1550 the Jews in Venice enjoyed unusual privileges compared with their brethren elsewhere in Europe. The last great Venetian patriot, Daniele Manin, the hero of the glorious republic of 1849, was a Jew; the national historian of the Republic — Romanin — was a Jew;

yet Jews were not allowed to sit in the English Parliament until 1858, and to-day Germany, which we are urged to accept as the leader of civilization, discriminates against Jews. These instances, picked at random, warn us against drawing hasty conclusions as to the humaneness or the morals of a people.

Morals, indeed, fill a large space in these volumes. Venice was the Paris of the Renaissance in the refinements of her luxury, in her insatiable appetite for pleasure, and in voluptuousness. But here, too, we need to know contemporary standards if we would judge intelligently. Until the later centuries, Venice was undoubtedly more refined in dissipation, but not more unbridled, than the other cities of Italy and France. We must remember that, since Puritanism never taught the Venetians to wear a cloak of hypocrisy or of concealment, so it would be unhistoric to censure them for falling below an ideal which they did not profess. Unlike modern plutocrats and fashionable debauchees, they never discovered the easy way of practicing polygamy through divorce. The sexual problem hardly perplexed them, because they made no pretense of solving it by virtue: they simply let nature take her course. This attitude is in part medieval, and in part traceable to Oriental contacts. We must not forget that, until the twilight of decadence fell upon the Venetians, the licence of which they were accused did not enervate them. They held out for several centuries against the demoralizing influence of immense wealth.

In her decline Venice has so dazzled the world that it has never adequately appreciated her greatness. Unfortunately, Molmenti's work tends to throw her history out of perspective, because he has more material for the last three centuries than for the preceding ten. His reader will remember the scandals, the foppery, the jaded sensuality, the joyless gayety, the lukewarm adulteries, of the eighteenth century, which are recorded in elaborate detail; and he will forget the strenuous ages of preparation, the patient building up of character, and the long reign of sagacity and soberness, about which the information is more meagre or less picturesque. Yet, until Doge Tommaso Mocenigo died, in 1423, the old ideals prevailed; and not until after the death of Sarpi, in 1623, did magnificence give way to decrepitude. Thanks to innumerable reporters, whether they were foreign visitors or native diarists and satirists, we can follow that decrepitude day by day. But the real Venice, the Venice that rose to be a world-power in the Middle Age, must be sought in the chronicles of her prime. So, whoever would know the ideals and strength of the American Commonwealth must go, not to the disreputable journals of to-day which write up the vices of the dissolute rich, but to the story of the colonists of Plymouth, of the Massachusetts Bay, and of Virginia, and to the biographies of Washington and of his contemporaries.

We need to insist on this point in the case of Venice because the topical treatment, which serves Signor Molmenti admirably in most of his work, tends to exaggeration when it is employed to describe gambling, drunkenness, or other vices. The investigator, collecting all the evidence that he can, leaves on you the impression that the entire community was the slave of whatever vice he has chosen to study. In actual life, we form a saner estimate, because we may have acquaintances who are not drunkards, or we may know of drunkards who are not drunk all the time. Let not the reader of Molmenti, therefore, be too much absorbed by the *chronique scandaleuse* (all true) of her magnificent dissolution, but let him rather turn back to the annals of her dauntless youth and noble prime.

III

For it is with nations as with individuals — we should fix our attention on what is significant, on the characteristic and seminal, and not on the colorless or

commonplace. Goethe, for instance, must have eaten a thousand meals a year during every one of his four-score years; and no doubt some German is laboriously compiling an account of those eighty thousand meals: but even if he could recover every bill of fare, he would probably help us very little in understanding Goethe's genius or in explaining his conduct. So what should interest us in the history of Venice is, not those qualities which she shared with others at any given period, nor the symptoms of decay which are common to all highly-civilized peoples in their last stages, but those qualities which belonged primarily to her, which differentiated her from all her fellows, and made her of right move as queen among the nations for well-nigh five hundred years.

Viewed in this light, her history has many claims to attention. Her capital city offers the most marvelous example of the subduing of natural difficulties by human ingenuity of which we have any record. Her very existence depended upon keeping a perfect adjustment with the tides, whose maximum range was only eighteen inches, and with the alternating floods and low water of the rivers which flowed into the Lagoon. To achieve this, she had to rely upon experts, and her municipal business ran like clock-work long before other cities had taken steps to secure the most obvious necessaries, such as paving, drainage, and police. Every detail of her civic life was carefully thought out; and so of her commerce, by which she grew rich and powerful. Her trade, regulated by experts, was not left to the haphazard of individual initiative. Her fleet of merchantmen went forth and returned with the orderliness of the seasons.

In the central government itself experts swarmed to a degree which has not been matched elsewhere. Doge, procurators, senators, decemvirs, inquisitors of state, judges, ambassadors, — each underwent a searching test. By an intricate system, which nevertheless worked with little or no friction, a single individual passed in rotation from office to office, so that, by the time he had risen to be procurator or doge, he knew, by actual experience, every cog of the machinery of the State. The interlocking of responsibility and the short tenure of office — except in the case of the doge, round whom other safeguards were thrown — put a check on dishonesty. As the crying need of our various governments, especially the municipal, is for expert rule, we might do well to study the Venetian system. Venice also learned the wisdom of intrusting the administration of her affairs to commissions, and she devised a way to keep these commissions both efficient and honest.

The fact that the Venetian Republic was not only an oligarchy, but an almost perfect example of that form of government, renders her history of rare interest. Her growth was so entirely normal, and her longevity so extraordinary, that we can trace the rack-and-pinion interaction of cause and effect better perhaps than in the annals of any other nation. We see how, having converted the handicap of her geographical environment into her chief source of strength, she fell at last a victim to geography: for after Da Gama found the ocean route to India, nothing could preserve to her the mercantile primacy of Europe. That lost, her decline was inevitable.

In modern times, England has been the nearest parallel to Venice, enjoying by her isolation a unique opportunity to develop her industries, her carrying trade, and her empire over-seas. The time seems to have come when England's supremacy must wane, not through the discovery of another Da Gama, but through the catching up of other nations. India and South Africa and the Far East are her Cyprus and Levant, and we may expect that one by one these imperial possessions will fall from her grasp as surely as the Venetian possessions slipped away from the Queen of the Adriatic. History may never repeat itself in details,

but states, like all organizations, have their fated limits, and resemble one another in the stages of their evolution.

Historically, Venice performed the very important service of intermediary. In space, she was for centuries the chief link between Eastern and Western Christendom; in time, she bridged the period between the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of the modern European States; in politics, she perfected an oligarchy, which had many of the attributes of the ancient republics, together with a sort of absolutism diffused through an entire aristocracy instead of being concentrated in a single autocrat; in activity, she devoted herself to commerce during an era when the rest of the world made fighting its chief concern; in religion, she acknowledged the Roman creed, but she had her own patriarch and resisted, as long as her vigor held out, every Papal encroachment; in spirit, she was tolerant amid a world of fanatics; in commerce, she was so non-partisan that the ships in which she transported Crusaders to fight the Saracens, came back freighted with Saracen merchandise. Her composite nature can still be seen exemplified in her architecture, in which Roman, Byzantine, and Gothic met and designed buildings of strange and matchless beauty.

These are some of the reasons why the history of Venice concerns us today; [1] they may be deduced from a careful reading of Molmenti, even when he seems chiefly intent on describing manners. Whoever perceives that Venice has this significance, will look with all the greater astonishment on the magic city, which seems to be the embodied dream of poets and young lovers, but was really the creation of grave, far-sighted statesmen, staunch patricians, who were also merchants. Though they were very powerful, they revered beauty; though very rich, they knew how to give great dignity to their splendor. They attained to that union of the practical and the beautiful which our modern world gropes after in vain. New York City, with twenty-five times as many inhabitants as Venice at her zenith, might be swallowed up by earthquake without depriving posterity of a single original contribution of supreme value to any of the fine arts: but were any one of twenty Venetian palaces or churches to be destroyed, the world would be the poorer for all time to come.

To externize Power as Beauty; to show that a nation's strength lies, not in undeveloped multitudes, but in the number of its citizens who have intelligence, enterprise, and character; to count on industry and not on luck — these are among the things that Venice teaches. And in spite of the fact that her government was oligarchic, she made all her children love her with an almost personal devotion, and her subjects on the mainland preferred her rule to independence. The solution of modern problems does not lie in organizing an oligarchy after the Venetian pattern: but the State of the future, the ideal democracy, must emulate the sagacity and justice, the high average well-being, the national solidarity, the respect for reason, and the delight in beauty, which had their home in Venice, if it would do as much for its scores of millions of people, as the Venetian oligarchy did for its half million.

[1] The recent renewal of interest in this history is shown by the publication of the following works: Horatio F. Brown: *Venice: An Historical Sketch of the Republic* (Putnam, 1893); and *Studies in Venetian History* (Dutton, 1907); W. C. Hazlitt: *The Venetian Republic* (2 vols., Black, 1900); F. C. Hodgson: *The Early History of Venice* (George Allen, 1901); William R. Thayer: *A Short History of Venice* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1905); and Molmenti: *Venice*, (6 vols., McClurg, 1906-08). F. Marion Crawford's *Salve Venetia* (2 vols., Macmillan, 1906) hardly falls within the category of history.

THE PROBLEM OF COLLEGE PEDAGOGY

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

THERE is no question that the American college is under fire. Let us freely admit that it has accomplished a great deal. It has broken down the classical monopoly that first restricted, then threatened to destroy, its influence; it has successfully assimilated every type of scientific and scholarly activity that modern conditions have started up. It has thus produced for itself a far larger, more varied, and more vital function than it discharged in days when it was criticised less, — a more varied function than has been won by the English university, the German *gymnasium*, or even the German university. Each of those institutions has encountered limits beyond which it has thus far been unable to adapt itself. New species of schools, secondary and advanced, have had to be devised abroad to provide for interests that the American college has proved elastic enough to accommodate.

This very expansion has, however, developed problems new and unforeseen. To my thinking, the college faces them rather helplessly. It is bewildered. This will prove in the end of little consequence to the college, if, in the meanwhile, the situation does not get away from it. There lies the justification of urgency and plain speaking; for, unless I greatly err, the college has already lost a trick or two.

Our college problems are, roughly classified, of two kinds: pedagogical and administrative. To some extent they interlace. On the one hand, lack of clear pedagogic thinking unnerves the administrative arm. The teacher or executive who does not realize quite clearly the end at which college education aims can hardly pursue either a very straight or a very vigorous line toward his problematic goal. On the other hand, absence of administrative vigor confuses the pedagogical situation. Many causes combine to account for this administrative weakness. Partly it is a matter of principle: the indifferent student is tolerated on the ground that he is "getting something." More important, however, are the following considerations. Our colleges are practically all over-extended. They rely too largely on fees to carry them through. The raised hand is therefore halted by thought of the balance-sheet. There are, moreover, too many colleges competing for the existing body of competent students. They are therefore driven to swell their enrollment by competing with the High Schools and by excessive tolerance toward their own students. Any other policy would put up the shutters of some of them, and close up certain wings of others for many years to come. Somewhat lax enforcement of standards is thus the condition of survival without retrenchment.

In the present paper, however, I wish to abstract from the administrative problem thus suggested. I want to discuss the pedagogic problem, just as if our difficulties were all soluble on that basis. I need not emphasize the statement that such is not the case; that even pedagogical reorganization will not alone redeem the situation.

The problem of college pedagogy did not explicitly arise under the old college régime. Its concern was with an accepted and practically constant subject-matter; the educational aim was sunk in this unquestioned body of material which the student was expected to master; and such mastery was naïvely as-

sumed to involve a beneficent, and the only beneficent, discipline. Of course, this was not all make-believe. Things did really happen to the student as he worked through his tasks. But the task was itself the thing; the performance was itself the conscious aim. Latin was Latin, Greek was Greek, moral philosophy was moral philosophy. There they were, and that was an end of the matter. I say that in such conditions no pedagogical issue, as such, is raised. I do not mean that there was no effective teaching. On the contrary, the teaching was often highly effective, and I shall in a moment endeavor to ascertain the source of its unique efficacy. But there was an absence of what I may call pedagogical self-consciousness. The teaching point of view was not explicit. It was sunk in, or dominated by, a subject-matter that had as yet undergone little of the minute dissection which has, in these days, fairly pulverized the grand divisions of history, belles-lettres, science, as our fathers knew them.

The rise of the investigative technique has displaced this objective method with something which, however different, is equally objective. The old-fashioned college aimed at the mastery of the existing fund, or some well authenticated portion of it. The new aims at refining or adding to it. Here again I do not mean that one can draw a sharp line, as though under the old régime no one ever tried to find out anything, and under the new no one ever tries to do anything else. But the difference in emphasis and attitude is nevertheless so marked that one does not mistake the two situations, if the former is conceived, as Professor Tufts has so clearly pointed out, in terms of authority, the latter in terms of interrogation. In both alike, however, teaching is absorbed in the act of knowing: knowing what some one else knows, in the first case; getting to know what no one else yet knows, in the second case.

The boy, as such, never became prominent in the old-fashioned college, because, in the first place, its endeavor was limited in range; and because, within the limits of this endeavor, it succeeded pretty well without raising any questions about him. Its procedure was, moreover, reinforced by strong social and domestic pressure. But the limitations within which it worked do not alone account for its relatively great efficiency. That is largely due to the fact that the material which it employed lay close to current human interests and activities. It was literary, untechnically philosophic, or quite concretely scientific, if scientific at all; the treatment was larger, vaguer, less differentiated, and hence really truer.

The acute logical fastidiousness which has by this time slowly worked over the whole field of human knowledge, taking things to pieces, defining sub-divisions with terrible precision, and threatening dreadful penalties for wobbling or poaching, had not yet begun its deadly work. A few large undivided geographical divisions still usurped the map, and over them a few teachers freely roamed. Hence, within each topic there was necessarily a varied interplay and cross-reference.

In teaching Latin, a generation of scholars, who had not been trained more or less exclusively in some one philological specialty, taught a somewhat primitive, but for that very reason efficacious, mixture in which ancient history, ancient philosophy, and modern applications were somewhat uncritically combined. They read their Sallust and Cicero with less conscientious philological scrutiny, but they found time to discuss, even if in amateur fashion, social conditions, philosophical problems, and suggestive similitudes. Doubtless our more searching — or researching — modern method proves that they were wrong at most points; their history was mythical, their philosophy prejudiced, and their modern instances fanciful. Nevertheless, the boy got a certain stretching of intellect and interest, a certain consciousness of complexity, variety, and reality that he

does not now get from the most unimpeachable syntactical and philological drill.

What is true of the classics is true elsewhere. Fifty years ago a practicing physician could serve a few terms without qualms of conscience as professor of anatomy; and then fill other chairs by rotation for fear of becoming narrow! Nowadays, we qualify the anatomical professorship, to which one non-practicing scientist devotes his life, so as to distinguish from it the professorship of histology, the professorship of neurology, the professorship of embryology, etc. The same process has been carried out even more thoroughly in every other department of the university. Overlapping has stopped. The teacher of Latin can no longer make his work stimulating and suggestive by incidental excursions into abutting territory. His conscience would n't permit it, even if his range of interest did. He knows too keenly his own limitations; he values expert knowledge too highly. He denies to the philosopher the right to express an opinion on etymology; of course, he claims no right to express an opinion or give incidental instruction in philosophy. The old cloth has been cut into ribbons.

In other words, the criterion which we now satisfy is logical. And in the effort to satisfy this criterion, and to extend the dominion within which it holds good, our treatment of subject-matter has become colorless, abstract, and remote. We no longer call anything knowledge or fact unless it is prepared to conform to the logical requirements which all sciences, even those into which the humanities have been converted, presuppose; and into our college curricula we admit nothing that has not the words "logically approved" blown in the bottle. I am not quarreling with the logic of science, — far from it. It has given us a new and better world, and far larger hope; but I point out that if the efficacy of the old college was partly due to the vital, organic, and composite character of its appeal, then it is not strange that no reaction results when its ultimate elements are separately administered. We are dealing in education with organic — not with inorganic — chemistry; and it need occasion no wonder that things occur with vital agents that do not occur with the separate inorganic factors into which those vital agents have been resolved.

There would thus appear to be at bottom a logical incompatibility between college education and research, — the two functions which current practice has somewhat unreflectively assigned at one and the same time to a single institution. On the one hand, the institution is charged with the task of refining and resolving knowledge as such. It views this mass of material as somewhat apart, — an "object," as Professor Münsterberg is wont to call it. This object the investigator wants to break up; he wants to ascertain its structure, to establish within it relations which will make of it a mechanical, self-centred, self-complete system. When he has achieved this, the thing is, as we say, "known;" and then he goes on to extend the relations in question, to follow them further into the outlying, undifferentiated fringe, which is still vague, formless, unrelated, or, as we say, "unknown." It is preëminently and purely a logical endeavor.

The college attitude ought to be fundamentally different. It disclaims at once the very disjunction that research presupposes. Its business is practical and human; pedagogic, not logical. It operates on and with composite, living, organic combinations and wholes. It deals with complex masses, — languages, literatures, sciences, philosophies. It lacks methodological rigor. It has no theoretic interest in breaking things up, or keeping apart things that normally agglutinate. Such distinctions as it makes are empirically based. They fall far short of the logical extreme. The kind of history in which philosophy, biography, art, are still inextricably involved proves

unmistakably more infectious, more stimulating, than any of the several single-thread specialties into which researchers break it up. That settles the sort of history which satisfies pedagogical rather than logical critera.

Science teaching affords additional illustration. Doubtless there is danger hereabouts. In the medical schools, for example, a presentation of chemistry, notable only for its inadequacy and superficiality, was formerly supposed to be vindicated when it was called "medical chemistry." I am not pleading for that sort of thing; but I insist that between this thin lukewarm science-gruel on the one side, and the colorless abstract on the other, there lies a realm of sound teachable science, — a chemistry, a physics, a physiology, that relates itself to and interprets the student's experience, and, wherever and whenever possible, touches fearlessly his prospective activity.

It is absurd to throw away the inestimable advantage of kneading experience, application, intersecting interests into the very tissue of theoretic knowledge in process of acquisition. Knowledge is not corrupted that way! Teachers of practical branches in technical and professional schools stand aghast at the helplessness and apparent ignorance of their trained students. The teaching has been so "pure" that it has shrunk from attaching itself to experience at one end or use at the other. As against such practice I urge that pedagogical vitality, pedagogical necessity are just as valid in education as are logical validity and logical necessity in their appropriate domain. Logical canons govern a world that lies for the most part beyond the pedagogic level, whatever one locates within that line, — high school, college, or professional school. There should be, then, properly no issue between education and research, for there is no issue between training minds and organizing facts. The situation which eventuates in the conflict is itself a false one.

Meanwhile, the thing has been done; the iridescent fabric has been unraveled: here are the single threads. The work cannot be undone. The naïve and once inviolate totals, which we knew as the classics, as history, as literature, are in the same plight as Humpty Dumpty, whom,

> All the king's horses and all the king's men
> Can never put together again.

For the moment the situation is therefore deadlocked; the college cannot, on the one side, recover what time and progress have taken away; nor can it, on the other, as has been abundantly proved, succeed simply through anticipating the special and appropriate standpoint of research.

Here, as I view it, the problem of modern college pedagogy is born. I suggest that, in the place of natural organic combinations which the old-fashioned college found efficacious, the modern college must effect rational combinations, whose organic character is vouched for by social need and experience. Pedagogy, whether secondary or collegiate, becomes thus a subtle chemistry which, far from regretting or antagonizing, finds its present opportunity in utilizing the achievements of research. This suggestion, if sound, takes advantage of the differentiation of function that I have already discussed; it shows further how the complete development of research has been the essential precondition of the reconstruction of the college on a basis really adequate to social need. The old-fashioned college could, in a word, take its material as it found it, just because it was concerned to build only such a house as could be built in that way. But the task set to the modern college is both more various and more definite. To comply with the different specifications, the material must come, not in its natural blocks, but in an elemental form which permits all the necessary kinds of combination. And the art of recombination, with a view of meeting conditions determined by the individual constitution of the boy on the one hand, and by the structure of society on the other, — that is the intellectual

chemistry which I mean by college pedagogy.

I have elsewhere undertaken to find in differentiated social types the principle upon which the college may proceed in recombining the elements which investigation has put into its hands. At first blush, such a suggestion seems to run counter to the fundamental purpose of the historic college. If the college has an eye to vocation, what is to become of culture? The answer to this inquiry I shall presently suggest; let me first indicate why, in any event, I consider such reconstruction of the college curriculum on the basis of ascertained social types, — professional, technical, scholarly, industrial, or other, — to be quite inevitable.

President Eliot has demonstrated once for all that selection — how safe-guarded and organized, it matters not for the moment — is bound to prevail in the modern college: the field is too broad to be covered by any one individual. If, then, choice is to be allowed, it is good sense to enlist through election the boy's maximum interest and power. So far, the college. Now, subsequently, in practical life, we proceed on the very same theory. In exactly the same interest, — that of economy, effectiveness, happiness, — we concede to the boy the privilege of freely determining the direction of his own career. Here then is the situation: If the student's college choices were pertinent, they represent permanent interest or capacity. When the boy emerges from academic tutelage, the same forces, however strengthened or modified, utter themselves, making his development continuous, not discrete. If, then, the two phases thus run and are meant to run in the same channel, the college must be long-headed enough to treat the inevitable vocation, not as an obstacle, but as an opportunity, by developing its cultural implications and significance.

The part of the college under the fluid conditions now existing, is not therefore, as President Hadley recently proposed, deliberately to disrupt the boy's development, so that coming out from under the academic ether he finds himself in possession of a freedom which his unsteady gait forbids him to use, but rather to ensure the intelligent and significant selection of a vocational function, which he has been trained to comprehend in all the fullness of its social and historic relations. The breadth and flexibility of intelligence which we call culture has nothing to dread from vocation thus conceived; its enemy is a self-centred, detached pursuit, in which relations, implications, perspective, ideals, are ignored. And from such pursuits, culture is almost equally in danger, whether the pursuit be Greek roots or selling shoes.

If, now, such reconstruction is theoretically unobjectionable, the sole remaining point is as to its practicability. I am not ready to submit the outlines of the required typical curricula; but I see no reason to doubt that they can be constructed. An initial difficulty touches the feasibility of intelligent action on the student's part. I have recently begun an inquiry which may throw some light on this subject. A brief preliminary investigation, among law and medical students in various sections of the country, appears to indicate that something like sixty-five or seventy per cent of the college graduates now studying law or medicine knew in college just what their subsequent vocation would be. And the college made no use of that significant fact! So complete may be the divorce between an elective college course supposedly bearing toward the student's career and that career itself, that a well-known theological seminary, whose students are largely college graduates, finds itself compelled to institute a beginner's course in Greek, because so few intending theological students now enter the seminary with a knowledge of that language! If, now, under conditions in which the college does little or nothing to assist the boy to know himself, a large proportion are nevertheless clear as to their ultimate destination,

little as they profit by that knowledge, is it not likely that proper emphasis would greatly increase their number? A minority may, indeed, never know; of these, enforcement of proper standards would eliminate some; the others would get a better education if, even under a little coercion, they pursued some organized form of instruction, than if left to drift as now.

The proposed organization of curricula does not necessarily aim to fill the student's entire time; it provides an organized core, not inconsistent with a certain leeway outside, which will permit the boy to gratify or try-out impulses or tendencies which may define themselves in his new environment. The college student enters upon a stimulating experience; it is altogether likely that some trail hitherto dark may light up; some fuse that has not yet burned may now catch. That consideration needs to be borne in mind.

Of course, even this is not everything. There are important phases and aspects of experience not open to choice at all. There are certain fundamental things about which, once for all, the boy has nothing to say. We do not ask him whether, for example, he chooses to speak English; nor ought we in reason to leave it to him, so far as we do, just what sort of English he shall speak. It is, I think, fairly clear that every elective system must operate subject to certain fundamental conditions and qualifications involved in the constitution of our society itself. Our main task just now is to persuade our educational rulers that nothing is to be feared from such pragmatic reference, if I dare use the word, to social organization. What I am urging in behalf of studies recently admitted into good academic society, is really countenanced by the history of classical study, now so strangely misinterpreted. For Latin and Greek got their start in modern life because they were useful, not because they were mere æsthetic luxuries. The immense cultural importance they subsequently attained means that men went beyond the primary purpose, in order to seize and to transmit the total import of a fertile heritage. They owe none of their vogue through the centuries to their uselessness; that has never been anything but a drawback, and now proves their undoing.

Culture neither fears use nor stops at it. It accepts what is instrumentally necessary, and subdues it to larger, more humane, more truly rational purpose. There is no conflict under modern conditions between culture, even in the academic sense, and use, unless we arbitrarily stop short. The classics, realized in their total significance, "quickened a new birth;" but they were embraced, in the first place, because they served a useful purpose. The instrumental basis was thus in time covered beneath a rich cultural development. For a long time, these ancient literatures were alone eligible to this treatment; we must to-day seek their successors in vehicles that are similarly pertinent to our needs. That is exactly the process that college pedagogy has to work out with each of the rival claimants to a share of the "old dominion." And here we unexpectedly encounter again the fundamental antagonism between education and research; for education, as I have just been pointing out, reckons inevitably with organic social composites, and strives constantly to apprehend relations, significance, function, — whereas research abstracts from function, isolates, reduces, analyzes, succeeding just in the degree in which it satisfies logical statutes.

Whether now one teacher can best do both has, to say the least, not yet been proved. Until it has been proved, ardent believers in research — of whom I count myself one — will seek jealously to protect the investigator against exhaustion, interference, and waste. If instances occur in which he finds stimulus or relaxation in genuine undergraduate teaching, nothing forbids such indulgence; but an occasional case justifies no general in-

ference to the effect that all college teachers will be inspired by research, or that all investigators gain through college service. The boy with his perfectly definite pedagogical needs remains always the centre of reference. That factor safeguarded, it is relatively indifferent just how or whence the teacher derives his inspiration, so he but have it. He must absorb, by all means. Beyond this, he is free — to research, if he chooses; to recover and maintain his spirits, vitality, largeness of outlook and interest, in any or all of a dozen ways. No evidence justifies the assumption that vitality can be maintained by research alone; it has sometimes been lost that way. Nevertheless the universities continue to penalize college teachers who derive their power from other sources.

I took occasion, not long ago, to ask a college dean who was the best teacher in his institution. He named a certain instructor.

"What is his rank?"

"Assistant Professor."

"When will his appointment expire?"

"Shortly."

"Will he be promoted?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He has n't *done* anything!"

This policy not alone tends to force the graduate treatment down into the college, — it overlooks the inexhaustible variety of youthful response, the constantly shifting interaction of discovered truth with practical interests. At this point the modern law school has a lesson to teach the academic department. The law is surely a rather definite and fixed body of material; the teacher of law is teaching things known, decided, recognized. If the present theory of college procedure is sound, law teaching is bound to be stale; is it? Not if the law teacher has teaching-insight and interest. Legal education has, it is true, serious defects; these are not now in question. The point is that the enthusiasm and effectiveness of the law teachers at Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, dealing, as they do, with an already determined subject-matter, completely disprove the contention that vigorous teaching is inseparable from research. Nor does the legal mind, trained by teachers who are content to teach, compare unfavorably in point of flexibility and power with the scientific or linguistic type, trained by teachers too solicitous for their own mental sprightliness and academic advancement to lose themselves more or less completely in their pedagogic function.

THE SOCIALISM OF G. LOWES DICKINSON

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

It chanced that two sociological books published this spring fell into my hands at the same time; Morris Hillquit's *Socialism in Theory and Practice* and G. Lowes Dickinson's *Justice and Liberty*;[1] and reading them together, I was led to ask myself how men of so diverse tempers could hold, or profess to hold, the same doctrine. Mr. Hillquit, I saw, was at least consistent with himself; his reconstructed society of the future is a natural outgrowth from his attitude toward that of the present. Whether he really understands the present, and whether his reconstruction of the future is humanly possible, are, of course, other questions.

Orthodox economy, in the person of the doughty M. Leroy-Beaulieu, contends that no communistic exploitation of labor would be sufficiently productive to maintain civilization; the economists may decide. So, too, the psychologist alone can determine whether any equalized system of distribution would create a condition of content among the individuals capable of stability. The historian must say whether evolution from a slave-holding régime, through the dominance of the feudal baron and of the "captain of industry," points logically to a self-guiding society, or merely to another change of masters. And, finally, it remains for the moralist to ask whether a revolution based avowedly on class-hatred would not result in a grosser form of egotism, rather than in Mr. Hillquit's beatific vision of a "world-wide solidarity," and of a state in which "the question of right and wrong is entirely obviated, since no normal conduct of the individual can hurt society, and all acts of society must benefit the individual."

These are brave matters, indeed, and whilst the debate goes on with words, and sometimes with blows, the mere man of letters might do well to hug the wall and chant his "*Ailinon! ailinon!* — sing woe, sing woe, but may the Good prevail."

With Mr. Hillquit and the honorable economists of his type, I have no argument; they are out of my range. But Mr. Dickinson, who is himself really just a man of letters, however high he may stand in the craft, I am able to follow; and I seem to detect an inconsistency in his procedure, something more than a logical fault, which, if I am wrong, he may some day in his suave manner quite explain away. Meanwhile, I should have supposed that he belonged to the class of M. Anatole France rather than of Mr. Hillquit, with less of irony and more of moral earnestness, no doubt, than the wicked Parisian, but still moved at bottom by the same irritated refinement of taste. If that be so, his descent into the political maelstrom ought to have ended in some such débâcle of horror as closes M. France's *L'Ile des Pingouins*, wherein

[1] The order of Mr. Dickinson's publications will be found significant: *From King to King: The Tragedy of the Puritan Revolution* (1891); *Revolution and Reaction in Modern France* (1892); *The Development of Parliament during the Nineteenth Century* (1895); *The Greek View of Life* (1896); *The Meaning of Good: A Dialogue* (1901); *Letters from a Chinese Official: Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization* (1901); *Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast* (1905); *A Modern Symposium* (1905); *Justice and Liberty* (1908). Since then, he has delivered at Harvard his Ingersoll lecture, *Is Immortality Desirable?* which was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, and which is to appear this spring in book form. The important development of his ideas begins with *The Greek View of Life*.

the reader is left with the spectacle of a civilization crowded into a monstrous city, evidently suggested by New York, alternating with a state of barbarism into which it is periodically thrown by a socialistic insurrection, and from which it slowly emerges to the same hideous nightmare of commercialism. To be sure, M. France has himself sat on the *pierre blanche*, dreaming the dream of a regenerated world, and it may be that Mr. Dickinson will yet take the same step from fancy to despair. But for the present his profession of faith, as it may be read in *Justice and Liberty*, closes with an avowed adherence to that party of progressive materialism from whose temperament his own would seem to be of all temperaments the furthest removed.

In one respect Mr. Dickinson stands with the more practical socialists, in so far as he, like them, is exercised by a profound discontent with the present social order. That deep-seated feeling underlies all his discussions, rising at the last in *Justice and Liberty* to a clamorous outcry against a society which is "a silly, sordid muddle, grown up out of centuries of violence and perpetuated in centuries of stupidity and greed," but expressed more bitingly, if more judiciously, in the earlier *Letters*, wherein an imaginary follower of Confucius sets forth the lack of an ethical basis in Western civilization, its absolute divorce between religion and practice, its vain endeavor to accomplish through government meddling what in China springs naturally from the institution of the family, its inherent and suicidal unrest. "Your triumphs in the mechanical arts," observes this bland Oriental, "are the obverse of your failure in all that calls for spiritual insight. . . . Ratiocination has taken the place of perception; and your whole life is an infinite syllogism from premises you have not examined to conclusions you have not anticipated or willed. Everywhere means, nowhere an end! Society a huge engine, and that engine itself out of gear!"

No socialist could express a more complete animosity toward existing conditions, but the grounds of their discontent are utterly different, and it is precisely in this difference that I see the difficulty of associating Mr. Dickinson in any peaceful bond with such writers as Mr. Hillquit — to take the latest comer. These writers, it is clear, have no part in the regret for the past, such as troubles the imagination of the poet and scholar; rather they are of those who reach out passionate, protesting hands to make, as Mr. Dickinson says, "a cupidinous ravishment of the future." Their quarrel with present ills is not because time affords so small a recompense for all it takes away, but because it withholds so grudgingly its promise of good. The tendency of things to them is altogether right; only by persuasion or violence they would hasten its course.

Starting with a thorough acceptance of the *grande industrie* as it now rules society, they aim only to carry this law to what they regard as its scientific conclusion. They are no recalcitrants against "the proud magnificence of trade." On the contrary, they are merely a part of the larger tendency, which for a century and more has been gaining visibly in acceleration, to glorify industry, commerce, labor, as things desirable in themselves and inevitable to progress. Their old testament is Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, from which individualist and collectivist alike take origin; and their Messiah is Karl Marx, with whom they agree in this, if in nothing else, that the controlling forces of the world are material, that the changing social order with its creeds and professions is entirely the result of economic forces, and that productive labor is the sole economic measure of values.[1] They can

[1] I am perfectly aware that Socialists are all things against all men, and will at a pinch slip from socialism to anarchism, or from materialism to idealism, in a quite bewildering manner. But I believe that my thesis represents their most continuous argument.

point to philosophers and grave historians as authority for their faith in the cash nexus — to Guglielmo Ferrero, to cite the scholar we are all reading these days, who accounts for the Roman conquest of the world by "the growth of a nationalist and industrial democracy on the ruins of a federation of agricultural aristocracies."

Now, the faith of these men in industrial evolution I can understand, but with the type of writers of which Mr. Dickinson is so eminent an example it is another matter. It may be a fault of interpretation, but as I read his books, even his profession of socialism, I involuntarily class him with the long line of philosophers who have averted their eyes from industry as from a degrading influence. To them the power that raises individuals and communities has been rather that *honestum* which Cicero defined as something laudable in itself, apart from all utility and without thought of reward or fruit. They are of the line of the witty Lord Halifax, who thought that "when by habit a man cometh to have a bargaining soul, its wings are cut, so that it can never soar;" of that clerk of the India House, honest Elia, who called upon earthquakes to swallow up the "'gripple merchants,' as Drayton hath it, 'born to be the curse of this brave isle;'" of that anarchical vagabond, if the comparison may be offered without offense, who tramped about Concord and who in his *Journal* wrote down business as more opposed than crime to poetry, and as "a negation of life;" of the gravely ironical Cardinal Newman, who rebuked the political economists for their theory "that the pursuit of wealth, that is, the endeavor to accumulate the means of future subsistence and enjoyment, is, to the mass of mankind, the great source of *moral* improvement." In a word, for examples might be heaped up without end, they are by temperament inclined to believe that any true advance from an industrial stage of society must be through some force working contrary to the principle of industrialism and not within it. Whether, I repeat, their attitude is in harmony with the nature of things, is another question; I am concerned with their self-consistency.

Now, this is no fanciful opposition of classes, nor does it spring from any mere theoretical disagreement. I will not presume to say that I have tracked the dividing cause to its last secret lair; he who could do that would possess such a clue to the divergent ramifications of human character as no man has ever yet laid hold of. But it is plain to see that with this opposition goes the contrast of temperaments which we call loosely democratic and aristocratic, and which is perhaps more precisely defined by the dislike or like of *distinction*. Not labor itself, the *labor improbus* of the poet, makes the difference, for the true aristocrat, whether in politics or the arts, has often been addicted to the severest toil. It is expressed rather in the phrase labor-value.

Adam Smith marked the point of divergence in his famous text: "Labor alone, therefore, never varying in its own value, is alone the ultimate and real standard by which the value of all commodities can at all times and places be estimated and compared." He himself, to be sure, has adverted in passing to the public admiration which makes part of the reward of the arts and sciences, and, indeed, some orthodox socialists have not denied this principle. As in all human theories, the question is one of emphasis; it is the stress laid on labor-value that separates the socialist from the school to which Mr. Dickinson should seem to belong. For distinction is precisely that quality in man or object which is incommensurable by labor; it is, to wrest a word from the vocabulary of the enemy, the true plus-value.

On that estimation and reverence which has no basis in labor-value, which goes with the concealment of labor or at least with the suppression of labor-value, hangs the whole aristocratic ideal. You

will find this theory set forth unmistakably in Castiglione's portrait of the gentleman whose distinguishing trait is a grace arising from a certain *sprezzatura* or disdain of apparent toil. It is elaborated with endless repetition in the letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, with their insistence on the *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, and on the necessity of hiding a strenuous application under the arts and graces of life.

Mr. Dickinson himself, in his *Modern Symposium*, has somewhat grudgingly set forth, and in *Justice and Liberty* has caricatured, a society whose tone and march are given by those who are preeminent from no personal achievement, but from the deference bestowed on rank and possessions achieved in the past. The justification of such a society, if justification it have, is in the value of a distinction created or maintained by the imagination. It presupposes that the ideal of a family set apart by a certain illusion, if you please, of the people for the higher ends of life will, imperfectly no doubt, work itself out in a practice of honor and beauty and wise control. It believes that the concealment of labor in an inherited name may have this power of the imagination.

The difference is even more evident in literature and art. The common distrust of socialism among those who really cherish the imagination is soundly based; and socialists, in replying to that distrust, have fallen into the vaguest generalizations, or have frankly avowed that no scheme of socializing this form of production without destroying its inspiration has yet been devised. "The domain of the arts is to-day practically the last resting-place of the 'superman,'" says our helpful friend, Mr. Hillquit: rightly as regards the implied attitude of his class; quite wrongly in so far as he affiliates the true distinction with a Nietzschean individualism rather than with a community of the imagination, giving and taking honor, which is the very opposite of a material or economic collectivism.

There was something more than grim humor in the remark of a socialist made in my hearing: "We must first kill the poets!" He meant to say that labor in itself affords no measure for valuing the production of the artist, as the tragedy and honor of life too openly show. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his marvelously wise *Discourses*, has seen the force of this law. "The value and rank," he says, "of every art is in proportion to the mental labor employed in it, or the mental pleasure produced by it. As this principle is observed or neglected, our profession becomes either a liberal art or a mechanical trade." And further: "The great end of the art is to strike the imagination. The painter, therefore, is to make no ostentation of the means by which this is done; the spectator is only to feel the result in his bosom. An inferior artist is unwilling that any part of his industry should be lost upon the spectator."

Not the picture or the poem that has cost the greatest toil is most highly prized and rewarded; and indeed the manifestation of toil, however much may have been expended, is directly harmful to the finished production. The value depends on the innate sense of distinction, or on the bastard sister of distinction which we call rarity. Industrialism is entirely consistent with itself in harboring a secret or avowed contempt for those works of the imagination which escape its means of estimation; just as a democracy is inherently jealous of distinction of manners.

If I do Mr. Dickinson a wrong in placing him, a professed socialist, in the class of those naturally opposed to socialism, it will be because I misjudge his writings. I find in these, to begin with, a distinction of mere language, a style marked by a rare delicacy of phrase and cadence, even verging at times on a too refined self-consciousness. To pass, for instance, from Mr. Hillquit's pages to this Cambridge don's is like changing from homespun, very good spun in this case, to an attire of silk. His language is shot through

with imaginative, above its utilitarian values.

And the ideas from which he starts are in accordance with his style. If you will open his early volume on *The Greek View of Life*, you will discover where his heart really lies. "With the Greek civilization, beauty perished from the world," he says; and although he admits sadly that the dissolution of that harmonious life was inevitable, yet he cannot avoid gazing back upon it regretfully, as upon the "fairest and happiest halting-place in the secular march of men." One observes, too, almost a secret satisfaction in his allusions to the Platonic and Aristotelian theory of mechanical toil as derogatory to the status of a citizen. "To regard the 'working-class,'" he says — and his statement cannot be dissevered from his praise of the Greek state as the fairest memory and the highest hope of mankind, — "to regard the 'working-class' as the most important section of the community, to substitute for the moral or political the economic standpoint, and to conceive society merely as a machine for the production and distribution of wealth, would have been impossible to an ancient Greek."

Temperamentally, it is evident, Mr. Dickinson is with the Greeks. The tragedy of his evolution — if tragedy is not too harsh a word — springs from his wistful admiration of that fair Hellenic harmony joined with a sense that it rested on ephemeral foundations. Excellence in Greece, he thinks with some exaggeration of the fact, was confined to a privileged class and demanded the subordination of the many to the few: —

"But this limitation was felt, in the development of consciousness, to be self-contradictory; and the next great system of ethics that succeeded to that of Aristotle, postulated an end of action that should be . . . open alike to all classes of mankind. The ethics of a privileged class were thus expanded into the ethics of humanity; but this expansion was fatal to its essence, which had depended on the very limitations by which it was destroyed."

The aim of philosophy, then, is to discover some practice, or theory leading to practice, which may bring back to the world that vanished grace, while not circumscribing its benefits; in a word, to reconcile individual excellence with absolute justice. But, first of all, we must clear our minds as to what is the real goal and desire of humanity, about which the idea of justice plays; and to that end moves the discussion of *The Meaning of Good*, a subtle and somewhat perplexed dialogue after the manner of Cicero's *De Finibus*. Fortunately for the reader, to this long pursuit of the *summum bonum*, which like a will o' the wisp flickers now here, now there, over a vast illusory field, the author has prefixed a careful analysis of his argument. The negative and unphilosophical aspects of the question are first considered, and reasons are given for rejecting the opinion, on the one side, that our ideas about the Good have no relation to fact, and on the other side the opinion that we have such easy and simple criteria of the Good as infallible instinct or the course of Nature or current conventions or pleasure.

Some deeper experience of the heart must be discovered than these, some foundation in that conscious activity which is of the individual and yet pertains to the whole. It cannot be merely the good of future generations, for to be real it must be present. It cannot be merely the scientific notion of the benefit of the species, for this introduces an incompatibility between the one and the many, leaving the Good to hang, as it were, in the air, being the good of nobody at all. And so we are led by subtlest interrogatories to detect the inadequacy of theory after theory: — that all activities are good, and that what seems bad in each, viewed in isolation, is seen to be good in a general survey of them all; that the Good consists in ethical activity, in art, in knowledge.

Finally, we are left to the hypothesis

that the Good must abide in our relation to other persons, and is nothing other than *love*. Here we have set before us, as the end of our conscious activity, not ideas, but objects, — objects which are good in themselves and harmonious to our own nature, and are alone really intelligible. Such love, indeed, to satisfy our innate craving must be more perfect than that which is possible to our present flawed existence, and must have an eternal endurance. Unless the soul as we know it is immortal, and love itself a perpetual possession beyond the bars of time, then are we baffled and abandoned of our aspirations; there is no Good, but only illusion and hope.

Such is the Christian ideal which superseded the decay of the ancient world; it is religious, in the narrower sense of looking to a future recompense for present imperfections and of demanding a relation of separate personalities, in contrast to the philosophy of Greece, which was immediate and impersonal. But what if we have no assurance of this recompense? To this doubt Mr. Dickinson applies himself in the next stage of his investigation, *Religion: a Criticism and a Forecast*. Our belief in revelation he admits to have been remorselessly exploded; supernatural knowledge of no sort can we have. There remains to us faith: —

"When I speak here of faith, I speak of an attitude which is not primarily intellectual at all, and which is quite compatible with — nay, which depends upon — intellectual agnosticism; for it presupposes that, in the region to which it applies, we do not know. The attitude I would describe is one of the emotions and the will — the laying hold, in the midst of ignorance, of a possibility that may be true, and directing our feeling and our conduct in accordance with it. In its broadest sense, I would say it is an emotional and volitional assumption that, somehow or other, in spite of appearances, things are all right. . . . Faith should stand always with the dagger of science pointed at its breast. It need not fear. It has its resurrections. . . . The frailest thing we know, it is also the least perishable, for it is a tongue of the central fire that burns at the heart of the world."

We have, thus, on the one hand, our present unlovely civilization, as it seems to Mr. Dickinson, in which humanity has grown to a perception of this faith whose substance is the perfectibility of love; and, on the other hand, the lost harmony of life actually attained by some men under the pagan dispensation. The next step was to see that the salvation of society depends on the union of this newly learned *summum bonum* with the working of beauty; on the amalgamation, that is, of the Christian and the Hellenic ideals. Such a reconciliation Mr. Dickinson points to, in what is, to my judgment, the most perfectly composed of all his books, *A Modern Symposium*. Here, with a dramatic skill that deserts him in none of his dialogues, and with an added sense of fair play that he sometimes forgets, he allows the upholders of various theories of government to set forth their views in a series of marvelously sympathetic speeches. At the end, after Tory and Liberal, Socialist and Anarchist, and all the others, have exposed the evils of society and offered their remedies, the word is taken up by Geoffry Vivian, a man of letters, in whom it is not hard to recognize the author himself: —

"Of which the chief [evil] is Property, most cruel and blind of all, who devours us, ere we know it, in the guise of Security and Peace, killing the bodies of some, the souls of most, and growing ever fresh from the root, in forms that but seem to be new, until the root itself be cut away by the sword of the spirit. What that sword shall be called, socialism, anarchy, what you will, is small matter, so but the hand that wields it be strong, the brain clear, the soul illumined, passionate, and profound. . . .

"Therefore, the gods [of Greece] are eternal; not they die, but we, when we

think them dead. And no man who does not know them, and knowing, worship and love, is able to be a member of the body of Man. Thus it is that the sign of a step forward is a look backward; and Greece stands eternally at the threshold of the new life. Forget her, and you sink back, if not to the brute, to the insect. Consider the ant, and beware of her! She is there as a warning. In universal Anthood there are no ants. From that fate may men save Man!

"But the pagan gods were pitiless; they preyed upon the weak. Their wisdom was rooted in folly, their beauty in squalor, their love in oppression. So fostered, those flowers decayed. And out of the rotting soil rose the strange new blossoms we call Faith, and Hope, and Charity. . . . That was the Christian Trinity, the echo of man's frustration, as the other was the echo of his accomplishment. Yet he needs both."

I have quoted at length because in this confession of the man of letters I seem to come closer than anywhere else to his real habit of thinking. In that angry revolt from a form of civilization dominated by the cruel and ugly laws of property, in the passionate desire of noble self-development symbolized to him by Hellas, in the longing backward glance toward a grace of the vanished past, in the feeling that somehow, in some far-away Advent, this self-development may be wedded with universal charity, — in all this I see the inspiration that is drawing many troubled minds to these preciously wrought dialogues. Nor is it the least significant part of his manifesto at this stage that the promise of redemption is left so vague and emotional. Socialism or anarchy — either will do, so that it wields the dividing and healing sword of the spirit. Only it is clear that the idea of socialism fills him with a certain apprehension, in so far as such a régime threatens to absorb the individual in the mass and to reduce mankind to the level monotony of the ants and bees. And, in fact, of the speeches that precede this closing confession of the man of letters, the most persuasive, the one that seems to flow most warmly from the author's own breast, is that of the anarchist.

To the reader of Mr. Dickinson's successive volumes it must therefore have appeared as a kind of *volte-face* when, in his next book, he ranged himself frankly with the socialists. No doubt it would be possible to discover in his earlier works signs that pointed in this direction as in other directions, but, unless I have misread his meaning, there is a real inconsistency in the step from the *Symposium* to *Justice and Liberty*. I am confirmed in this view by the actual picture of the state he draws in prophecy. To be sure, the theorems of the party are not blinked.

"Property is theft," he says with Proudhon; with the socialists he makes no sharp distinction between the slow evolutionary alteration of human character, if such there be, and the quick change, under the influence of new institutions, in the outward manifestation of unchanged nature; he believes that, in a government planned for the equal good of all, all will be content, and the desire to exceed will cease; he predicts prettily a time when various occupations will not create various interests, and the dock-laborer, the carpenter, the professor, and the financier will lie down in peace together; yet withal, like other socialists, he feels the difficulty of according an artificial scheme of distribution with any conceivable state of human nature, and for a solution gropes in the ways of a dark psychology. In all this, he is at one with his professed creed.

But there are signs of uneasiness. He himself is aware, or so appears to be, of the different route by which he has traveled to this golden land. Class-hatred, which has been the slogan of the party, and which forms not only its political driving force but its principle of solidarity, — as nothing so unites men as a common object of fear or envy, — he openly repudiates. "Where it [socialism] errs," he thinks, "is in the attempt — in a reac-

tion against utopianism — to eliminate altogether the appeal of the Ideal, and to imagine the industrial forces of themselves, independently of human choice, delivering from the womb of the class-war a babe of fraternity and peace." There is only one thing to say to such a statement as this, that it is a flat contradiction of what, to the orthodox socialist, makes of his hope a scientific fact.

And when, waiving the lip homage of Mr. Dickinson, we examine his proposed state, it turns out to be equally removed from the outgrowth of socialistic evolution. This amiable society, which is to "preserve the utmost liberty compatible with the necessary regulation," wherein men wander about from occupation to occupation as whim or desire moves them; this republic of flowers, like the world evoked in William Morris's undisciplined imagination, is at bottom a dream of anarchy; it lies, if the word may be spoken without offense, in that happy country of Heine's, where roast geese walk about with apples in their mouths and spoons conveniently tucked under their wings. With the true socialist Mr. Dickinson has only one thing in common, — the feeling of supreme discontent.

I confess that sometimes the thought of this discontent, gnawing at the very heart of our civilization, strikes me with a kind of vague terror, as if I had strayed into a land swept by armies clashing ignorantly in the night, or had fallen into some dream of the streets of Troy where friend and foe surged together under the same standards. This is no slight current that sucks into its vortex minds so diverse as Mr. Dickinson's and Mr. Hillquit's; it is a terrible rebuke to those canting optimists who cry, "All's right with the world," a warning to those who sit at ease in Zion.

In one sense, as Mr. Dickinson avers, the strength of the movement is "the weakness of the ruling class, the skepticism of the rich and the powerful, the slow, half-conscious detachment of all of them who have intelligence and moral force from the interest and the active support of their class." It is true, in a sense, that "those who deny socialism are most under its power; their hollow cries of rage and desperation, their intellectual play with the idea of force, betray their bitter sense of a lost cause." And such a state of affairs may contain an element of comfort, in so far as the defection of these men to socialism means the broadening of its policy and the impossibility of any attempt to carry out the narrower industrial programme. But it contains also a cause of alarm in so far as it betrays so wide-spread an unsettlement of ideals; and threatens, if unstayed, to create a period of sheer chaos. At least, until assured that they have not been dragged by their emotions into the camp of their natural enemies, these idealistic malcontents — their number is increasing with amazing rapidity — should put a guard upon their words, and should consider how dangerous a thing it is

> . . . spargere voces
> In vulgum ambiguas.

He needs be a more cunning physician of souls than I, who will offer a remedy for so insidious a malady; my purpose has been simply to call attention to a curious inconsistency in a certain class of radicals. Yet, withal, it seems to me that I can at least lay my finger on the point where the lesion occurs. To Mr. Dickinson, as we have seen, socialism is no necessity of evolution, but the voluntary reaching of men toward their highest ideal. Well, I would make bold to say, after following his course step by step, that his acceptance of socialism is due to a condition, or diathesis, of uneasy idealism, if my meaning is plain, without a definite ideal — *quærebam quid amarem, amans amare.*

It is at bottom a religious question. This faith that is an emotional and volitional assumption, contrary to experience, that things are all right, this faith that stands so tragically with the

dagger of science at its breast, — what is it, in simple English, but the longing regret for an ideal that has perished? And this finding of the supreme Good in the love of man for man, what is it but the absence from view of any definite goal, the praise of action for the sake of activity without any ultimate purpose? For love, unless it be a mere selfish indulgence of egotism, must desire the good of the beloved, and still leaves the nature of this good itself to be determined. To lengthen the period of love by continuing it through an eternity of personal duration is only to set the difficulty at a distance, not to rise above it. And, indeed, Mr. Dickinson's Ingersoll lecture, in which he discourses on the immortality of the soul as a thing probably true and certainly desirable, leaves with one the uncomfortable feeling of a spiritual void. When I read his concluding appeal to await the discoveries of the Society of Psychical Research for our certainty of religion, I was reminded — no doubt unjustly — of Emerson's scorn of that itching curiosity to peep in at the back door of nature.

Is religion to be a servant to the evidence obtained from trances and mediums and the mumbling of ghosts? Rather, must not faith which is effective in human life be the immediate experience in the heart itself of some infinite reality that gives a meaning and a centre to all our acts. It is because such religious groping is an emotional and volitional assumption without knowledge, a state of idealism without definite ideal, that the mind, deprived of certain guidance, falls a prey to the dominant party of discontent, and we behold the disconcerting spectacle of idealist and materialist fighting in the same ranks.

How great a service Mr. Dickinson might perform if, instead of adding to the confusion of standards, he would turn his subtle intellect to discovering, and his eloquent pen to describing, the true Good that many desire and some to-day seek and cannot find! Then indeed we might follow him in his adventure of social reform, with the assurance of true progress; but it would not be into socialism.

MOTHS

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

When come the quiet, moonlit hours,
From leafy haunts unknown, —
Like petals of some fairy flowers, —
These snowy moths are blown.

Life that is but a dream, — a breath:
The night is nearly done.
Lo, in the east, their doom and death, —
The candle of the Sun!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE CLUB WOMAN'S BURDEN

I CALL it the Club Woman's burden, though it is not peculiarly hers, but is carried by all women who sit in public places to-day. I refer to that " bulwark, high-reared to stand before our faces," the Modern Hat. I think Shakespeare must have had a vision of the fashionable hat of to-day, and who knows how far he may be held responsible for its size, for Petruchio says to the haberdasher when Katherine's cap is presented to him for approval, —

" Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish . . . .
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger."

And the Katherine of that day makes answer as all willful Katherines have answered since, —

" I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

Many a " velvet dish " have we seen this season, but never a porringer among them.

Having precipitated trouble by inviting it, man-fashion, Petruchio casts about for the easiest way of ridding himself of it. " Off with that bauble, throw it under foot," he says to his Katherine; and many a Katherine finds her precious " bauble " under foot to-day in spite of her utmost endeavor to prevent such catastrophe.

I wonder, since custom demands that woman shall wear a hat as she goes to and fro, and since every gentlewoman, on arriving at her destination, feels that courtesy, if no higher power, demands the removal of the hat if it obstructs any person's view, that some woman has not demanded, in sheer self-defense, to say nothing of appreciation of her neighbor's point of view, that a hat should be evolved for her which should be all that the most fastidious woman could desire in the way of head-gear, and yet not remain a public nuisance.

Man has a collapsible dress-hat. Why should n't woman, whose need is equally urgent? A man takes his dress-hat in both hands, taps it gently against his immaculate shirt front, and behold! he has in his hand a " porringer." This may not be the usual method of crushing his hat, but I have seen a man do it so and envied the man.

A small hat does not solve the woman's problem, not if it has on it so much as a quill fastened at an angle. You have heard the story of the man in one of our theatres who called an usher and, pointing to a lady in front of him, demanded irately, " Are n't women obliged to remove their hats in this theatre? " " Yes, sir," replied the usher respectfully. " Well, then," said the man, still pointing at the offending lady. " That ain't a hat, sir; them's puffs and an aigrette," said the still respectful usher.

Now I have had a man whose head was absolutely guiltless of " puffs and an aigrette " cut off my view of a speaker as completely as any hat, big or little, I ever sat behind; but it is of no use to say, "Off with his head," so the solution of this problem lies not here.

I said to a friend recently, " I wish women would *all* go without hats to public places where their removal is expected, and wear a scarf or something easily removed. So few do, and one dislikes to be conspicuous."

" Goodness," she replied impatiently, "if I wanted to, I would, whether other people did or not. *I've* reached an age when I can be independent." I, alas! have passed it.

At a recent meeting of a guild to which I belong, the president having repeatedly, and in vain, besought the ladies to remove their hats, made one final appeal,

remarking that all ladies over sixty might keep theirs on. Did most of the hats come off? No indeed! Why? Because, while women do not in the least object to owning up to sixty years if they have that many behind them, most of them do object with all their being to feeling sixty, — and worse yet, looking like sixty, as they invariably find they do on reaching home when they have held their hats in their laps a whole afternoon and then been obliged to put them on in the dark, as it were.

Personally, I think, if I had succeeded in keeping my hat in my lap I should not feel so strongly on this subject, but if I am so unfortunate as to be obliged, in getting to my seat, to struggle by several ladies, who, out of due regard to those behind them and their own comfort, have their hats, their furs, and their wraps piled in front of them, in my struggle I take a part of their belongings with me, never with malice aforethought, as might occasionally be suspected, but just because I cannot help it. Once seated, I begin to build my pile, but of necessity so insecurely that at the first unguarded movement my "bauble" is underfoot. I stoop cautiously to pick it up, only to find that in the process I have dropped something else. My neighbor politely endeavors to help me, we stoop together, bump our heads, rise and apologize with heightened color, and I settle back hopefully, only to discover that my hat-pins have disappeared. In wrath and desperation I mutter to myself sentiments which I would not wish to repeat in these columns, and decide to let them go. "What difference does it make?" I quote. But! they are my cherished pins. So, pretty soon I begin to feel around surreptitiously with my feet, — I am ashamed to do more, — finally find them, clamp them down for the rest of the afternoon, and at its close I am ready to say with Marianna, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead."

If any one thinks my tale of misery overdrawn, I solemnly assert that more and worse has happened to me many times.

My aim has been to present the point of view of the woman who persists in keeping her hat on when she shouldn't, in spite of all that is said in public and in private about her selfishness and lack of consideration of the rights of others. Few women *choose* to belong to this class — but "all women wear such caps as these" is their plea, and they have not the courage to be individual and independent.

I have not presented this matter as effectively as I could wish, and an old story (but new to me) that I heard recently has in it a consoling suggestion. "How do you do, Mrs. Flaherty," said Mrs. Doherty. "Not that I care a dom, but it makes talk."

If we talk enough on this subject, even the dullest of us, some bright woman may be driven to finding a solution of the vexing problem. I was moved to my choice of subject by my experience on a recent Sunday when, though I sat well forward in church, I did not see the minister once during the service. After church I told him so, and he remarked sadly, "My dear lady, I do not see half my congregation on Sunday mornings."

When it comes to that, something should be done about it.

Shakespeare showed his keen insight into one trait of woman's nature never more keenly than in the conversation between Katherine and Petruchio before quoted, when, in response to his demand for a "bigger," she says, —

> "I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
> And gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

When some modern gentlewoman finds a cap which "doth fit the time," all gentlewomen will wear it.

When some of us were children we had what we called "Sunday clothes." May we not at least, out of regard for our minister, in old-fashioned parlance, have Sunday hats which shall fit the time and place?

WHY NOT A MASTERPIECE?

My friend is a teacher of English. For many years, more, perhaps, than she would care to mention, she has initiated young minds into the mysteries of Rhetoric and Composition, has patiently read and corrected the numberless themes which her method exacts as necessary in the acquirement of the difficult art of speaking and writing pure English, and, laboriously and critically, she has studied with her pupils selected works from our greatest writers. The latest History of English Literature is sure to be found on her desk; text-books on Rhetoric, classifications, appreciations, reviews, abound there, and her book-shelves are lined with "complete sets" of standard authors.

Periods, movements, reforms, developments, "drifts," are to her as familiar as the A, B, C's to her pupils. (Perhaps more so. The alphabet is, I believe, no longer taught among us.) Her own speech is pure, her pen clever, her judgment keen. Long continuance in the attitude of teacher and critic has made her manner positive, so that it is sometimes difficult for one less certain of exactness to question her statements. However, a question did arise in my mind as the result of a recent conversation with her, and, failing to put it to her at the time, I should like to ask it now in the Contributors' Club, and not of her alone, perhaps, but of others who, like her, read its pages.

"I have found a treasure," she announced, as I entered her study, and took my place in the sunny window opposite her at the desk. "A friend read it to me lately, and it impressed me so profoundly that I copied it out for myself." She took up a closely written paper. "If you do not mind, I should like to read it to you. It is by Edward Rowland Sill. Perhaps you know something of him."

I modestly acknowledged having read some things he had written.

"Then you may be familiar with this, but it was new to me and I thought it very fine." She began to read: —

> "This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
> There spread a cloud of dust along a plain.

"Ah, yes, I see you know it."

"It is his 'Opportunity,' I think," I said, "one of the most inspiring."

"Yes, sometimes called 'The Coward,' too, I believe. I get so little time for the minor poetry," she continued, half apologetically; "I am kept so busy with the masterpieces that I am not familiar with much of the lesser English poetry. However, this little thing did impress me."

The luncheon bell rang, and there was no time for further speech; but afterwards, considering the time the busy woman had spent copying the verses, remembering the enthusiasm with which another friend had spoken of them to me, and thinking of my own worn volume of Sill, and of the ease with which it opened at that one page, I wondered, Why not a masterpiece? It masters. The words are fitly chosen; the picture they make is a vivid one that commands attention, awakens enthusiasm, inspires to effort. What more is required? May not even the minor poets, when they do such work, be said to have produced a masterpiece?

DOGBERRY INSPIRED

I was delighted with the magnanimity of the teacher who comes to the rescue of the college Dogberry. Every Dogberry has his day; yet after all, does any Dogberry need a Defense? For my part, I confess to admiring the student Dogberry so heartily that if he should desert my classes, I should be strongly tempted to follow him. Feeling thus, I am disposed to resent any apology for him; as if he were an aspicious person, and did not have everything handsome about him! At least, much more should be said in behalf of that Dogberry.

He has preserved many an English teacher from death by boredom. Every freshman class can find it in their hearts to bestow all of their tediousness on the English teacher. After reading scores of stupidly mediocre themes, the teacher

welcomes Dogberry's excommunications as gifts that God gives, and gladly allows every Dogberry, as one of him says, to " display a feigned learning with impugnity." It may be that, in the words of another, this display " throws a dark light on " the instructor, as the too tender conscience of Dogberry's apologist suggests; but methinks " 't were to consider too curiously " to consider so. Frankly, I am not at all ashamed to play Boswell to Dogberry's Johnson; and I here set down a few of his remarks.

Of country life, he (or, to speak accurately, she) observes: " My chickens were then moulding, that is, beginning to lose their foliage."

Of immigration: " Many illegible foreigners are now coming in."

Of one of Kipling's stories: " The hero consumes a lady's dress and voice."

Of a love affair: " Facilitating herself on his attentions, she regulated her other admirers to Limbo."

But Dogberry is more than a delightful blunderer. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! he hits on a happiness that no one else could so prosperously be delivered of. He snatches a grace beyond the reach of art. A certain Dogberry (not one of mine) was asked to comment on the words of Marcellus to Horatio, when the Ghost appears, — " Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio." The reply was, " Horatio being a scholar knew Latin; and ghosts had to be addressed in Latin, because it is a dead language."

" Nine-tenths of the wearers of felt hats," says another, " never stop to think how they are made." Has Arnold or Carlyle summed up Philistinism better?

" Ibsen," says another, " was born at Skien, a modest unsuspecting town of Southern Norway."

Is not this the ultimate word for the sleepy little village in which that grim portent appeared? It is a description such as Flaubert wore out his heart to attain to; absolutely final, and in two words. What volumes of literary history and criticism it contains! And who but Dogberry could have said it?

THE COMFORTS OF BIGOTRY

It is commonly supposed, nowadays, that it is really desirable to be what we call " broad-minded." We are, in fact, so by way of believing this, that we never question it, but go about spreading out the stream of our mentality into an expansive channel, blandly unconcerned as to whether the stream then flows deep or shallow. Now, breadth is doubtless an attribute of a great mind, though perhaps not of all great minds; but being broad-minded does not of necessity make us great, while it does frequently make us uncomfortable. Continually to strive for it is about as restful to the average person as it would be to endeavor always to stand on tiptoe. Indubitably one appears taller; but is the game worth the candle? Is broad-mindedness — at least of the sort that can be acquired — such a very desirable thing as we have been led to believe it?

For myself, I have abandoned the effort. I have descended to a mental undress as blissful as is the relief when one rids one's physical self of an unduly high and stiff collar. And, even at risk of appearing in the part of the tail-less fox, I recommend a judicious bigotry to all who, like myself, were not born broad-minded. Picture your joy at no longer feeling obliged to give a reason for your likes and dislikes; of once and for all admitting yourself — as did formerly even the gentle Elia — merely " a bundle of prejudices," a being of " imperfect sympathies." Imagine the relaxation of choosing a side and sticking to it, unconvinced by argument; unconvinced even of the necessity of listening to argument. Life at once becomes simple, peaceful, in comparison to its state when one is perpetually harassed by the effort to be " fair." I have changed all that. " This," I say firmly, " is my side. If you want my ar-

guments, here they are. I do not care for yours. There is doubtless another side to it, as there is to the moon; but being neither an astronomer nor a broad-minded person, one side is enough for me. *J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

Admittedly much is accomplished by this method; men of one idea — bigots — have made the successes of the world, so far as that goes; but it is not with the achievements of the method that I am concerned, but with its comfort. We tarnish our dearest pleasures nowadays by the sneaking fear that the matter really needs looking into before we set about enjoying it. We are afraid to proclaim ourselves for, or against, any cause, lest we should not logically have considered all the arguments pro and con. We rejoice that we are no longer Pharisees; and we thank, pragmatically, an overruling Providence, that all other men are just as good as we are — which perhaps in its essence still lacks an entire humility.

It is a pleasant thing to have reasons for one's convictions; but it is pleasanter to have some unreasonable convictions than none at all. I even find it pleasanter not only for myself, but for my friends. They have given up attempting to convert me. I know that they call me narrow behind my back, and, sometimes, to my face; but I know, too, that they say, "Well, Tom may not be much of a man in an argument, but you do know where he stands."

They avoid diatribes against my pet prejudices because they know them, as I refrain from offending theirs when I can discover them. And I find that, at the club, there is usually near my favorite window a group smoking in peace; while the corner sacred to the man who boasts his broad-minded tolerance is filled with heated and noisy discussion. I admit my convictions; hug my prejudices; glory in my bigotry; and advise a reformation along my lines to any and all who may have read this paper.